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NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XI.

Nos. 262 to 287. JANUARY—JUNE, 1849.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1849.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 262. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849. Price 1½d.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1848.

At the close of the year 1847, want of employment, coupled with the information that the particular branch of my trade in which I was mostly employed was unknown in Paris, induced me to leave my wife and four little ones in our native village near the western suburbs of London, and set out for the French metropolis. My voyage, which was a stormy one, was marked by nothing of importance besides my forming an acquaintance with a young sailor named George Bargues, who, being of French extraction on the father's side, had friends in Paris whom he was now to visit after a separation of eighteen years. My conversation with this young man in the vessel and in our Boulogne hotel led me to feel a deep interest in him; and finding that his finances were low, I offered him the loan of a sovereign, which with some difficulty he accepted. We arrived in Paris together at six o'clock on New-Year's morning, and drove to the residence of my companion's brother, in an upper floor of a large house in the Rue de la Harpe. I was kindly received by the family, consisting of James Bargues, a young *ouvrier*, of handsome figure, but a strong dash of melancholy in his countenance; and his wife, a delicate-looking person, who, like himself, spoke good English. It being a fête day, James dressed himself in his best clothes, and conducted us to some of the gayest scenes in Paris, as the garden of the Luxembourg, and the Champs Elysées, with all of which I was of course much pleased.

We returned in the evening to dinner, when I found a party assembled for the purpose of merrymaking. My host introduced me to M. Vachette, his brother-in-law, whose wife, I gladly found, could likewise converse in the English tongue. It was afterwards explained to me that the two sisters were the daughters of a deceased gentleman; and that, after vainly endeavouring to support themselves by tuition, they had been fain to avail themselves of offers of marriage from a couple of honest workmen. These men, however, found that elegant accomplishments, such as music, painting, and language, but badly compensate for the more homely ones of cooking and cleaning.

The evening passed very cheerfully away, and the kind-hearted James insisted upon my spending a few days with him, while a lodging was prepared for me at his brother-in-law's, M. Vachette, who resided in the Battignolles. In the course of a few days I removed to my lodgings, and then set out, in company with George, in quest of what had brought me to Paris —employment. The first few days we met with no success, it being difficult to convince the French dyers that the English way of finishing was superior to their own. At length, when I had almost despaired of obtaining any employment in Paris, and was seriously meditating my return to England, we fortunately entered the shop of Messrs Jolly and Blanc, in the Rue St Martin.

Finding one of the partners within, I exhibited my book of patterns, which seemed to take his eye very much. He asked me a few questions, and then gave me something to do, by way of obtaining a specimen of my work. I returned with it the next day, and was at once engaged at 30 francs [about 24s.] per week, with promises of an advance being made as work became more plentiful. The next day I entered into my new occupation, and found myself an object of no small curiosity to my fellow-workmen, and no small diversion to a bevy of young girls and workwomen at work in an adjoining room; but all were courteous and obliging, and I never was subjected to those cruel mockeries and insults to which we too frequently subject the unfortunate foreigner whom chance may throw among us.

In the establishment of Messrs Jolly and Blanc there were employed nearly sixty individuals, the greater number being females, as, from the low wages given in Paris, it would be impossible to maintain a family without the joint labour of both man and wife, who therefore know but few of the comforts of domestic life as compared with us in England. The meal times in this establishment strangely varied with those in England. We commenced work at six in the morning, and went to breakfast at eleven. At the expiration of one hour, labour was resumed until seven in the evening, at which hour work for the day was done, and we all went to dinner, and for my own part with a very good appetite. I am not disposed to set this system up as an example, as I am convinced, from experience, that nature requires recruiting more than twice a day, when a person's occupation is at all laborious. I am disposed to come to the conclusion, that the employer loses in the end when wages are not sufficient to procure the necessary food to keep up a man's stamina. I am sure, from actual observation, that ten Englishmen would perform the work of fifteen Frenchmen in the same space of time. Doubtless the reader may think me rather prejudiced; but I am ready to admit, at the same time, that my countrymen, with the same quantity and description of food, would perform even less work than the Frenchmen.

It was my custom to take my *déjeûner*, or eleven o'clock breakfast, at a *cuisine bourgeois* in the Rue Royal, close by the Rue St Martin, where I had ample opportunity of making observations on the mode of living usually adopted by the Parisian workpeople, as the house was much frequented by that class, being the cheapest in the quarter. The *déjeûner* usually consisted of a basin of very poor soup, with a spoonful of any vegetable that you might choose to have put into it,

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doubtless to impart a richness to the appearance, if it did not add much to the flavour. For this dish the charge is two sous: after which it is usual to have some very doubtful beef, with a few more vegetables, the charge being four sous; and then, indeed, if money is plentiful, you may indulge in a glass of wine, or some dried fruit, cooked or not, according to taste, for two sous more. It is worth remarking that all the wine and spirituous liquors are very cheap in Paris; the chief drink of the poorer classes is water to both breakfast and dinner, some few mixing with it a little wine. The dinner consists of nearly the same, with little variety, unless you choose roast meat instead of boiled. At both meals it is customary to eat a large quantity of bread.

The Parisian workmen take much more pride in their appearance than the English. It has been the subject of notice with many that few untidy or ragged persons are to be met with in the streets; and I observed that most of my fellow-workmen kept a working suit at the factory, which they changed night and morning.

I soon became accustomed to manners and habits which had been at first rather strange to me. I found my master very kind and affable with all his workpeople, treating them more as his equals than his dependents; and I think in return he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness to serve under him. The whole of the people in his establishment seemed to live on the best of terms with each other, and all were kind and obliging to me. The laughter of light hearts, and the merry song, sounded loud and often through the factory.

The first few weeks passed pleasantly enough. Monsieur and Madame Vachette did all that lay in their power to render my situation at their home comfortable; and from the kindness of Madame Vachette, who had once been a teacher of the English language, I soon made considerable progress in my French studies. My evenings were chiefly spent in company with my friend George, at the lodgings of his brother, who always received me with the greatest of hospitality—sometimes, I was even fearful, with more than their limited means justified. The frost at this time was very intense, the Seine being in some places completely blocked up with ice. Towards the middle of February the weather became mild and genial. Trade, which had received some check from the frost, began to revive. I found full employment for both time and money, as it was necessary that part of my wages should go towards the support of my little ones at home.

It was about this time that I first heard of the proposed banquet, the forbidding of which ultimately cost Louis Philippe his throne, and led to much bloodshed and disorder. On the ever-memorable morning of Tuesday the 22d of February, I was proceeding as usual to my employment, when on reaching the Boulevards, I found groups of workmen and others reading the official proclamation prohibiting the meeting. The crowds seemed very much excited, and gave vent to their feelings in loud and angry exclamations. At the guard-house, instead of the one solitary sentinel, the whole front was occupied by the military, all armed and ready to act at a moment's warning. On reaching my place of work, I found those who had arrived before me clustered in groups, discussing the probable events of the day.

Nothing of any note attracted my attention during the morning, beyond vague and contradictory reports of conflicts between the troops and the people. At eleven, I went as usual to breakfast, when I was somewhat startled by observing a large tumultuous assemblage enter Rue St Martin from the Boulevards. The foremost, who was an *ouvrier en blouse*, bore a piece of red cloth on a staff, as a substitute for the terrible *drapeau rouge*, and for the first time I heard the French *vive*—'Vive la Réforme!' The progress of this mob, although unmarked by any species of wanton outrage that I could observe, spread consternation and alarm through all the neighbourhood. I was somewhat amused by observing a perfumer who lived nearly opposite removing, with all possible despatch, the royal arms from the front of his shop.

On returning to my work, I found the shop closed, and all the workpeople departed, as now indeed were all the shops in the street. On reaching the Boulevards, I found everywhere immense assemblages of people, and great excitement. The shops were closed the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Porte St Martin to the Madeleine, and thousands of heads protruded from the windows, all very evidently expecting a something to confirm or ease their apprehension. I proceeded down Rue Royal to the Place de Concorde. Here I found a strong military force of horse and foot. I next visited the Rue St Honoré. Here things wore a more serious aspect. Some omnibuses and cabriolets had been overturned in several places, the stones had been removed, and an attempt made to form a barricade.

A troop of dragoons were employed to keep the mob from assembling together. They used the flat of their swords, with no very great delicacy of touch, on all who chose to disobey their commands. Much ill-feeling here exhibited itself between the soldiery and the people. The noise of drums now struck my ear: it was the *rappel* beating for the Garde Nationale, strongly guarded both in front and rear. A number of young men and boys followed, singing the 'Marseillaise' and 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Finding the angry feeling far from subsiding, I deemed it most prudent to return homewards; so made the best of my way to the Battignolles.

The next morning I found but few shops open. The guardhouses along the line of the Boulevards, and especially by Portes St Martin and St Denis, were occupied by strong detachments of troops. On reaching my workshop, I found but few of the hands assembled for work. The shop, however, was opened, and I began my daily occupation. It was between nine and ten in the morning that my attention was attracted by a strange hubbub and confusion in the courtyard, immediately under my window. Several persons rushed in from the street, evidently in a state of great terror and alarm. The porter of the house immediately closed the outer gates of the courtyard. Doors were opened and slammed with great violence; the sound of many footsteps hurrying to and fro, the quick shutting of windows, and the hum and confusion of many voices, produced a strange din.

Presently a young girl, who was usually occupied in the front shop, entered my room, and with hurried accents begged that I would assist in shutting up the shop, as most of the men were absent. On descending into the street for that purpose, I found the people running in all directions, pursued by a troop of mounted municipal guards, who laid about them with their swords without mercy. I had scarcely closed the last shutter when the municipals reached the spot opposite our shop, and I was glad to make a hasty retreat. When the shop was secure, I went to work again, the noise still increasing: drums beating, men shouting, women screaming, with crashing of timber, and breaking of glass. But presently I heard the sharp crack of carbines, with louder cries and screams, mingled with yells of defiance and savage imprecations. Gradually the noise became fainter, and soon all was pretty quiet.

Finding all my fellow-workmen were gone, I was reluctant to continue alone; and my curiosity being somewhat excited by the occurrences of the morning, I struck work, and descended into the street, which I found now completely deserted, except by the military; strong detachments of which held it at both ends. They allowed me to pass through them into Rue Royal, where I found the mob had constructed a barricade, which the soldiers were now busily employed in destroying. A vast crowd occupied this street, and all the streets adjoining. Many of them were armed with such weapons as most readily came to hand—as thick bludgeons, pitchforks, hatchets, and sledge-hammers.

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Bars of iron wrenched from railings were general; but I observed several with muskets and pistols.

A few paces farther on I saw a crowd surrounding some object on the ground, and singing the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' On looking through the throng, a melancholy spectacle presented itself: extended on its back lay the corpse of a young man covered with mud and gore.

The people seemed very much excited, and I momentarily expected to see a renewal of hostilities. The turmoil, however, had not taken away my appetite; and I knew, from certain inward signs, that the breakfast-hour was either at hand or past. So, after some hard knocking, I induced Monsieur Macqurle, mine host, to open his door, and prevailed on him to allow me to breakfast. On attempting to return up the Rue St Martin, I was repulsed by point of bayonet, so I passed through a short passage which connects it with the Rue St Denis. This I found also occupied by troops. I gained the Boulevards by another route. On arriving at the guardhouse of the Boulevard des Bonnes Nouvelles, I saw a mob advancing with drums beating in front and flags flying.

There was a strong body of the municipal guards at this spot, with a regiment of the line. The soldiers formed right across the Boulevard, and seemed determined to resist the approaching multitude, who, by their glittering bayonets, appeared well armed. The head of the column halted; a short consultation was held, and then the column wheeled off, crying 'Vive la Réforme,' and singing the never-dying 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

I had promised on the Sunday evening previous to visit my friend George at the apartments of his brother, M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe; and as I had a wish to know how matters stood in that quarter, I determined to keep my appointment. Accordingly I proceeded thither by the way of the Rue Poissonniere, crossing the Seine at the Pont Neuf. I observed a sharp fusillade going on at Pont au Change, the next bridge, while troops were crowding to that point from every direction. The firing soon ceased, and the people gave way. At this moment a fresh body of military, who, by their appearance, had just entered Paris from some distance, passed along the *quais*. They consisted of lancers, dragoons, and horse artillery, with riflemen, and several regiments of the line. Both men and horses seemed dreadfully fatigued, being covered with mud, looking wet and miserable.

All the bridges and quais were swarming with troops —light horse, dragoons, and cuirassiers—who were incessantly employed in dispersing the numerous groups, who took every opportunity of assembling together, and venting their displeasure in loud outcries against the ministry, mingled with 'Vive la Ligne!'—'Vive la Réforme!'—'A bas Guizot!'

On reaching the apartments of M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe, I found my landlady, Madame Vachette, there, in great anxiety respecting her husband, from whose well-known republican principles she dreaded some harm would befall him.

James, who was a thorough Communist, spoke in raptures of the approaching struggle, but lamented the blood that must necessarily be spilt before France could break the chains that bound her liberties. Like the best part of those misguided men, he thought the wild theories of Socialism and Communism capable of affording lasting happiness and prosperity to all the human family, and worthy of any sacrifice for their promotion; although I am sure no one possessed a better heart, nor more of the milk of human kindness, than James Bargues; showing how fearfully a false philosophy may distort the best of natures.

His brother George not being within, I offered my protection to Madame Vachette in our way to the Battignolles, as we should have to pass through the thickest of the tumult; the Battignolles being about four miles distant from the Rue de la Harpe. On reaching the Quai de l'Ecole, an officer, dressed in a general's uniform, mounted on a superb horse, halted before a crowd who had assembled there; taking off his hat, he bowed to the populace, and then cried in a loud voice, 'The ministers are changed!' This was received with acclamations, and seemed to give universal satisfaction; at least so far as my own observations went.

On reaching my home in Rue de l'Ecluse in the Battignolles, everybody seemed anxious for information respecting things in Paris; and all now fondly hoped, as the Guizot ministry were fallen, that the disorders would quiet down.

After dinner, it being rather late, for we had waited the coming of M. Vachette, I was engaged in writing a letter to my friends, when George entered and informed us that the people were storming and destroying the Barrier Clichy, an office in the wall of Paris, where the *octroi*, or duties on provisions, are collected on their passing into Paris. I ran down into the street, when I heard tremendous firing in the direction of the Boulevard des Capucines. Three distinct volleys followed each other in rapid succession. The people in the streets stood still amazed. All inquired, but none could tell the cause that led to the firing. I ran through Barrier Clichy, which I found in the possession of the people, and then down Rue d'Amsterdam towards the Madeleine, and on reaching the Boulevard des Capucines, I found all in uproar and confusion; people were hurrying to and fro uttering cries of vengeance. The soldiers had fired on the mob before the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and great numbers were killed and wounded. Two men were carrying the body of a female in their arms; her long hair hung down wet with blood; some others placed the dead in a cart, following it with torches and iron bars, which they had torn up in their fury. They formed a sort of procession, their numbers augmenting every moment. A wild frenzy seemed to animate them. As they proceeded onward, numbers sung, in a low mournful strain, 'Mourir pour la Patrie;' but soon the song of death was chanted to a wild cry for vengeance, 'Mort à Guizot!' 'Vive la République!'

Leaving this column to pursue their mournful march, I returned to the Barrier Clichy by the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and in the Rue Clichy every lamp was broken and extinguished; all the shops closed; and it presented a singular contrast, by its loneliness, to the scene that was now going on in the Boulevard. I had just reached the Barrier. A mob, composed chiefly of young men and boys, armed with clubs and axes, came through: they halted opposite a gunsmith's named Rozvy, in the Rue Clichy: in a few minutes the door and shutters were dashed in, and all the arms plundered. They were engaged in distributing the guns, swords, &c. among themselves, when the sound of horses' feet at a sharp trot came from outside the Barrier, and I could distinguish through the gloom the form of an officer, followed by two dragoons, galloping down the street. Crack—bang—bang went several guns at their heads; with what effect I did not observe, as the night was very dark. The sound of a bullet whistling through the air at no great distance from my head made me think it most prudent to beat a retreat; so I returned to my lodgings, where I found my landlord had arrived before me, and thus allaying his wife's fears for his safety.

I retired to bed, and, strange to say, slept soundly. I awoke about my usual time, dressed, and descended into the streets, more with the intention of gratifying my curiosity than the idea of being able to get to my work.

At the Barrier I found a regiment of the line on guard: I passed through them to the Rue Boulogne, when I beheld two men beating the *rappel* on their drums, followed by about twenty others *en blouse*, with guns. As I proceeded farther into Paris, I heard drums beating in all directions, bells tolling, and the sound of the pickaxe and crowbar. At the church of our Lady

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de Lorrette, the people were dragging down the iron railing in front, and removing the stones in the street.

Proceeding onwards, I saw barricades forming about every hundred yards right and left of me. A captain of the National Guards endeavoured to persuade them to desist; but they refused. The *rappel* was beating in all quarters: everywhere National Guards, singly or in parties, were hastening to their places of rendezvous, clambering on the best way they could, for march they could not, the road was now so dreadfully cut up. I would beg my reader to imagine Cheapside in London strewn with broken glass, bottles, pots, and iron railings, diligences, omnibuses, carts, wagons, wheelbarrows, and watering-carts, planks and scaffold-poles, with ladders, barrels, buckets, and articles of household furniture, in fact everything a mob can lay their hands on; and they then may form some notion of the scene which all the principal thoroughfares in Paris presented on that day.

On reaching the bottom of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, I was stopped by the people, who were constructing a very strong barricade, and desired to assist. This I had no particular wish to do, as I knew not how long before it might be the scene of a sanguinary struggle. The method pursued in constructing these street defences was nearly in all cases the same. Where any street vehicles could readily be obtained, they were used in preference to other materials; but as these things were now nearly used up, the mob had no resource but that of paving-stones.

A band of labourers formed line across the street, with crowbars, pickaxes, or bars of iron, with which they loosened the stones. These were rapidly taken up by another line, who passed them on to a third, and so on to the barricade. By these means a barricade was formed in an incredibly short space of time. My station being nearest to the barricade—for they had selected me, on account of my being taller than most of them, to place the stones on the top—I took the opportunity of passing over to the other side, and finally gave them the slip.

On reaching the Boulevards, I found all the fine trees cut down, and placed across the road. Everywhere were traces of the destructive activity of the preceding night. Advancing towards Porte St Denis, I passed a very large body of troops. Dragoons dismounted, standing by their horses; troops of the line, with their scarlet trousers covered with mud; riflemen in their dark-green uniforms; and artillery standing by their guns. With the exception of the military, I was alone on the Boulevard, and the sound of my own footsteps sounded painfully on my ear; for the silence of death reigned amidst thousands, all standing still and motionless as statues. A long line of watch-fires were smouldering, round which they had evidently bivouacked; and the men looked pale and spiritless with excessive fatigue. At the farther extremity of this body of soldiery were placed several pieces of cannon, pointed towards Porte St Denis. My heart sunk within me, and tears started in my eyes, as I thought how soon they might be used in the destruction of my fellow-creatures. I never shall forget the sensations those murderous engines of war occasioned within me.

After passing these troops, and arriving at Porte St Denis, I found an enormous barricade. I climbed over, and was made prisoner in an instant. Again I was set to work, as they were forming four massive barricades at this point—one across Rue St Denis, one in the Faubourg, and the two others across the Boulevard. My condition at this moment was not to be envied: surrounded by savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, in the midst of four stone walls; while opposite the one on which I was employed several pieces of cannon were planted. Their murderous-looking muzzles, crammed with grape, ready in a moment to pour destruction on all opposed to them, made me feel anything but comfortable.

At this work I was kept, as nigh as I can guess, about four hours, lifting great stones above my head. At length I sank down upon a heap of stones, perfectly overpowered by fatigue, although my fellow-labourers worked on with undiminished zeal. Perhaps I did not enter into the spirit of the thing so much as they did, for I never shall forget the activity displayed by all classes. The man of evident wealth, in morning-gown and slippers, worked side by side with the labourer in blouse and sabots. All seemed actuated by the same indomitable zeal, and perfect order and good-will seemed to exist among them.

A respectably-attired individual came up to me and inquired in a compassionate tone if I was not fatigued. I showed him my hands, torn and bleeding, my heated brow dripping with perspiration, and my soiled and muddy dress. He entered a wine-shop, and gave me a bottle of wine and a small loaf, which I very thankfully received, and quickly devoured.

Presently I heard a great beating of drums, and on looking over the barricade, saw a body of military approaching from the Faubourg, their glittering bayonets extending as far up the Faubourg as I could well see.

The barricades were manned in a moment, and my heart beat furiously within my bosom. I thought of England, of home, my pretty cottage, my wife and four little ones. I cast a despairing look around, but no chance of escape this time. Still the drums advanced, beating thunders, and then the troops halted; the noise of the drums ceased, and then came a moment of intense excitement. A parley took place between the troops and the people. One orator spoke at great length, and evidently very much to the purpose, although I could not understand half of what he said; but it ended by the soldiers giving up their arms to the people. This was scarcely finished, when another body of National Guards came up. A National Guard, who was with the people, stood on a broken pillar, and waved his hat on the point of his bayonet. The men came rushing over the barricade, and boldly fraternised with the people.

The mob, now mingled with the National Guards, formed line on the Boulevard between Porte St Denis and Porte St Martin. Nearly all now had muskets, although many were armed with every species of weapon. Some had evidently furnished themselves from the theatres and old curiosity shops; some were armed cap-a-pie, like the knights of old; some with Indian war clubs and tomahawks. Among other things, I recognised a very large sword which I remembered seeing exposed for sale as the sword of the executioner of Paris.

A cry now burst from many lips of 'Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!' They formed column, with drums at their head, and began a scrambling march over the numerous barricades down Rue St Denis.

I had read, when a boy, of the awful and sanguinary struggle attending the taking of that abode of royalty; and so, suffering my curiosity to get the better of prudent fears, I followed the throng, who advanced beating their drums, and roaring in chorus the 'Marseillaise,' particularly the words, 'Aux armes, citoyens!' varying it, however, with the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

They took the direction of the Tuileries, by the way of Rue Thevenot, crossing Rue Petite Carreau, to the Place des Victoires. At this place they halted, in order to induce a body of National Guards assembled there to join them.

There was here a general inspection of the revolutionary irregulars. Those who had no ammunition were supplied by those who had: a captain of the National Guard took the command; the revolutionary forces formed line, and marched and countermarched round the place. They were now a formidable-looking body—truly picturesque in their blouses and caps—their beards and savage-looking moustaches adding much to the effect, with their now half-military costume, for several wore dragoons' helmets, or the steel cap of days long past. The masquerade rooms had

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evidently supplied much to the adornment of many of this motley assembly.

Now again thundered the drums, and again a thousand voices roared the 'Marseillaise,' commencing with 'Allons enfans de la patrie;' but many preferred beginning with the finish, and shouting at the top of their voices 'Aux armes, citoyens!' and by way of variety, gave a few lines of the 'Chor des Girondistes'—

'Mourir pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie!'

for they seldom got over those lines.

'Aux armes! Aux armes! Aux Tuileries!' shouted a thousand voices; and so to the Tuileries they went, and I followed.

On reaching the back of the Palais Royal, a short street separated me from the main body of the insurgents, when suddenly I heard the discharge of a single gun, and then another, and another. This was succeeded by a dead silence; and the few persons who were in the street stopped short, and turned pale, as I daresay I did myself. This lull of a few short moments was succeeded by a deafening roar, produced by the discharge of some hundreds of muskets, with a proximity so close, that the smoke whirled in white wreaths over my head. At this moment a youth, who could not screw his courage to the shooting point, proffered me his gun. I politely declined the offer. Then succeeded an irregular firing, which gradually increased in strength every moment. Then another, and another heavy discharge, fully convinced me that the people were engaged in regular battle with the military.

Gradually the excitement overcame my fears, and my pulse, though quick, beat more regularly. Wishing to obtain a view of the action, I passed into the Rue de Valois, formed on one side by the Palais Royal. At the end of this street the people were firing over a barricade, at what or whom, the volumes of smoke prevented me seeing. One party, with sledge-hammers and crowbars, were busily engaged in forcing the iron gates of the Palais Royal, while others amused themselves by breaking the plate-glass windows with stones and oyster-shells. The lower windows, which were defended by strong iron bars, were battered in, bars, stonework, and all, and the mob entered. This part of the building, I imagined, must have been used as a store, from the immense quantity of wearing apparel that was thrown out and burned in the street. From one window was thrown an immense quantity of bedding, which was likewise heaped on the flames, until the heat became insupportable, and the smoke all but blinding. Some, indeed, set fire to the building itself, which others extinguished, much, however, to their own personal risk.

As the fighting continued, I lost all sense of danger, and soon found myself close to the barricade which ran across the Rue de Valois, from the Palais Royal to a wine-shop opposite.

On looking across the square in which stands the façade of the Palais Royal, I found that the firing on the part of the military proceeded from a guardhouse called the Château-d'Eau. On a terrace that ran across the front of this building were stationed three ranks of municipal guards, while immediately below them stood a body of the troops of the line, the whole joining in keeping up a constant fire.

The scene at this moment was one of great excitement. The flash! flash! of the musketry through the white smoke from the terrace and every window of the guardhouse, the beating of drums, waving of flags, and brandishing of swords and pikes, all conspired to deaden the sense of danger, although the sound of the balls striking the barricade, or whistling over my head, bade me remember that I was witnessing a real battle.

As yet I had seen no one hit on our side of the barricade; but suddenly a young man who stood rather above me on the barricade fell backwards among the stones and rubbish at my feet. His teeth were firmly fixed in his under lip, and his eyes distorted by a fearful squint. In a moment the blood came bubbling through a small purple spot in his forehead, and his features were soon covered with the sanguine dye. His white shirt was also soaked with blood, which ran in a puddle among the broken stones. He was soon picked up and carried away, and I could not refrain my tears at the sight.

In a few moments another fell, shot through the shoulder. His gun fell from his hands: and then what possessed me I do not know, for my excitement was more than can be well imagined, but I had taken the gun of the wounded man before I had given myself a moment's time to consider, and immediately bang went my piece over the barricade! A Garde Nationale supplied me with some cartridges, and from that moment I took my place among the defenders of the barricade.

Although I could never boast of a great share of courage, yet at this moment all thoughts of danger, of home, wife, children, were all forgotten in the fierce delight of battle. It was like skating on very doubtful ice: we all know it is dangerous, but yet all think they will escape the drowning.

The battle began about twelve o'clock, and it was now nearly one. The people had now possession of the Palais Royal, and the houses on the other corner of the street, from which they fired on the troops below.

Some fought very bravely, standing on the top of the barricade, loading now, firing then. Others, almost on their hands and knees when under the barricade, would rise up and fire, retiring to load. Some indeed stood at the corner of a street some distance up, and fired off their pieces there, which greatly added to the danger of those who held the barricade.

Every time the soldiers fired very heavily, a panic would seize some of the combatants, and these would make off, to take up a safer position high up the street. A little man, who was armed only with a sword, behaved very bravely. He rallied the faint-hearted, stamped and swore, and, followed by a few as desperate as himself, leaped over the barricade. They were received with a deadly discharge, and many a poor fellow rolled over in the mud: The few who were left standing came rushing over the barricade. A panic seized the rest, and some ran out of the street altogether.

But although foiled in their first attempt, again they rushed over the barricade, again to meet with the same repulse, and many with their deaths. It was now indeed a hideous scene. The dying and the dead lay heaped together in pools of blood. Their shrieks and groans rose into the air, mixed with the frantic yells and horrid imprecations of the mob; the muskets kept up a deafening roar, and their red flashes streamed incessantly through the stifling sulphurous smoke. The faces of the combatants were distorted with rage, and many fought on, mangled and bleeding, till they could no longer stand to load and fire.

About this time an officer, whom I afterwards learned to be General Lamoriciere, rode into the square: both horse and rider rolled instantly into the mud. The general rose wounded, I believe, and made his escape.

A captain of the Garde Nationale, the same I think who first led the insurgents, now stood on the barricade waving his sword, and inciting the mob to charge. He was shot through the body, and fell on the other side. But the mob rushed from three barricades at the same time, two being across Rue St Honoré, and engaged in deadly combat, hand in hand, with the soldiers. A deadly discharge came from every window of the post, while louder yells, and cries of agony and rage, mixed in wild and savage din with the unceasing roar of the guns.

As I did not choose to pass over the barricade myself, I could not well distinguish what was doing at this moment, from the mingled forms of the combatants, and the blinding smoke from a quantity of straw, which, plundered from the royal stable, was on fire in front of the guardhouse. Several men passed me with trusses

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of straw, and one carrying a large copper vessel filled with oil. At once the dreadful truth flashed across my mind: those human fiends intended to burn the wretched soldiers with their guardhouse. To aid this human sacrifice, the royal carriages were dragged out, and one after the other fired, until at last seventeen gilded carriages stood burning in the square, with an insufferable stench, in one costly conflagration.

The noise of the firing, which had for two hours continued without intermission, now became fainter. I passed over the barricade, and was horror-struck on perceiving the flames rushing from every window of the Château d'Eau, and mounting high above the roof. A few scared and desperate wretches rushed out on the terrace shrieking, and were shot one by one as they appeared; the rest remained inside, and were all burned to death. Of the whole troop, as I afterwards learned, not one escaped.

Heart-sick at this frightful butchery, I made my way over dead and wounded, burning fragments of carriages, and blackened stinking heaps of half-burned straw, through a short street that led to the Place Carrouzel, in which stands the Château of the Tuileries.

The chief portion of the combatants who had been engaged in the destruction of the Palais Royal and the Château d'Eau had again formed into column. Here I naturally expected a repetition of the scene I had just quitted. I threw myself into their ranks. I now had a musket and bayonet, besides a naked sword thrust through my belt, which I had found by the side of an officer of the Garde Municipale, in the Place du Palais Royal. A ferocious-looking ruffian was mounted on a dragoon's horse, which he fastened to one of the royal carriages, and drew it blazing, body and wheels, in front of our column.

Onwards we marched; still no sign of resistance. With drums beating in front, we passed through the triumphal arch that ornamented the chief entrance of the Tuileries. There was still some firing going on, but nothing to wince at. Onward we still marched, crossing the courtyard in front of the château, and entering by the principal gate.

Here was a scene which, though difficult to describe, will never be obliterated from my memory. It was a most splendid palace, glittering in crimson and gold; beautiful mirrors and paintings adorned the walls, and magnificent chandeliers hung from the richly-sculptured and gilded roofs. Marble statues and busts of celebrated generals stood in one magnificent saloon. Rich crimson hangings, fringed deeply with gold, were festooned from the lofty windows, which reached from the roof to the floor, opening to a magnificent terrace overlooking the garden. I ran from room to room, admiring all that in the lapse of centuries art could produce or unbounded wealth purchase.

I found myself at one time in the royal chapel, as yet uninvaded by the lawless rabble that were quickly spreading themselves all over the château. A feeling of reverential awe came over me as I walked up towards the high altar, where stood a large crucifix, seemingly of solid gold. Large wax candles, in massive candlesticks, stood by the altar. This scene of religious solitude contrasted strangely with the work of death and destruction I had so recently quitted, and the noise and turmoil resounding through the building.

After leaving the chapel, I hurried through many splendid saloons and spacious halls, until I entered the throne room. Here the work of destruction had commenced. The throne was torn from under its canopy, and borne away in frantic triumph by the mob. I tore a piece of the gold lace from the gorgeous crimson hanging, to preserve as a memento of the struggle.

And then began the plunder. Beautiful gilt panels were dashed in; desks, boxes, and bureaus were broken open, and their contents scattered over the floor; and soon the palace was one scene of rapine and destruction. Myself and a few others got into what I took to be the housekeeper's room. A fire was still burning on the hearth, a white cloth spread on the table, and every preparation for the morning repast. I took a loaf as my share of the eatables, for which a fellow offered me a bottle of brandy. I divided the loaf with him, and drank rather too freely of the brandy. Stimulated by the drink, I began to plunder with the rest, filling and emptying my pockets a dozen times, as I found things of more value.

Among other things, I found a large packet of various commissions, ready signed and sealed with the royal arms. How many months, and perhaps even years, had some waited for those very commissions which I now tossed into the courtyard as useless lumber! Hanging in a wardrobe I found a large and handsome cloak, and as I had no pocket in which to place my ill-gotten treasure, I enveloped myself in its capacious folds, and sitting down on a sofa covered with rich crimson velvet, with my gun on my arm, and my sword by my side, quite enjoyed the fine prospect of the garden below.

Remembering that in 1830 the Tuileries were retaken by the troops, I thought it most prudent to decamp while I yet possessed the liberty. Descending the grand staircase for that purpose, I came opposite a large mirror, and never shall I forget my own disgusting appearance—my face flushed with excitement and drink, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and my lips black with powder, while my eyes looked wild, bloodshot, and unearthly.

On leaving the Tuileries, I was suddenly seized from behind, and a man in a stentorian voice demanded where I had procured my cloak. Having no wish to dispute the possession, I unfastened the chain, and threw it at his feet, and then mingling with the mob, made my exit.

On revisiting the Palais Royal, I found the work of destruction still going on. Three large fires blazed in the courtyard, consuming silk and velvet hangings, gilded sofas, couches, arm-chairs, and massive pictures. Hundreds now staggered about in every stage of intoxication, while a plentiful supply to continue their Bacchanalian revels was momentarily obtained from the cellars. Passing through the court of the Palais Royal, I saw a large arcade, usually filled by the fashionable and gay, now converted into an hospital. Two long lines of those very beds that I had seen thrown out of the windows now supported the wounded, whose moans and cries sounded mournfully in the ear. Not knowing how the fight had gone on in other parts of Paris, I thought it prudent to part with my gun before passing through the Barrier Clichy; but hiding my sword under my blouse, I reached home in safety.

[*The remainder of this paper next week.*]

MRS JAMESON'S LEGENDARY ART.

The present age is accused, not without reason, of being too utilitarian. The people generally, it is alleged, have been intellectually sharpened and instructed in materialities, while but little attention has been paid to the imaginative feelings: existence has been robbed of its poetry. Efforts, however, we are glad to say, are now making to redeem the passing generation from reproaches of this nature. Matters of taste and refined art are now more attended to than they were a dozen years since; and in nothing is this more visible than the improved style of church architecture and decoration. The day is clearly gone when purity of religion was supposed to be uncongenial with any building better than a barn; painted windows are no longer heretical; and the gospel, it is now believed, can be preached with equal zeal and effect from a decently-draped pulpit as from the top of a tub.

In all this, and much more, we see the reaction which is the natural consequence of carrying out extreme views adverse to those imaginative feelings that may be dor-

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mant in the human heart, but which no mere persuasion of judgment or prejudice can utterly extinguish. While thus in the dawn of a revival in the *spirituel* in art, and when society is looking back, as with a sigh, to the long and needless abasement of the beautiful, an author has stepped forward to enlighten us respecting many of those things which helped, in the olden time, to invest religion with poetry, and which, though possibly in themselves worthless, tended in some degree to impart a charm to the realities of existence. The work of Mrs Jameson, to which we refer,* is professedly connected with the arts of the sculptor and painter; but it likewise, from necessity, embraces much of the legendary lore on which artists founded their creations, and in this respect it may be said to be a useful handmaid of history. At all events, the book will not be perused without pleasure by those whose fancy is inclined to soar towards the confines of the spiritual world. It treats of the origin of devotional legends, of emblems and attributes of general application; angels, archangels, and hierarchies; apostles, fathers, and saints—the whole illustrative of art, and particularly of church decoration. Let us exemplify some of these interesting subjects.

Any one on entering one of the fine old cathedrals of England, will not be less struck with the general grandeur of effect, than curious as to the meaning of a variety of emblematic objects. In one or more of the gorgeously-painted windows he will see figures of the apostles: one depicted as holding a key; another with a sword in his hand; a third holding a book; and so on. Now, whence the origin of these fancies? From what source has the artist learned to drape the figures, and give each his suitable appointments? Again he sees that certain figures representing saints are invested with a halo of glory round the head. How did this idea originate? Again he observes that the representations of those beatific beings, angels, are furnished with large and feathery wings, while, as in the case of the demon which the archangel Michael is seen trampling under foot, the wings are those of a bat. On these, and other curiosities of archæology, the work before us offers explanations which cannot but suggest many interesting views of mental progress. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the production is the author's disquisition on angels. 'There is something,' says she, 'so very attractive and poetical, as well as soothing to our helpless finite nature, in all the superstitions connected with the popular notion of angels, that we cannot wonder at their prevalence in the early ages of the world.' To quote from Spenser:—

'How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
Oh why should heavenly God to men have such regard!'

After referring to the principal notices of angels, and their attributes, in Scripture, the author refers to the belief in angels which anciently prevailed in the East, and the treatment of the subject by different schools of painters. As messengers and as choristers, angels have been depicted in the most lovely forms; but little, it is observed, has been done to illustrate their functions as guardians. On this neglect Mrs Jameson has some happy observations. 'They are the deputed guardians of the just and innocent. St Raphael is the prince of the guardian angels. The Jews held that the angels deputed to Lot were his guardian angels. The fathers of the Christian church taught that every human being, from the hour of his birth to that of his death, is accompanied by an angel, appointed to watch over him. The Mohammedans give to each of us a good and an evil angel; but the early Christians supposed us to be attended each by a good angel only, who undertakes that office, not merely from duty to God, and out of obedience and great humility, but as inspired by exceeding charity and love towards his human charge. It would require the tongues of angels themselves to recite all that we owe to these benign and vigilant guardians. They watch by the cradle of the new-born babe, and spread their celestial wings round the tottering steps of infancy. If the path of life be difficult and thorny, and evil spirits work us shame and wo, they sustain us; they bear the voice of our complaining, of our supplication, of our repentance, up to the foot of God's throne, and bring us back in return a pitying benediction, to strengthen and to cheer. When passion and temptation strive for the mastery, they encourage us to resist; when we conquer, they crown us; when we falter and fail, they compassionate and grieve over us; when we are obstinate in polluting our own souls, and perverted not only in act, but in will, they leave us; and wo to them that are so left! But the good angel does not quit his charge until his protection is despised, rejected, and utterly repudiated. Wonderful the fervour of their love — wonderful their meekness and patience, who endure from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart with all its miserable weaknesses and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes! Constant to us in death, they contend against the powers of darkness for the emancipated spirit. . . . When at length the repentant soul is sufficiently purified, the guardian angel bears it to the bosom of the Saviour.'

This may be wild, according to the world's notion, but we confess we are sufficiently poetical to embrace the belief in almost its literal sense. It gives us comfort to know that a messenger of God—a spirit of Divine grace—is watchful over our temporal concerns. Better at least for mankind that they should possess so confiding a faith, than that they trampled the spiritual altogether under foot.

With respect to legendary art as applied to representations of the saints and fathers of the church, it is instructive to observe how circumstances and appearances have led to myths, which ultimately obtained universal credence. The human mind longing after the infinite and marvellous, ignorant of the principles which produce the ordinary phenomena of nature, has been prone to myths; and indeed all knowledge may be said to pass through the mythic stage. A myth is a story of the marvellous and preternatural, such as the history of the heathen gods; but it is frequently associated with local appearances, which are supposed to be accounted for by its details. Every village has its myth. If there be a huge mound of earth, which nobody knows the origin of, it is said to be the grave of a giant, who lived in these parts long ago. If there be two round holes in the face of a rock at the distance of perhaps a foot from each other, they are Samson's span. If there be a row of large boulder stones on a moor, these were laid down by a celebrated wizard. Such are familiar examples of the *myth*. The pictures of the fathers are half mythic. St Jerome was reputed to be as bold as a lion; this talk of his lion-like character was expanded into a story, in which a lion performs a part; and the saint is accordingly always painted in company with a lion. Here is the myth:—'We read in the legendary history of St Jerome,' proceeds our authoress, 'that one evening, as he sat within the gates of his monastery at Bethlehem, a lion entered, limping, as in pain; and all the brethren, when they saw the lion, fled in terror. But Jerome arose, and went forward to meet him, as though he had been a guest; and the lion lifted up his paw, and St Jerome, on examining it, found that it was wounded by a thorn, which he extracted; and he tended the lion till he was healed. The grateful beast remained with his benefactor, and Jerome confided to him the task of guarding an ass which was employed in bringing firewood from the forest. On one occasion, the lion having gone to sleep while the ass was at pasture, some

* Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs Jameson. 2 vols. Illustrated with Engravings. Longman, London. 1848.

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merchants passing by carried away the latter, and the lion, after searching for him in vain, returned to the monastery with drooping head, as one ashamed. St Jerome, believing that he had devoured his companion, commanded that the daily task of the ass should be laid upon the lion, and that the fagots should be bound on his back; to which he magnanimously submitted, until the ass was recovered; which was in this wise: One day the lion, having finished his task, ran hither and thither, still seeking his companion; and he saw a caravan of merchants approaching, and a string of camels, which, according to the Arabian custom, were led by an ass; and when the lion recognised his friend, he drove the camels into the convent, and so terrified the merchants, that they confessed the theft, and received pardon from St Jerome.'

The stories of patron saints overcoming huge serpents and fiery dragons are all myths, founded on the discovery of saurian remains of a large size. The skeleton of a marvellously large reptile is found somewhere, and forthwith an imaginary hero called St George is mounted on a charger, and kills the terrible creature with his spear. We are, however, half sorry for having to unveil these popular myths; and recommending Mrs Jameson's fascinating book to the perusal, and not too prosaic judgment of our readers, we conclude with a very pretty myth, founded on the reputed bodily strength of St Christopher:—

'Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature, and of a terrible aspect, and being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he was resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings; and at length he came to the court of a certain monarch who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and he offered to serve him. And the king, seeing his great height and strength—for surely, since the giant of Gath, there had been none like to him—entertained him with joy.

'Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sung before the king, and in his story there was frequent mention of the devil, and every time the king heard the name of the Evil Spirit he crossed himself. Christopher inquired the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee!" So the king told him. "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world: thou hast deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art." So he departed, and he travelled far and wide; and as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he: seek no farther." Then Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

'Now when they had journeyed a long long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the wayside. When the Evil One saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?"—and the devil answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished; and he said, "How, then! this Jesus, whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!" So he left the devil, and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and having sought him for many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him that he would show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the Great King of heaven and earth; but if thou wouldst serve Him, He will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." And Christopher said, "I will not fast; for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray!" added the hermit. Said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And he answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!" So he went, as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of the river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest—so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never wearied of helping those who needed help. So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me!"

'Now when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore: it was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him in the same words a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier, and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight, and he began to fear; but nevertheless taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and behold I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then Christopher fell on his face, and confessed and worshipped Christ.'

In virtue of his services on the above occasion, Offero, the bearer, added the prefix Christ to his name,

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forming the word Christopher. The legend has been finely illustrated by Albert Durer, who represents Christopher wading through a deep river, leaning on a staff, and carrying the infant Saviour on his shoulders. By a superadded myth, St Christopher is the helper of those who struggle with dangers and difficulties.

A CHAPTER ON ODD PEOPLE.

'YES, sir,' said Dr Johnson once in reply to a remark of Boswell; 'every man who has brains is eccentric, because he sees and thinks for himself; and if he did not, minds would be all cut with compasses, and no rational man could endure society.' Doubtless the leviathan of literature, as both friends and enemies called him in his day, had learned, by means of his proverbial love of 'a good talk,' how much social life is enlivened by occasional obliquities of taste, and even of judgment.

'Defend me from pattern ladies and men of rule!' was the *petition* of a rather unruly poet, in which many who are not poets will be found to concur, for there seems a natural association between dulness and uniformity. Yet the widest deviations from received ideas, as regards external matters, are not always made by the ablest thinkers. All the world has heard, and probably by this time got tired, of the eccentricities of genius. They have been largely reported, and still more largely imitated, particularly those of the discreditable kind, since it was found out that great wit was allied to madness. Numbers who could never reach the former have adopted the latter as its nearest relation, forgetful that they were affecting only what had disgraced their betters, and too frequently that which would have disgraced any grade of mind.

But the age for such affectations, even of the harmless order, is past; eccentricity is now known to be one of the liabilities, not the consequence, of genius, and has been most prominently displayed in those who had no genius at all.

These are smoothing-down days, and peculiarities appear above the surface more rarely than they did in less polishing times; but uncelebrated oddities may still be encountered in every by-way and corner of life. The upland hamlet, the rural village, or the small country town, can generally boast a Miss or Mr Whimsy of its own, whose out-of-the-way sayings and doings will return among the pleasures of memory to some of its scattered denizens in far-off scenes and years. Even in great cities, where the perpetual though changeful currents of business and society are calculated to wear away the angularities of minds and manners, it is wonderful in what perfection they still exist.

The first Charles Mathews used to describe three meagre brothers, all men of business in New York, who always had their garments made double the fitting size, in order to save time and trouble in case their respective corporations should increase, an occurrence which appeared probable to them alone. The residents of another busy street in that same western city, about twenty years ago, may recollect an old man whose whim was still more remarkable. He was a bachelor with a decent income; and, strange to say, no miser, though he lived utterly alone, acted as his own attendant in every department of housekeeping, and never admitted a single feminine assistant, as his special ambition was to be what he called independent of women. There were those who said the old boy had been slighted or aggrieved by some of the sex in his younger days; perhaps the story originated only in conjecture, but the advocates of woman's rights and mission would have been astonished at the legion of wrongs he could muster up when denouncing female tyranny, under which he affirmed the whole creation groaned. No misfortune, great or small, ever happened to any man within his knowledge which he could not trace, by a most elaborate process of reasoning, to some female hand. And one of his chief doctrines was, that no man could admit one of the fair (by courtesy) within the walls of his domicile and escape absolute slavery. To preserve his own liberty, therefore, this original philosopher superseded the ladies in actual service, from stitching shirts to making tea. He is said to have acquired extraordinary proficiency, particularly in the former art, and always boasted to his friends that he was one independent man.

Lingerers in the state of celibacy are popularly believed to be more addicted to eccentricity than the wedded of mankind; on which belief a minutely ingenious philosopher once suggested the inquiry, 'Whether being single was the cause of their singularity, or *vice versâ*?' Certain it is that the special characteristics of the New York bachelor could exist in no other condition; yet it may be hoped that all the single are not singular, especially as some odd actors are occasionally found among the doubly-blessed.

I knew a married lady whose peculiar taste in dress formed the standing topic of conversation to the fairer portion of a country parish. She had been an heiress in a small way, and could therefore command some of the sinews of fashion; but she said no milliner should ever dictate to her, for she had an original fancy, and would not be put in uniform. This resolution she kept with the zeal of a patriot; never was the regimentalism of costume more defied than in the cut of her garments, while the boasted originality was displayed in an arrangement of colours, and an adaptation of materials, which set at naught all toilet regulations. Her favourite winter attire was a white flannel cloak lined with scarlet. She delighted in tartan boots; and when I last heard of her, she had just horrified the ladies of the neighbourhood by trimming her bonnet with broadcloth.

Perhaps the most ordinary and unobtrusive form of eccentricity is favouritism with regard to certain articles. There was a man of rank some years ago in Paris, known to his acquaintances by the *soubriquet* of 'the shoe-gatherer,' from his habit of heaping up boots and shoes, new and old, till a large room in his residence was necessarily set apart for the purpose of containing them; and he was said rarely to have passed a shop of the kind without ordering home an additional supply.

A clergyman of my native village took a similar delight in wigs; and a hundred and fifty 'time defiers,' as a London wit designated those articles, were sold by auction on the good man's premises after his death. The rarest instance of this description I ever knew was that of a farmer whose enthusiasm rested on pots. He bought them, large and small, on every possible pretext, to the confusion of the kitchen-maid and the annoyance of his helpmate; till the latter, having a small taste of the Tartar in her composition, at length declared war against pot metal, and eventually won the day so far, that, on her husband's occasional visits to the nearest market town, she was wont to shout after him the following adjuration, 'Mind, bring no pots home with you!' Her injunction was generally obeyed, for the lady might not be provoked with impunity. But when

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a supernumerary dram warmed the farmer's fancy, it would sometimes revert to the ancient channel, and he has been known to deposit a pot or two at a neighbouring cottage, as the dread of probable consequences occurred with the sight of his own chimney smoke.

Some persons are eccentric in their curiosity, and a troublesome kind of oddity it is at times to their neighbours, as they are apt to ask all manner of inconvenient questions. A family dispute, a lost situation, or a failure in business, is among their chosen subjects; and by way of securing authentic information, they make a point of applying to the parties most concerned. It was a genius of this order who, when Talleyrand was dismissed from office by the Emperor, sent him a long letter explicitly detailing all the reports in circulation against him, and concluding with a polite request to be informed which of them was true. A similar character on our own side of the British Channel one day mistaking Tyrone Power for a captain of his acquaintance who had just quitted the service under equivocal circumstances, seized the comedian by the button at Charing Cross, with, 'Oh, Captain Blake, I was sorry to hear it —'pon my honour I was—but were you actually cashiered for cowardice?'

'I have not the honour to be Captain Blake, sir,' said Power, still led along by the button; 'and when you meet that gentleman, I advise you not to press the question.'

'Why,' said the blunt of brain, 'couldn't he tell me best?'

'Ah yes, my dear fellow,' responded Power benevolently; 'but he might kick you!'

Probably the most eccentric expression of grief recorded is that of Madame du Deffand, of Walpole notoriety, who, being informed in the midst of a large party that one of her intimate friends had died some hours before, ejaculated, '*Hélas!* I shall not be able to take any supper!'

Eccentric prejudices are comparatively common: one occasionally meets with individuals who regard the use of animal food as the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to; and a gentleman, formerly residing in Kent, put his confidence entirely in turnips as their universal remedy. Constitutional antipathies or affinities, unaccountable as they are in themselves, would perhaps account for these notions, as well as for those eccentric preferences of sights, sounds, and odours, which are otherwise inexplicable. Persons have been known to dislike the smell of roses, and rather prefer that of garlic; others have relished the rasping of a file; and the Dutch doctor, who saw nothing in all Paris to admire but the shambles, has doubtless brethren in many lands.

There are, however, peculiarities of taste which have their origin in the higher ground of our nature, and belong to minds of a finer fabric. Charles Lamb confessed that he admired a squint, because a girl to whom he had been attached in early life squinted prodigiously; and a lady of my acquaintance once thought a club-foot interesting, from similar recollections. It is strange how seldom eccentricity takes an elevating or even an agreeable form: odd ways are rarely those of pleasantness, or peace either; though many of the world's notables have indulged in them, as stands recorded by better pens and ampler pages than mine. It is not always genius that makes one differ from his neighbours, but some heavy strength of character, considerable obstinacy, and at times right royal virtues, may be found among the oddfellows of creation.

One of the best-principled women I ever knew was possessed with a restless anxiety to learn not only the Christian names of every person she chanced to encounter, but those of all their relations in the ascending line. Her inquiries, which were vigorously pushed forward in all companies, sometimes created most ludicrous annoyance to the parties interrogated, though I cannot recollect an instance of her getting beyond the great grandfather.

It has been observed that singular tastes and habits are less frequently found among the working-classes than in the superior ranks; the pressing necessities of life generally requiring the utmost exertions of the former in continuous labour, leave them neither time nor means for indulging in peculiarities. There is no scope for eccentricity in such circumstances; yet where the bent is strong, it will make room for itself. Some years ago a northern town of England, once famous in Border history, and now of some importance on one of our great railway lines, received an addition to its inhabitants, whose mode of conducting his pilgrimage through life, considering the path in which he journeyed, was something original. He was a man about thirty, tall, handsome, and of that sort of air generally known as genteel, on which point his singularity seemed to rest. The man avowed himself to be a native of London; his business was the sale and manufacture of muffins; and no one, so far as I heard, thought of inquiring after his name. He lived in a small cottage in the suburbs of the town, to which neither assistant, attendant, nor visitor was known to have been admitted. There he made his muffins, and thence he issued to supply his various customers as regularly as the English breakfast-hour came round. But no London exquisite, prepared for a lounge in Bond Street or the Park, could appear with more fashionably-cut coat, faultless hat, or more stainless linen; from the polish of his boots to the whiteness of his gloves he was a perfect Brummel, always excepting the basket over his arm, which, however, was ingeniously contrived to resemble that usually carried by anglers. Out of that array he was never seen on the street. How it could be obtained or kept in order was a daily renewed wonder. People said there was a very different dress worn at the cottage; and all the tailors of the town affirmed he made his own garments, as to the business of none had he given the smallest addition. His solitary leisure was spent in cleaning gloves, brushing up matters generally, and disciplining a couple of shirts; for that morning-sally was the joy of his life, and to be occasionally mistaken for a gentleman dandy, his only aim and reward. This devoutly-wished-for consummation he attained at times, and one instance of it served to amuse the townspeople, to whose knowledge it came, for many a day. The daughter of a respectable merchant who had just returned from a London boarding-school, with a large importation of airs, and a profound admiration for everything showy and useless, chanced to meet the incomparable recluse on the first of her morning walks. The young lady came home overflowing with what she called the romantic circumstance of a distinguished young nobleman actually coming to rusticate in such a place on pretext of angling in the celebrated salmon river. She knew he was Frederick Beauchamp, the brother of her particular friend Lady Theresa, daughter of the Earl of ——, who had introduced him to her just before leaving school. He had looked very much at her: she would bow to him on the next occasion.

True to her resolution, she sallied forth on the following day after an hour's extra dressing, and encountered the object of her solicitude on his usual morning rounds. Miss took the opportunity of saluting him in the crowded street before two elderly acquaintances, and her nod was most gravely returned.

'He cannot recollect me, I am so much grown!' said she in a loud whisper.

'Do you know him?' inquired one of the ladies in company.

'Oh yes!' responded miss. 'I met him frequently in London.'

'Indeed!' replied the querist; 'he has been here for two years, and they call him the Muffin-Man.'

Her neighbours averred that, after that revelation,

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the particular friend of Lady Theresa was never in a hurry to recognise distinguished-looking strangers; but with the eccentric muffin-man close my recollections of oddities.

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE.

Among the benefits which civilisation confers on mankind, the friends of utility have ever included the number and variety of employments it furnishes for their various talents and abilities. Since labour is evidently appointed to man, not only by the constitution of his nature, but by those necessities to which the great majority of our species are born, and since laws equally inevitable have produced an endless difference of individual capacity, the increase of occupations, always excepting those of a demoralising tendency, by enlarging the scope of energy, and multiplying the means of subsistence, is at once the natural resource and the best protection of society.

Doubtless the oldest professions were those of the hunter, the fisherman, and the husbandman. They are all that now exist among savage tribes; and it is remarkable that the last is invariably the least valued. The cultivation of the soil, natural and primitive as it seems, has always been considered beneath the savage man, and left to the inferior abilities of his wife. 'Would you have me lay aside the bow and spear, and hoe corn like a squaw?' said a Mohawk Indian, when, after complaining of the scarcity of game to a Moravian missionary, the latter advised him to employ himself in planting with maize a piece of rich prairie ground on which they stood. Probably the ancient British warriors, who wore the hide of the wild bison, and made their javelins of deers' horns, regarded what they knew of agriculture with no less contempt. Unluckily, a respect for useful industry does not yet remain to be acquired only by savages, nor has the proper distribution of labour advanced as far beyond the Mohawk's ideas as one may hope the progress of things will carry it; but the paths which human ingenuity has already struck out for itself in the course of that progression, are not more varied than remarkable in their windings through the different phases of civilisation.

The modes of daily labour generally denominated trades, present some varieties curiously adapted to the demands of times and countries in which they are found to flourish.

In the east of Asia, where black teeth are admired, from China to Kamtckatka, the profession of a tooth-stainer is quite as extensively followed, and in no less repute, than that of the European dentist, whose place it occupies. The duties annexed are, however, less comprehensive, being almost restricted to the blacking process, which, in a thousand cases, must be found more convenient than our contrary requisition. Dental diseases are by no means of such frequent occurrence in those regions as among the nations of Europe; and physicians have ascribed the fact to the simpler diet of the people, and the thoughtless, indolent current in which their lives flow on—scarcely more chequered by change or mental excitement than those of their sheep or cattle, which keep their teeth equally sound. The blacking business is practised by both sexes, and some of its chiefs enjoy considerable reputation and emolument from the permanence of their dye, and the jetty polish imparted by their art; the secrets of which are kept with Oriental tenacity, more especially from the barbarians, as Europeans are politely termed, the profession being determined against sharing their profits with them.

There is a description of trade, we believe, confined to China, and highly characteristic of its social condition. The Chinese name, which literally signifies gossip-monger, may sound rather new to British ears in connection with a paying vocation; yet such it is, and it is handsomely remunerative. A number of elderly ladies, generally widows, make it their business to collect gossip, *on dits*, and stories of all sorts, with which they repair to the houses of the rich, announcing their arrival by beating a small drum, which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the family. When it is recollected that shopping, public assemblies, and even morning calls, are all but forbidden to the beauty and fashion of China by their country's notions of both propriety and feet, some idea may be formed of the welcome generally given to these reporting dames. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of about half-a-crown an hour, and are besides in the frequent receipt of presents—their occupation affording many opportunities of making themselves generally useful in matters of courtship, rivalry, and etiquette. On these accounts they generally retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless obliged by actual infirmity; and the Chinese remark that theirs is the only profession to which its practitioners are uniformly attached by inclination.

In most Mohammedan countries there exists a trade not less indicative of their peculiar customs. It is followed by a similar description of persons, but somewhat inferior in rank to the gossip-dispensers of China. Like them, they are generally old and solitary women, and called *dellalehs*, or female brokers. They go from house to house, collecting those specimens of needlework on which the inmates of the harem employ their abundant leisure. Purses, veils, embroidered shawls, and other appendages of Eastern fashion, are thus fabricated and intrusted to the dellaleh, who sells them to wealthier or less industrious ladies. From the very nature of her business, she knows where one article may be found and another is wanted, and so conducts a species of domestic commerce, from which considerable profits are said to be realised by the workers. Their industry is encouraged by the exclusive possession of the money thus acquired, it being inalienable, even in the case of slaves; and Lane, in his edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' supplies an instance of one of these girls, who privately gave her lover a sum of money from her own earnings, sufficient to purchase her in the public market. The dellalehs receive a small commission on their sales, and are usually trustworthy, as the contrary conduct would upset their business. They are also enabled to do a trifle in the gossipping line, and there are none more welcome visitors to an Eastern household.

The profession of a dancer is common over all Asia, and practised chiefly by women. In social position and general repute they resemble the ballet-girls of Europe; but wanting the accessories of the stage, which has scarcely a representative in Eastern lands, they never attain to the extravagant success of our Taglionis or Elsslers. Their business is to attend at banquets and merrymakings of all sorts, and dance for the amusement of the company, being remunerated according to time, and generally receiving some gratuity from the richer or more liberal guests, who admire and criticise their performance; but no person of respectability would be seen to dance in those countries, where a ball, therefore, is out of the question.

There was a trade transplanted in old times to Italy, it was said, by the early Crusaders, who brought it, with some other arts, from Asia, where remnants of the profession still exist, particularly among the Arabs: the practitioners were called in Italian *ricondetti*, or story-tellers, and their trade consisted entirely of relating long and marvellous narrations, many of which they were believed to invent for the purpose of keeping the time of the nobility from hanging heavy on their hands when it was not employed in either war or tournament. In times when none but priests could read, these men must have done some service to the community. Many of the wealthier barons retained story-tellers of their own in constant pay; and others of the profession went from castle to castle, and from town to town, in search of custom, charging so much per tale;

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and they are said to have preserved and transmitted in this manner most of the old and popular romances of Europe.

The progress of the press, comparatively slow as it has been in Italy, has long since superseded this profession, as it is probable the advance of the schoolmaster will that of the letter-writer, which is still a tolerably remunerative business in the southern division of the continent. About the middle of the last century it had attained its zenith in Paris, and many of the chief practitioners kept regular offices, with numerous clerks, appointed, according to their abilities, for the different orders of epistles, the composition of which they were expected to manage as well as the penmanship. Thus one was in the application line, which province included all letters of inquiry addressed to public offices, and those of people in search of situations. Next came the friendly division: it comprehended all correspondence with relatives or mere acquaintances. But the principal and most laborious was the love department, which required a double supply of hands. A facility in the imitation of different handwritings was an acknowledged recommendation to this employment, and its confidential secrecy was respected even by the police of the period.

It is worthy of remark that the professed letter-writer never appeared among the trades of England, in those very times of education so graphically described by a popular poetaster—

> 'When not a man in twenty score
> Knew how to make his mark.'

The nearest approach to it was the occupation of a small number then called clerks, but generally poor unbeneficed clergymen, or ill-provided students, residing in large towns, who were employed to write news-letters, or summaries of the current intelligence, to the more curious of the nobility when abroad or in the country: their vocation flourished chiefly in the Elizabethan age, at the close of which it began to wane before that great adjunct of modern life—the newspaper; but some remains of it are observable in the time of the Protectorate, and it does not seem to have been totally extinct at the Revolution.

There are still older and equally superannuated trades that figure in the records of what may be called England's rustic times. One of them (and a contrast it is to the last-mentioned) was that of a pewterer. The manufacture of pewter-ware appears to have been almost peculiar to England, and was esteemed an affair of national pride and profit about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the guild of pewterers was incorporated in the city of London, and a law, dictated by the narrow policy of the age, prohibited under severe penalties any who understood the art and mystery of pewter-making from going beyond the four seas of Britain, or taking the son of an alien as an apprentice, on any pretext whatever. It is strange to look on the old disused plates and flagons which may yet be seen in some out-of-the-way farm-house—the only remnants of once bright and ample rows—and think on how many subjects public opinion has changed, as well as on pewter, since parliament passed that statute.

A trade in many respects contemporary with the pewterers, was that known as a woman's tailor; for singular as it may sound, the dressmakers of our female ancestors belonged entirely to the rougher sex. Whether this arrangement originated in the fashions of former times, which prescribed the same substantial materials for the external garments of both lord and lady, dividing their rich velvets, heavy silks, and fine broadcloths equally between them, with comparatively small difference of form; or whether it was owing to a practical paradox in their social economy, similar to that which occupies tall fellows with gauze and gumflowers in our modern shops—is now too distant for our discovery; but the profession continued to stitch and prosper till the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, when his queen, Henrietta Maria, introduced at once that article of dress called the mantua, and its feminine fabricator, as a French improvement, to the ladies of her court; on which account the term mantuamaker was applied to needlewomen in general, almost to our own times. Shakspeare, in one of his dramas, introduces a disciple of the art referred to, in terms which indicate how low a place the kirtle-making man held in popular respect.

A branch of female industry which rose with his decline, has long since merged in the complicated duties of the laundress; but in the latter days of Elizabeth, few professions in England were more remunerative than that of a starcher. Stiffness was then the order of dress; and a divine of the period complains that the court starchers were more esteemed and better paid than the court chaplains. How far that preposterous preference may have weighed with the pulpit, it is not for us to decide; but sundry sermons were preached against starch: yet in the reign of Charles II. it appears that the apprentice fees required by a professor of the art were L.10 for boiling, and L.5 for putting on—a smart sum, as money was then estimated.

An observant statist has remarked that the only trade which has become extinct in Scotland for many centuries, is that of the professional beggar or bluegown, a humble but significant feature of his times. One of the most primitive and longest-perpetuated trades is that of the gem-seeker of Bohemia, the rocks of that mountainous and yet wild country being known to contain a great variety of stones valued by the jeweller. The opal, jasper, and amethyst, are found imbedded in their crevices; and in the search for these the gem-seeker spends his days. He goes into the wilds a solitary man, like the chamois-hunter of the Alps; but carrying, in lieu of his rifle and ammunition, a chisel, a hammer, and a small wooden mallet stuck in his belt, from which hangs a pouch to contain the gems. He is generally of the peasant class, and not particularly regular in his habits, a too frequent accompaniment of uncertain earnings, which those of the gem-seeker must be; but as a class, their patience and skill in tracing out the objects of their search are said to be almost incredible; and there are current a thousand tales of fortunate men who bought lands and built castles with the proceeds of a single day's discovery. However, these stories generally date from distant times.

Popular superstition or credulity has given ground for several singular and sometimes profitable trades; such as the rain-makers of Africa, the serpent-charmers of India, and the fortune-tellers, dream-readers, and finders of stolen goods, so trusted in Europe's darker days, and still known through some lowly representatives in its backward corners. It is, however, consolatory to think that so few really useful trades have been lost or superseded in the course of ages, compared with the many avenues of exertion opened by an increased demand for the conveniences and refinements of life. Strange it is, too, in spite of the familiarity consequent on everyday recurrence, to reflect how many of the employments of mankind are full of risk and danger: the diver, the miner, and the fireman, have dreadful trades, as well as the 'one that gathers samphire.' They are indeed, to quote from a German philosopher, 'ennobled by utility;' and as the butcher remarked of his own ungentle craft, 'somebody must do it.' Doubtless the reconciling power of habit may be largely reckoned on; and in this portion of the curiosities of trade, an honest Savoyard's experience, though belonging to the last century, seems to deserve a place for its singularity. He had been obliged to leave his native valleys in search of work, and could find none but that of making wooden shoes for the French peasants among whom he settled; in process of time the sabots such as the Savoyard made went out of fashion, and then he betook himself to the sweeping of chimneys. Some years after a mine was opened in the district, and the Savoyard became a collier, but still

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varying matters with his second profession: when he went down a shaft, the worthy man was wont to thank his stars that it was not up a flue; and when on the sooty ascension, his thanksgivings were equally fervent that he was not going down to the mine; but he always assured his friends that neither of them was so bad as the making of sabots.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

It is strange that the immense island, or small continent, of Australia, although bordered with British colonies, should be still in great part a land of darkness and mystery, similar to those expanses on which, when figured in their maps, our ancestors used to write the words *terra incognita*. But so it is. Repeated attempts have been made to explore its interior; but to the present moment we cannot tell whether this portion of the British dominions contains such inland seas as we find in America, or is laid out in almost interminable deserts of sand, earth, or stones. Captain Sturt, one of the most persevering and enterprising of the Australian pioneers of science, has just published a narrative of his explorations; and although he is far from solving the enigma, we think it may be well to relate briefly what he has really accomplished, and thus to put our readers in possession of the question as it at present stands.*

There is little doubt that South Australia is the point from which the expedition must set out which is destined to bring the whole region within the pale of geographical science; that is to say, it must draw a line, south and north, from the eastern angle of the great Australian bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria, crossing the tropic of Capricorn. The farthest point gained by Captain Sturt was 24° 40′ south latitude, or a little more than half-way between the head of the bight and that of the gulf. His account of this adventurous journey wants compactness. If it were merely rough, we should like it all the better; but its redundancy in unimportant details brings forward unpleasantly the want of literary style and artistical keeping, and will perhaps render the captain's audience fewer than his labours deserve.

South Australia, the starting-point, is, as our readers know, a rather flourishing settlement, placed about the middle of the southern side of the island or continent, between Port Philip on the east, and Swan River colony on the west, and extending northwards into the interior to the 26th parallel of latitude. On the sea-board there is plenty of good anchorage, and several secure and capacious harbours; and Port Adelaide forms an excellent shipping entrepôt for the capital, which stands at a distance of six miles from the sea. The city contains a population of about 10,000 souls, with churches and schools on a respectable scale, and shops overflowing with almost every article of European produce, generally at a very trifling advance on home prices.

A considerable part of the province is well wooded for some distance inland; but the trees decrease in number as you proceed towards the north, till at length the country is laid out in open downs. The proportion of unavailable land is, in Captain Sturt's opinion, greater than that of good land; indeed he thinks the quantity of the latter very limited in proportion to the extent of the territory. Its quality, however, has been hitherto under rather than over-estimated; and the province is, upon the whole, well fitted for a rural peasantry, and calculated to support likewise by its agricultural products large masses of a mining and manufacturing population. The average crop of wheat is upwards of twenty-five bushels to the acre on the better soils; but in some localities it exceeds forty; and it has been known to reach fifty-two.

The whole area of the province contains about 300,000 square miles, or upwards of 190,000,000 acres; but the actual location does not exceed 7,000,000 acres, and even in this there is included a considerable portion of unavailable land. Of the available land, 470,000 acres have been purchased; but the extent of country occupied by sheep and cattle stations is not known. Agricultural operations have increased so rapidly within the last few years, that the produce far exceeds the wants of the settlers; and the flour which in 1839 was L.120 a ton, is now from L.12 to L.13. Live-stock has increased in a similar ratio; the number of sheep being now about 1,000,000, with an annual increase of 200,000; whereas in 1844 the number assessed was only 355,700. Even before this prosperous course began—that is, in 1843—the discovery of rich mines gave a powerful impulse to the rise of the colony; but the mineral thus opened to the industry of the inhabitants is looked upon by our author rather as an auxiliary than as the main cause of the turn of their fortunes. The copper ores of Australia are more valuable in the Swansea market than those of any other region; but the necessity of sending them thither for smelting—owing to the want of coal, and the scarcity of wood near the mines—is the great drawback upon the rising fortune of the colony. The Burra Burra mine, however, in 1847 paid three dividends to its proprietors, amounting to 200 per cent. on the subscribed capital.

Proceeding into the interior from the coast towards the north, the features of the country become exaggerated; and in the midst of vast deserts, we arrive at extensive oases of woods and pastures. The author's geological theory is, that the continent of Australia was at one time an archipelago, but that the land covered by the sea was suddenly raised to its present level by igneous agency. The country sinks from the north and north-east towards the south and south-west, and in this direction there came, during the convulsion referred to, a rush of waters, which, being divided by interposing obstacles, sought the sea on one side by the channel of the river Darling, and on the other by the great Australian bight. This hypothesis accounts for various appearances our traveller observed on the surface of the country. He supposes that the two parts of the country, in the direction of the torrent, were originally separated by water; and that there will still be found the traces of this separation in one or more inland seas. Captain Sturt's expedition, however, was limited in its object. He was absolutely forbidden to conduct his party through the tropical regions to the Gulf of Carpentaria, but was directed to ascertain the existence or non-existence of a chain of hills supposed to trend from the north-east to the south-west, and form a great natural division of the continent. This chain may be considered, from the result of his inquiries, to have no existence; but he did not quite reach the tropic, and was 150 miles to the east of the centre of the continent.

In his dreary journey he passed through successive deserts of sand, earth, and stones. The first was perhaps the most tormenting, the travellers being lost in small basins or hollows, from which they were unable to see to any distance. There was no grass for their horse, no water. 'We were then in one of the most gloomy regions that man ever traversed. The stillness of death reigned around us; no living creature was to be heard. Nothing visible inhabited that dreary desert but the ant; even the fly shunned it; and yet its yielding surface was marked all over with the tracks of native dogs.' Day after day they continued traversing this wretched country, unable to see a mile in any direction. They at length reached a small round hill, which they eagerly ascended; but 'there was no apparent change; for the brush in the distance was darker than that nearer to us, as if plains succeeded the sandy desert we had passed over. The whole landscape, however, was one of the most gloomy character, and I found myself obliged to turn from it in disappointment.

* Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia, &c. By Captain Charles Sturt, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols. London; Boone. 1849.

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As far as I could judge, we passed about a mile beyond the 28th parallel.'

We shall now, by way of a change, introduce the reader to the Stony Desert. 'On travelling over the plain, we found it undulating, with shining hollows, in which it was evident water sometimes collects. The stones, with which the ground was so thickly covered as to exclude vegetation, were of different lengths, from one inch to six. They had been rounded by attrition, were coated with oxide of iron, and evenly distributed. In going over this dreary waste, the horses left no track, and that of the cart was only visible here and there. From the spot on which we stopped no object of any kind broke the line of the horizon: we were as lonely as a ship at sea, and as a navigator seeking for land, only that we had the disadvantage of an unsteady compass, without any fixed point on which to steer. The fragments covering this singular feature were all of the same kind of rock, indurated or compact quartz, and appeared to me to have had originally the form of parallelograms, resembling both in their size and shape the shivered fragments lying at the base of the northern ranges, to which I have already had occasion to call attention.'

Another extraordinary feature followed—the Earthy Desert; 'resembling in appearance a boundless piece of ploughed land, on which floods had settled and subsided. The earth seemed to have once been mud, and then dried. Over this field of earth we continued to advance almost all day, without knowing whether we were getting still farther into it or working our way out. About an hour before sunset, this point was settled beyond doubt by the sudden appearance of some hills over the line of the horizon, raised above their true position by refraction.' These hills, however, soon disappeared; and when reached the next day, they proved to be merely lofty ridges of sand. 'It is a remarkable fact that here, on the northern side of the desert, and after an open interval of more than fifty miles, the same sand ridges should occur, running in parallel lines at the same angle as before, into the very heart of the interior, as if they absolutely were never to terminate. Here, on both sides of us, to the eastward and to the westward, they followed each other like the waves of the sea in endless succession, suddenly terminating, as I have already observed, on the vast plain into which they ran. What, I will ask, was I to conclude from these facts?—that the winds had formed these remarkable accumulations of sand, as straight as an arrow lying on the ground, without a break in them for more than ninety miles at a stretch, and which we had already followed up for hundreds of miles—that is to say, across six degrees of latitude? No; winds may indeed have assisted in shaping their outlines, but I cannot think that these constituted the originating cause of their formation. They exhibit a regularity that water alone could have given; and to water, I believe, they plainly owe their first existence. It struck me then, and calmer reflection confirms the impression, that the whole of the low interior I had traversed was formerly a sea-bed, since raised from its submarine position by natural though hidden causes; that when this process of elevation so changed the state of things as to make a continuous continent of that which had been an archipelago of islands, a current would have passed across the central parts of it, the direction of which must have been parallel to the sandy ridges, and consequently from east to west, or nearly so—*that* also being the present dip of the interior, as I shall elsewhere prove. I further think that the line of the Stony Desert being the lowest part of the interior, the current must there have swept along it with greater force, and have either made the breach in the sandy ridges now occupied by it, or have prevented their formation at the time when, under more favourable circumstances, they were thrown up on either side of it.'

During some portions of the journey the heat was terrific. 'Under its effects every screw in our boxes had been drawn, and the horn handles of our instruments, as well as our combs, were split into fine laminæ. The lead dropped out of our pencils; our signal rockets were entirely spoiled; our hair, as well as the wool on the sheep, ceased to grow; and our nails had become as brittle as glass. The flour lost more than 8 per cent. of its original weight, and the other provisions in a still greater proportion.' One day the wanderers of the desert saw a number of small black specks in the upper air, which increased every moment in size, till presently they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of the common kite, stooping down to within a few feet of them, and then turning away after a steady gaze. The birds had doubtless wondered in their turn what the small black specks were that moved, as if at random, upon the bosom of the desert, and had come down merely to satisfy their curiosity. They had, however, a formidable aspect; and as some of them, on approaching close, threw themselves back, as if to avoid contact, and opened their beak and spread out their talons, the travellers could not help fearing the result of a combat with so numerous a body if the visit should really prove to be hostile.

On another day their attention was attracted by a black and solitary object on a little rising ground in front of their camp. The dogs flew towards it, and were seen worrying some creature, notwithstanding a brave resistance. This was a human being, a native of the desert, half-dead with hunger and thirst. 'Whence this solitary stranger could have come from we could not divine. No other natives approached to look after him, nor did he show anxiety for any absent companion. His composure and apparent self-possession were very remarkable, for he neither exhibited astonishment nor curiosity at the novelties by which he was surrounded. His whole demeanour was that of a calm and courageous man, who, finding himself placed in unusual jeopardy, had determined not to be betrayed into the slightest display of fear or timidity.'

Generally speaking, the natives they met in the more remote regions took to flight on being observed, and exhibited in other respects the greatest awe of the Europeans. Sometimes, however, they were of a very different character, as may be seen in the following interesting family group. 'Their families generally were on the opposite side of the river, but one man had his *lubra* and two children on our side of it. My attention was drawn to him from his perseverance in cutting a bark canoe, at which he laboured for more than an hour without success. Mr Browne walked with me to the tree at which he was working, and I found that his only tool was a stone tomahawk, and that with such an implement he would hardly finish his work before dark. I therefore sent for an iron tomahawk, which I gave to him, and with which he soon had the bark cut and detached. He then prepared it for launching by puddling up its ends, and putting it into the water; placed his lubra and an infant child in it, and giving her a rude spear as a paddle, pushed her away from the bank. She was immediately followed by a little urchin, who was sitting on the bank, the canoe being too fragile to receive him. But he evidently doubted his ability to gain the opposite bank of the river; and it was most interesting to mark the anxiety of both parents as the little fellow struck across the foaming current. The mother kept close beside him in the canoe, and the father stood on the bank encouraging his little son. At length they all landed in safety, when the native came to return the tomahawk, which he understood to have been only lent to him. However, I was too much pleased with the scene I had witnessed to deprive him of it; nor did I ever see a man more delighted than he was when he found that the tomahawk, the value and superiority of which he had so lately proved, was indeed his own. He thanked me for it; he eyed it with infinite satisfaction; and then turning round, plunged into the stream and joined his family on the opposite bank.' Sometimes the native

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camps were highly picturesque. Their denizens sat up to a late hour at night; the women employed in beating between two stones the seed for cakes, with a noise resembling that of the working of a loom factory, and the men moving about from hut to hut. 'The whole encampment, with the long line of fires, looked exceedingly pretty; and the dusky figures of the natives standing by them, or moving from one hut to the other, had the effect of a fine scene in a play. At eleven all was still, and you would not have known that you were in such close contiguity to so large an assemblage of people.'

Captain Sturt speaks very favourably of the Australian savages; but even from his account their civilisation would appear to be hardly possible. In the schools of the settlements the native boys and girls are taught to read, write, and cipher as well as European children of the same age; but here their capacity of receiving instruction ends. An appeal to any higher department of intellect is always vain. They desert the schools, and betake themselves to their ancestral wilds; and notwithstanding all the efforts of philanthropy, not the slightest improvement has been made in the social condition of the race. Captain Sturt thinks that if the children experimented upon were separated entirely from their parents and tribe, the result might be different; but it may be a question whether we are authorised to sever in this way the bonds of nature, even for the presumed good of the individuals themselves.

The results of the expedition, as we have said, go far towards proving that there is no mountain range in the interior of Australia, but that, on the contrary, its central regions are nearly on the sea level, and its northern and southern coasts as completely separated by deserts as if an ocean rolled between them. Captain Sturt still thinks there must be an inland sea; but he has no hope of any fertile country being discovered. 'Although I did not gain the direct centre of the continent,' says he modestly, in concluding some general remarks, 'there can be very little doubt as to the character of the country round it. The spirit of enterprise alone will now ever lead any man to gain it, but the gradual development of the character of the yet unexplored interior will alone put an end to doubts and theories on the subject. The desert of Australia is not more extensive than the deserts in other parts of the world. Its character constitutes its peculiarity, and that may lead to some satisfactory conclusion as to how it was formed, and by what agent the sandy ridges which traverse it were thrown up. I would repeat, that I am diffident of my own judgment, and that I should be indebted to any one better acquainted with the nature of these things than I am to point out wherein I am in error.'*

Before concluding, it will be proper to advert shortly to the other measures that have been taken, or are in progress, for exploring the continent. To say nothing of Dr Leichhardt's successful expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, Sir Thomas Mitchell, the surveyor-general, discovered a great river in the interior, trending towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, and having its embouchure, as he imagined, in that supposed outlet for the drainage of the region. He pursued the river, which he named the Victoria, for ten days, through a splendid country, covered with luxuriant pasturage. 'That the river,' says he, 'is the most important of Australia, increasing as it does by successive tributaries, and not a mere product of distant ranges, admits of no dispute; and the downs and plains of Central Australia, through which it flows, seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food.' To ascertain the further course of this remarkable stream, Mr Kennedy, a young officer who had accompanied Sir Thomas Mitchell, was deputed; but his account was by no means favourable to the sanguine views of the surveyor-general. The Victoria, instead of continuing to trend towards the north, turned to the south-west, and was then divided into several branches, 'spreading over a depressed and barren waste, void of trees or vegetation of any kind, its level surface being only broken by small doones of red sand, like islands upon the dry bed of an inland sea, which I am convinced at no distant period did exist there.' This river appears to be identical with Cooper's Creek, discovered by Captain Sturt, and, in his opinion, is either lost in the Stony Desert, or terminates through it in the conjectured inland sea.

Dr Leichhardt in the meantime set out about a year ago on a journey from Moreton Bay to Swan River, in which he will traverse the continent in a transverse direction from that of Captain Sturt, from east to west, having a distance before him of more than 5000 miles in a direct line. He had already made an attempt in the same course, but was obliged to return, his party being disabled by the ague, and the loss of all their animals. We cannot expect to have news of this adventure for a year to come; but after all, the most favourable result we can expect from it is the gratification of scientific curiosity. As a grazing and agricultural region, Australia has already been sufficiently discussed; and the unoccupied tracts of New South Wales alone would of themselves afford an almost boundless field for the industry of Europe. 'The only thing to be regretted,' says Captain Sturt, 'is, that the want of an industrious population keeps it in a state of nature, and that the thousands who are here (in England) obtaining but a precarious subsistence, should not evince a more earnest desire to go to a country where most assuredly their condition would be changed for the better.'

* The sand ridges described by Captain Sturt appear to be of the same character with the *oasrs* of Sweden, the *eskars* of Ireland, and the *kames* of Scotland, all of which are now regarded as having been formed by some peculiar action of the sea, while the land was as yet covered by that element.—Ed.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

The striking process of which we are now to give some account, affords a beautiful example of the adaptation of purely scientific knowledge to the details of productive industry. Not many years have elapsed since electricity was looked upon as a mysterious agency, more to be prosecuted as a subject of speculative science, than as affording means for obtaining practical results applicable to the production of articles of taste and utility in our arts and manufactures. Now the case is different; and for such ends the agency of electro-galvanism, one of the branches of the parent science, is in daily requisition.

Professor Daniell having constructed what he called his 'Constant Galvanic Battery,' found that, by the peculiar action of the galvanic current, the copper contained in the solution of sulphate of copper, used as one of the exciting liquids, was deposited in a thin film on the sides of the vessel containing it, and that a fac-simile of any projection or indentation thereon was at the same time faithfully given in the metallic deposit.

Mr Spencer of Liverpool, Mr Jordan of London, and Professor Jacobi of Petersburg, aware of the above fact, almost simultaneously, and without any communication with each other, conceived the idea that the circumstance might be taken advantage of in producing fac-similes of medals, engravings, &c.; and with this view instituted experiments, which proved the interesting fact, that impressions might be taken in copper of any article prepared for its reception, by suspending it in a solution of sulphate of copper, and causing a galvanic current to pass through it. By a natural train of thought, certain persons were led to try whether the more valuable metals, as silver or gold, could be deposited by galvanic agency. It was left for the Messrs Elkington of Birmingham, by a very extensive course of experiments, to prove the perfect possibility of the plan, which formed the subject of the patents granted to them for improvements in electro-typing or electro-metallurgy. Before detailing a few of the curiosities of this wonderful process, we will briefly explain the mode of operating. To obtain fac-similes of engravings in copper, the following apparatus is required:—A box divided into two portions by a porous partition is provided; and in one of these cells the copper-plate is suspended by a wire attached to a metallic rod stretching across the mouth of the box, and in the other a zinc plate, of smaller size than the copper. The

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galvanic communication is effected by an intervening rod, having screws attached to it for the convenience of manipulating. Into the cell containing the copper, water and crystals of sulphate of copper are put; and into the zinc cell, water and pulverised sal-ammoniac. To prepare the plate for the deposition, the parts not required to be coated with the metallic film must be protected from the action of the fluid; and this is done by covering them with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. The galvanic action goes on, gradually depositing on the exposed parts of the plate a film of copper; and when this is of sufficient thickness, the plate is withdrawn, and the film removed. But the fac-simile, although correct, is in relief, and to be of use, a copy in intaglio must be produced; and this is at once obtained by submitting the relief to the same process as the original plate, of which the new deposition of copper is an exact fac-simile. Mr Smee, however, has made public a very beautiful and still more striking process for obtaining copper-plate engravings without the use of an engraved copy at all. He proposed to draw the required design on a smooth copper-plate, with a pigment or varnish insoluble in water, and then to expose the plate to the galvanic action; when, the film of copper being deposited on all the parts not varnished, a copy in intaglio would be produced. Casts of seals, medals, &c. can be obtained in copper by this method. To prepare the articles for deposition, the mode of rubbing or covering their external surfaces with black-lead, discovered by Mr Murray, must be adopted; for the copper having what may be called an affinity for the black-lead, easily deposits itself on any surface covered with it. Articles so prepared can be copied in great numbers at a small expense.

For obtaining duplicates for printing from wood-engravings, the electrotype is employed. The engraving, after being black-leaded, is bound round the edges with a strip of tinfoil, and suspended, and kept perpendicularly in the fluid. Copies of plaster casts are easily taken, as also of wax models, by means of the same process. But perhaps the most beautiful exemplification of the process is seen in the case by which natural organised substances are covered with a thin film of copper. The leaf or branch to be operated upon is covered, by means of a soft brush, with the black-lead, and suspended in the fluid. Butterflies and moths are also easily covered; shrub-flowers are extremely beautiful, with thin delicate fibres fully and clearly developed on their metallic covering. Mr Smee thus writes of them:—'The beauty of electro-coppered leaves, branches, and similar objects, is surprising. I have a case of these specimens placed on a black ground, which no one would take to be productions of art. In the same room with them are a couple of these cases in which Ward has taught us to grow in this smoky metropolis some of the most interesting botanical specimens. In these cases are contained varieties of fairy-formed *adiantums*, verdant *lycopodiums*, brilliant *orchideæ*, rigid *cacti*, and other plants, all growing in their natural luxuriance. The electro-coppered leaves, however, are beautiful when placed by the side of the productions of this miniature paradise; and when I state that the numerous hairs covering the leaves of a *melostoma*, and even the delicate hairs of the *salvia*, are all perfectly covered, the botanist must at once admit that these specimens have rather the minuteness of nature than the imperfections of art.' In plating articles with the precious metals, the weight of metal deposited is found by weighing the article previous to insertion in the liquid, and again after receiving the deposition, when the difference is the weight of metal. For silver, the article is suspended in a solution of the cyanide of potassium and silver; and for gold, the cyanide of potassium and gold. The articles now plated with silver are very numerous—forks, spoons, salvers, &c. The solution of silver is kept charged with sheets of pure silver suspended in the vessels; from which the metal is dissolved as fast as it is deposited, leaving finally a lace-like piece of silver of extremely delicate and beautiful fibres. In coating articles of value with a film of gold the same process is gone through, but of course on a much smaller scale. The solution is supplied with the precious metal by placing a small strip of pure gold round the vessel. Small articles, such as watch-chains, buttons, &c. that can be suspended on a wire, are inserted in the solution, and gilt in a remarkably short space of time. A writer in the 'Penny Magazine' states that he saw 'ten gross of coat buttons strung upon a wire, and all perfectly gilt, by an immersion of less than one minute.' Having now glanced at the methods of plating the external surfaces of articles with gold and silver, we will briefly explain what we may term the chief triumph of the art—the production of solid articles in the precious metals.

We will suppose a vase to be required in gold: a delicate wax model, containing all the figures in relief to be on the surface, is first prepared; from this wax model a leaden mould is produced, and from this a brass model or pattern is cast; on which the engraver finishes the designed parts more fully, and from this finished pattern a mould in an elastic substance is obtained, composed in some instances of glue. This, by its elasticity, allows the mould to be separated easily from the parts of the pattern which are undercut; and it is used to provide a model in wax, suet, and phosphorus, on which a film of copper is laid by the galvanic agency. The wax forming originally a foundation for the copper, is again used as a foundation for the more precious metal. It is melted from the inside of the copper deposit, and the copper shell left has in its interior an exact fac-simile of the original design. The copper mould is next introduced to the solution of cyanide of potassium and gold, the exterior being protected by the resisting medium. The gold is gradually deposited equally over the raised and depressed portions of the mould; and the process is allowed to go on till sufficient thickness is obtained, when the whole is withdrawn, and the outside film of copper melted off by the action of an acid, leaving a solid and pure vase of gold. The gold and silver, whether of solid or superficial deposit, after coming from the solution, have a dull dead appearance; and to obviate this, the articles undergo the operation of burnishing. To prove that in solid deposit the particles are as closely united as if they had passed through the melting-pot, they give a clear sonorous ring when struck on an anvil with a hammer.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHENE'ER I feel this rare excess of health
Thrill suddenly throughout my frame, as now,
Forgetting hoary hair and furrowed brow,
I turn a braggart of my fancied wealth
Of stalwart strength and life. I seek the glow
Of sunshine, singing; gather (not by stealth,
But with an honest boldness) fruits that grow
Out of my reach at other times; and offer
The sweets I taste to others—letting go
Sickness and its entailments from my mind;
And, like the miser near his rifled coffer,
Unconscious that it holds no more his pelf,
I glory in delusion—till I find
Some old-recurring pang recall me to myself!

NEWSPAPERS.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst.* The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

INCORRECTNESS OF CONVERSATIONAL LANGUAGE.

The influence which common parlance exerts on the acquisition of correct notions on scientific subjects has often an unfortunate tendency. Thus, when we say in dull weather, 'The day is heavy'—'The air is thick and heavy,' it is not generally supposed that the air is really *lighter* than on a fine day; but the fall of the barometer indicates that this *is* the fact.—*Isaiah Deck.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 263. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849. Price 1½d.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

It has become a settled point that the people of Scotland are remarkable for a cold and cautious temper. Has it never occurred to any of the multitudes who receive and repeat this doctrine, that it is strangely at issue with a vast proportion of the facts known regarding the Scottish people? We make no apology for briefly discussing the subject, because it is manifestly a curious circumstance that a people should generally act in contradiction of one of their most notable attributes.

A potent English monarch had, at the close of the thirteenth century, by craft and force completely established a right of dominion over this poor little northern country. A private gentleman rose in rebellion. The people for years supported him in a guerilla warfare, which scarcely was blessed with a hope of success. Wallace at length came to the end that might have been expected. He was put to death by the ungenerous usurper. Within two years, one of the claimants of the crown, who might have continued to be a great lord under Edward, is found taking up the same dangerous game. In the whole series of transactions which followed, down to the battle of Bannockburn, there is a show of almost every quality on the part of Bruce and the Scots *except* caution. That battle itself would have never happened, if Bruce had not been a romantic knight rather than a politic king, for it was obviously impolitic for a leader with thirty thousand troops to meet an enemy with a hundred thousand in the open field.

Throughout the almost incessant wars, external and internal, in which the Scotch were engaged for two hundred years after this period, there is no trace of a Fabian policy: all is headlong ardour. A pretty young French queen, wishing to make a diversion against the king of England, with whom her husband was at war, sends a ring to the king of Scotland, with a request that he would ride three miles into English ground for her sake. The Scottish monarch, though a married man above forty years of age, immediately invaded England under this call. In a few weeks, while resting with his army on a Northumbrian hill, he saw an English army deploying over a bridge to fight him. A politic man would have attacked it when half over, and beaten it. James was too gallant to take any such advantage. In the consequent battle, he lost his life, along with the flower of his nobility and people. One is astonished at the utter want of caution and consideration in the whole of this affair; yet it did not serve as a lesson. The son of this gallant king sent an army against England in nearly similar circumstances, and on its coming to the destruction which was to be expected, he died of grief. In all of these collisions, the English leaders appear as the wary men. Scotland seems as a simple reckless child in comparison. Where was Scottish caution on the day of Pinkie fight? In the connection of the affairs of Elizabeth and Mary, on which side lay the astuteness, and on which the impulsiveness? Were the Walsinghams, the Wottons, and the Burleighs, a set of frank heedless Englishmen, allowing themselves to be tricked by the cold calculating ministers of the beauteous queen of Scots!

The national attribute is brought into a strong light in the affair of the Covenant. The king, with England at his back, attempts little changes in the ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland. In the month of May 1639, this cold-blooded people present themselves in arms on Dunse Law, to bide the worst which that great monarch could bring against them. England had by that time some grievances of her own to bear; but it was the cautious Scotch who first took to pike and gun for the good cause. The affair ends for the meantime in a capitulation; but next year, on a fine day in the month of August, this cool-headed people, once more in arms, are seen crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, in order to fight Charles on his own ground. Their whole conduct throughout the civil war is the oddest possible for a cautious people. After all they had suffered from Charles, twenty thousand of them followed the poor Duke of Hamilton to Uttoxeter, with a vain hope of redeeming their unhappy monarch from the bondage of the sectaries. Not content with thus knocking their heads against Cromwell, they must, two years after, defy him and republican England for the sake of Charles II. Their attack on Oliver at Dunbar, their march to Worcester, are most extraordinary doings for a people eaten up by the spirit of selfish calculation. Never certainly was caution more whimsically shown, or more inappropriately rewarded.

It was the fate of Scotland in the next reign to be put under a church establishment which represented the opinions of only a handful of the people, but which was supported by a powerful and merciless government. The peasantry of a single county rose in rebellion, and fell in scores under the bullets of Dalyell. The peasantry of another county, some years later, exposed themselves in the same way to the sabres of Claverhouse. A thousand of these calculating people were offered liberty if they would say 'God save the king'—the alternative being Barbadoes and Maryland. Strange for a cautious people, they refused, and the cold strand of Orkney was strewed with their corpses before the year was out. What a series of strange proceedings for such a people, those conventicles which they *would* attend, gentles as well as commons, though ruinous fines stared them in the face, and no man knew but Claverhouse might be behind the next hill with his dragoons! The scores of men who, for conscience' sake, sang their last psalms under the gibbet in the Grassmarket, how

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strange to think of them as specimens of a nation who, while allowed to have tolerably clear heads, are yet set down as generally distinguished by frigid hearts!

The two rebellions in behalf of the exiled House of Stuart will of course appear as notable illustrations of this national torpor of feeling. In 1745, the Scotch Jacobites came out in thousands to the open field, braving for their principles loss of life and possessions; while the English Jacobites, equally engaged, remain quietly at home, and read of Prince Charlie's progress in the newspapers. Even of the Welsh, hotheaded as they are reputed to be, not a man draws his sword. It is pleasant for a Scotchman to think of eighty of his 'cautious' countrymen getting themselves hanged at Carlisle, Preston, and Kennington Common, for daring to rank themselves up against King George and his army; many of them declaring, too, with their last breath, that, if it were to do over again, they would do it. The affair of 1745 was almost the only occurrence for a century after the accession of the House of Hanover that forcibly attracted the attention of the English to Scotland; and strange to say, it presents this so-called cautious people in an attitude purely romantic, audacious, and unwise.

After ages of war and civil broils, the Scotch bethought themselves, at the close of the seventeenth century, of applying their energies to commerce. The first ventures of so cautious a people one would have expected to be on an exceedingly moderate scale in proportion to their resources. All the circumstances ought to have been marked by prudence and forethought. What was the actual fact?—a plan of extraordinary boldness, for an entrepôt at Darien, involving a capital of four hundred thousand pounds, being about half of the whole circulating medium in the country. The total destruction of their expeditions, and the perdition of their money, bear strong witness indeed to the national attribute! About that time, who was the Scotsman most conspicuous in England?—was he a paragon of caution? It was William Paterson, who projected the Bank of England—one of the most adventurous beings perhaps that ever breathed. Twenty years later, France was thrown into an extraordinary ferment by a new bank, on which came to be engrafted a scheme for colonising Louisiana. The projector was a foreigner, a daring schemer in monetary matters. So successfully did he impart his enthusiasm to others, that people of all ranks flocked to convert their actual capital into his paper. A stranger entering the Rue Quinquempoix at that crisis would have found a hunchback making a good livelihood by letting out his back as an extempore desk on which the transfers of an imaginary stock were negotiated. If introduced at court, he would have found the son of the projector admitted to the circle of noble youths who were privileged to join in the dances of the young king. Strange to say, the man who produced the universal madness in Paris, to be followed by an equally universal ruin, was a member of that nation so celebrated for its cautious calculations: it was John Law, a native of Edinburgh. Banking, it will be said, has been conducted cautiously and successfully in Scotland. Not so fast. The success of Scotch banking arose in reality from a feature of incaution, a large issue of notes. But for the smallness of the country, allowing each man to know something of another's affairs, and the general probity of the men engaged in banking, an issue of notes so much beyond the means of their ready and immediate withdrawal would have been attended by the greatest danger. It has, in fact, been an adventurous system all along, one in which credit has been stretched to an extent which we rarely see exampled in larger countries. Nor has it been uniformly successful. There are a few counties in Scotland, the proprietary of which has been perhaps as much changed in consequence of misadventures in banking, as Fermanagh was by the Cromwellian settlement. The extreme case was that of Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank, established in 1769, ruined in 1772. They issued notes like a snow-drift, and gave large quantities of them out to individuals to be put into circulation in different parts of the country, and accounted for at certain periods. These notes used to come back for payment at the central office, before their various circulators had accounted for them. Anybody with a coat on his back and a little brass on his forehead could get a bill discounted with Douglas, Heron, and Company. It is told that there was a back-going farmer about the Pentland Hills, who, having exhausted all his friends and neighbours, and being reduced to desperation, was told that money was to be got almost without ceremony at a house in the Canongate. He came with a bill for L.50, accepted by one of his ploughmen, and had the money in his hand as quickly as if it had been only change for a guinea. He packed it slowly up in his pocket, strode to the door, and there turning coolly about, said pretty audibly, 'Faith, billies, this canna gang on *lang!*' The damage to the shareholders, who were of all classes, was dreadful. Sir Walter Scott speaks with a bitter grudge of the loss incurred by his father through Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank; yet we observe the old gentleman stands in the list for only L.500 of stock. Mr Islay Campbell, the most successful advocate of his time, told a friend that it would have been better for him never to have made one penny by his profession, than to have made a venture in that bank. Some men paid quotas of loss every now and then during the greater part of their lives; and, as we are assured only a very few years have elapsed since the books were finally wound up, it is not improbable that in some instances the sufferings from Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank extended through three generations.

Any one living in Scotland at the present day, and looking round him with the eye of a man of the world, would be at no loss, we believe, to discover such examples of things done under false calculations, or no calculations at all, as would leave him a good deal at a loss to account for the character which the people have acquired on the score of caution. He would not see what are called 'fast men' in great numbers; but of heedless speculators and half-crazy projectors he would find no lack. However strange it may sound in an English ear, there are plenty of rash and thoughtless people in Scotland. We really must claim to have our fair proportion of folly as well as our neighbours. Only inquire into family histories: where is there one without its wayward member, who is continually coming back upon them ruined and undone, to be once more set up in the world, or once more and finally shipped off for the colonies? Ask in the share-market—look into the Gazette—inspect the shipping list at Glasgow. Hopes you will everywhere find as rife as fears. On all sides ruin bears its part beside success. One does not hear much now-a-days of such a spirit among religious people as that which fills the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth century with wonders. Yet only in 1843, about a third part of the established clergy of Scotland abandoned their livings on a point of conscience. Other people, ourselves amongst the number, are at a loss to understand their reasons: opposite partisans try to extenuate the matter in various ways. In plain truth, whatever might be the merits of the prompting cause, it was an astonishing example of self-sacrifice, one which any people might be proud to have in their history, and which, we venture to say, the whole nation will yet be proud to see there. We strongly recommend the particulars to the consideration of those who regard the Scotch as wholly made up of cold and selfish calculation.

We might go on to ask if the most eminent Scotsmen of past times have been noted for caution. Was Bruce a cautious man when he exposed himself to the attack of Sir Henry Bohun at Bannockburn? Was John Knox a cautious man?—he of whom Morton said, as he saw him laid in the grave, 'There lies one who never feared the face of man!' Was Mon-

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trose cautious at Kilsyth, or Dundee at Killiecrankie? Was Fletcher of Salton cautious when he killed Dare at Torquay? Burns proclaims in his verse that 'prudent cautious self-control is wisdom's root;' but, himself, 'o'er fast for thought, o'er hot for rule,' could never practise the maxim. Scott looked a prudent man till near the end of his days, when it was found that not a son of the Muses in their most reckless times had acted more inconsiderately than he. A hardy ardour and enthusiasm seems to belong to the whole of the great men of our country. Caution is the last peculiarity which a biographer would attribute to them.

How, then, comes it that the Scotch, with such a history, obtain such a character? We cannot undertake to solve the mystery to universal satisfaction; but we see a few peeps of daylight through it. The Scotch, in the ordinary affairs of life, exhibit a tolerably clear intellect; they do not rush into acts and situations with the precipitancy of the Irish. But there is nothing extraordinary about them in this respect. The English, however, whose judgment on the point is the subject of debate, see their neighbours in two limited aspects. They either see the northern adventurer plodding his way among a people richer than himself, and anxious to make up by prudence for his original want of means; or they themselves come as mercantile travellers into Scotland, seeking to press off all sorts of English goods upon such shopkeepers as they think trustworthy. The Scotch trader has to be on the defensive both against the trading sharpness of the English, and against taking an over-quantity of their goods, all of which he knows must be paid for. He therefore presents a somewhat hard and slow manner to the *empressement* of his visitor. The Scotch are accordingly, as a nation, judged by the English from a few specimens, who are either unfair representatives of the mass, or are presented in circumstances so peculiar, that their actual character is not represented. It is like judging the people of Italy from the wandering image-venders, or the people of France from the conduct of the actors in the Théâtre Français. It gets, however, a specious sort of sanction from the fact, that the Scotch do bear themselves with something like an average degree of prudence amongst the nations; and so it passes. The English, meanwhile, have no more idea of the style of living and dealing pursued by the bulk of the Scotch people, than they have of the *ménage* of an Esquimaux, or perhaps less. The many who live in an open-handed and elegant manner, the still greater number who live in comfort, the generous charities supported in the large towns, the sacrifices made by the poorest under the influence of their higher sentiments, remain totally unknown, and therefore enter not into the account. If these remarks do not explain the mystery, then we despair of it, and must leave it as a problem to be solved by wiser heads than ours. R. C.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1848.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

After the Revolution, business of all kinds seemed to have received a decided check. Work at M. Jolly's was not resumed for more than a week, and then only on short time. Thousands walked the streets without any employment at all, excepting planting trees of liberty, which they did at every possible place, amid great firing of guns and other rejoicings. M. Vachette, my landlord, was one who suffered much from the late changes, for he had been employed by the royal saddler and harness-maker. To compensate him in part for his loss, he had been chosen by his comrades as corporal in his company of the National Guard. Although feeling sorely the pressure of the times, he managed to save a small weekly sum towards his uniform. He was a gay thoughtless being enough, with sparkling black eyes, and a black bushy beard, and a devoted admirer of republican principles as advocated by Vergniaud, Bailly, Roland, Brissot, and other Girondins, and so ably contended for now by Lamartine. He saw with pain the wide spread of Communism. His wife, a woman of good education, and much natural talent, seemed in a continual melancholy, as if under some foreboding fear that she could not contend with.

About this time my friend George, finding his hopes of obtaining employment in Paris at an end, was compelled reluctantly to quit the bosom of his family, and to go to sea once more. James Bargues, his brother, who was a man of excellent disposition, and a sincere lover of his species, had for his abilities been chosen secretary of one of the most violent democratic clubs, and was himself imbued with a corresponding quantity of their enthusiasm and folly.

The first act of the Parisian workmen was, by threats held out to their employers, to expel all the English employed in Paris; and indeed, as I afterwards found, this was pretty general throughout France. The only excuse I can find for this conduct, was the misery and destitution they were suffering themselves. This gave rise to much bitterness of feeling on the part of my countrymen, and not without cause. It was a sad blow for the keepers of English houses in Paris, as they were nearly all obliged to close their shops and follow their customers.

My own work continued very slack for some time after the Revolution; but I had the pleasure of observing that the branch of the business in which I was employed gradually increased, which I attributed to the superiority of the English method over the French. Accordingly, as the spring advanced, I found full employment, occasionally even working five quarters in the day, though trade in general was extremely dull. Still no symptoms appeared of the wretchedness of the majority of the working-classes. The people, everywhere decently clad, laughed, looked happy, and sang their songs with that *gaieté du cœur* for which the Parisian stands unrivalled.

On the 16th of April, there was a great Communist demonstration; the *rappel* was beating in all quarters of Paris. The day passed without any particular disturbance; but it caused trade, which was slowly reviving, again to languish. I found every such popular demonstration followed by a corresponding depression in business; for the rich, alarmed by the constant marching of immense bodies of men, beating their eternal drums, were rapidly leaving Paris, thus rendering employment still more scarce, and the masses still more discontented. To provide for the wants of the working-classes, the *Ateliers Nationaux* were instituted, which, to my thinking, was a fatal mistake on the part of the government, as a complete system of organisation was at once framed, which, as was afterwards shown, was fully taken advantage of.

On the 20th took place the Festival of Fraternity, which exhibited no extraordinary feature besides the astonishing length of the line of troops which passed in review before the members of the Provisional Government. It was generally believed after this fête that trade would revive; but those who thus fondly hoped, were doomed to disappointment. Trade in all branches, instead of getting better, got worse. Thousands of discontented and hungry men roamed through the streets, by their threatening appearance making bad worse. I was particularly struck with the appearance of poor James Bargues and his wife, whom I had not seen for some time past. Although in their dress there was an evident struggle between pride and poverty, and no tale of distress came from their lips, yet their pale and famished looks told how much they had suffered. On this occasion the conversation naturally turned to the existing state of things in Paris, and rather a hot discussion ensued between the two brothers-in-law, James contending that the men now at the head of affairs had betrayed the trust reposed in them, and that nothing but their expulsion would save France from ruin. The other threw

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the whole blame on the Communists, who, by their constant *émeutes*, had ruined the trade of Paris. It ended by M. Vachette commanding James to leave the room, which he did, never again to cross the threshold. I was much grieved, on account of the two sisters, that politics should thus part friends, and different opinions engender such bitter feelings.

As summer approached, the weather became delightful. I had heard and read of sunny France. Her poets had apostrophised her bright blue skies, and sung in raptures of her corn-fields and vineyards: I found the picture not overdrawn. The sky was bright and beautifully clear for many weeks together. From the absence of smoke, there was a particular freshness in the air, by which the intense heat of the sun was much relieved. The Boulevards now swarmed with people, especially on Sundays, which here is a kind of fête-day, instead of being set apart for religious observance. Jugglers, tumblers, and showmen lined the path; bands of music sounded in the air; while all kinds of vehicles crowded along the road. In the evening, the cafés were filled with company, thousands being seated outside in the cool of the evening, enjoying the soothing fragrance of the cigar and sipping their coffee, and the ladies their sugared water. The Boulevards outside of Paris were, if possible, more gay. From the numerous cafés, ball-rooms, and summer-gardens, the sound of song and revelry met the ear, instead of the more decent tolling of the Sabbath-bell.

On the 15th of May Paris was again thrown into a state of ferment by the attack of the Communists on the National Assembly. Some of my shopmates I knew to be adherents of Barbés, Blanqui, and the other Communists; and I noticed their absence on this particular morning. The drum beat the *rappel*, and again shops were shut, and the streets filled with military. I hastened down to the hall of the National Assembly, the front of which was guarded by a troop of dragoons, while immense numbers of the Garde Nationale were hastening down the quais.

I was standing nearly opposite the Chambers when Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin left the Assembly on horseback. A thousand voices cried, 'Vive Lamartine!' and a few, 'Vive Ledru-Rollin!' Many pressed forward to shake the former by the hand. I, wishing to have that honour, pressed forward with the rest, and grasping his hand a little too tightly I fear, cried at the top of my voice, 'Vive Lamartine!' I felt as if it was something to have shaken hands with the then greatest man in all France.

The fête of Concord followed quickly afterwards: it was a most splendid affair, but failed to produce the contentment which was expected of it. As for myself, I had no great reason to complain: my work still increased, and I fondly hoped that I might be allowed to remain many years in the land of my adoption; my master was kind and indulgent, using me more as an equal that was in partnership with him than as a workman employed by him; my shopmates were courteous and obliging; the climate I felt to be delightful; all public places were free; and the manners of the people such as made me blush for the ignorance and rudeness of my own.

My prospects in business being so cheering, I resolved to purchase a little home, and send for my family. I immediately began to put this resolution into effect, and, living frugally and working hard for the next five or six weeks, purchased at every opportunity such articles of household furniture as I judged would be most serviceable. Amongst these were a bed mattress and bedstead, a rather stylish chest of drawers with a marble top, a table, some chairs, and a looking-glass. The articles, as I bought them, were placed in a room which I had taken in the Rue Faubourg St Martin. It was with some degree of pride and satisfaction that I looked round my little apartment, longing for the time when I should behold my wife and children once more comfortably settled beside me. I had meanwhile written to my wife, directing her to sell to the best advantage our household goods at home, and likewise a small business which had formed the chief support of my family. It was with great reluctance that I informed Monsieur and Madame Vachette of my intention to leave them, as they had treated me with uniform kindness, and I knew my money, trifling as it was, was now an object with them.

Upon further consideration, seeing the difficulties my wife would have to encounter on her journey with four young children, I thought it would be better for me to ask a week's holiday, and fetch them from England myself. A week previous to my intended departure, which I had fixed for Sunday the 25th of June, as it was the last Sunday I should spend in the Battignolles, I went, in company with my landlord and his wife, to Versailles, M. Vachette having an uncle residing there. On the previous night he had brought home his new uniform, and now for the first time put it on. He had, in common with most Frenchmen, a smart military air, and, with the help of some padding, made really a handsome figure. So to Versailles we went, and spent the day most comfortably, all little imagining how the next Sunday would pass.

I had noticed every evening, on leaving my work, bands of idle fellows loitering about the Portes St Martin and St Denis. These mobs the military were called out several times to disperse; and it was no unusual thing to find both horse and foot at the Porte St Martin as I was returning from work.

On the evening of Friday the 23d, as I was preparing to leave work, I was alarmed by the noise of a sharp firing in the street. I quickly dressed, and ran out. All was confusion and alarm. Rebellion again had reared its hydra head, and the fair city of Paris was about to become an immense slaughter-house. A barricade had been formed at the Porte St Martin, before which several of the Garde Nationale had already fallen.

As I had no wish this time to take any share in the movement, I avoided the Boulevard by taking by-streets, until I reached the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The rappel was now beating in every quarter, and the Garde Nationale mustering in great numbers. Armed men passed me every moment; but of which party it was impossible to judge, as thousands of the Garde Nationale were without uniforms. I rushed across the Boulevard, and then up Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to Rue Clichy. I passed through the barrier of that name, and reached my lodgings in Rue de l'Ecluse in safety. I had not been at home many minutes, when M. Vachette, who worked in the Rue St Honoré, entered. The rappel now sounded loudly in the Battignolles. I helped my landlord to equip, belted on his sword and cartridge-box, and handed him his gun from the corner in which it was usually kept. He shook me by the hand, kissed his wife, and then departed.

I endeavoured to calm the agitation of Madame Vachette, by assuring her that it was nothing but an ordinary *émeute*, of which several had lately taken place. So, wishing madame good-night, I took my lamp, and retired to my chamber.

At daybreak I was awoke by something jarring my window, which, from the heat of the weather, I had left unfastened. Suddenly it shook again, and the boom of cannon struck my ear. I sprang from my bed, and threw back my window. The first streaks of day had just began to crimson the eastern sky. A sharp, quick knocking at my door, and the voice of my landlady calling me, drew me from the window. I threw on some articles of clothing, and admitted her. With pale and quivering lips she besought me to make some inquiries as to the cause of the firing. I promised her I would, and went out with that intention.

On ascending the hill of Montmartre, which stands at the distance of a short walk from the Battignolles, and commands a fine view of Paris, I saw the white smoke of the combat already curling above the houses. The discharges of artillery became every moment more fre-

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quent, mingled with the rattling of musketry, until the whole became one deafening roar, as the combat was more general, and the line of action more extended. I returned to my lodgings, and found my poor landlady in a sad state; her anxiety respecting her husband and other relations in Paris being very great. She expressed her determination to proceed in search of M. Vachette, in spite of all dangers that she must necessarily be exposed to. At her earnest intreaty I consented to accompany her, knowing that, from the politeness of the French of all grades towards a female, my protection to her was a guarantee for my own safety. Avoiding the quarter in which fighting was going on, we reached the Boulevards by the way of Rue d'Amsterdam and the Madeleine. The Boulevards were crowded with troops, and several pieces of cannon passed on their way to the scene of combat. On making inquiries of an officer as to the station of the legion from the Battignolles, he politely informed us that they had passed the night in the gardens of the Tuileries. This for the present somewhat calmed poor Madame Vachette's apprehension.

We now proceeded to Rue St Honoré, where resided her father. The old gentleman very much blamed our rashness in venturing out amid such a scene; so, leaving her with her father, I endeavoured to reach the Tuileries; but all approach was strictly forbidden. I next endeavoured to reach the Rue de la Harpe; but even approach in that quarter was cut off, either by the military, or by enormous barricades. As I had no wish to be again concerned in the making of street defences, I in every possible manner avoided coming in contact with the men employed in their construction. Having thus failed in every effort to obtain intelligence, I returned to Rue St Honoré, and taking Madame Vachette again under my protection, proceeded home.

Night at length closed upon the long day of Saturday, during which the cannon had thundered without intermission; and when at last the twilight of a short night in June shrouded the dying and the dead, the sky was crimsoned in many places by the light of conflagration. Sleep that night visited but few eyes in Paris, unless it was the sleep of death, which now weighed heavily on thousands who had risen hale and hearty with the morning's dawn.

All night was heard the heavy tramp of armed legions, and the clattering of horses' hoofs, with the jingling of sabres and accoutrements, as the troops continued to pour into Paris from the provinces. On the following day (Sunday) the combat increased in fury, approaching still nearer our immediate locality; and a tremendous cannonade being directed on Barriers Rochechouart and Poissonniere, both of which were plainly discernible from our windows.

The sight was one of extreme horror. From the immense strength of these two positions, the carnage in attempting to take them was very great. Notwithstanding that the cannon thundered at them from daybreak till dusk, they still remained in possession of the insurgents. The streets of the Battignolles were now swarming with troops, and the houses filled with the dying and the dead. As for poor Madame Vachette, she sat the image of despair, rocking her body to and fro in mental agony. No food had yet passed her lips. Again we passed a wretched night, and again the thunder of artillery aroused me from a sort of dose that I had fallen into towards the morning. As the day advanced, the firing slackened, and then ceased. The insurrection was now quelled, and the silence of death succeeded the roar of the cannon.

The legion of the Battignolles returned at night, and many anxious wives rushed from rank to rank. There were joyful meetings of friends, and piercing shrieks of agony and wo from wife and daughter when those they sought returned not. One such scream burst from the lips of poor Madame Vachette, as she sank in strong hysterics on the ground, although his comrades assured her that her husband was only wounded.

I went with her next day to the Hôtel-Dieu, to inquire after him, and the dreadful sights that everywhere met our gaze make the heart ache to think of. On arriving at the gate of the hospital, we found a melancholy group surrounding it with pale faces and tearful eyes, all anxiously waiting to ascertain the fate of near and dear ones. There was a long interval of painful anxiety, and then came the dreadful truth: poor M. Vachette was numbered with the dead! He had died of his wounds immediately on his admission.

His wife, poor soul, bore this stroke better than I expected. No tears this time; although, when the fatal truth was made known, a groan burst from her lips as if her very life would leave her body. Her eyes were dry and bloodshot with long watching; her lips no longer pale, but black and parched, as with fever. She begged to see the corpse in a low husky voice, that showed what ravages grief had already made on a constitution at all times delicate. Those whose visits have only been confined to an hospital under ordinary circumstances, can form no idea of the horrors of the scene, or the fearful medley of dreadful sounds that struck the ear. The low moan of agony, the wild cry of some who were delirious, and the still louder shrieks of those undergoing painful surgical operations, combined to produce a most appalling effect. We passed through many long lines of poor suffering wretches, many of whom closed their eyes with no friend to minister to their last wants—to wet the parched lips, to lift the aching head or smooth the pillow, or to give up with them the last prayer to the throne of mercy. In many cases the last sounds that fell on their dying ear were the wild imprecations and fearful yells that came from the lips of a new-made madman, whose disordered fancy still kept wandering to the scene of the late fearful conflict.

Soon we were in the hall of death, and a heart-rending scene it was. Although some attempt had been made to give the dead a decent appearance, yet the majority were sadly disfigured with wounds and clotted gore. The eyes of the wife were quicker than mine, for I was occupied in viewing the frightful cuts and slashes that some of the bodies exhibited, while many, very many, only showed a small blue mark to tell the manner of their death. She grasped my arm, as if to prevent herself from falling, stopped short for a moment, and gasped for breath. My eyes mechanically followed the direction of hers; and there he lay, poor fellow, still in his uniform—for he was either dead when brought in, or died immediately afterwards. She stooped down to kiss his pale bloodless lips, the cold contact of which seemed to freeze her very heart. She trembled in every limb, and her teeth chattered. I bore her unresistingly away from this painful sight, and with a heavy heart returned to the Battignolles.

Being anxious to ascertain the fate of my friends, I returned towards the quarter Latin, in which was situated the Rue de la Harpe. My journey to this place was one of extreme difficulty, for I was stopped and searched in every quarter. In some places I had to scramble over high barricades half destroyed, and then wade knee-deep in mud, passing perhaps under buildings that threatened every moment to fall and crush the luckless passenger. In many places I was repulsed and forced back by the military; and when permitted to proceed, only in company of one or more of the Garde Nationale or Garde Mobile. At length I reached the Rue de la Harpe, and mounted the many stairs to the apartment of James Bargues. I rang softly at the bell. The door was opened by his wife. On seeing me, the first word she uttered was, 'Have you brought me any news of my husband?' Upon inquiry, I found that he too had been absent since the fatal evening of Friday. Poor soul! the consolation that I could afford her was small indeed. His fate I could but too readily guess: he was either with the slain, or languishing in the dungeons of the Tuileries. The party he would embrace in the conflict I knew too well.

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I now thought it would be well to see how matters stood with myself. I passed those places where the fighting had been thickest. Everywhere the traces of the fearful conflict were visible. On the Quai aux Fleurs, a large clothing establishment, where, a few days previous, I had purchased a pair of trousers, was now riddled with cannon balls. I crossed Pont Nôtre Dame to the Rue St Martin. Our establishment was closed, the masters mounting guard somewhere, and no one to give me any information.

Passing through Porte St Martin to the Faubourg, I found the traces of the struggle still more evident. Barricades half-destroyed continually impeded the progress of the passengers. On reaching the house where I had placed my goods, I found it turned into a temporary guardhouse, and it was occupied by a party of the Garde Mobile. I inquired for the *concierge*. He had disappeared. I asked permission to visit my apartment. The man on guard shrugged up his shoulders, and said I might please myself about that. I thanked him, and mounted the stairs; when, oh my poor *ménage*, what a wreck! My bed and mattress had disappeared, doubtless for the service of the wounded: my drawers—doubtless the marble top had broken the head of some luckless wight in the street below. The last of my bedstead was burning on the hearth, cooking the mess for the soldiery. I returned to the Battignolles very low-spirited indeed, and there found a note from my employer, recommending me to remain some time in England until better days should permit me to return to Paris, as he thought London for the present presented a better chance of success. So I prepared to depart from this city of mourning and desolation. Previous to my departure I again visited Madame Bargues, in company with her sister. The meeting of the two was very affecting. Both were alike bereaved; for my fears were too well-founded: James had been taken with the insurgents, and now awaited a court-martial in the dungeon of the Tuileries. The rest is told in a few words. On my return to England, I found that my wife, acting on my instructions, had broken up our little home, and parted with her business. So I found myself in no enviable situation. But my case is not an isolated one of the misery brought by civil war. W. E.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

MONTAIGNE—RATICH.*

EDUCATION, according to the idea of it which prevailed during the period from the revival of letters to the sixteenth century, was confined to a repetition of the words and theories of the ancient authors and philosophers. The object was only to know what they said, not what was right. The efforts of Erasmus, of Melancthon, and, above all, of Luther, and the influence of the greater diffusion of knowledge, introduced a more extensive course of instruction; and the new school boasted that they taught realities instead of the pedantic verbalism of the old. And yet the difference was not so great as was imagined. History and science were taught, not for themselves, but with a view to the elucidation of the classics, and they were taught on the old principle of authority instead of experiment. Astronomy was learned without observation of the stars; anatomy without dissection; botany without botanising; everything was taught from books, implicit faith being still given to the theories of Aristotle, Pliny, and Galen; and nature herself, when she was investigated, was so, not in order to correct the authorities, but only in order to come round again to, and explain the infallible books. This was *verbal realism*—the teaching of things not by the understanding, but the memory. It was when education had reached this stage of development that the system of Bacon, producing realism in philosophy, produced realists in education also. The great principle of this school was, to teach things instead of words; and their method, to teach through the understanding instead of the memory. Accordingly, the general characteristics of the new system, as displayed at its birth, may be stated as follows:—They asserted the necessity of teaching the arts and sciences, history and modern languages—in short, knowledge in general, as well as the classics, and maintained the practicability of teaching both simultaneously. With regard to their method of teaching, they attacked the universal domination of the Latin language, and took the mother-tongue as the foundation of all education; their special objection was to the 'memory-cramming' of the old system, which, said they, is dead and useless, since the pupils are made to learn by heart much which they cannot understand, and yet that which is understood can alone be impressed on the memory.

Before passing to those individuals whose systems were the direct offspring of the Baconian philosophy, it is necessary to advert to a man who, living contemporaneously with Bacon, certainly was not in anyway indebted to him for his opinions, and yet whose views bear the strongest analogy to those subsequently developed by the systematic realists, under the influence of the inductive philosophy. This man was Montaigne. His remarks, from the very circumstance, perhaps, that he had no practical experience of teaching, are as acute as they are original; whilst in his writings may be found the germ of much which was broached long afterwards as newly discovered, by authors who were not candid enough to own their obligations to the Gascon philosopher. As a whole, Montaigne's idea of education was thoroughly realist; not that his works contain any digested system. None of the works of this vivacious author can be called systematic, except in their egotism. The man himself is the centre on which all his reflections turn, and he scatters his opinions abroad, crude and unconnected, as they occurred to himself. This being the case, we shall not attempt to reduce Montaigne's observations to any system, but content ourselves with quoting such portions of his writings as may best illustrate his views.

'The end of study,' he observes, 'is to become wiser and better, and the object of the tutor should be to make his pupil a man of abilities rather than a mere scholar.' Proceeding on this principle, he inveighs against the pedantic learning then in vogue. 'We take pains only to stuff the memory, and leave the understanding and the conscience unfurnished. We can exclaim, says Cicero, these were the morals of Plato; these the very words of Aristotle; but what do we say ourselves that is our own? Compare in the man truly educated one of those college Latinists, who has thrown away fifteen or sixteen years in only learning to speak. We are subjected four or five years to learn the meaning of words, and to tack them together into clauses; as many more to distribute one copious discourse into four or five parts; and the remaining five years at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle manner.' And he goes on, as an illustration, to relate a story of his meeting two scholars, one of whom being asked, with regard to his companion, what gentleman that might be, replied, 'He is not a gentleman; he is a grammarian, and I am a logician.' 'Now, we who, on the contrary, do not aim to form a grammarian or a logician, but a gentleman, leave them to misspend their time: our business lies another way; for let our pupil be well furnished with things, words will flow but too fast; he will drag them after him if they are not ready to follow.' For the word gentleman, here substitute man, and the object of education, according to the realists, is described almost in their own words. In the same spirit Montaigne maintains that education ought to be the teaching to think for ourselves, rather than to repeat the thoughts of others. 'The tutor should at the very first, according to the capacity of his pupil, begin to put it to the test, by

* An article presenting the opinions of three earlier educationists appeared in No. 206.

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permitting his pupil himself to taste things, and to choose and distinguish them, sometimes opening the way for him, and sometimes not. For if he embraces the opinions of Xenophon and Plato, in his own conviction these opinions will be no longer theirs, but his. He that follows another follows nothing, finds nothing, nay, does not seek for anything. To know by rote is no knowledge.'

Since Montaigne's plan is thoroughly to inform the mind, he insists much on the necessity of studying history, and especially what we now call the philosophy of history; and he also recommends travelling, and an early acquaintance with, and an interest in, the events and opinions of the day. Since, too, he was to educate the whole man, his system comprehends the training of the body as well as the mind. Pursuing in everything his realist crusade against teaching without experience, he exclaims, 'I could wish that Palnel or Pompey, those famous dancing-masters of my time, could have taught us to cut capers by only seeing them do it, without ever stirring from our seats, as these men pretend to improve our understanding without exercising it; or that we had learned to ride, handle a pike, touch a lute, or sing, without the trouble of practice, as these pretend to make us think; and speak well without exercising either our judgment or our voice.' In all these points we shall presently see the exact similarity of the opinions of Montaigne to those of the systematic realists; and in another point of still more importance there is the same agreement—the uselessness and impropriety of harshness. 'Away with this force, this violence,' says he: 'youth should be allured to instruction, not driven to it, that where their profit is, their pleasure may be also.' As a last hit at the pedantic quibbles of the schools, he asks, 'But what shall our young gentleman do if he be attacked with the sophistical subtlety of some syllogism? A gammon of bacon makes a man drink, drink quenches thirst; *ergo*, the bacon quenches thirst. Why let him laugh at it, and it will be the more discretion to do so than to answer it.'

Essentially realist as Montaigne was, his writings do not appear to have exercised much direct influence on the earlier educationists who professed the same opinions. The first of the systematic realists was Wolfgang Ratich, who was born in Holstein in 1571. His general idea will be best understood by a short account of his method of teaching Latin, on the analogy of which he formed his method of instruction in all branches of learning.

Ratich rejected the old system of teaching the grammar in the first place, and then proceeding to read; on the contrary, he chose Terence, as being the Latin author best known by translations, and insisted on each play being read once, twice, or even three times in German before proceeding to the original. The teacher was then to go over the play, act by act, and scene by scene, explaining the drift and meaning thereof, as if the translation were in the hands of the class. He then went over the whole scene, translating word by word from the Latin, the pupils listening; a second verbal translation was then made, the pupils repeating word by word after the teacher; and lastly, they translated it themselves in the same manner, the teacher assisting them in any difficulty. When the author had thus been concluded for the third time, the class proceeded to the grammar (written in Latin), which was expounded to them in the same manner as that pursued with Terence, analogies to the German grammar being pointed out. Each particular portion of the grammar was then translated word for word several times, each rule being illustrated by examples chosen from Terence. Short sentences analogous to examples given in the author were then translated from German into Latin; and lastly, written exercises on the same principle were composed and corrected. The first step having been thus thoroughly mastered, the pupils proceeded to other authors.

The system of classical teaching above described presupposes a thorough mastery of the mother tongue. Strange, however, as it may seem, Ratich's original plan was, to proceed to Latin as soon as the merest elements of reading had been acquired in the mother tongue, or rather to teach those elements in Latin. His disciple Kromayer rejected this doctrine, maintaining that pupils must first of all learn German thoroughly before applying to Latin or any other foreign language, 'for as it is absurd to give children Latin books until they can read German perfectly, it is still worse in the very beginning, before they can read at all, to teach them to read in Latin primers.' With this view, Ratich's disciple commenced by teaching to read in German, using the Lutheran Bible as his class-book. The pupils were taken over their lesson several times, word by word, in Ratich's fashion, applying the grammar in their later perusals; and it was not till they were thorough masters of the reading and grammar of the mother tongue that Latin was attempted.

Preposterous as the attempt to teach the elements of reading and spelling in a foreign tongue appears in the present day, we must remember that the exactly analogous absurdity of teaching the rudiments of Latin grammar by means of books written in that language, has only very lately been abandoned in our own schools, if indeed it can yet be said to have altogether fallen into desuetude. Ratich's idea seems to have originated in a yet lingering feeling of the far superior importance of Latin as compared with the mother tongue. He could not divest himself of the old superstition, that Latin ought to be the mother tongue of the educated man. Montaigne, whose shrewd common sense ought to have guarded him against such an error, is liable to the same imputation. He describes, as highly to be recommended, the system under which he was himself taught. His eccentric father conceived the plan of never allowing his son, even in his earliest years, to hear or to speak any language but Latin, the result of which was that the boy was upwards of six years old before he could understand French, although he spoke Latin perfectly. To say nothing of the impracticability of such a system in the vast majority of cases, the question of the advantage to be derived still remains. In Russia, the native language used to be considered so vulgar and inelegant as to be unfitted for the use of those of gentle rank; fashionable people were ashamed to own that they understood it, and children were consequently trained from infancy to speak French. If all other nations are contented to look on their own language with Russian contempt, they may take to Montaigne's system; but the reason for such a preference has yet to be shown. The same observations do not apply, however, to the practice of making a foreign language, and especially Latin, the foundation on which the rudiments of grammar are taught. The pupil's familiarity with the idioms of the mother tongue, renders the application and comprehension of exact rules in regard to it a perplexing task; whilst, viewed abstractly, apart from the meaning of the words, which is of course to be given at the same time, there is no more difficulty in explaining a grammatical principle by means of a language imperfectly, than one thoroughly mastered. On the other hand, to say nothing of the superiority, as regards regularity of construction, of the Latin over most modern languages, the very unfamiliarity gives each rule, as clearing away an obstacle to translation, an importance otherwise unfelt. In the one case, the mother tongue has to be learned over again; in the other, each advance made in the grammar of a foreign tongue insensibly throws a light upon the construction of our own. 'The advantages of Ratich's system,' says one of his followers, 'are, that useful sciences and languages can be more easily, expeditiously, and correctly taught, than they ever have been. By his method, either young or old may in a year, or even in half a year, learn any language as thoroughly as their mother tongue; and the

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same method is still better adapted for instruction in the arts and sciences, since these are, by their nature, free from the anomalies which have crept into language.'

That a superficial knowledge of languages and science may, by a system of preceptorial repetition such as Ratich's, be easily picked up, is true enough; but it is a very different question whether that knowledge will be as thorough and as essentially beneficial as if the pupil had devoted his individual energies to the acquisition. Ratich's method is neither more nor less than a more laborious form of the Hamiltonian system of interlinear translation. The whole labour, with the exception of a mere act of memory and attention, devolved on the teacher: he was to explain, to expound everything; the pupil had nothing to do but to listen and to follow. The effect of this can scarcely be called questionable. When to the labours of the teacher he added the greater part of the labours of the scholar, Ratich forgot his own principles, and fell into the very error against which himself and Montaigne declaimed so vehemently, of depriving his pupils of all freedom of thought and mental action.

'For to distract the attention with several things at once, is as absurd as to try to cook porridge, meat, milk, and fish in the same pot.' But was Ratich's procedure according to the order of nature when he surfeited his pupils day after day with translation upon translation of the same play by the same author? Is not a change of study just as necessary as a change of diet? Would it be according to the order of nature to keep a school for eight months on a particular kind of meat or fish, without a piece of bread or drop of milk, as Ratich kept his for eight months hammering at Terence? Again: 'Too great a reliance on memory is injurious to the understanding and apprehension of the thing taught; since, in attaining this one object of remembering, the mind is bound down to the word alone, and no room is left for a consideration of the thing. Moreover, the labour itself is unnecessary, there being a far better method of attaining the same object; for when a thing is by frequent repetition thoroughly pictured to the understanding, the memory retains it of itself without any farther trouble.' And so one of his golden rules is the necessity of frequent repetition. But what is repetition but a committing by rote—nay, what is Ratich's whole system but a committing of translation by heart, with this peculiarity, that the teacher is brought in for an immense share of the merely mechanical labour?

In making these observations, it is not to be supposed that anything more is intended than to expose the fallacy of Ratich's theory—that it is possible altogether to dispense with learning by rote. There can be no greater absurdity than that of loading the memory without informing the understanding, and on this point it is impossible not to see the force of Ratich's rules, 'First, the thing itself, then the manner of the thing,' and 'Everything by experiment and practical observation'—or, as the Latinists have it, 'Per inductionem et experimentum omnia.' 'It is useless,' says he, 'to give rules until you have given the author and the language. For what use can he make of any language who has never read a single author in it, though he be stuffed full of rules? A careful and compendious course of reading will teach the rules and the application of them. The rules, then, ought to be taught, neither as the preparation nor as the foundation, but in order to confirm and fix in the mind the thing taught. And so every rule must be tested and explained by the examples found in the course of the pupil's own reading.' Might not attention to these remarks obviate many a weary hour now spent over 'Propria quæ maribus,' and such like?

From these remarks it will be seen how it was that Ratich, the earliest of the systematic realists, fell into that error which we have described as the stumbling-block of all his brethren—namely, that though he laid down true principles, he was not in practice true to his own principles; or, as the Swedish Chancellor Oxensteirn expressed it, he exposed the evils of the prevailing system well enough, but the remedies which he proposed were scarcely adequate to cure them.

As the foundation of his system, Ratich enounces several principles, most of which are sound enough in themselves; it is only the application of them to his method which appears difficult. Thus he maintains that everything must be done according to the course of nature; that only one thing is to be attempted at a time; and that no new thing should be undertaken until all which preceded it has been thoroughly mastered. In each language a particular author is to be chosen, from whom that language is to be learned, and others are not to be read till this has been completely digested.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARCH ASSIZE.

SOMETHING more than half a century ago, a person, in going along Holborn, might have seen, near the corner of one of the thoroughfares which diverge towards Russell Square, the respectable-looking shop of a glover and haberdasher named James Harvey, a man generally esteemed by his neighbours, and who was usually considered well to do in the world. Like many London tradesmen, Harvey was originally from the country. He had come up to town when a poor lad to push his fortune, and by dint of steadiness and civility, and a small property left him by a distant relation, he had been able to get into business on his own account, and to attain that most important element of success in London—'a connection.' Shortly after setting up in the world, he married a young woman from his native town, to whom he had been engaged ever since his school-days; and at the time our narrative commences he was the father of three children.

James Harvey's establishment was one of the best frequented of its class in the street. You could never pass without seeing customers going in or out. There was evidently not a little business going forward. But although, to all appearance, a flourishing concern, the proprietor of the establishment was surprised to find that he was continually pinched in his circumstances. No matter what was the amount of business transacted over the counter, he never got any richer.

At the period referred to, shopkeeping had not attained that degree of organisation, with respect to counter-men and cashiers, which now distinguishes the great houses of trade. The primitive till was not yet superseded. This was the weak point in Harvey's arrangements; and not to make a needless number of words about it, the poor man was regularly robbed by a shopman, whose dexterity in pitching a guinea into the drawer, so as to make it jump, unseen, with a jerk into his hand, was worthy of Herr Dobler, or any other master of the sublime art of jugglery.

Good-natured and unsuspicious, perhaps also not sufficiently vigilant, Harvey was long in discovering how he was pillaged. Cartwright, the name of the person who was preying on his employer, was not a young man. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had been in various situations, where he had always given satisfaction, except on the score of being somewhat gay and somewhat irritable. Privately, he was a man of loose habits, and for years his extravagances had been paid for by property clandestinely abstracted from his too-confiding master. Slow to believe in the reality of such wickedness, Mr Harvey could with difficulty entertain the suspicions which began to dawn on his mind.

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At length all doubt was at an end. He detected Cartwright in the very act of carrying off goods to a considerable amount. The man was tried at the Old Bailey for the offence; but through a technical informality in the indictment, acquitted.

Unable to find employment, and with a character gone, the liberated thief became savage, revengeful, and desperate. Instead of imputing his fall to his own irregularities, he considered his late unfortunate employer as the cause of his ruin; and now he bent all the energies of his dark nature to destroy the reputation of the man whom he had betrayed and plundered. Of all the beings self-delivered to the rule of unscrupulous malignity, with whom it has been my fate to come professionally in contact, I never knew one so utterly fiendish as this discomfited pilferer. Frenzied with his imaginary wrongs, he formed the determination to labour, even if it were for years, to ruin his victim. Nothing short of death should divert him from this the darling object of his existence.

Animated by these diabolical passions, Cartwright proceeded to his work. Harvey, he had too good reason to know, was in debt to persons who had made him advances; and by means of artfully-concocted anonymous letters, evidently written by some one conversant with the matters on which he wrote, he succeeded in alarming the haberdasher's creditors. The consequences were—demands of immediate payment, and, in spite of the debtor's explanations and promises, writs, heavy law expenses, ruinous sacrifices, and ultimate bankruptcy. It may seem almost too marvellous for belief, but the story of this terrible revenge and its consequences is no fiction. Every incident in my narrative is true, and the whole may be found in hard outline in the records of the courts with which a few years ago I was familiar.

The humiliated and distressed feelings of Harvey and his family may be left to the imagination. When he found himself a ruined man, I daresay his mental sufferings were sufficiently acute. Yet he did not sit down in despair. To re-establish himself in business in England appeared hopeless; but America presented itself as a scene where industry might find a reward; and by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to make preparations to emigrate with his wife and children. Towards the end of February he quitted London for one of the great seaports, where he was to embark for Boston. On arriving there with his family, Mr Harvey took up his abode at a principal hotel. This, in a man of straitened means, was doubtless imprudent; but he afterwards attempted to explain the circumstance by saying, that as the ship in which he had engaged his passage was to sail on the day after his arrival, he had preferred incurring a slight additional expense rather than that his wife—who was now, with failing spirits, nursing an infant—should be exposed to coarse associations and personal discomfort. In the expectation, however, of being only one night in the hotel, Harvey was unfortunately disappointed. Shipmasters, especially those commanding emigrant vessels, were then, as now, habitual promise-breakers; and although each succeeding sun was to light them on their way, it was fully a fortnight before the ship stood out to sea. By that time a second and more dire reverse had occurred in the fortunes of the luckless Harvey.

Cartwright, whose appetite for vengeance was but whetted by his first success, had never lost sight of the movements of his victim; and now he had followed him to the place of his embarkation, with an eager but undefined purpose of working him some further and more deadly mischief. Stealthily he hovered about the house which sheltered the unconscious object of his malicious hate, plotting, as he afterwards confessed, the wildest schemes for satiating his revenge. Several times he made excuses for calling at the hotel, in the hope of observing the nature of the premises, taking care, however, to avoid being seen by Mr Harvey or his family. A fortnight passed away, and the day of departure of the emigrants arrived without the slightest opportunity occurring for the gratification of his purposes. The ship was leaving her berth; most of the passengers were on board; Mrs Harvey and the children, with nearly the whole of the luggage, were already safely in the vessel; Mr Harvey only remained on shore to purchase some trifling article, and to settle his bill at the hotel on removing his last trunk. Cartwright had tracked him all day; he could not attack him in the street; and he finally followed him to the hotel, in order to wreak his vengeance on him in his private apartment, of the situation of which he had informed himself.

Harvey entered the hotel first, and before Cartwright came up, he had gone down a passage into the bar to settle the bill which he had incurred for the last two days. Not aware of this circumstance, Cartwright, in the bustle which prevailed, went up stairs to Mr Harvey's bedroom and parlour, in neither of which, to his surprise, did he find the occupant; and he turned away discomfited. Passing along towards the chief staircase, he perceived a room of which the door was open, and that on the table there lay a gold watch and appendages. Nobody was in the apartment: the gentleman who occupied it had only a few moments before gone to his bedchamber for a brief space. Quick as lightning a diabolical thought flashed through the brain of the villain, who had been baffled in his original intentions. He recollected that he had seen a trunk in Harvey's room, and that the keys hung in the lock. An inconceivably short space of time served for him to seize the watch, to deposit it at the bottom of Harvey's trunk, and to quit the hotel by a back stair, which led by a short cut to the harbour. The whole transaction was done unperceived, and the wretch at least departed unnoticed.

Having finished his business at the bar, Mr Harvey repaired to his room, locked his trunk, which, being of a small and handy size, he mounted on his shoulder, and proceeded to leave the house by the back stair, in order to get as quickly as possible to the vessel. Little recked he of the interruption which was to be presented to his departure. He had got as far as the foot of the stair with his burden, when he was overtaken by a waiter, who declared that he was going to leave the house clandestinely without settling accounts. It is proper to mention that Mr Harvey had incurred the enmity of this particular waiter in consequence of having, out of his slender resources, given him too small a gratuity on the occasion of paying a former bill, and not aware of the second bill being settled, the waiter was rather glad to have an opportunity of charging him with a fraudulent design. In vain Mr Harvey remonstrated, saying he had paid for everything. The waiter would not believe his statement, and detained him 'till he should hear better about it.'

'Let me go, fellow; I insist upon it,' said Mr Harvey, burning with indignation. 'I am already too late.'

'Not a step, till I ask master if accounts are squared.'

At this moment, while the altercation was at the hottest, a terrible ringing of bells was heard, and above stairs was a loud noise of voices, and of feet running to and fro. A chambermaid came hurriedly down the stair, exclaiming that some one had stolen a gold watch from No. 17, and that nobody ought to leave the house till it was found. The landlord also, moved by the hurricane which had been raised, made his appearance at the spot where Harvey was interrupted in his exit.

'What on earth is all this noise about, John?' inquired the landlord of the waiter.

'Why, sir, I thought it rather strange for any gentleman to leave the house by the back way, carrying his own portmanteau, and so I was making a little breeze about it, fearing he had not paid his bill, when all of a sudden Sally rushes down the stair and says as how No. 17 has missed his gold watch, and that no one should quit the hotel.'

No. 17, an old, dry-looking military gentleman, in

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a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupified and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the pother. 'What,' said he, 'have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything; I am surely entitled to go away if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it.'

'I very much regret detaining you, sir,' replied the keeper of the hotel; 'but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objections to be searched first, and then be at liberty to go?'

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlour, and threw open his trunk for inspection, never doubting that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter, whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk, and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

'Who put that there?' cried Harvey in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. 'Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came into my trunk.'

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

'Sir,' said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, 'I am sorry for you. For the sake of a miserable trifle, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honour of my house, and cannot stop here. However much it is against my feelings, you must go before a magistrate.'

'By all means,' added No. 17, with the importance of an injured man. 'A pretty thing that one's watch is not safe in a house like this!'

'John, send Boots for a constable,' said the landlord.

Harvey sat with his head leaning on his hand. A deadly cold perspiration trickled down his brow. His heart swelled and beat as if it would burst. What should he do? His whole prospects were in an instant blighted. 'Oh God! do not desert a frail and unhappy being: give me strength to face this new and terrible misfortune,' was a prayer he internally uttered. A little revived, he started to his feet, and addressing himself to the landlord, he said, 'Take me to a magistrate instantly, and let us have this diabolical plot unravelled. I court inquiry into my character and conduct.'

'It is no use saying any more about it,' answered the landlord; 'here is Boots with a constable, and let us all go away together to the nearest magistrate. Boots, carry that trunk. John and Sally, you can follow us.'

And so the party, trunk and all, under the constable as conductor, adjourned to the house of a magistrate in an adjacent street. There the matter seemed so clear a case of felony—robbery in a dwelling-house—that Harvey, all protestations to the contrary, was fully committed for trial at the ensuing March assizes, then but a few days distant.

At the period at which these incidents occurred, I was a young man going on my first circuits. I had not as yet been honoured with perhaps more than three or four briefs, and these only in cases so slightly productive of fees, that I was compelled to study economy in my excursions. Instead of taking up my residence at an inn when visiting ——, a considerable seaport, where the court held its sittings, I dwelt in lodgings kept by a widow lady, where, at a small expense, I could enjoy perfect quietness, free from interruption.

On the evening after my arrival on the March circuit of the year 17—, I was sitting in my lodgings perusing a new work on criminal jurisprudence, when the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered my room.

'I am sorry to trouble you, sir,' said she; 'but a lady has called to see you about a very distressing law case—very distressing indeed, and a very strange case it is too. Only, if you could be so good as see her?'

'Who is she?'

'All I know about it is this: she is a Mrs Harvey. She and her husband and children were to sail yesterday for Boston. All were on board except the husband; and he, on leaving the large hotel over the way, was taken up for a robbery. Word was in the evening sent by the prisoner to his wife to come on shore with all her children and the luggage; and so she came back in the pilot boat, and was in such a state of distress, that my brother, who is on the preventive service, and saw her land, took pity on her, and had her and her children and things taken to a lodging on the quay. As my brother knows that we have a London lawyer staying here, he has advised the poor woman to come and consult you about the case.'

'Well, I'll see what can be done. Please desire the lady to step in.'

A lady was shortly shown in. She had been pretty, and was so still, but anxiety was pictured in her pale countenance. Her dress was plain, but not inelegant; and altogether she had a neat and engaging appearance.

'Be so good as sit down,' said I, bowing; 'and tell me all you would like to say.'

The poor woman burst into tears; but afterwards recovering herself, she told me pretty nearly the whole of her history and that of her husband.

Lawyers have occasion to see so much duplicity, that I did not all at once give assent to the idea of Harvey being innocent of the crime of which he stood charged.

'There is something perfectly inexplicable in the case,' I observed, 'and it would require sifting. Your husband, I hope, has always borne a good character?'

'Perfectly so. He was no doubt unfortunate in business; but he got his certificate on the first examination; and there are many who would testify to his uprightness.' And here again my client broke into tears, as if overwhelmed with her recollections and prospects.

'I think I recollect Mr Harvey's shop,' said I soothingly. 'It seemed a very respectable concern; and we must see what can be done. Keep up your spirits; the only fear I have arises from the fact of Judge A—— being on the bench. He is usually considered severe, and if exculpatory evidence fail, your husband may run the risk of being—transported.' A word of more terrific import, with which I was about to conclude, stuck unuttered in my throat. 'Have you employed an attorney?' I added.

'No; I have done nothing as yet, but apply to you, to beg of you to be my husband's counsel.'

'Well, that must be looked to. I shall speak to a local agent, to prepare and work out the case; and we shall all do our utmost to get an acquittal. To-morrow I will call on your husband in prison.'

Many thanks were offered by the unfortunate lady, and she withdrew.

I am not going to inflict on the reader a detailed account of this remarkable trial, which turned, as barristers would say, on a beautiful point of circumstantial evidence. Along with the attorney, a sharp enough person in his way, I examined various parties at the hotel, and made myself acquainted with the nature of the premises. The more we investigated, however, the more dark and mysterious—always supposing Harvey's innocence—did the whole case appear. There was not one redeeming trait in the affair, except Harvey's previous good character; and good character, by the law of England, goes for nothing in opposition to facts

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proved to the satisfaction of a jury. It was likewise most unfortunate that A—— was to be the presiding judge. This man possessed great forensic acquirements, and was of spotless private character; but, like the majority of lawyers of that day—when it was no extraordinary thing to hang twenty men in a morning at Newgate—he was a stanch stickler for the gallows as the only effectual reformer and safeguard of the social state. At this time he was but partially recovered from a long and severe indisposition, and the traces of recent suffering were distinctly apparent on his pale and passionless features.

Harvey was arraigned in due form; the evidence was gone carefully through; and everything, so far as I was concerned, was done that man could do. But at the time to which I refer, counsel was not allowed to address the court on behalf of the prisoner—a practice since introduced from Scotland—and consequently I was allowed no opportunity to draw the attention of the jury to the total want of any direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt. Harvey himself tried to point out the unlikelihood of his being guilty; but he was not a man gifted with dialectic qualities, and his harangue fell pointless on the understandings of the twelve commonplace individuals who sat in the jury-box. The judge finally proceeded to sum the evidence, and this he did emphatically *against* the prisoner—dwelling with much force on the suspicious circumstance of a needy man taking up his abode at an expensive fashionable hotel; his furtive descent from his apartments by the back stairs; the undoubted fact of the watch being found in his trunk; the improbability of any one putting it there but himself; and the extreme likelihood that the robbery was effected in a few moments of time by the culprit, just as he passed from the bar of the hotel to the room which he had occupied. 'If,' said he to the jury, in concluding his address, 'you can, after all these circumstances, believe the prisoner to be innocent of the crime laid to his charge, it is more than I can do. The thing seems to me as clear as the sun at noonday. The evidence, in short, is irresistible; and if the just and necessary provisions of the law are not enforced in such very plain cases, then society will be dissolved, and security for property there will be none. Gentlemen, retire and make up your verdict.'

The jury were not disposed to retire. After communing a few minutes together, one of them stood up and delivered the verdict: it was *Guilty!* The judge assumed the crowning badge of the judicial potentate—the black cap; and the clerk of arraigns asked the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Poor Harvey! I durst scarcely look at him. As the sonorous words fell on his ear, he was grasping nervously with shaking hands at the front of the dock. He appeared stunned, bewildered, as a man but half awakened from a hideous dream might be supposed to look. He had comprehended, though he had scarcely heard, the verdict; for on the instant, the voice which but a few years before sang to him by the brook side, was ringing through his brain, and he could recognise the little pattering feet of his children, as, sobbing and clinging to their shrieking mother's dress, she and they were hurried out of court. The clerk, after a painful pause, repeated the solemn formula. By a strong effort the doomed man mastered his agitation; his pale countenance lighted up with indignant fire, and firm and self-possessed, he thus replied to the fearful interrogatory:—

'Much could I say in the name, not of mercy, but of justice, why the sentence about to be passed on me should not be pronounced; but nothing, alas! that will avail me with you, pride-blinded ministers of death. You fashion to yourselves—out of your own vain conceits do you fashion—modes and instruments, by the aid of which you fondly imagine to invest yourselves with attributes which belong only to Omniscience; and now I warn you—and it is a voice from the tomb, in whose shadow I already stand, which addresses you—that you are about to commit a most cruel and deliberate murder.'

He paused, and the jury looked into each other's eyes for the courage they could not find in their own hearts. The voice of conscience spoke, but was only for a few moments audible. The suggestions that what grave parliaments, learned judges, and all classes of 'respectability' sanctioned, could not be wrong, much less murderous or cruel, silenced the 'still, small' tones, and tranquillised the startled jurors.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said the judge with his cold, calm voice of destiny, 'I cannot listen to such observations: you have been found guilty of a heinous offence by a jury of your countrymen after a patient trial. With that finding I need scarcely say I entirely agree. I am as satisfied of your guilt as if I had seen you commit the act with my own bodily eyes. The circumstance of your being a person who, from habits and education, should have been above committing so base a crime, only aggravates your guilt. However, no matter who or what you have been, you must expiate your offence on the scaffold. The law has very properly, for the safety of society, decreed the punishment of death for such crimes: our only and plain duty is to execute that law.'

The prisoner did not reply: he was leaning with his elbows on the front of the dock, his bowed face covered with his outspread hands; and the judge passed sentence of death in the accustomed form. The court then rose, and a turnkey placed his hand upon the prisoner's arm, to lead him away. Suddenly he uncovered his face, drew himself up to his full height—he was a remarkably tall man—and glared fiercely round upon the audience, like a wild animal at bay. 'My lord,' he cried, or rather shouted, in an excited voice. The judge motioned impatiently to the jailor, and strong hands impelled the prisoner from the front of the dock. Bursting from them, he again sprang forward, and his arms outstretched, whilst his glittering eye seemed to hold the judge spell-bound, exclaimed, 'My lord, before another month has passed away, *you* will appear at the bar of another world, to answer for the life, the innocent life, which God bestowed upon me, but which you have impiously cast away as a thing of naught and scorn!' He ceased, and was at once borne off. The court, in some confusion, hastily departed. It was thought at the time that the judge's evidently failing health had suggested the prophecy to the prisoner. It only excited a few days' wonder, and was forgotten.

The position of a barrister in such circumstances is always painful. I need hardly say that my own feelings were of a very distressing kind. Conscious that if the unfortunate man really was guilty, he was at least not deserving of capital punishment, I exerted myself to procure a reprieve. In the first place I waited privately on the judge; but he would listen to no proposal for a respite. Along with a number of individuals—chiefly of the Society of Friends—I petitioned the crown for a commutation of the sentence. But being unaccompanied with a recommendation from the judge, the prayer of our petition was of course disregarded: the law, it was said, must take its course. How much cruelty has been exercised under shelter of that remorseless expression!

I would willingly pass over the succeeding events. Unable to save his life, I endeavoured to soothe the few remaining hours of the doomed convict, and frequently visited him in the condemned cell. The more I saw of him, the deeper grew my sympathy in his case, which was that of no vulgar felon. 'I have been a most unfortunate man,' said he one day to me. 'A destiny towards ruin in fortune and in life has pursued me. I feel as if deserted by God and man; yet I know, or at least would persuade myself, that Heaven will one day vindicate my innocence of this foul charge. To think of being hanged like a dog for a crime at which my

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soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge, who thus, by an irreversible decree, consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour!' And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-begone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

Three weeks afterwards, the court arrived at a populous city in the west of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A—— had left three for execution. At the trials of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at ——, that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amidst the wild solitudes of Caernarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

'Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?' I inquired next morning of a brother barrister on entering the court.

'Rather light for a March assize,' replied the impatient counsel as he bustled onward. 'There's Cartwright's case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He'll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others.'.

'A good hanging judge is A——,' said the undersheriff, who at this moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. 'No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass I suppose?'

'Not in the least,' replied the bustling counsel. 'He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day's work will brighten him up.'

Cartwright's trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidentally told me he had discharged for theft; the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch's malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defence. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A—— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted. Leaning forward, and raising his heavy scowling eyes to the judge, he thus began:—'There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at ——?'

'What of him, fellow?' replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

'Why, my lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! *I* did the deed! *I* put the watch in his trunk!' And to the unutterable horror of the entire court, he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight on bringing him to the gallows.

'Inhuman, execrable villain!' gasped the judge in extreme excitement.

'Cleverly done, though! Was it not, my lord?' rejoined the ruffian with bitter irony. 'The evidence, you know, was irresistible; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday; and if, in such plain cases, the *just* and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged! Ha!—ha!—ha! Capital!—capital!' shouted the ferocious felon with demoniac glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.

'Remove the prisoner!' cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.

'I suppose, my lord,' continued Cartwright in low and hissing tones, as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face—'I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself. The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. *I* know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, knew, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord'—and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—'*we* shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!' The rest of the appalling objurgation was inarticulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.

Judge A—— had fallen forwards on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.

Two days afterwards the county paper had the following announcement:—

'Died at the Royal Hotel, ——, on the 27th instant, Judge A——, from an access of fever supervening upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered.'

The prophecy was fulfilled!

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

Among the contributions to natural science which tend to enlarge its boundaries and increase its utility, Mr Gould's 'Birds of Australia' must long hold a prominent place. This valuable work, which for several years has made its appearance in quarterly parts, is now complete; and to the lover of natural history, few pleasures can be greater than turning over its leaves, where, with few exceptions, are represented, of the natural size, and in all their gorgeous colours, the feathered inhabitants of our Australian dominions. These interesting countries, already remarkable for phenomena the very opposite of our European experiences—rivers, for example, which do not discharge themselves into the sea, and quadrupeds with a bill—are not less noteworthy as regards the birds which inhabit their boundless plains and tangled forests.

Mr Gould in his descriptions omits no opportunity of recommending the naturalisation in this country of such birds as are likely to survive the change of climate; and among the resources open to wealth, we think this of adding to the stock of living things which may please the eye or charm the ear not the least. The *Gymnorhina tibicen*, or piping crow-shrike, is instanced as one that may be easily domesticated and removed. With its blue bill, bright eye, and white and black markings, it would be an interesting acquisition. 'To describe the notes of this bird,' says Mr Gould, 'is beyond the power of my pen; and it is a source of regret to myself that my readers cannot, as I have done, listen to them in their

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native wilds, or that the bird is not introduced into this country in sufficient numbers for it to become generally known: a more amusing and easily-kept denizen for the aviary could not be found.' Another crow-shrike, the *Gymnorhina organicum*, has one kind of note when hopping on the ground, and one altogether different when perched on a tree—a position which it generally takes soon after daybreak. It then utters tone after tone similar to a hand-organ out of tune, which has led to its being named Organ-bird by the settlers. A third, the Hill crow-shrike, has so metallic a voice as to resemble the clink of hammers on an anvil heard at a distance. The *Geopelia cuneata*, a species of dove, instead of cooing as doves in this country, gives utterance to a note said to sound like the distant crowing of a cock. Then we have one, the shining fly-catcher, which, while creeping about in search of food in the dense thickets, croaks like a frog, but when on the upper branches of trees, pours forth a cheerful note; on being disturbed, it immediately drops, and resumes the croak. The brown fly-catcher has a morning, noon, and even song: early in the day it sits warbling and chirping; at noon it soars upwards, as the lark, till nearly or quite invisible, singing melodiously during the ascent and descent; in the evening it perches, and again warbles and chirps, in tones, however, different from those of the morning. These birds are so pugnacious, that although not larger than a linnet, two of them attacked and drove away a crow, which was probably considered as an intruder upon their domains. The traveller, in his wanderings, occasionally hears an inward sound resembling the drone of a bagpipe, or purring of a cat; this is produced by birds. The *Ptilonorhynchus viridis*, or cat-bird, while devouring the fruits which constitute its food, squalls in an extraordinary, but not unfamiliar style. 'In comparing it,' observes Mr Gould, 'to the nightly concerts of the domestic cat, I conceive that I am conveying a more perfect idea of the note of this species than could be given by pages of description. This concert, like that of the animal whose name it bears, is performed either by a pair or several individuals; and nothing more is required than for the hearer to shut his eyes from the neighbouring foliage, to fancy himself surrounded by London grimalkins of house-top celebrity.' The musk duck, an almost solitary animal, utters a singular note, 'resembling the sound caused by a large drop of water falling into a deep well.' The author could never force this bird to fly; when disturbed, it invariably dived, and remained under water a long time, only rising for a hasty breath, until all danger was over.

For a dweller in the northern regions it is difficult to imagine the brilliant atmosphere and delicious climate of the southern tropic; and when, as in Australia, the forests are tenanted by birds of the most splendid plumage, the effect, particularly to a stranger, is greatly heightened. Multitudes of paroquets, or parrakeets, of singularly beautiful appearance, flit among the branches; some of the pigeons, especially the *Ptilinopus superbus*, are gorgeously coloured. At times, too, the traveller may see a thousand magnificent white cockatoos sporting in the dark foliage over his head, and screeching with a vivacity almost deafening. Not unfrequently he will fancy himself to be near to a sheep-run, as he will hear the tinkle-tinkle of the animals' bells. This sound, however, is produced by the elegant bell-bird, whose colours—brown, olive, and yellow—render it a prominent object. It continues this strange note for a long time without intermission; and so much does it resemble a sheep-bell, as often to deceive shepherds. When a hundred or more are tinkling all at once, the effect is most singular. The *Dacelo gigantea*, or great brown kingfisher, is another Australian marvel. 'In its disposition it is by no means shy; and when any new objects are presented to its notice, such as a party traversing the bush, or pitching their tent in the vicinity of its retreat, it becomes very prying and inquisitive, often perching on the dead branch of some neighbouring tree, and watching with the greatest curiosity the kindling of the fire and the preparation of the meal: its presence, however, owing to the quietude with which it passes through the forest, and the almost noiseless manner in which it settles, is seldom detected until it emits its extraordinary gurgling, laughing note, which generally calls forth some exclamation according to the temper of the hearer, such as—"There is our old friend the laughing jackass," or an epithet of a less friendly character. Not unfrequently does its life pay the penalty of its temerity; for if, as is often the case, the traveller's larder be ill-provided, and his appetite keen, but a few minutes elapse before it is roasting over the fire it was lately surveying with so much curiosity.' The gurgling laugh of this bird may be heard at the beginning, middle, and end of the day; some travellers compare it to a mocking voice, or chorus of wild spirits.

Most persons would doubtless prefer a stroll through English woods to one in an Australian forest with its extraordinary assemblage of sounds: it is fortunate that some of the birds are endowed with such melodious powers as to compensate for the cacophony of the others, of which one or two yet remain to be noticed. The *Phosphodes crepitans*, coach-whip-bird, utters a full ringing note, terminated abruptly, as by a sharp smack of a whip. The voice of the brush wattle-bird resembles that of a person retching or vomiting, which sounds have led the natives to give it the name *Goo-gwar-ruck*. Besides these, there is a ventriloquist, the crested oreoïca; to the hunter, the strain of this bird sometimes sounds very remote, while the creature at the time is seated on a branch but a few feet above his head. Presently the note is close by; and thus it goes on, now near, now distant, throwing in at times a stroke of a bell.

The habits of many Australian birds are not less remarkable than their voices. The forests abound in mosses which enwrap the trunk, and droop from the ends of the branches in masses resembling narrow bags or purses a yard or more in length; sometimes so low as to touch the head of the traveller passing underneath. The yellow-throated sericornis makes choice of one of these dependent clusters for a residence; and 'although,' as Mr Gould observes, 'the nest is constantly disturbed by the wind, and liable to be shaken when the tree moves, so secure does the inmate consider herself from danger or intrusion of any kind, that I have frequently captured the female while sitting on her eggs, a feat that may always be accomplished by carefully placing the hand over the entrance—that is, if it can be detected, to effect which, no slight degree of close prying and examination is necessary.' Some of these nests, not to be reached by climbing, were obtained by Mr Gould by shooting in two the branch to which they are attached. Considerable ingenuity is exhibited by the black-capped sitella, which makes its nest of pieces of bark, fastened to a branch by cobwebs; this substance, however, is not merely twisted round, but 'felted on.' When placed in the fork of a tree, the nest so closely resembles an excrescence of the bark, as to defy, and often escape detection. Some of the robins also construct their nests in the same manner. The striated reed-lark builds a dome-shaped nest on the ground, but most artfully concealed by the surrounding grass; and for further security, it forms a passage or burrow two or three feet in length, by which it is approached.

In this country we generally find that during incubation the male bird sits on a branch near the nest, attendant on its mate, but in Australia the same arrangement is carried out with an attempt at greater ease or comfort. The yellow-tailed acanthiza, which frequents its carelessly-built nest for several years in succession, often constructs 'a small cup-shaped depression, or second nest, as it were, on the top or side of the other, and which is said to be either the roosting-place of the male, or where he may sit in order to be in company with the female during the task of incubation.' The white-headed osprey, which always builds near water, on a rock, or at the top of a tall tree, makes a nest fifteen feet in diameter, of sticks, some of which are as thick as a man's arm; the interior is lined with seaweed. The whistling eagle's nest is of the same description; and, singularly

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enough, the spotted-sided finch, *Amadina Lathami*, chooses the rough sticks forming its base as a site for its own habitation. Mr Gould took one of these nests with eggs while the eagle was sitting only a few inches above.

The districts frequented by particular birds are sometimes as clearly definable as the boundaries of a country. In Australia, the fairy martin appears never to be found within twenty miles of the coast. This favourite little bird generally selects steep river banks as a secure place for its domicile. The nest is in the shape of a bottle gourd, nine or ten inches long; sometimes thirty or forty are built in a cluster, with the necks projecting from the bank, either horizontally or downwards. Seven or eight birds work together at a nest; one remains inside, to receive and deposit the clay brought by the others. The rock-warbler, *Origma rubricata*, appears to be of analogous habits to the bird just mentioned. It is said never to visit forests, or to alight on trees, and mostly frequents rocky clefts, gullies, and dark caverns by the water-side. The nest is of an oblong globular bottle shape, fabricated of moss and similar materials, and is suspended by its long neck to the roof of the cavern, or to overhanging pieces of rock. A lateral opening is left for an entrance near the bottom; but hitherto nothing has been ascertained with respect to the mode of suspension. Another swallow, *Dicaeum*, forms its nest, purse-like in shape, of cotton extracted from the seed-vessels of plants, and suspends it on the branches of a tall tree. The white-rumped wood-swallow takes possession of old nests abandoned by other birds, and reduces them to a proper size for itself, at the same time rendering them snugly warm by a soft thick lining. The white-shafted fantail builds a nest resembling in shape a long-stemmed footless wine-glass. In constructing this nest, the base of the cup and lower extremity of the stem are made to embrace two slender twigs of a bush, which hold it in a vertical position. One of them thus attached may be seen at the British Museum. This is an instance of care in fabrication, the more remarkable when contrasted with the want of care among other birds. The nest of the black-throated grebe, for example, is nothing more than a floating mass of weeds heaped together in a rounded form in a pond, with the top just level with the surface of the water. The pheasant cuckoo presents a singular appearance while sitting with its head and tail projecting from openings opposite each other in its dome-shaped nest, apparently left for the purpose, and probably to enable the bird to keep watch while reposing. The grass-loving sphenoeacus, which attaches its nest to a few reeds about two feet above the surface of the water in which they grow, lines the structure with feathers, but places two of the largest so as to form a sort of canopy, and protect the interior from wet. The spotted pardalote (diamond-bird of the colonists) builds in a situation altogether different from all others of the genus: instead of trees or bushes, it takes to the ground, and selecting a bank, bores a hole, sloping upwards for several feet, and excavates a chamber at the inner end, in which its round nest is beautifully built of soft bark, leaving a small opening for an entrance. The outer extremity of the hole is so artfully concealed, that long watching is required in order to be able to detect it. 'How so neat a structure,' writes Mr Gould, 'as is the nest of the spotted pardalote, should be constructed at the end of a hole where no light can possibly enter, is beyond our comprehension, and is one of those wonderful results of instinct so often presented to our notice in the history of the animal creation, without our being in anyway able to account for them.'

In this portion of our glance over the birds of Australia, we find ample cause for admiration and further research. Mr Gould's book will furnish as much recreation to the occasional reader as information to the scientific inquirer. Although he was indebted for specimens to explorers who have penetrated the interior, by far the greater part is due to his own personal investigations in that interesting country.

In respect of the economy of the Australian birds, there are many circumstances equally worthy of attention. The *Malurus cyaneus*, or blue wren, undergoes a singular transformation: in winter the plumage of both male and female is of a reddish brown; the birds are then tame and familiar, and wander about near the houses in country neighbourhoods, in little groups of six or eight. 'As spring advances, they separate into pairs, the male undergoing a total transformation not only in the colour, but also in the texture of its plumage; indeed a more astonishing change can scarcely be imagined, its plain and unassuming garb being thrown off for a few months, and another assumed, which for resplendent beauty is hardly surpassed by any of the feathered race, certainly by none but the humming-birds and cotingas of America. Nor is the change confined to the plumage alone, but extends also to its habits; in fact its whole character and nature appear to have received a new impulse; the little creature now displaying great vivacity, proudly showing off its gorgeous attire to the utmost advantage, and pouring out its animated song unceasingly, until the female has completed her task of incubation, and the craving appetites of its newly-hatched young call forth a new feeling, and give its energies a new direction.' The colours of this beautiful livery, which is put on in March, and left off in August, are a most brilliant blue on a velvety black, tipped with a few pencillings of white. Some of the birds are so curiously marked, as to have received names from the settlers expressive of the peculiarity. The *Eurystomus Australis* is called the dollar-bird, from a round white spot seen in each of its wings while flying. A black mark, resembling a V, in the extended wing of the *Elanus scriptus*, has produced for it the appellation of Letter-winged Kite: when both wings are spread, the appearance is that of a W.

The name of emu wren is given to the *Stipiturus malachurus* from its loose, lightly-formed, spreading tail of six feathers, an appendage which the bird has the power of bending forwards until it lies horizontally on its back. The whole tribe of wrens is described as of marvellous capabilities for escaping from danger by a mode which is not hopping, flying, or running, but a combination of all three. The textile wren, however, is the most extraordinary—'Indeed its mode of progression on the ground is such as no description can convey an accurate conception of, and must be seen to be understood. I cannot compare it,' says Mr Gould, 'with anything, unless perhaps with the motion of an India-rubber ball when thrown forcibly along the ground. While stealing from bush to bush with this rapid movement, it presents an exceedingly droll appearance.' The diving petrel, a bird that frequents the coasts, presents another instance of rapidity of movement. Its powers of flight are weaker than those of others of the same species, but this is compensated for by swiftness. It does not fly in steady progression, but with a short quick flutter, so near the surface of the sea, that it prefers to dash through the waves rather than rise over them. Such is its celerity, as to have given rise to the belief that it flies even while under the water. In striking contrast to these agile birds is the tawny-shouldered podargus, which sits in pairs all day on a branch, wrapped in a lethargic sleep. So profound is the repose, or such the unwillingness of the bird to move, that one has been shot off the branch without disturbing the other.

The varieties of honey-eaters are among the most interesting of Australian birds; in habits and appearance they are peculiarly pleasing. The wattled honey-eater, *Anthochoera inauris*, is decorated with a splendid golden drop hanging from each ear. The eucalypti, a species of tree abundant in Australia, are the favourite resort of these birds; their flowers are said to be renewed 'with every rising sun throughout the year.' A wise provision of nature is apparent in the tongue of most of the honey-eaters: the tip of that useful member is finished as a brush, which enables them readily to extract the juices from the calices of flowers. Some of these birds become exceedingly fat in winter, and are then sold in the markets at Hobart Town in enormous quantities. Others

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gorge themselves to such an extent with honey, that on holding them head downwards when shot, a spoonful of the luscious fluid will flow from their mouths. Another instance of a curious tongue occurs in the Philip-Island parrot: it resembles the end of a finger, with the nail on the under side, forming a kind of spoon. This bird is further distinguished by barking like a dog.

The bronze cuckoo of Australia offers an interesting puzzle to naturalists: it deposits its egg in the nest of the blue wren. This structure is dome-shaped, with a small hole only at the side for entrance; and it is not easy to conceive the mode adopted by the large bird to introduce the egg by an opening so disproportioned to its size. We may add, that the interloper is hatched and reared by his diminutive foster-parents with as much care and attention as his European congener. Among the larger kind of birds, there is an interesting incident connected with the Australian crane, a noble bird, standing four feet in height. It is said to be easily tamed, and being of graceful movements, looks well walking about a garden or pleasure-grounds. Two of these cranes were once kept on the estate of a gentleman near Camden, and 'so far attracted the notice of a pair of wild birds, as to induce them to settle and feed near the house, make acquaintance with himself and the other members of his establishment, and becoming still tamer, to approach the yard, feed from his hand, and even to follow the domesticated birds into the kitchen, until unfortunately a servant imprudently seizing at one of the wild birds, and tearing a handful of feathers from its back, the wildness of its disposition was roused; and darting forth, followed by its companion, it mounted into the air, soaring higher and higher at every circle, at the same time uttering its hoarse call, which was responded to by the tame birds below. For several days did they return and perform the same evolutions without alighting, until, the dormant impulses of the tame birds being aroused, they also mounted high in the air, winged their way to some far distant part of the country, and never returned to the home where they had been so long fostered.' This awakening of aboriginal instincts has had many parallels among uncultivated specimens of humanity.

We select one more example, as peculiarly illustrative of the manifold workings of nature; in fact, while ignorant of the law to which it is to be referred, we may look upon it as a freak. The *Ptilonorhynchus holosericus*, from its singular habits, has received the name of Satin Bower-bird; its nest has not yet been discovered; and as, previously to Mr Gould's visit to Australia, it had not been described, he took pains to watch the creature in its native haunts. This bird, as its name imports, constructs a bower, not for a dwelling, but as a place of recreation. Its habitat appears to be confined to the district of New South Wales, and Mr Gould first saw it in the woods at the base of the Liverpool Mountains. The bower is usually placed in a retired spot, under the shade of a tree. 'The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built: this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards, and nearly meet at the top. In the interior of the bower, the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds.' In this way an avenue about two feet in length is formed; either end is decorated by gaudy feathers dropped by other birds, inserted between the twigs, and by shells and bones laid in a heap, in the interstices of which feathers are also placed. 'The propensity of these birds,' pursues Mr Gould, 'to pick up and fly off with any attractive object, is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article, as the bowl of a pipe, &c. that may have been accidentally dropped in the bush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk, of an inch and a-half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.'

'For what purpose these curious bowers are made is not yet perhaps fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, when there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently, that it is seldom entirely deserted.'

The satin-bower bird is about the size of a crow; its purloinings are for decoration, not for concealment. The bowers are made use of for several years, and repaired when damaged. The most probable supposition as to their use is, that the birds use them as a rendezvous during pairing-time and the period of incubation. Two of these singular structures were brought to Europe by Mr Gould; one of them, with all its ornament of shells and feathers, may be seen at the British Museum.

Besides this, there is the spotted bower-bird: the bower of this species is a foot or more longer than the one just described; and the interior is formed of tall grasses, which, by the curve of the outer twigs, are bent over till they meet. The bottom of the bower is paved with stones, which keep the lower extremities of the grass at a proper degree of divergence. There is the same accumulation of ornament as in the former case, half a bushel of shells being not unfrequently found at either end of the avenue or run. The whitest and most glittering are always chosen, and being collected from long distances, must cost the bird considerable labour.

The range of this bird extends far into the interior of the country. A third variety, of similar habits, has been discovered on the north-west coast, a region which as yet has been but little visited.

Our selections comprise but a very small part of the feathered races of Australia; the study of the numerous varieties which the country produces would afford a subject of inexhaustible interest. What a delightful resource for the emigrant in the back-settlements, remote from society, and with but few books at command! With the birds of Australia around him, he need never fall into the vices or degradation of idleness.

WORK AND PAY.

.... THERE is a secret in this subject of work practically known to multitudes, which it yet so happens is seldom embodied in written or spoken counsel. The hardest work is not the most slavish or disheartening, and he who effects most has often the greatest share of leisure. To illustrate this from the extremes of the industrial scale, let us take the leading counsel, or the accomplished railway engineer, both of whom are working with their brains almost to the utmost point which the human intellect is capable of reaching. Yet they both have their luxuries and their leisure hours. You meet them in society chatting, laughing—looking as if they had nothing to do; in the touring season you encounter them in the Highlands, on the Rhine, and yet all the world is wondering how they get through their hard work. Look now at the hand-loom weaver—pale, emaciated, half-fed, half-clad—as solemn and melancholy under the weight of unvarying physical affliction as if he had taken a monastic vow, and given away all the joys of this world for an ample reimbursement in futurity. That man knows no rest but the hours of sleep and the seventh day; every little period he takes from the weary monotony of his work is a bit of bread less to him and his children: the demon Hunger has possession of him, and drives him on till he drops at the loom. Yet that man never knew what it was to work hard—and there is the secret of all his misery. He found a monotonous easy trade to his hand, and in an evil hour he yielded to its seductions. 'If weavers are wanted,' said a witness on the hand-loom inquiry, 'they may be struck into existence in a month: some branches may be done by boys and girls, and what may be done by a boy, can never reach above a boy's wages.'

Now I do not mean to maintain that the eminent lawyer and engineer work as many times harder than the hand-loom weaver as they are better paid. It is the peculiarity

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of work of every kind that a small addition to the expertness makes a large addition to the remuneration, and that the higher the grade, the more marked is this difference. This arises from the numbers gradually decreasing the further they have outstripped their brethren in excellence. At the point of skill which only three or four men have reached out of so many hundreds, there will be little competition, and high pay; when there are services which only one man can do, he can name his own price. Moreover, the general labour market in its widest sense, including efforts both of mind and body, is affected by various accidents of education, training, and position, which bring to some occupations a scale of remuneration much higher than the members of others can hope by any energy to obtain. Thus it does not follow that the scale of income corresponds with the hardness of the work; but we may take it as a general rule, that high pay is not given without some service being done for it; and that the man who can, by courageous energy in setting his mind, or his hands aided by his mind, to do some useful act requiring skill, will reap a reward for his service.

In fact the great dragon to be conquered by the strugglers through this world is indolence. It is because he has yielded to it, that yonder gray-headed gentleman is a clerk in a government office, at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of making a fortune like his schoolfellow the engineer. He found the employment set before him—nothing to do but to copy pages or add up columns; no exertion of thought, no risks of failure, but a secured income—and he yielded to the temptation. In his case little harm is done: he has food and clothing, and is content. But go several steps farther down. A still easier operation than writing and casting accounts has tempted eight hundred thousand men to follow a trade which less than half the number would have supplied; and no legislation or parliamentary inquiry, no private benevolence, no relief committee, no poor-law, can obviate the devastating result. . . . . Nor is the small remuneration the only evil of the humblest and most overstocked occupations. Their followers are the most acutely sensitive to oscillations in the money and labour market, and ever the most liable to be deprived of their little bit of bread. Let us just cast a thought over the manner in which the industrious, careful, and energetic members of society occupy themselves when hard times come. Some of them retrench their expenditure; they must of course have still as much as will in some way support their families, or they could not do so. Others increase their exertions. 'It is but mounting a thousand additional stairs,' said Dr Arbuthnot, when his savings were swept away by the South-Sea scheme. Here and there, active-minded people are excited to new enterprises and conquests over difficulties; they lay open new fields of exertion, or work old ones with renewed energy. The additional services so called out are marvellous, and the beneficent effect of the whole operation is, that by these exertions trade revives, and prosperity is restored. It is a mistake to suppose that these pressures and oscillations arise from too much industry.

There may be too much production relatively—too many railways, too much corn, too many ginghams or satin slippers; but if every person is working where his services are required, there cannot be too much industry; and it is the tendency of the exertions made by active men in times of trial, to find out the quarters in which their labours are most useful, and thus restore the equilibrium of the market. A man can seldom turn from a losing to a gaining occupation without doing a benefit, instead of an injury, to the community.

But what can that poor creature do who has been accustomed only to give his time, and some rotatory bodily motion, when the service so produced has ceased to be worth the morsel it used to bring him? He cannot reduce his expenditure and live. He cannot increase his exertions, for they are measured by time, not work, and the whole is already taken. He is nearest the edge, and when the blast comes across the great platform of industry, he is blown over the side into the slough of mendicancy, whence he rises no more.—*From an excellent series of letters in the Daily News, June* 1848. [A principle of very great consequence to the humbler classes is here developed. It is not alone necessary to be at labour for many hours; that may be such a labour as not to deserve good remuneration. It is not all-sufficient that a small trader sticks for the whole day to his shop, for it may be a shop not required in the place, or conducted on too small a scale to be profitable. Ingenuity, skill, judgment to make a good choice of a calling, and to improve circumstances, are also requisite. A man should see that his work is really useful, and that his shop is not superfluous.]

SWEET LAVENDER.

Lavender is the emblem of 'distant music' in the language of flowers.

'Tis the sound of distant music, and it comes from o'er the hills,
Sweeping upon the breezy air by fields and summer rills;
Up, up the valley—homesteads fair and sheltering nooks are passed;
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!' is clearly heard at last.

And forth she comes, the cottage girl, with basket on her arm,
Singing loud that summer word, whose name breathes many a charm:
'Twelve bunches for a single groat,' she adds with plaintive cry:
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!'—these treasures who will buy?

The village girls will seek the sweets—the faint perfume they prize;
By hoarded treasures, tokens dear, the annual gift-flower lies;
And mourners seek its pensive hue—it suits well with the dead—
To strew above that breathless form, now slumbering on the bed.

Oh bear it to the lone churchyard, and find a nameless mound—
There, drooping mourner, cast these sweets upon the grassy ground;
And as the sound steals on the breeze, across the quiet vale,
That well-known music soothes thy heart, attuned to sorrow's tale.

Perfume the air above the dead, the faithful, happy dead!
Comfort and hope, sweet lavender, with healing influence shed;
This angel-music floateth past—on seraph's wings 'tis borne—
The mourner's heart can hear it oft, though tempest-swayed and torn.

C. A. M. W.

HURRY AND HASTE.

'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly *have his wits about him*;' and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you.'—*Warren's Attorneys and Solicitors.*

DUTIES AND EVENTS.

Duties are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 264. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849. Price 1½d.

GIPSY SORCERIES IN THE DECCAN.

From their first appearance in Europe, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to the present day, the gipsies have been objects of wonder, curiosity, or interest, from the mystery in which their origin is enveloped, and from the singular manner in which they have kept apart from the nations amongst whom they wander. They were originally believed to be Egyptians, but the researches of late years establish the probability, if not the certainty, of India being their mother country. Their language is found to have no affinity with the Coptic; but it bears a strong resemblance to that of Hindoostan; and their arrival in Christendom followed at no great interval of time the period when Timour ravaged and desolated the East, practising cruelties on the wretched natives of India, which might have very probably induced them to emigrate in vast numbers.

Whether this latter supposition be correct or not, it is difficult to determine; it is, however, a fact that the gipsies exist as a distinct and numerous caste in Asia; and during a recent visit to the Deccan, I chanced to have an opportunity of seeing a large tribe of these singular outcasts, who came down from the mountains to pay a rude homage to the governor, by exhibiting before him the magic arts which, from far-off ages, have been the heritage of their race.

For this purpose they were assembled outside the governor's bungalow at Dahpooree, in a large open space, bounded on one side by the broad stream running through the garden in which the residence is built, and on the other by a hedge of giant jessamine, the post of a Hindoo sentinel. The whole population of the neighbouring little village was assembled, and covered every part of the ground, sitting, after their own strange fashion, on their heels, and all gaping with intense eagerness on the space left near the veranda for the performances of their admired sorceries. Of the simple faith with which they were prepared to witness the spectacle, we had no doubt, both from the expression of their countenances and our knowledge of their extreme superstition; for near our seats stood a young Hindoo mother, carrying an infant whose tiny ankles were tied up in rags, to preserve it from the effects of the 'evil eye,' which is peculiarly baneful when *blue*—and we had unhappily admired the little creature on the previous day.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun, still glorious in the cloudless, glowing sky, poured a flood of light upon the whole scene, which was highly picturesque. In a few seconds the circle by the veranda was occupied by an aged wizard, and an assistant beating a tom-tom, or drum. He placed a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, and cast into it a few grains of incense, muttering at the same time an incantation. A wicker basket, of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe, was then brought forward, and our gipsy informed us that it was his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon or dove, and make him fly off whithersoever we chose. The trick did not promise to be very difficult; but we thought differently when we saw the candidate for the metamorphosis. He was a tall, fine-looking lad of sixteen or seventeen, apparently much too big to occupy the space assigned him; but the wizard approaching, threw him on the ground, tied his feet to his hands, and literally doubling him together, dropped him into a sort of cabbage-net, which he fastened over his head. He then brought him round for us to examine the strange prison; and certainly it appeared a clear case of 'I can't get out.' He was consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him, both of course being much raised and distended by the captive they covered. The wizard now began a solemn promenade round the basket to the sound of the tom-tom, muttering mysteriously the while. By degrees the cloth and basket shrank down, growing smaller and smaller, till the latter appeared empty; then the lid was gently raised, and the net and ligatures thrown out: a second circuit made by the old gipsy effected the promised translation, and a white pigeon fluttered from the basket, and directed its flight (as we desired) to Poonah. The enchanter now affected great amazement, called on the boy to come forth, raised and shook the basket, and finally producing a long naked sword, thrust it with loud cries apparently into every crevice of the wicker-work. He then turned, and calling in the direction of Poonah, which was only seven miles off, was answered from a distance by the best ventriloquism I ever heard. This was a summons for the lad to return. He, or rather the pigeon, obeyed. The basket began to swell again, the cloth rose, and the young gipsy sprang forth, leaving us in admiration of his wonderful power of self-compression; as how he could have folded himself into so small a space, we were unable to conceive, nor how he avoided the sharp point of the sword.

The second exhibition was far more extraordinary, and more difficult; indeed I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it myself. A young man stepped forward, and by the assistance of one of the Parsees, who acted as interpreter, informed us, 'that though it was not usual for the eyes to work as the hands did, he would for once, and to show his respect, &c. for the *burra sahib* (great man), use them in a similar manner.' A huge piece of stone, two or three feet thick and square, was then placed before him, to which two short lines were strongly attached, having at the ends a small round piece of tin, the size and shape of a sixpence.

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Lifting his eyelids, and rolling the ball of the eye on one side in a most extraordinary manner, he stooped, inserted these coins inside the lid *on the eyes*, and *closed* the lid on them. His hands were then bound behind him, and raising himself slowly, he actually lifted the huge mass *by the eyelids* from the ground to the level of his waist. How long he would have continued to hold it I cannot tell, for the ladies present were so shocked at the really terrible exhibition, that they insisted on his being commanded to let it go. He was rewarded by a gift of ten rupees. We afterwards inquired if this power or art were common amongst the gipsy tribes, and were told it was not: being rather rare, and highly esteemed by them, the performer always expected an extra present from the spectators. Our Parsee servant added, that the practice entailed early blindness on its possessor.

A man then seated himself before us, and ordered one of his companions to 'light the fire,' a command which was immediately obeyed; the fireplace being actually the speaker's head, on which they placed a piece of something that looked like black mud, and on it kindled a blaze of some height. The fire-king, as he called himself, then opened his mouth, and received a lump of fire into it, from which he puffed volumes of smoke both from his mouth and nostrils; and certainly no one could look more like the 'Zatanai' he personated than he did, for his eyes were large, and glitteringly black and white, his features deformed, and his skin swarthy. Then followed the equally common snake-charmers, with their huge basket of civilised reptiles. It is perhaps less curious to see these creatures move to the monotonous music which is supposed to influence them, than to examine at leisure, and with impunity, their different appearances; from the frightful cobra de capello, to the deadly cobra manilla, the bite of which I once narrowly escaped by the presence of mind of a young child, who, without speaking, pulled me back at the moment my foot was descending on the step where it lay. This snake exhibition is common all over India, as well as that which followed it—the juggler and his golden balls. Some of the gipsy women then advanced to display their skill; but they were anything but interesting 'magas.' For the most part they were old, and very ugly, and their chief cleverness appeared to consist in making a fountain of their nose, from which they showered in a continuous stream the water they drew into their mouth from a small tube.

Swordsmen followed, and really displayed the most wonderful skill with their weapons. When their fencing was concluded, they made a huge pile of their swords, the points being upwards, and leaped over it with great agility and boldness. The entertainment concluded by several men breaking cocoa-nuts with their heads—a feat which they achieved by throwing the huge fruit high into the air, and catching it on their skulls, which were certainly of the thickest, as, though they sounded fearfully, they did not appear hurt by a blow which separated the shell of the cocoa-nut. By the time they had finished their employment of nut-cracking, the sun had nearly set, and the burra sahib, after gracious commendations, and a very liberal bucksheesh, dismissed her Majesty's gipsy lieges, though they assured us they had many excellent tricks still in store. We were, however, weary, and believed the actors must be so too; therefore further proffers were declined, to their great surprise, as we were told; for the native princes or chiefs can never have enough of similar exhibitions, and tax the poor creatures' powers almost beyond endurance when they are thus brought before them. The exhibition had greatly amused us, both from the skill of the people and the picturesque effect of their wild appearance and costume. Their own apparent faith in the incantations they muttered, and the real credence bestowed on their powers by the native spectators, gave a reality to the scene which no English jugglery can ever possess. The sword exercise and cocoa-nut breaking were accompanied by shrill, animated, and exciting cries. Of their skill in palmistry we were unable to judge, as we did not understand their language; but we were told that their prophetical gifts are very similar to those of the European brethren.

About three or four days afterwards, as we were returning from a drive, we met the whole tribe on their march back to the mountains. The road was narrow, and they were therefore obliged to move to one side, passing in a long-continued and most picturesque file, beneath the sweet mimosa-trees that bordered the way. One might almost have fancied himself living in the age of the Patriarchs, and witnessing the journeyings of a people, as he gazed on them. The strong men came first, each armed with a tall staff; then the women, bearing their infants on their hips, or leading the young children by the hand; old crones and 'ancient men' followed, with such cattle as they possessed, and bundles, containing, as we supposed, their property. They all salaamed us with kindly smiles as they glided by; and we watched them with considerable interest for some time, the great plain they traversed permitting us to see them till they were lost in the dim though brief twilight. We never saw the gipsies of the Deccan more; but we have often thought and talked of them, and regretted that the energies they displayed, and the toil by which they must have brought many of their performances to perfection, had not been more worthily employed and better directed. They follow strictly the wise injunction, '*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;' though unhappily their hand, through ignorance, finds little to do that is useful or becoming rational beings; and they are thus far examples to those who, living in the light of civilisation, never exert the capabilities, whether mental or physical, which their Creator has bestowed. Many a sluggard of our enlightened Europe might thus derive a useful lesson from the wild gipsies of Hindoostan.

A SECOND GLANCE AT MR MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

Mr Macaulay's book must undoubtedly be what is called 'the book of the season.' It comes at an opportune time; in the midst of the revolutions of so many despotic governments, telling the tale of the sober and bloodless revolution which we passed through a hundred and sixty years ago—made sober and bloodless because we had never, like the continental nations, allowed our early popular institutions to be torn from us, and therefore had always something of a time-honoured character round which to rally. The whole story of James II.'s reign reads like a drama or a romance. It is a fair struggle between two principles, with victory or death for the issue. On one side a monarch, naturally weak, and not very good-hearted, driven by bigotry into tyrannical courses, with only the frail support of a few profligate statesmen, and a sentiment of loyalty which, though tinged with superstition, was insufficient to sustain men under extreme practical sufferings and dangers; on the other, 'a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks,' to throw off a yoke whose whole merits were of an abstract kind, but which, in such an age, it was almost impiety to challenge. The very struggles of the latter party with their own prejudices are intensely interesting. Mr Macaulay tells the story, we think, somewhat too rhetorically; yet is always animated, picturesque, and entertaining. It will be very curious to find his volumes so universally read as they must be, for it will show how much public attention to a book is affected by peculiarities in writers, by the presumption of their degrees of information, and perhaps also in some measure by currents of taste. We are able to mention, on the best authority, that, upwards of twenty years ago, a history of the English Revolution was published by a

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respectable writer, and that the sale amounted to only one copy!

It would require ten times our space to present any adequate samples of this narrative; but even were that at our command, we would still recommend our readers to go to the book itself: there only can they obtain a thorough idea of the conflict carried on between 1685 and 1688. Perhaps the most intensely-interesting piece of narration is that of Monmouth's insurrection, and its fearfully bloody close. One cannot read without sympathetic anguish of the vain pleading of this unhappy leader for his life before an uncle who knew not pity. The brutalities of Jeffreys make it impossible not to feel a stern pleasure in his own ultimate humiliation and wretched end. We still think, however, that there is wanting in this, as in every other history of the period, a sufficient exposition of the causes of all the bad doings of the latter Stuart governments, in the terrors from which they were a reaction. We are left to wonder at the indignities put on the poor Earl of Argyle, which seem the most wanton and uncalled-for wickedness. The authors of these indignities felt still burning in their bosoms what we know nothing of—the recollection of the similar indignities put by a kingless parliament on Montrose—which this very earl and his father, it was said, had triumphantly witnessed. Why did men fool themselves with the doctrine of the divine right of kings? Nothing is without a cause. This folly was merely a counteraction against other fanatics, who thought they might treat kings as those of Israel were treated by the Hebrew prophets and people, and who had actually brought one monarch to a violent death. Men submitted to the worst tyranny of the infatuated James, because they had learned thirty years before that there was a worse tyranny in sanctified brewers and leather-sellers. The king himself had seen his father, after many concessions, put to death, and the government destroyed. It was still unsettled—perhaps it is not yet settled—whether the concessions or their insufficiency was the cause of the evil. A wiser man might have doubted whether he should recede or go on. Then it is scarcely possible in our cool days to judge of the religious feelings which were the immediate animating cause of all movements in those times, when the many wonderful and agitating things in the Bible were as yet but freshly burst on the European mind, and men had not half learned in what light they ought to be regarded. Scarcely, we apprehend, could the sincerest Catholic of our day even approach to a conception of the state of mind of King James, with his convictions, enduring for an hour the predominance of the reformed religion. Mr Macaulay, with all the amplitude of his information, is here as deficient as any of his predecessors.

The freedom of Mr Macaulay's sketches of familiar things will be relished as a delightful relief to the sobriety of political narrative. Dr Robertson would have been too dignified to descend to such matters—Henry would have brought them in with the dryness of a catalogue. It is reserved for the historical writer of our age to paint a class of people and a department of manners with the unrestrained pencil of La Bruyere and Addison. Take, for example, this little bit respecting the Popish country squire of James II.'s time:—'Excluded, when a boy, from Eton and Westminster, when a youth, from Oxford and Cambridge, when a man, from parliament and from the bench of justice, he generally vegetated as quietly as the elms of the avenue which led to his ancestral grange. His corn-fields, his dairy and his cider press, his greyhounds, his fishing-rod and his gun, his ale and his tobacco, occupied almost all his thoughts. With his neighbours, in spite of his religion, he was generally on good terms. They knew him to be unambitious and inoffensive. He was almost always of a good old family. He was always a Cavalier. His peculiar notions were not obtruded, and caused no annoyance. He did not, like a Puritan, torment himself and others with scruples about everything that was pleasant: on the contrary, he was as keen a sportsman, and as jolly a boon companion, as any man who had taken the oath of supremacy and the declaration against transubstantiation. He met his brother squires at the cover, was in with them at the death, and, when the sport was over, took them home with him to a venison pasty and to October four years in bottle. The oppressions which he had undergone had not been such as to impel him to any desperate resolution. Even when his church was barbarously persecuted, his life and property were in little danger. The most impudent false witnesses could hardly venture to shock the common sense of mankind by accusing him of being a conspirator. The Papists whom Oates selected for attack were peers, prelates, Jesuits, Benedictines, a busy political agent, a lawyer in high practice, a court physician. The Roman Catholic country gentleman, protected by his obscurity, by his peaceable demeanour, and by the good-will of those among whom he lived, carted his hay or filled his bag with game unmolested, while Coleman and Langhorne, Whitbread and Pickering, Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, died by the halter or the axe.'

Our author's account of the coffee-houses of the seventeenth century looks more like a paper in Bentley or Colburn than a page of a large historical work; yet there can be no doubt that it is as essential to that work as the gravest accounts of parliamentary debates and councils of state. 'The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation, had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances, the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. The first of these establishments had been set up in the time of the Commonwealth by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great, that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle classes went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news, and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made during Danby's administration to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much, that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home; and that those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from those places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head-quarters. There were houses near St James's Park where the fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the

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fine gentleman's ornaments—his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly-scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go, for, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether the "Paradise Lost" ought to have been in rhyme. To another, an anxious poetaster demonstrated that "Venice Preserved" ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators, and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook, by the fire; in summer, it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Rossa's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.'

Everywhere Mr Macaulay takes the freedom to introduce circumstances and associations in a manner new to history. We are told that, on the breaking out of Monmouth's rebellion, a play of Dryden's failed for want of attendance at the theatre. Persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant who waited on the Earl of Faversham when he halted to fight Monmouth at Sedgemoor. Monmouth left a mistress, whom he considered as his wife in the sight of Heaven: her fate is touched on with the skill of the modern literary artist. The unhappy man has perished on Tower Hill, and been laid amongst the dust of many heroic personages in the Tower Chapel. 'Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains: but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.' Thus, too, when William lodges for a day at Littlecote Hall, we are reminded of the mysterious tragedy enacted in it in the time of the Tudors, as narrated in the notes to 'Rokeby.' A historian of the last age, writing about the arrival of the Dutch Guards at Whitehall, and having to mention that they had to meet the English Guards under Lord Craven, would have mentioned Lord Craven and nothing more. Mr Macaulay introduces him thus: 'They were commanded by William, Earl of Craven, an aged man who, more than fifty years before, had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn-hope at Creutznach with such courage, that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit.' Such references throw a flood of fresh interest on a historical narration.

Mr Macaulay says—'The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the working-man, than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution. But it would be a great error to infer, from the increase of complaint, that there has been any increase of misery.' He proceeds to show that the agricultural labourers, who were four-fifths of the working population, had then four shillings a week, without food, in ordinary districts, and from five to six shillings in the more favoured. Wheat was then as dear as now. It was seventy shillings a quarter in 1661, when the justices at Chelmsford fixed the wages of the Essex labourer at six shillings in summer, and seven in winter. 'These facts,' says our author, 'are in perfect accordance with another fact which seems to deserve consideration. It is evident that, in a country where no man can be compelled to become a soldier, the ranks of an army cannot be filled if the government offers much less than the wages of common rustic labour. At present, the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line amount to seven shillings and sevenpence a week. This stipend, coupled with the hope of a pension, does not attract the English youth in sufficient numbers; and it is found necessary to supply the deficiency by enlisting largely from among the poorer population of Munster and Connaught. The pay of the private foot soldier in 1685 was only four shillings and eightpence a week; yet it is certain that the government in that year found no difficulty in obtaining many thousands of English recruits at very short notice. The pay of the private foot soldier in the army of the Commonwealth had been seven shillings a week—that is to say, as much as a corporal received under Charles II.; and seven shillings a week had been found sufficient to fill the ranks with men decidedly superior to the generality of the people. On the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that, in the reign of Charles II., the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings a week; but that, in some parts of the kingdom, five shillings, six shillings, and during the summer months, even seven shillings, were paid. At present, a district where a labouring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is much higher; and in prosperous counties the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings.'

The remuneration of the manufacturing artisan was on no better scale. 'In the year 1680, a member of the House of Commons remarked that the high wages paid in this country made it impossible for our textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms. An English mechanic, he said, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacted a shilling a day. Other evidence is extant, which proves that a shilling a day was the pay to which the English manufacturer then thought himself entitled, but that he was often forced to work for less. The common people of that age were not in the habit of meeting for public discussion, of haranguing, or of petitioning parliament.

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No newspaper pleaded their cause. It was in rude rhyme that their love and hatred, their exultation and their distress, found utterance. A great part of their history is to be learned only from their ballads. One of the most remarkable of the popular lays chanted about the streets of Norwich and Leeds in the time of Charles II. may still be read on the original broadside. It is the vehement and bitter cry of labour against capital. It describes the good old times when every artisan employed in the woollen manufacture lived as well as a farmer. But those times were past. Sixpence a day now was all that could be earned by hard labour at the loom. If the poor complained that they could not live on such a pittance, they were told that they were free to take it or leave it. For so miserable a recompense were the producers of wealth compelled to toil, rising early, and lying down late, while the master clothier, eating, sleeping, and idling, became rich by their exertions. A shilling a day, the poet declares, is what the weaver would have, if justice were done. We may therefore conclude that, in the generation which preceded the Revolution, a workman employed in the great staple manufacture of England thought himself fairly paid if he gained six shillings a week.'

It is added—'When we pass from the weavers of cloth to a different class of artisans, our inquiries will still lead us to nearly the same conclusions. During several generations, the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital have kept a register of the wages paid to different classes of workmen who have been employed in the repairs of the building. From this valuable record it appears that, in the course of 120 years, the daily earnings of the bricklayer have risen from half-a-crown to four-and-tenpence; those of the mason from half-a-crown to five-and-threepence; those of the carpenter from half-a-crown to five-and-fivepence; and those of the plumber from three shillings to five-and-sixpence.

'It seems clear, therefore, that the wages of labour, estimated in money, were, in 1685, not more than half of what they now are; and there were few articles important to the working-man of which the price was not, in 1685, more than half of what it now is. Beer was undoubtedly much cheaper in that age than at present; meat was also cheaper, but was still so dear, that there were hundreds of thousands of families who scarcely knew the taste of it. In the cost of wheat there has been very little change. The average price of the quarter, during the last twelve years of Charles II., was fifty shillings. Bread, therefore, such as is now given to the inmates of a workhouse, was then seldom seen, even on the trencher of a yeoman or of a shopkeeper. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats.

'The produce of tropical countries, the produce of the mines, the produce of machinery, was positively dearer than at present. Among the commodities for which the labourer would have had to pay higher in 1685 than his posterity pay in 1848, were sugar, salt, coals, candles, soap, shoes, stockings, and generally all articles of clothing and all articles of bedding. It may be added, that the old coats and blankets would have been not only more costly, but less serviceable than the modern fabrics.'

Mr Macaulay then proceeds to show that the proportion of the people which received parochial relief in the reign of Charles II. was larger than even now. He admits that the labouring people of that age derived some advantage from commons now closed to them; but against this he places advantages of a different kind, proper to the present age. 'Of the blessings which civilisation and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset, that he would not have been able to see his hand; so ill paved, that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck; and so ill watched, that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant-prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present, only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century, is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season and London in the cholera.

'Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilisation on the national character. The groundwork of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and rest-

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less compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age—in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.'

These are things worth pondering upon by the working population of our time, and those who call themselves specially their friends. There is a prevailing disposition to attribute all the evils endured by the humbler class of people to political and social evils bearing with undue severity upon them, and peculiar to the present time. When you tell any man that he is subjected to external evils beyond his own control, he is extremely apt to overlook those which it depends on himself to remedy. It is to be feared that the present manner of addressing the working population is mainly of the kind which soothes them with the idea that they are victims who cannot help themselves. The very efforts everywhere making to furnish them with baths, reading-rooms, superior houses, &c. must help to foster this notion. The consequence is, that the working population lose the opportunity of doing any good for themselves. They live for the day, when, by a proper husbanding of their resources, they might take a far higher place, socially and morally, than they do. Such facts as those brought out by Mr Macaulay show at once how much less evil they now suffer, and how much more they might now do for themselves, than at any former period.

We now fairly conclude by jotting off a few pithy expressions of opinion on general subjects, which we find scattered in Mr Macaulay's volumes:—'In every age, the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.' 'The common people are sometimes inconstant, for they are human beings. But that they are inconstant as compared with the educated classes, with aristocracies, or with princes, may be confidently denied. It would be easy to name demagogues whose popularity has remained undiminished, while sovereigns and parliaments have withdrawn their confidence from a long succession of statesmen. When Swift had survived his faculties many years, the Irish populace still continued to light bonfires on his birthday, in commemoration of the services which they fancied that he had rendered to his country when his mind was in full vigour. While seven administrations were raised to power, and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigues, or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, the profligate Wilkes retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed. Politicians who in 1807 sought to curry favour with George III. by defending Caroline of Brunswick, were not ashamed in 1820 to curry favour with George IV. by persecuting her. But in 1820, as in 1807, the whole body of working men was fanatically devoted to her cause.' 'Representative assemblies, public discussions, and all the other checks by which, in civil affairs, rulers are restrained from abusing power, are out of place in a camp. Machiavel justly imputed many of the disasters of Venice and Florence to the jealousy which led those republics to interfere with every act of their generals. The Dutch practice of sending to an army deputies, without whose consent no great blow could be struck, was almost equally pernicious. It is undoubtedly by no means certain that a captain, who has been intrusted with dictatorial power in the hour of peril, will quietly surrender that power in the hour of triumph; and this is one of the many considerations which ought to make men hesitate long before they resolve to vindicate public liberty by the sword. But if they determine to try the chance of war, they will, if they are wise, intrust to their chief that plenary authority without which war cannot be well conducted. It is possible that, if they give him that authority, he may turn out a Cromwell or a Napoleon; but it is almost certain that, if they withhold from him that authority, their enterprises will end like the enterprise of Argyle.'

NOTES ON FERNS.

Horace speaks of the fern as growing only to be burnt, and from his age to the present day, men have been but too apt to take the superficial reading of the remark without applying it economically. Few have regarded the fern otherwise than as a beautiful and graceful ornament, or a troublesome and obstinate weed, according as the romantic or the needful was their guiding principle. It would be well that the latter class should act more upon the letter of the poet, and they would probably find themselves well rewarded, not merely by ridding their fair fields of the intruding root, but also by a considerable quantity of kelp, which will be eagerly sought after by the soapmaker and the glass manufacturer; or they may economically employ the ashes so obtained in their own household, after the manner of the Welsh and others, who, burning the fern when green, make the ashes into balls with a little water; then dry them in the sun, and store them up, to take the place of soap, for which they form no indifferent substitute.

Again, when the occupier of the said fair fields, or it may be of yonder small allotment, newly reclaimed from the mountain or moor, has supplied his thrifty partner with the magic balls, which, like the good fairy in the old tale, are 'to cleanse all they touch,' he may advantageously employ his former enemy (for so a plant which in rich soils will extend its roots to a depth of six to eight feet may be considered) as an excellent manure. Let him cut it when green, and suffer it to rot, when he will soon discover its merits as an enricher of the soil. It yields nearly twice the quantity of salts contained in almost any other vegetable, and for this reason is particularly applicable to the potato, never failing, if buried beneath their roots, to produce a good crop. The rootstock of all ferns, though bitter, salt, and nauseous, is relished by pigs, and if boiled in their mash, or even in water, becomes an excellent food for them. As that of the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) frequently mats together, and covers acres of unreclaimed ground, it may do great service in this way. Newman also mentions, on the authority of Mr Lees, that in the forest of Dean, the young shoots of this plant are cut before the fronds are unrolled, and boiled as a mash for pigs. This food will keep for a considerable time after it has been boiled, and it comes into use at a season when the cottager has some difficulty in supplying his pig from the garden. The roots of *Pteris aquilina* and common wall-fern, if boiled like carrots, are sweet and wholesome; so, says Gunner, are the young spring-shoots of the latter, if boiled and eaten like asparagus. An excellent farina may be procured from fern roots, which not only forms an article of food to the natives of Kamtchatka, but is also mixed in the bread of our more civilised neighbours in Normandy; whilst the Siberians use it in their beer, mixing one-third of the rootstock of *Aspidium filix mas* with two-thirds of malt. Ferns also form in Norway an article of fodder for cattle, sheep, and goats. Being cut green, and dried in the open air, and, when required, steeped in warm water, the animals eat it readily, and in some instances fatten on it, though

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it is of course a food used only in the depths of winter. To the value of ferns as litter it is needless to draw attention. In Glen Elg, Inverness, the stalks of the bracken are used for thatching houses, to which purpose the whole frond is applied in Wales; but this, though less expensive in labour, is far less durable.

While keeping in view the fern wash-balls, we must not omit to mention that the root of the Osmond royal (*Osmunda regalis*) yields a most excellent starch, so that the *fern-provided* mistress of a family need never blush for the linen of her household, however poor she may otherwise be. The common bracken, and in a less degree all the ferns, are, from their astringent nature, well adapted to the service of the tanner, and on the continent are extensively used by him in the preparation of kid and chamois leather.

The fern was formerly much valued as a medicine, but the discoveries of distant and richer lands have, in a great measure lessened the chemical value of many of the herbs which grow beneath our less ardent sun. The maiden's hair (*Adiantum*) is much used in coughs, sheathing the inflamed and irritable epiglottis. The 'capillaire' of our French neighbours is merely a distillation of this fern with orange-flower water and honey. It is, or was, also much used as a confection, or summer drink, as all who in their youthful days delighted in the tales of Berguin will testify.

The anthelmintic qualities of *Lastrea filix mas*, and most of its congeners, cause them even yet to form a part of the herbalistic Materia Medica of the country-women, who particularly esteem them against worms; whilst the *Asplenia*, as their name imports, have been highly valued in complaints of the viscera. The elderly women in Herefordshire, says Newman, collect *P. vulgare* as a remedy for hooping-cough: it is gathered in October and November, when full of seed, hung up to dry, and when used, boiled with coarse brown sugar. It may perhaps be well to mention that we have here only noticed the true ferns, though the remainder of the filices are not without their economical, as well as their superstitious interest, to which we shall now advert.

The fern was formerly regarded with superstitious reverence, and held to be endowed with supernatural powers. Nor will this astonish us, when we consider that the ancients, in common with the father of natural history, were unable to discover from whence proceeded the numberless young plants which they saw springing up on every side of the parent fern. Pliny expressly says that the ferns have neither flower nor seed;* and it was reserved for a comparatively modern age to discover the latter in abundance on the backs of the fronds. It is curious to mark how the accurate and minute observation of these men was, for want of a few leading principles, rendered subservient to the errors of superstition. In all their ingenious speculations, they delighted to work out some fancied resemblance between the tangible, natural peculiarities of their object, and its supposed powers; and thus, as the fruit of the fern was invisible, so must it possess the power of rendering invisible the fortunate man who should find and appropriate it. Of this fancy our early poets have given many illustrations. Thus Shakspeare, 'We have the recipe of fern-seed—we walk invisible'—Beaumont and Fletcher, 'Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring, or the herb that gives invisibility?'—and rare Ben Johnson, 'I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no fern-seed in my pocket.'

Many, doubtless, were the attempts to find this powerful treasure; anxiously was it sought by the forbidden rover, the trembling criminal, perhaps by the treacherous and designing statesman; but vain was all their labour, and disappointedly they gave up their ineffectual attempts to discover nonentities, and make themselves invisible to mortal ken; for, as Bovet tells us, 'One went to gather it [fern-seed], and the spirits whisked about his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat and other parts of his body. In fine, though he apprehended that he had gotten a quantity of it secured in papers, and a box besides, he found all empty;' that is, the seed having been at length discovered, dark and malignant spirits, enraged at the prospect of man appropriating to himself their peculiar privilege, attacked the daring depredator (perchance under the forms of owls and bats), and bore from him his long-sought booty.

Nor was invisibility the only boon to be obtained by means of the fern-seed: it had other powers, darkly hinted at by some, and more openly declared by others: in fact it was a most powerful vegetable charm if gathered on St John's (midsummer) Eve, more so if the night, says Semnius, should prove tempestuous; and in later times, Gerarde speaks much of the uses to which superstition had applied the much-sought fern-seed. Dioscorides, Iraqus, and Schbruhr, speak much and mysteriously of this plant as a charm against witchcraft; whilst Bovet gravely states his conviction that these 'are of the devil's own contriving; that having once ensnared men to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to a stricter vassalage.' Even serpents, it is to be supposed, were aware of the powers of this herb, as Pliny tells us that they are rarely found under it. In addition to the non-discovery of the seed, the 'strange figures and unknown letters' which were seen on cutting the stem across, had their influence on the susceptible minds of our forefathers.

Among the more practical superstitions respecting this tribe of plants, we may notice that of placing children on a bed of green fern as a cure for rickets. It may also be pleasant to the *ennuyée* to know that the goldilocks (*P. vulgare*) was formerly considered an infallible remedy for melancholia. We have a theory of our own on this subject, which we shall hereafter unfold.

It would be tedious to mention all the diseases for which ferns were considered panaceas; so, after stating that the root of *Polypodium dhyopteris* would, it was believed, take off the hair, we will proceed to our own superstition respecting melancholia, intreating such of our readers as may be troubled with this most wearing disease of the mind to pay great attention to our assertion that *P. vulgare*, in common with other ferns, will materially assist in effecting his or her cure. We do not even, like the wizards of old, ask for faith in our nostrum; we only ask obedience to our rules, and the faith shall be worked out by the cure perfected. Let the patient, say we, commence by such gentle strolls as shall bring him to the charmed spots where

> 'The fern delights to grow;'

let him gradually proceed to gather a few of the more striking and beautiful fronds; let him place them frequently and carefully before his eyes, examining them attentively, until he feel a strong desire to know something of their structure and history (if he be assisted by a microscope, the miracle will in all probability be more speedy), or wish to discover how many different kinds grow within the limits of his daily rambles; then let him have recourse to some of the many interesting and scientific botanical works which have been written for this purpose; let him study these works *in the fields and woods*, until he feel imbued with a quiet but intense love of beautiful and graceful forms of this most interesting tribe of plants—until he can say, from the depths of his heart,

> 'Dear as they are beautiful
> Are those fern leaves to me'—

until, when he thinks of his former insipid pursuits, he can add,

> 'Far dearer to me yon lone vale o' green bracken;'

let him all this time remember that in Eastern lands, where they talk with flowers, the fern is the true and appropriate emblem of sincerity and friendship. Let him secretly bear the lessons thus learned in his bosom

* Phil. Nat. Hist. lib. 27, cap. lv.

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when called upon to mingle in the crowded city; let him exhibit it somewhat more openly when amongst his own friends, family, and dependants; and our authority's word for it, the cure is completed.

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Parents possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, 'Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them.' Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchaseable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilised people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity: the provocations to the working of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children *quiet*, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms: he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert-room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or to put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Our opinion is, that the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—the child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affections, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving its parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offence than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards each other, and towards their servants and children, the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amusement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old

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rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity: obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation, cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

This is no ideal picture. We could point to families where the scions of the house, and even the children of strangers, have been the subjects of a domestic education such as we describe, and where the results have been the realisation of the desideratum we set out with —namely, the adjustment of the fresh generation to the civilisation attained by the old.

THE HIGHLAND CONVOY.

A few months ago I indulged myself in a sail down the Firth of Clyde in one of the countless steamers of the river. To me this is like a returning voyage *up* the stream of time; for every murmur of these haunted waters is laden with the voices of other years, and from every nook of the varied shores there start forth to meet me the spirits of the past. I am in a dream, which is not all a dream, for the places are substantial realities, although the persons are shadows: and the spectral show receives no interruption from the cold stony images of humanity by whom I am surrounded on the deck, for these belong in a remarkable manner to the present world, and to the new form into which society has been cast in the course of the last thirty years.

On the occasion referred to, the somewhat uncommon circumstance occurred of my exchanging looks, and finally words, with one of my fellow-passengers. He was a man well on to fifty years of age; but although his head was already sprinkled with the snows of time, his step was elastic, his eye clear, though serious, and his forehead smooth and white, as if it possessed some natural power of repulsion to throw off the cares of the world, that draw the brows of other men into wrinkles. What attracted me, however, was his air of solitariness, his abstraction from the things and persons of the present, and I knew by intuition that he was conversing, like myself, with the world of shadows. This actually proved to be the case. He had left the Clyde (the opposite shore from mine) in early youth, and after a long pursuit of happiness and fortune, returned a few years ago, convinced that the former was an illusion, and the latter merely independence, irrespective of the amount of income. We were soon well acquainted; nay, old friends. And what wonder? since our companionship led us to trace back together for one score and ten years the stream of time, and made us feel, as we paced the deck side by side, that every step conducted us farther and farther from the living.

After some hours had been spent in this way, my new-old friend was curious to learn the circumstances of my return; but I had nothing to relate beyond the disagreeable impressions made upon me by the people, in their transition state between picturesque rudeness and cold refinement—a state in which they had lost the cordial warmth of the one, before gaining the elegance of the other.

'It is not that I mean,' said he. 'But after so long an absence, and so unexpected a return, did you meet with nothing remarkable, no incident, no adventure, no?'—— I smiled, and my companion looked grave.

'It was too late in the day!' I replied, touching ostentatiously with my glove a whisker which is not yet *utterly* gray.

'It is not that I mean,' he repeated more impatiently, and with some touch of disdain. 'We are both of us, it is to be hoped, too old for romance, and too wise for the delusions of a sex placed among mankind as a trial and a test, a mockery and a punishment. You met, then, with nothing remarkable?—nothing to signalise your return?—nothing to stand forward as a landmark in your memory connecting the epochs of your life from boyhood even to middle age? Would but I could say the same!'

'Say anything but the same,' cried I. 'I am thankful that you have an adventure to relate, and you ought to be thankful that you have a listener to hear it. Let us sit down, for the evening has stolen upon us unawares, and there is nothing more to be seen on these dusky shores.'

'It *was* in the dusk,' began my companion, when we had seated ourselves side by side—

'At what season?'

'When the autumn was far advanced; when the Clyde, like our own heads, my friend, had put on her livery of gray and brown; and when the nights were long and chill, but steeped in the radiance of a harvest moon. My elder brother is a petty laird in the country we have been talking of, on the Highland or right bank of the river, and his house stands in a wild nook of the hills a little more than fifteen miles from the shore. I had informed him by letter of the time I expected to be with him; and, thanks to the regularity of this kind of navigation, I landed in a small boat from the steamer on the appointed day. This was the first time I had touched Scottish ground for thirty years; and even at the rude hamlet, well known to me in my early days, I observed some of the changes that were afterwards so obtrusive. Indeed the only individual among the lookers-on who harmonised completely with my boyish recollections was a wild-looking Highlander; and even him, in consequence of the change that had taken place in *me*, I could not help regarding with a feeling of distrust and dislike. And yet the fellow, with his erect athletic figure, his unkempt locks, flowing from beneath a broad blue bonnet, his mist-coloured plaid, drawn from one shoulder over a broad chest, with the end hanging down gracefully behind, and his trews, furled up to his knee, so as to display the naked leg and foot of a young Hercules, presented a fine specimen of the unreclaimed Gael. I believe, however, that my suspicions were at first excited by nothing more than the eager attention with which he regarded my baggage as I gave it into the charge of the boatman, and the avidity with which he listened to, and appeared to treasure up, my directions as to its being taken care of till sent for on the following day. When his keen eye caught mine fixed upon him with severity, he looked down instantaneously, as if afraid of betraying his thoughts, and shrank aside with a sudden abjectness of deference which by no means disarmed my suspicion.

Soon after, a new circumstance occurred to draw my attention to this man. Having taken some refreshment in the little public-house, to prepare me for a walk of fifteen miles over a mountainous country, I

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pulled out my purse, to be ready to pay my reckoning as I went out. I had no more silver, and while hunting in a handful of gold for a half-sovereign to change, the little window of the room darkened, and I looked up: the Highlander stood outside, with his nose literally flattened against the glass, and his eyes fastened upon the treasure with a wolf-like glare that made me start. His expression, naturally wild and fierce, was at this moment tinged with an exulting joy, throwing an illumination, like that of a torch, over the whole face. A foreboding of evil crossed my mind; but instead of attending to it, I rose up like a man in a dream, and went out mechanically. I paid my reckoning, and took my way to the hills.' Here the narrator paused, and looked towards the darkening shore, as if tracing in imagination some route full of pain and peril.

'Come,' said I at length, 'proceed: I should not wonder if we hear a little more, before all is done, of your bare-legged vagabond!'

'Hurry me not,' replied my friend solemnly: 'it must come as it will, or not at all. As you proceed in this direction from the Clyde, the country is much confused with hills, woods, and masses of rock; but it is not till you arrive at the glen through which the mountain tributary rushes that waters my brother's property, that you observe the grander features of the picture. In the meantime, in following the wild road I had often traversed when a boy, I was struck with the *shrunken* character of the objects. Those hills appeared to me to be small, and those woods mere shrubberies, on which my imagination had hitherto dwelt as so many mountains and forests, and a strong feeling of disappointment began to gather upon my mind, when my thoughts were led suddenly into a new channel. On reaching the summit of an eminence lofty enough to afford a more extensive view than the huddled nature of the scenery usually permitted, I saw a plaided figure disappearing behind an angle of a rock in the distance. I saw this object only for an instant, but I could not be mistaken: it was the Highlander. I even thought he turned his head over his shoulder, as if to watch whether I was following; but in this I may have been mistaken. Now I am not more deficient in animal courage than another; but I had gold in my pocket, and papers of still more value, and although armed, like him, with a serviceable staff, I was conscious that I had been for many years out of training, and should be as easily plucked as a pigeon by that Gaelic vulture. In short, without a second thought, I forsook the beaten road, and trusting to my recollection of the face of the country, made for my destination by a circuitous route.

'It was now late in the afternoon, and if I would reach my brother's house before the departure of daylight, it was necessary to step out. I did so to some purpose; but after more than an hour's hard walking, I began to have some doubt as to the landmarks, and lost considerable time in ascending a hill to obtain a general view of the district. I found that my detour had been greater than I contemplated; but still I was right in the main, and I clearly saw a gap in the mountains beyond, in which was the resting-place I sought. But the strong lights on the higher ground, contrasted by the deep shadows below, made me begin to calculate time and distance in some anxiety; and when at length I descended to the level of the route I had chosen, it was not without uneasiness I found that daylight had entirely deserted the lower regions of the earth. Had this change come on gradually, I should perhaps have felt it little; but one moment to have the ruddy beams of the still visible sun in my eyes, and the next to be plunged in permanent and still deepening gloom, was, in circumstances like mine, a little trying to the nerves: but at that moment I saw on the summit of a hill before me, just touched, and no more, by the level rays of the west, a human figure. This would, in any case, have been a picturesque and striking object, bathed as it was in a mellow light, which appeared to sever it from the dark rounded mass on which it stood; but the outline of the plaid and bonnet invested it at the moment with a character of the preternatural; and as I stood gazing with distended eyes, I fancied that the Highlander was penetrating, with the glance of a bird of prey, the gloom in which I stood. But this absurd notion lasted not longer than a minute.'

'I use the freedom of saying,' said I, taking advantage of a catching of the breath which interrupted the narration—'I use the freedom of saying that it gives me much pleasure to hear it! I am tired of that thievish cateran, and I would we had you at the death-grips without more ado.'

'I was tired likewise,' continued my companion, 'and with more cause than you. Whether he had actually seen me I could not tell; but this I know, that when threading soon after a belt of fir, I saw him waiting for me at the opening as distinctly as I now see you. On this occasion I did not shun him. My pride was touched, and my temper chafed; and grasping my staff by the middle, I advanced to try the fate of battle, if it was that he wanted. When I reached the edge of the belt, the plaided figure was gone. It had flitted to a distance of twice the space I had traversed, and was just disappearing behind a mountain rock.

'But either owing to the familiarity of the appearance, or to the presence of danger of another kind, I soon ceased to think much of the Highlander. I was now entering upon the wild and romantic portions of the landscape; and those features, the contemplation of which in the daytime would have filled me with a poetical enjoyment, had now much more of the terrible than sufficed for the composition of the sublime. I could already hear, borne on the wailing night-wind, the roar of the mountain river, and was entering the savage valley, or rather glen on a larger scale, through which it wanders, now sweeping in a full deep stream, and now tumbling in headlong rapids. The ford I sought, as nearly as I could judge, was at least two miles distant; and between was a country not very easy of travel even in the daylight, and at this uncertain hour, full of danger for the unaccustomed wayfarer. Lamenting the folly which had exposed me to such perils, for the sake of escaping the perhaps imaginary one of a conflict with the Highland robber, I pushed cautiously on, now glaring at some indefinite shadow in my path, which might be the opening of an abyss, and now starting as the roar of waters broke upon my ear, coming up, as it were, from a chasm at my feet. Have you ever traversed a wild uneven country when the twilight was fading into night?'

'Yes,' said I, 'and one not very far from yours—within the huge shadow of Ben Lomond.'

'Then I need not describe the bewilderment of mind under which a man labours, the shock with which he strikes against a stone, while supposing that he is stepping down a declivity, and the headlong descent into which he plunges, while raising his foot to climb. In my case the uncertainty was all the more perplexing, from the knowledge I had that I was in the near neighbourhood of precipices, diving sheer down several hundred feet to the bed of the river. It now became darker and darker; the gusty wind came more wailingly over the heath; and although the harvest moon had long risen, the glare she gave at long intervals through the densely-packed clouds only served to prophesy the danger it did not reveal.'

'And the Highland thief? Where was he by this time?'

'I cannot tell. Sometimes I thought I saw his figure sketched upon the dull sky behind; and sometimes I heard—perhaps only in imagination—his footsteps close by my side. My thoughts, however, were now concentrated upon a much more imminent peril; for the night came down upon my path in thick darkness, and at length the moon ceased to emerge from the rack that hurried across the sky; but when the stratum of cloud was less dense than usual, merely signified her whereabout by a faint spectral gleam, that wrapped the

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world for an instant in a formless wiading-sheet, and then left it to the blackness of the grave. My situation was very tantalising, for I could not be at any great distance from what I knew to be a safe and easy ford, at the opposite side of which my brother's lands commenced. It was impossible, however, to advance otherwise than slowly and cautiously; for although I could not tell the exact locality I was in, I knew that somewhere in this neighbourhood there were frightful precipices, plunging sheer down into the river, and every now and then I continued to hear the ominous voice of the waters ascending from depths that seemed close at my feet. It was impossible, however, that this could continue much longer. I had now been for a considerable time in the tract of the cliffs, and I should soon no doubt find the country begin to open, and sink into the smoothly-swelling mounds of turf that swept down like billows to the ford.

'I had in fact arrived at what appeared to me to be this point in my journey, for in front I suddenly missed —or imagined that I did so—the dark masses of shadow which the rocks and jungle had hitherto left upon the sky. I pushed forward with more confidence, although it was now almost pitch dark. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I recognised the very stones over which I stumbled; and when turning the angle of a rock, which I could feel like a wall upon my right hand, and *almost* see through the gloom, I was about to thank God that my difficulties were at an end. At that moment a wild cry smote upon my ear, and turning my head with a superstitious thrill, I saw, by one of the momentary glimpses of the moon, the plaided figure standing in relief against the sky. The idea immediately flashed through my brain that I, in my sheltered situation, must be unseen by him, and that it would be to the last degree absurd to dare the issue of an encounter which he had seemed to defer purposely till I was completely worn out, and almost fainting from fatigue. Onward, therefore, I plunged; but on turning the angle of the wall of rock, there was another and a very different cry! It was the roar of waters, softened by distance, and yet seeming to come from some fathomless abyss at my very feet. I could not resist my impetus, for the ground sloped, although I had the presence of mind to throw myself down; but even this was unavailing, and I rolled over the precipice!' Here the narrator paused to wipe his brow, although the evening was cold. I began to feel nervous. The lights on the shore seemed to dance before my eyes, and I acknowledge that I awaited the sequel of the adventure in some trepidation.

'You are over the precipice,' said I at length.

'Yes; but holding on, like grim death, to the top, and digging my feet into its crevices. Yet to what purpose? My head was rather under than above the summit of the cliff; and being able to find a resting-place only for the points of my toes, I had no purchase for an effort to climb. What possibility of escape was there left? Even had I been able to hang on for an indefinite time, I might be bleaching there for weeks, in that wild and lonely country, before attracting observation. I cried for help, hoping that the robber himself might hear me; but the sound fell dull and dead against the rock, and the kelpie voices below seemed to scream in derision. This was the rest to which I had returned after thirty years' battling with the world; this was the salutation I received from my native river! I think my brain began to wander, as the conviction gathered force that I could not much longer maintain my hold; for I replied to the shrieking cries that rose from the abyss, and yelled hoarsely, not in hope, but defiance. But this mood was not of long duration: it was the last symptom of the fever which burned in my blood, through over-excitement of mind and body; and as my limbs began to stiffen, and my fingers to lose sensation, a dreamy calm descended upon my soul.

'Then rose the spirits of memory upon the night. Some there came from the village churchyard, embosomed in the gap of the mountains: they were my mother, two sisters, and a baby phantom, who opened its arms as of yore, and tried to say "Brother!" Some there came from beneath the tumbling surges of the Atlantic: they were my father and a young cousin. Some there came from the southron country, some from far lands, some from cities, some from hamlets: they were my friends, enemies, rivals, benefactors—fellow-wayfarers in the journey of life. How terrible it is to meet the dead! There was not one of that company I saw without self-reproach. Oh that I had listened to those saintly counsels which were wont to be poured into my ear in bed, till they mingled with the hymns of angels in my childish dreams! Oh that I had left harsh words unspoken, low sentiments unthought, ignoble deeds undone! And she!—is it possible that I judged her wrongly? Could that seeming phantom of delight be indeed a fiend of the abyss? or are the songs of poets true when they tell that faith, mercy, and gentleness are attributes of woman, and that

"Love is no cheat, and happiness no dream?"'

'My dear friend,' said I, when he began to quote poetry, 'were not your fingers benumbed by this time?'

'They were altogether devoid of sensation, and yet I felt that they were slipping slowly from their hold. At that moment a faint and momentary glimpse of the moon revealed a face looking down upon me from the brink of the cliff—a face which I recognised distinctly as that of the plaided Highlander. But what mattered this? I was surrounded by faces of all sorts, and the faint roar of the waters beneath was heavy with human voices. That this apparition was as unsubstantial as the rest, was evident from its looking at me with a strange and eager stare, without moving hand or foot either to rescue or destroy me; and yet it was not without a shudder that I saw it leap wildly from the precipice, and felt the waving of its plaid as it shot past me into the abyss.

"Fat ta deil is t'ou sticking to the stanes for, like a wul'-cat?" cried the mocking spectre beneath me; and it drew my feet, with a sudden jerk, from the side of the precipice. My benumbed fingers could no longer support the dead weight of my body; and as they slipped from their hold, a wild scream broke from my lips, and mingled with the manifold voices of the river below. I fell, and all was over.' Here the narrator paused, and wiped his brow again.

'*You* were over,' said I with a gasp, as a sudden suspicion flashed across my mind that my friend was insane! 'What became of you? Were you brained, or drowned, or hurried away in an eddy of the night-wind by the spectre Gael?'

'I lost my senses for a time, and when I reopened my eyes, the whole scene was steeped in a flood of moonlight. I was lying upon one of the billowy mounds of turf that sweep down to the ford; and looking up, I saw the edge of the face of rock from which I had fallen at a height of little more than six feet! Had I been able to put down my feet only a few inches, I should have felt the solid earth; but this being impossible without loosing my hold of the summit, I had hung for more than an hour in a position as terrible as the mind of man can conceive, although its terrors were purely imaginary.'

'And the Highlander?' said I, a little disconcerted, if the truth must be told, at my friend's safety.

'He was a favourite servant of my brother's, and had been deputed to conduct me home; although feeling, as he did instinctively, the mistrust and dislike with which I regarded him from the outset, and rendered diffident by his almost total ignorance of English, he had executed his mission by watching over me from a distance. After all, had it not been for the kindliness of this faithful fellow's nature, united with his strength of limb, I must have passed the rest of the night on the hill-side, and thus submitted to a consummation I had

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suffered so much to avoid. But he supported me to the ford; and then catching me up in his arms, as I drew back, afraid of my feebleness, bore me across the torrent, striding from stone to stone with a firmness and rapidity of step that were altogether marvellous.'

'And so ended the convoy of Donald Macdonald?'

'Not quite. Although a tender welcome, a good supper, and a cosy bed restored me to my usual vigour, that was not the last night I stuck to these awful stones "like a wul'-cat." To this day, when my health is out of order, or my mind darkened with the shadows of the world, the midnight rock, the plaided Gael, and the spectre faces of the past, return upon my dreams—and perhaps I do not feel myself to be the worse man for having endured the horrors of the Highland Convoy.' L. R.

SIR JOHN BARROW.

The life of Sir John Barrow, who has recently died full of years and of honours, presents a remarkable instance of the success which almost invariably attends untiring industry and perseverance of purpose. His was not that headlong enthusiasm which pursues with ardour some unattainable object, while it turns away with disgust from the homely duties and circumstances of life. The most marked features of his character were 'an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness,' and a promptitude in seizing every opportunity of instruction, whereby he was enabled in early life to acquire a large stock of practical information, all of which proved serviceable to him during the more eventful period of his later years. He was born in June 1764, in a small cottage in the obscure village of Dragleybeck, near Ulverstone, North Lancashire; but perhaps his early life may be best described in his own words, as quoted from a very interesting autobiographical memoir which appeared only a year or two ago. He writes:—'I was the only child of Roger and Mary Barrow. The small cottage which gave me birth had been in my mother's family nearly two hundred years, and had descended to her aunt, who lived in it to the age of eighty; and in it my mother died at the advanced age of ninety. To the cottage were attached three or four small fields, sufficient for the keep of as many cows, which supplied our family with milk and butter, besides reserving a portion of land for a crop of oats. There was also a paddock behind the cottage, appropriated to the cultivation of potatoes, peas, beans, and other culinary vegetables, which, with the grain, fell to the labour of my father, who, with several brothers, the sons of an extensive farmer, was brought up to that business in the neighbourhood of the lakes. At the bottom of the paddock runs the beck or brook, a clear stream, that gives the name to the village, and abounds with trout. Contiguous to the cottage was also a small flower garden, which in due time fell to my share—that is, while yet a young boy, I had full charge of keeping up a supply of the ordinary flowers of the season. I did more: I planted a number of trees of different kinds, which grew well, but long after I left home many of them were destroyed. One of them, however, it appears, has survived, and must now be from seventy to seventy-five years old; and the mention of it kindles in my bosom a spark of gratitude, which an imputation of vanity even will not allow me to suppress.'

The only scholastic education Barrow ever received was at the Ulverstone Town Bank Grammar-school; at first under the tuition of an old man named Hodgson, who was very ignorant, but kind to his pupils. One day, being pleased with Barrow's proficiency, he brought him into his wife's shop (for she was a sort of stationer), and spreading on the counter a great number of books for young people, desired him to choose any one he pleased as a present. 'I pitched,' writes Sir John, 'upon a small history of the Bible with woodcuts, which so pleased the old man, that he foretold to my parents that I should prove a treasure to them. Trifling as this was, it produced its effect, and has on many occasions recurred to my memory.'

When Barrow was about eight years old, the Town Bank School passed under the care of an excellent classical scholar, the Rev. William Tyson Walker, curate of the parish church; and he enjoyed this gentleman's instructions until he was thirteen, at which time he had advanced to the head of his class, having read Livy, Horace, Virgil, Homer, &c. He also acquired some knowledge of mathematics from a perambulating teacher who used to pay an annual visit to Ulverstone, and gave lessons in an apartment adjoining the school.

About this time one or two circumstances occurred, which, trivial as they may appear, exercised a considerable influence on the future events of his life. Just as he was about to leave school, a gentleman who had the care of Colonel Braddyll's estates in Yorkshire called on the master of Town Bank to know if he could recommend two of the youths best informed in arithmetic and geometrical calculations to assist him in taking an accurate survey of the colonel's extensive estate of Conished Priory, near Ulverstone. He immediately named Zaccheus Walker, his nephew, and young Barrow. They gladly agreed to the proposed arrangement; but neither of them feeling qualified to go alone, they consented on the understanding that all should be done under the direction of Mr Cottam, the agent to Colonel Braddyll.

'We remained,' writes Barrow, 'at the Priory about two months, in which time we completed the survey, to the satisfaction, as I afterwards learned, of Colonel Braddyll, and I may add, for my own part, to my incalculable benefit, derived from witnessing the practised methods of conducting a survey of the various descriptions of surface—for it contained all—level, hilly, woodland, and water; and it was not the less useful to me, from the practical knowledge acquired of the theodolite and of the several mathematical instruments in the possession of Mr Cottam. In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London some years afterwards, I published a small treatise to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds, and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother.

'Another circumstance occurred on leaving school, apparently of little importance, to which, notwithstanding, I must to a certain extent trace back my future fortunate progress in life, as will hereafter be shown. Five or six of the upper boys agreed to subscribe for the purpose of purchasing a celestial globe, and also a map of the heavens, which were lodged in the mathematical apartment of Town Bank School, to be made use of jointly or separately, as should be decided on. Our cottage at Dragleybeck was distant a mile or more, yet such was my eagerness of acquiring a practical knowledge of the globe and map, that I never omitted a starlight night without attending to the favourite pursuit of determining certain constellations and their principal stars, for one, two, or three hours, according as they continued above the horizon. It was a pleasure then, and a profit thereafter.'

About this time Barrow got acquainted with the son of a neighbouring farmer, an intelligent youth, who, having been severely wounded while serving in the navy, had returned home with the desire of studying for orders; and Barrow gladly assisted in 'brushing up his mathematics, and still more his classics;' while the midshipman as readily initiated him in the mysteries of navigation, a sort of knowledge which he thought might prove useful in case of his betaking himself to a seafaring life.

In this manner were Barrow's leisure hours passed during a year he spent at home: he also amused himself with scientific experiments; and having fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite, he prepared a string, steeped in salt water, with a glass

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handle to it, and flying his kite, obtained abundance of sparks. An old woman, curious to see what was going on, our young philosopher could not resist the temptation to give her a shock, which so frightened her, that she spread a report that he was no better than he should be; for that he was drawing down fire from heaven. The alarm ran throughout the village, and his mother prevailed on him to lay aside his kite.

Barrow being earnestly desirous to increase his mathematical knowledge, and having been informed that there lived in the hills an old farmer named Gibson, who went among his neighbours by the appellation of the *wise man*, on account of his profound knowledge on almost every subject, and more especially of mathematics, he walked some eight or nine miles to see this rustic wonder, and was so charmed with his new acquaintance, that he repeated his visit three or four times. From this intercourse with Mr Gibson resulted happy consequences to him in after-life.

Barrow had now completed his fourteenth year, and began seriously to reflect on his future prospects. His parents were very desirous that he should enter into holy orders, and offered, out of their scanty means, to support him as a *sizer* in one of the universities; but he did not think himself suited for that sacred profession, and begged to take his chance a little longer, in the hope that something might turn up to afford him employment more suitable to his feelings. About this time a lady from Liverpool called one day at the cottage, and said, without ceremony, that her husband was Mr Walker, the proprietor of a large iron foundry in Liverpool; and that, in the course of her visit to the north, he had wished her to look out for an active intelligent youth to superintend the workmen, and keep the accounts of the factory, under the guidance and instruction of one who, from age and infirmity, could not long continue his employment; that the youth would live in the family; and that they had one son, of about ten years of age, who, being of a weakly habit, it was their object to give him instruction at home, at least for some time to come. 'Now,' she said, addressing young Barrow, 'from the character I have heard of you at Ulverstone, I think you would answer our purpose; and if you think that such an appointment would suit you, I will write to my husband on the subject.'

The proposal was not only most flattering, but otherwise welcome to a youth of fourteen, who longed for employment, and who was also desirous of relieving his parents from the expense of maintaining him at home. Accordingly, he was soon domesticated in Mr Walker's family, where he spent two years in useful and honourable occupation; but the death of his employer was followed by the disposal of the iron foundry to another merchant, and once more Barrow found himself without employment. Just at this time he happened to meet a relative of Mrs Walker's who was engaged in the Greenland whale-fishery, and who proposed that he should fill up a few months of his leisure time by taking a trip with him to the frozen seas; saying that he would be glad to give him a berth in the ship, and that such as his table afforded he should share with him. This kind offer was embraced with eagerness, and shortly after they embarked in the good ship 'Peggy,' and put to sea.

This northward voyage was full of interest to one possessing so inquisitive a turn of mind as Barrow. The plains of ice on the eastern coast of Greenland, with their immense herds of seals strewed on the surface; the jagged mountains of Spitzbergen, with their lower slopes clothed with lichens and saxifrage; the excitement of a whale chase and capture—such were the outward objects which captivated his attention, while at the same time he pursued the study of nautical lore both in its practice and theory so successfully, that Captain Potts said another voyage would make him as good a seaman as any in his ship. He further attempted, by way of filling up the long day of perpetual sun, to write a poem on the arctic regions; but very soon discovered that poetry was not his forte: nor were the materials he had to work upon of the most inviting nature to the Muse; 'for,' as he truly says, 'the feats and fates of whales and narwhales, morses, seals, bears, and foxes, malmouks, burgomasters, and strontjaggers, could afford but rugged materials for blank verse.'

After a few months' absence from England, he returned to his cottage home, bearing with him a couple of the jaw-bones of a whale, which he set up as gateposts to the entrance of a small croft close to his parents' dwelling. Here he was gladly welcomed by many; but from none did he receive a more cordial reception than from his respected master the Rev. Mr Walker, and his old friend, the *wise man* of the hills, Mr Gibson. The latter asked a thousand questions about navigating ships in an icy sea; and having ascertained what progress Barrow had made in nautical science, urged him to aim at further advance. 'No young man,' he observed, 'should stop short in any pursuit he undertakes till he has conquered the whole; for, without a profession, as you are, you cannot tell to what good use knowledge of any kind may be applied. Shut up in this retreat, the extent of my knowledge is of a very limited and unproductive kind; but it has been of use to my two sons in London, one of whom stands high in the Bank of England, and the other is manager of Calvert's brewery: it has also been sometimes of use to my neighbours.'

'The good old farmer encouraged me to persevere in my studies, and especially in mathematics, which were a sure foundation for astronomy, and all the rest. I took leave, and thanked him for all his kindness.'

At this time Barrow's mind was much perplexed concerning his future course in life; but he was too manly to indulge in despondency; and it was curious enough that, through one of the sons of this *wise man*, came the first opening of which he felt any desire to avail himself; for, owing to the recommendation of Mr Gibson of the Bank, he obtained the situation of mathematical teacher in the academy of Dr James at Greenwich. There he spent between two and three years, afterwards fixing himself in London, where he communicated instruction in mathematics to many persons among the higher classes of society. In the course of the year 1791 he became acquainted with Sir George Staunton, who called on him one day to inquire whether he could bestow a portion of his leisure in instructing his only son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age. To this proposal Barrow gladly acceded. 'I suppose,' said Sir George, 'you are practically acquainted with astronomy, and know the constellations and principal stars by name? I am a great advocate for practical knowledge!' Barrow answered in the affirmative; and 'the constellations and astronomy,' he adds, 'brought vividly to my mind my old friend Mr Gibson, and the globe and the map of the Town Bank School; and I was more than ever persuaded that all is for the best.' Thus was laid the foundation of a friendship which ended only with life; and Barrow always acknowledged with gratitude that to Sir George Staunton's unvarying kindness he was indebted for all the good fortune which attended him through life.

A few months later, Sir George Staunton having been appointed to accompany Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, in the capacity of secretary of embassy and minister plenipotentiary, that gentleman contrived to have young Barrow's name placed on the list of the ambassador's suite as comptroller of the household; and this arrangement filled him with such joy, that (as he expresses it) he was 'overwhelmed with delight.'

Previous to launching out into the new world now opening before him, he contrived to visit his parents at Dragleybeck; and we cannot forbear noting down the brief sketch he gives of the good old couple at this period of his life. 'I found my parents happy and well; but my mother's eyesight, which had long been failing, was now quite gone; the principal uneasiness it occasioned her was her inability to attend divine service, the church being a mile from the cottage; my father

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and mother having, for more than twenty years, never missed the two Sunday services; but my father read to her the morning lessons and the evening service regularly every Sunday. The loss of sight never interfered with my mother's usual cheerfulness, and the young ladies of Ulverstone were her constant and agreeable visitors.'

Barrow had just completed his twenty-eighth year when he sailed in Lord Macartney's suite on the 26th September 1792. Our space will not admit of any extracts from the journal he kept during his voyage to China, and visits to Chusan, Pekin, and Canton. We may, however, be allowed to quote one passage which bears upon the earlier part of his history. Among the costly presents sent by George III. to the emperor of China, were several valuable mathematical and scientific instruments, which, on the arrival of the embassy in Pekin, were delivered to the care of Barrow, in order that they should be fitted up in the great hall of audience, in the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, for the emperor's inspection. This charge he felt to be a serious one, when he found himself surrounded by the members of the tribunal of mathematics, and other learned personages, all asking him questions concerning astronomy, mathematics, &c. 'How often,' he exclaims, 'when among these people, did I think of my poor old friend Gibson, and how much I was indebted to him!'

After an absence of two years from England, Barrow landed at Spithead in the ambassador's suite, on the 6th September 1794. Sir George Staunton's house was now his home, where, besides the instruction bestowed on Mr Staunton, he was busily employed in compiling and arranging the materials for Sir George's official account of the embassy to China. He, however, obtained a few weeks' leave of absence, to run down to Ulverstone to see his parents, whom he found quite well, and 'delighted at his safe return.' There he found himself looked upon as a curiosity; for at that time it was by no means so ordinary a matter to traverse the globe, as it is in the present day; and a man who had visited Pekin, and seen the emperor of China, was regarded as a wonder.

On his return to London, Barrow resumed his usual course of life; and among his other engagements was that of accompanying Mr Staunton three days in the week to Kew Gardens, where they used to botanise with Aiton's 'Hortus Kuvensis' in their hands, which, in Barrow's future travels in South Africa, was of the greatest service to him, Kew being in possession of specimens of a large portion of the Flora of the Cape of Good Hope.

Towards the close of 1796, the Cape of Good Hope having fallen into our hands, its government was committed to Lord Macartney, who immediately appointed Barrow as his private secretary—a nomination equally honourable and agreeable to him; and on the 4th of May 1797 he landed in Cape Town in health and high spirits. Here a new sphere of duty awaited him, which he filled with the same energy and diligence which had marked his course throughout life. Owing to the refractory state of the Boers in the colony, Lord Macartney, on his first arrival, found himself encompassed with difficulties, which were increased by an utter ignorance of the geography of the country. He intrusted Barrow with a mission to the Boers at Graaff Reynet, which was exploratory as well as conciliatory in its object. Having fulfilled this mission most satisfactorily, he subsequently volunteered his services in other expeditions, with the view of becoming acquainted with the people, as well as with the productions of the country, and of ascertaining the geographical positions and boundaries of the various settlements, which at that time were most imperfectly known. 'Thus,' as he briefly expresses it, 'between the 1st of July 1796 and the 18th January 1797, I had traversed every part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the several countries of the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Bosjesmen; performing a journey exceeding three thousand miles on horseback, very rarely in a covered wagon, and full one-half of the distance as a pedestrian. During the whole time (with the exception of a few nights passed at the Drosdy-house of Graaff Reynet) I never slept under a roof, but always in a wagon, and in the cot that I brought with me in the good ship "Trusty" from England.'

His services on these occasions were duly appreciated by Lord Macartney, who, in the following year, appointed him to the situation of auditor-general of public accounts, civil and military, with a salary of L.1000; and Barrow was so overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude at this unexpected good fortune, that it literally took away his speech for a moment, so that he could only bow in silence to his kind benefactor. Soon afterwards, the narrative of his African travels was published in England, under the direction of his unfailing friend Sir George Staunton, who obtained for the work a sum of L.900. But this growing prosperity was damped by the loss of his venerable father, and the subsequent death of Sir George Staunton, who had deservedly won his most grateful and affectionate attachment.

He now resolved to 'sit down quietly to audit with diligence and regularity the public accounts, which was an important part of his duty; to marry a wife; and that being accomplished, to look out for a small comfortable house near the town, and to become a country gentleman in South Africa.' 'Accordingly,' he continues, 'at Stellensbosch, in August 1799, I was united in marriage to Miss Anna Maria Trüter, the only daughter of Peter John Trüter, Esq., member of the Court of Justice, a lady whose acquaintance I had made the first week of our arrival at the Cape. In the early part of 1800 I purchased a house, with a paddock, garden, and vineyard attached, named the Liesbeek Cottage, from the river of that name, which flowed past the foot of the grounds. My house looked on the west side of the Table Mountain, which sloped down almost to the gate, and presented a picturesque mass of varied rock and native plants, among which the erica and protea were conspicuous; and of the latter the argentea, or silver-tree, prevailed. My family consisted of myself, my wife and child, an old nurse, and four other servants. My stud was limited to two stout carriage-horses for drawing a curricle, and two saddle-horses. I had an Indian groom and a helper.'

At this pleasant home Mr Barrow passed about two years, in the diligent fulfilment of his official duties, as well as in attendance on other matters connected with the improvement of the colony; but in 1802, the Cape of Good Hope being, in compliance with the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, surrendered to the Batavian republic, Mr Barrow prepared to return to his native land, accompanied by his wife and child.

His services at the Cape had been fully appreciated by Lord Macartney and General Dundas, through whose influence he was, shortly after his arrival in England, presented to Mr Pitt and Lord Melville, who, on their accession to power in 1804, gave him the appointment of second secretary to the Admiralty. On the occasion of his first official visit to Lord Melville, he writes thus:—'In taking leave, with expressions of gratitude for his lordship's kindness—"By the way," he said, laughing, "I hope you are not a Scotchman?" "No, my lord; I am only a Borderer—I am North Lancashire." He then said, "Mr Pitt and myself, but chiefly the latter, have been so much taunted for giving away all the good things to Scotchmen, that I am very glad on the present occasion to have selected an Englishman!"'

Mr Barrow was still in the prime of life when he found himself placed in an honourable and useful position, where (with the interval of a few months) he served his country diligently during forty years—a most eventful period of our national history; and he says in his memoirs, with a certain degree of modest self-gratulation, that having served during that period under twelve or thirteen several naval administrations, he had

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'reason to believe that he had given satisfaction to all of them;' adding—'I am happy in the reflection that I have experienced kindness and attention from all.'

Amid his numerous professional duties, he found time to write several popular works, as well as to contribute largely to our periodical literature;* and he observes that these mental exercises, conjointly with personal exertions and moderate habits, had, he believed, tended to keep up his 'flow of health and of animal spirits much beyond the usual period of human existence.' Sir James Graham seems to have truly portrayed his character when, after having perused his life of Lord Howe, he wrote as follows:—'So far from exclaiming, "How can my friend the secretary of the Admiralty find time to write a book?" I can speak from the experience of some years, that he never neglected a public duty; that he never was wanting in a kind office to a friend; and yet, from a wise economy of leisure, he always had a spare moment for some useful research or some literary occupation.'

Mr Barrow was also the zealous promoter of science, and lent his warmest support to those gallant men who perilled their lives in quest of a north-west passage in the arctic seas.

In 1835 he was surprised and gratified by the honour of a baronetcy being conferred on him; and the king's intentions were communicated to him in the following letter from Sir Robert Peel, which can scarcely be regarded as a merely complimentary one, bearing, as it does, the impress of truth:—

'Whitehall Gardens, *Feb.* 1, 1835.

My Dear Sir—I have had the great satisfaction of proposing to the king to confer upon you the distinction of a baronet, and of receiving from his majesty the most cordial approbation of my proposal. The value of such a distinction depends mainly upon the grounds upon which it is offered; and I cannot help flattering myself that an unsolicited, and probably unexpected, honour conferred upon you by the king, on the double ground of eminence in the pursuits of science and literature, and of long, most able, and most faithful public service, will have, in the eyes of yourself, your family, and your posterity, a value which never can attach to much higher, when unmerited, distinctions. Believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

Robert Peel.'

Sir John Barrow was still full of vigour and energy when, in his eighty-first year, he resolved to withdraw from public life, and 'to give place to a successor.' In accepting his resignation, the Board of Admiralty expressed their deep sense of the zeal with which he had 'rendered science subservient to our naval and commercial interests,' as well as of his assiduous attention to the duties of his important office.

Many were the testimonies of regard and respect which followed him into the retirement of domestic life; but none were more gratifying to him than an address from the arctic voyagers, Parry, Franklin, Ross, and Back, presenting him with a valuable piece of plate, as a 'testimony of their personal esteem, and of the high sense they entertained of the talent, zeal, and energy' which he had 'unceasingly displayed in the promotion of arctic discovery.'

With such proofs of deserved esteem, the venerable baronet withdrew into the bosom of his family, and passed the evening of his days in peaceful and yet not idle seclusion. His autobiography was not completed until he had nearly accomplished his eighty-third year; and it is now only a few weeks since he departed this life, without either suffering or disease.

On the morning of Thursday, November 23, he took his usual walk, and on the evening of the same day he expired, in the presence of his beloved wife and children—how sincerely lamented they alone can tell who knew his worth in private as well as in public life.

* The following are a list of Barrow's works:—The Life of Lord Macartney, in two vols. quarto; Travels in South Africa, 2 vols. quarto; Travels in China, 1 vol. quarto; Voyage to Cochin China, 1 vol. quarto; The Life of Lord Anson, 1 vol. octavo; The Life of Lord Howe, 1 vol. octavo; in the 'Family Library,' the Life of Peter the Great, and the Mutiny of the Bounty; Chronological History of Arctic Voyages, 1 vol. octavo; Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, 1 vol. octavo; 208 Articles in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LETTER FROM LAUNCESTON, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

In your 'Information for the People,' Vol. I. p. 689, edition 1842, you remark, 'there may be some persons who can follow out this matter, and invent rational amusements. They would deserve to be regarded as benefactors, and would probably find a substantial reward.' Upon this hint, may I have your permission to speak? Having long been on the look-out for everything falling in with this notion, I was delighted with your article; but partly from the expectation that you would be able to supply the want in your Journal at a future time; but which, hitherto, I have looked for in vain. I trust, however, you will confer this great favour on us, and not omit to return to the subject. I have not your book by me now to refer to, and may be repeating some that you have already dwelt on; if so, I must ask your excuse. I beg to enclose my list, and shall be truly glad if any of them prove useful.

The amusements naturally divide into two classes. First, where one of the party reads aloud, and the others are severally occupied in quiet, not, however, so abstracted but that they can readily attend to and join in the observations called forth by the book; namely—

Drawing.	
Taking asunder, or examining locks, clocks, &c.	Good practice for young people.
Cutting leaves of new books.	
Arranging plants in a herbarium.	
Arranging garden seeds.	
Netting.	I can only find use for nets in my garden; but others may find greater demand for them.
Arranging and burning old letters.	
Copying out extracts in prose or verse, and copying music.	The practised hand will find no difficulty in these.
Cutting and pasting newspaper extracts in scrap-books.	Most useful. The scrap-book should be folio size; and each extract indexed at the time of insertion.
Binding books—that is, resetting and repairing.	A nice occupation for young people, as, besides tending to the preservation, it induces a greater care and regard for their books.
Cutting out in paper.	Namely, shapes of the various counties, countries, &c. Also geometric figures. There might be a prize for the best cutter.
Modelling with cork.	Namely, castellated and other architectural works; machines, wheels, &c. Ships are the common choice of young modellers; but they are no favourites with me.
Wood carving.	This, I imagine, is an attractive pursuit in the present day. A young person could easily begin with an attempt at a set of chessmen. Horse-chestnuts do well instead of wood for beginners to try their hand.

DESCENT OF TALENT.

Being interested by your paper, No. 102, December 1845, on the Descent of Talent in the Male Line, I beg leave to send you a list of additional instances. Whatever becomes of the argument, the discussion of such a subject is a very interesting pastime—reviving recollections, stimulating curiosity, and leaving some improving effect on every mind. Permit me to add a short remark to those already advanced. When a genius springs from a family where neither parent has been remarked for talent, would not the public, from the better knowledge they must naturally have of the father, and seeing that no talent could be inherited apparently *from him*, be apt to conclude

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as of course that the genius must needs come by the mother, and so give the maternal side generally that merit which is not its due?

Again, before you concluded your essay, I was disappointed that you did not allude approvingly to the greater merit which attaches, and which the world, I believe, readily allows, to the sex, where mothers, by their early care and love, educe and improve that talent which nature has implanted in their children, which, from whosesoever side it spring, would be of little use, existing perhaps only as an undiscovered mine, but for her thought and motherly attention. That men of genius have attributed so much of their education to the early care of their mother, may have led to the belief that they were indebted to the mother also for their talents.

Copley the painter;	Lord Lyndhurst.
J. Landseer;	E. T. and C. Landseer.
A. Nasmyth;	P. Nasmyth.
Niebuhr;	Niebuhr.
Lord Holland;	C. J. Fox.
Cato the censor;	Cato.
Scipio;	Scipio.
Hamilcar;	Hannibal.
Dr Moore;	Sir John Moore.
General Abercrombie;	Lord Dunfermline.
S. T. Coleridge;	Hartley Coleridge.
James Beattie;	J. H. Beattie.
Sheridan;	Three or four generations.
Goulburn;	His son.
I. D'Israeli;	B. D'Israeli.
Talbot;	Lord Talbot.
R. L. Edgeworth;	Miss Edgeworth, &c.
W. Roscoe;	T. H. and W. S. Roscoe.
Philip;	Alexander.
Bishop Law;	Ellenborough, two generations.
Godwin;	Mrs Shelley.
Racine;	His son.
Adolphus the barrister;	J. L. A. Adolphus.
David;	Solomon.
Earl Grey;	Earl Grey.

[We add the following from recollection:—
J. Bernouilli, mathematician; Daniel Bernouilli, do.]

SCORCHING TO DEATH.

In the introduction to 'Birds of Australia,' Mr Gould relates a distressing incident, occasioned by a flood in the interior of New South Wales. In the course of his peregrinations, he had once or twice visited a cattle station, where Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew gave him a cordial reception. The gentlemen had come from a distance to superintend the shearing operations, and Mr Gould writes:—'Seven days after my departure from their dwelling, heavy rains suddenly set in; the mountain-streams swelled into foaming torrents, filling the deep gullies; the rivers rose, some to the height of forty feet, bearing all before them. The Namoi, having widely overflowed its banks, rolled along with impetuous fury, sweeping away the huts of the stock-keepers in its course, tearing up trees, and hurrying affrighted men and flocks to destruction. Before there was time to escape, the hut in which Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew were sojourning was torn up and washed away, and the nephew and two men, overwhelmed by the torrent, sank and perished. Lieutenant Lowe stripped to swim; and getting on the trunk of an uprooted tree, hoped to be carried down the eddying flood to some part where he could obtain assistance. But he was floated into the midst of a sea of water, stretching as far as he could discern on every side around him. Here he slowly drifted: the rains had ceased, the thermometer was at 100°, a glaring sun and a coppery sky were above him; he looked in vain for help; but no prospect of escape animated him, and the hot sun began its dreadful work. His skin blistered, dried, became parched and hard like the bark of a tree, and life began to ebb. At length assistance arrived—it came too late: he was indeed just alive, but died almost immediately. He was scorched to death!'

MUTUAL HELP.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WOODLAND VOICES.

Roaming 'mid the green savannas, autumn leaves so thickly falling,
I have listened breathlessly to the wood-bird sweetly calling;
I have looked upon the graves in the village churchyard nigh,
Where the silver moonlight streamed, and shadows fell mysteriously;
And the chiming tower-bells up among the ivy leaves,
Answered to the night owl's screech underneath the old church eaves.

And the wail of rushing winds, through the lonely woodlands near,
Seemed like wild harp-music sighing o'er the waters swift and drear;
Waters dark, and forests dim—holy stars that go and come
As the drifting storm-clouds sweep, whispering of a better home—
Tell me, if my mother's spirit looketh down from heaven above?
If departed souls remember aught of earthly care and love?

Ye can speak in thousand voices—ye can speak in fancy's tone—
Mystic songs—and heartfelt lays—as I wander forth alone;
And my answer, borne on air by the voiceless spirits nigh,
Spirits of the tempests whirl, borne aloft on memory's sigh—
Still re-echoes one sad strain—still repeateth one low moan—
A requiem for the dead—a dirge o'er my lamented one.

C. A. M. W.

RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it—but weakly and aged persons cannot—and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer or newly-churned buttermilk, neither being healthy until after the change. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon, and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be noticed by all housewives: it is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening—hence it should ripen when the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapours of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed, so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three-quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer.*

GARDENING FOR CHILDREN.

This is the title of a little volume by the Rev. C. A. Johns, which seems to us well worthy of commendation, inasmuch as it is a practical manual of gardening, reduced in language, style, manner, and size to the apprehension of a child. We have some notion that the habitual study of the work will make children very capable of instructing in their turn the older members of the family; or at least that the latter will frequently be glad to have an opportunity of referring to its pages, instead of consulting more difficult and voluminous productions.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 265. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849. Price 1½d.

WORDS.

It is an old tale that Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, who lived early in the twelfth century, and was known long after as Saint Anselmo, having a dispute with the Anglo-Norman barons regarding a matter of ecclesiastical authority (of which Anselm, like most of the canonised, was not a little jealous), undertook what was then regarded as perilous—a journey to Rome, in order to obtain the pope's casting vote on his side of the question. This the bishop accomplished to his heart's content, and returned in triumph with a letter written on parchment, after the fashion of the age, commanding the disputants to hear and obey him; but when it was read to them in full assembly, none of the nobility at that period being expected to read for themselves, they unanimously shouted, 'Does the bishop expect that we shall be swayed by a letter? It is nothing but words and sheepskin!'

Little did those fierce and haughty barons dream that, in the same fair counties of England where they exercised the power of pit and gallows, as old chroniclers have it, sheets frailer and more perishable than sheepskin should one day be found too strong for their feudal dungeons and rights of vassalage and serfdom.

'Words and sheepskin' was but the language of despotic barbarism, that knew its physical strength and could see no further; but the power of these things was felt even in the feudal ages. The excommunications that terrified princes; the exhortations by which all Europe was repeatedly roused to the Crusades; the Dooms-Day Book, so dreaded by peer and peasant; and, at the dawn of luckier days, the Magna Charta itself, were but words and sheepskin. The latter has long lost the high place of power, except in law and learning, as represented by certain documents and decrees; the parchment times are past, and at least better promises have come with the age of paper; but words are still, with us, mighty as they have been through all changes, since the tongues of men were confounded, and the darling project of the infant nations was given up for want of an interpreter. When Egypt was a Christian land, ages before either Turk or Saracen was known in history, the sect of Christian Platonists, which flourished chiefly at Alexandria, had among their philosophic questions—and curious ones were they wont to agitate—this query: 'By which of all the distinguishing traits of mankind is the existence of the soul most clearly manifested?' The replies were numerous and very diverse. Some said it was by the cultivation of arts, others by the capability for abstract science; but one philosopher maintained it was principally by the use of words. Nor was his opinion without sound reason: much of our social intercourse, the whole fabric of literature, as well as the communication and diffusion of sciences, depend on the existence of articulate language.

How small a portion of our knowledge or thoughts can be communicated by sensible signs! The uninstructed deaf and dumb, small as their numbers are, and ought to be, in these days of institutions, could exemplify that fact. The art of delineation, in all its varieties, has in our age reached a perfection never before attained; and it is truly marvellous how much even an ordinary woodcut can be made to express, having, besides, this advantage over literature, that it is addressed to the understanding of the greater number; for he that looks may read. For these reasons, the earliest form of writing among nations who led the way to civilisation consisted of rough draughts or sketches of the scenes and things to which the writer referred: hence came the celebrated hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. That laborious people sculptured their history on pillar and pyramid, and painted their theology and ethics on the walls of their colossal temples, where learned travellers now gaze on figures of old forgotten idols, men in ancient costumes, strange animals, and utensils whose purpose is scarcely discoverable, and try to guess what story they were intended to convey.

The Chinese characters, every one of which represents an entire word, are believed to have had a similar origin; but elaborate and complex though it be, the writing of China is the improvement of centuries on the picture fashion.

Perhaps the most singular description of signs ever practised by any people was in use among the early Peruvians, who kept their records by means of knotted cords, each knot having to the mind of a Peruvian scholar a special signification, according to the mode in which it was fastened. All methods of symbolising must of necessity be meagre and limited. How much of the philosophy, the poetry, and even the history of human life, is there for which the tangible world furnishes us with neither sign nor representative! Hogarth, indeed, has given wit and wisdom to his canvas, and made it utter moral lessons to mankind: other great masters have painted for religion and for history; but art can never go beyond illustration, taking that current but significant term in the highest sense, and as such it has done the world good service.

Words, on the contrary, are nature's own sovereign gift to man—the music of his life, the channel of his thoughts, and the vehicle of his instruction; they alone resemble the soul, for by means of themselves we reason upon them: that power enabled the philosophers of former times to have much speculation and some quarrels touching the origin of their endless variety. Why the Frenchman should say Dimanche, and the Englishman Sunday, when both mean the very same thing, like sundry other whys and wherefores, remains an unsettled question, though it has been the subject of many a volume. One better known than the most of them, tells us that

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God confounded the languages of men; and no matter how the passage be interpreted, its truth is at least practically evident, for the words of nations still differ farther than any matter about them. This was felt and mourned over, especially by the scholars of the seventeenth century, as a barrier to the accumulation of knowledge in individual minds, not to speak of its general increase among mankind, and their favourite desideratum was therefore a universal language. During the middle ages, Latin supplied that deficiency to the learned of all European nations; on which account, as well as because the crude remnants of literature and philosophy then preserved from the wrecks of the classic world were confined to its compass, a grammatical knowledge of Latin was styled 'humanity,' as if that branch of learning alone comprehended all that could raise or distinguish men above the inferior creation. There is reason to fear that the old schoolmen's ideas of humanity, as we use the word, were miserably circumscribed on all points; but the title with their meaning is still retained in our universities, and sounds strangely when we hear of the Professor of Humanity's fees. It is but an instance of the unaccountable change of signification which is apt to pass over the words of any language in a comparatively short space of time. About the days of Elizabeth, 'let' signified to 'hinder,' and a 'novel' meant 'a piece of startling intelligence.'

Thus entire tongues gradually alter as spoken by successive generations, though inhabiting the same country. The progress of refinement, the change of manners, and increased intercourse with foreigners, all contribute to their mutation or improvement. The English of our fathers is not ours in either pronunciation or orthography; and to a person of tolerable education in the present age, Wickliffe and Chaucer would be more difficult to read than Pascal or Klopstock in their original texts. Etymologists have taken considerable pains, and 'used up,' to naturalise an Americanism, much time in tracing out the roots and derivations of words: nor is the study without utility, as it occasionally throws light on the early history and affinities of nations, which, for the greater part, rest in the twilight of unrecorded times; but what Johnson said of his great work the Lexicon, occurs to an observer—'It is the drudgery of words.'

Connected with this subject, there was an early and very natural inquiry after the original language of mankind: the classic historians record an experiment made by one of the later kings of Egypt to ascertain it. He placed two infants with a dumb nurse on a solitary isle of the Red Sea, which he commanded no vessel to approach for the space of seven years, except one despatched by himself at intervals to supply provisions, and see that all were well, in hopes of hearing the primeval tongue spoken by those hermit children. At the end of the assigned period, the only word they could utter was found to be the Phrygian for bread; upon which the monarch decided that the tongue of the Phrygians was the oldest on the earth. The old Scottish chronicler commonly known as Pitscottie, mentions an imitation of the Egyptian king's experiment, as performed by James IV. The scene of his operations was an island in the Firth of Forth; and the chronicler naively winds up the tale by observing, 'Some say they spake good Ebrew; but as to myself, I know not, but by the author's report.'

A strange tribute to the power of words has been paid by the popular superstition of every land and race. The Indian on the western prairie, and the Nubian shepherd, alike believe in the mysterious efficacy of spell-words. In the most primitive legends of Asia and the earliest beliefs of western Europe, they occupy a no less important station. Who has not heard or read some of those traditional tales, that have floated down through many a century and variation, regarding the fearful consequences of certain words uttered inadvertently in perilous vicinity, or forgotten at the moment of supernatural danger! In that old rustic faith, indeed, words seem to govern the spiritual world; and thereby hangs a piece of practical philosophy. Most vulgar errors are but shadows of substantial truth, vague and distorted, yet still reflections of the real. The Catholic peasant's confidence in the verse written on his scapular, as a defence against invisible powers, and the Jew's dread of a cabalistic sentence, are but natural inferences of superstition from the sway which mere words are found to exercise over the human mind; not to enlarge on those mighty effects produced by great orators from pulpit or platform, whence a single speech or sermon has sunk the balance of public opinion, and changed the councils of nations; nor those of volume or pamphlet, that have struck home to the heart of their times, from Don Quixote to Junius. What heart-burnings and hostilities have a few bitter words been known to create in every circle of society! Kings have been dethroned by a jest, wars have been kindled by one boastful sentence, and the bestowment of a nickname has been the seed of a politician's overthrow. The execution done by satires and lampoons is known to all readers of history or biography; nor can they fail to remark how large a share of the thorns and thistles produced by such sowings (and rarely have they a better harvest) has fallen to their authors.

The unwritten records of daily experience bear yet more ample testimony to our subject. Who that has survived life's early lessons, and learned to walk with his generation, cannot recollect many an instance of good neighbourhood interrupted, alliance broken off, and friendship changed into feud, by the same agents whose operation has been noted in higher quarters—a jest, a boast, or an ill-reported tale! Nay, in the silence of individual memory there lies weightier evidence: do not harsh and reproachful words return like perennial tares when the tongues that uttered them are dust! 'The evil that men *say* lives after them.' Do not the kind words of the long dead come back to make us miss them when things and times are changed! Will not old simple phrases, heard long ago by hearths that are, it may be, dark and distant, at once recall the past, with more of its light than shadow! Truly the tongue, though a small member, boasteth great things, and a greater than human wisdom has warned us to guard it. Words are indeed but the garments of thought, yet, like our personal costume, they exert an amazing influence on its appearance. A fine poem or essay is chiefly valuable for the ideas it contains; but were the very same expressed in inferior or ill-arranged language, they must lose half their power. Some words have a native music in themselves. Madame de Staël, though a foreigner, regarded the English words 'no more' as a sound unequalled in melancholy power.

It is strange to think how long the words may outlast the works of men. Æsop's Fables have survived for many a century the city in which he was a slave, and the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Greece have outlasted all her temples. Our theme grows diffuse and boundless, for before us spread the wide fields of literature, with systems of philosophy, creeds, and controversies—the wordy wars and treasures of the world.

Letters are but words; yet are there any that have never watched and waited for some of them, even in these penny-postage times, and perhaps kept them in old drawers long after, till they read like false prophecy! Good advice is but words; but are there many who never gave, or never took it! He at least understood what was true who said that half the broils of life arose from the general habit of mankind, regarding their own words too little, and those of their neighbours too much. In the days of Lorenzo de Medicis, surnamed the Magnificent, when a contest between the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophers occupied all the leisure the Florentines could find from the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines,

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there arrived in their city a traveller, supposed to be of Greece. He was a learned man for the period, and being introduced to the philosophers, took an active part in their dispute, and one which was long remembered in Florence. At one of the great controversial meetings held under the special patronage of Lorenzo, he argued for the Platonists with such zeal and ability as to all but silence his opponents; and then at once intimating that much could be said on the other side of the question, he maintained the cause of the Aristotelians with no less vigour, and triumphantly refuted all his former arguments.

'How can you thus support two opposite opinions?' demanded the Magnificent Lorenzo.

'It is words, my lord—only words!' said the stranger with a low bow, as he left the astonished assembly. The parting speech of that unscrupulous logician is worthy of the world's remembrance, for the thousand cases in which its truth is manifest. What an amount of disappointment, discomfort, and division, not to speak of strife and all uncharitableness, would be spared to society and most of the members thereof by its practical application!

Perplexed and overburdened crowds, when an orator, who never lived for common sense or decency, talks to you of dying for the rights of man, remember that his patriotism is only words! Ladies, when lovers say you are angels, and they adore you, yet never act as if they thought you either rational or accountable beings, be assured that such professions are only words! Friends that have stood by and with each other through fortune's enmity in times that tried the strong, should quarrels come between you, as come they did between Pylades and Orestes, think how much of your dispute was nothing but words! And thou vassal of many tongues, when making the sacrifice of thine own peace, interest, or, it may be, purer feelings, to 'what people would say,' recollect that it is only words, like the present essay—less than the pope's letter to the Norman barons, and poorer far than sheepskin.

SKETCH OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE WASP FAMILY IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

BY MRS CHARLES MEREDITH.

In the warm summer days, during our residence at Port Sorell, and more particularly in the evenings, we had often noticed a large kind of black fly darting in and out of the house with a loud sharp whizzing noise; and on a more attentive observation, we found a most tragic addition made to our list of antipodean contrarieties—nothing less than the discovery of a savage and sanguinary war carried on by flies against spiders, and pursued with such vigour, that one would believe the Tasmanian flies were bent on avenging the tyrannies and grievances suffered at the hands of the spiders by the whole winged-insect family all the world over.

We had observed the forcible and noisy abduction of many an unlucky web-spinner, before I could satisfactorily make out what became of them, as the frequent seizures made, apparently by the same fly, forbade the conclusion of their being forthwith devoured; but by dint of sundry watchings and pursuits of the flies, and by eking out and piecing together my various small scraps of information and discovery, I at length acquired a tolerable knowledge of the habits and practices of my busy black neighbours. In size and shape they exactly resemble a large English wasp, but are wholly black, and possess formidable stings a quarter of an inch long. They build very remarkable cells or nests of earth, finely tempered, and formed in layers of tiny mud-pats, like a swallow's nest. Many of these were placed in a small wooden outhouse, between the upright studs and the boarding of the wall; several were formed on a shelf in the porch, where some small pieces of wood lying heaped together offered convenient nooks; and one wasp, resolving to have a more costly lodgment than his friends, took possession of a meerschaum pipe-bowl which lay on the same shelf, and very snugly laid out his house in its interior. All the nests I have examined are arranged in the same manner, the whole fabric being from two to three inches long, and about one inch broad, or rather less; the external shape of the mansion, whether square, triangular, or pentagonal, depending a good deal on the site chosen. When completed, no aperture is left; but on being opened, three cells are almost invariably found, the two lesser ones each containing a gray, oval, chrysalis-shaped body; possibly a bag enclosing the eggs. The largest apartment is devoted to the purposes of a larder, and is always found full of spiders, of all varieties of size, colour, and kind, and closely and neatly packed together, with their legs all trussed up, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. The strangest part of the affair is, that the spiders are not dead, but remain perfectly soft and flexible in every part; and on being exposed to the sun and air, or stirred, a feeble movement is evident in them, as though they were paralysed or stupified in some manner, so as to be unresisting victims, and good fresh meat at the same time. The storehouse is thus well supplied, doubtless for the benefit of the chrysalis tenantry on their awakening to the knowledge of life and appetite.

I have rarely been more interested by any new insect than by these black wasps, ungentle and ferocious though they be; for there is a daring, dashing energy and brisk industry about their ways and doings that was very amusing, and perfectly original. The bee—dear little, hard-working, persevering fellow that he is—can still afford time for many a coquettish peep into blossoms and buds that he deigns not to taste; and even when arrived at home with his two pannier-baskets loaded with their heaped-up golden treasure, can stay for a few moments' friendly hovering to and fro, and pleasant exchanges of hum and buzz with his helpmate the ant, whose ways of thrift and industry even Solomon bids us to 'consider and be wise.' She never takes a straight road, but with a lump of plunder in her nippers, thrice her own size, runs hither and thither, up straws and round sticks, or maybe into a labyrinth of a violet root, where she plays at bo-peep with you for ten minutes before going forward again; and seems to get on in such a perversely roundabout way, that I have only been cured of my inclination to put her straight, by the conviction (after many trials, when anxiously striving to trace out the marauders of my bee-hives) of the utter hopelessness of such attempts. But the black wasp has none of these wandering weaknesses of character: solitary, stern, ruthless, and resolute he goes about his work of cell-building and spider-catching. If you chance to be near his chosen place of abode, you may see him dart past with a bit of mud or a victim; and a shrill sharp whizz—izz—izz is continued for some seconds or a minute, during the operation of packing away his load, when forth he darts again, straight and swift as an arrow, and the next moment very probably invades the peaceful retreat of some cobwebbed recluse, which, until now, safe from housemaids and brooms, has meshed and devoured his flies in comfort, but is at length seized and straightway trussed and packed up, half-alive, by the dark avenger.

The varieties of wasps, or wasp-like flies, which we noticed around Poystou (Port Sorell, V. D. L.) were very numerous. One is marked with alternate golden and black stripes, very similar to the English wasp, but more soft and downy-looking: another is red, long, and slender, with four long wings, and a prodigious sting, which it can protrude nearly half an inch from a kind of double sheath beneath the tail. Another species, partially red, frequented the sandy paths of the garden, where several of them were generally seen darting

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along, flying straight up and down the walks. I have sometimes followed them nearly round the garden without their ever quitting the path, or rising more than a foot from the surface. Sometimes I have observed them stop at a hole in the sand, apparently their nest, and after poking down into it, head-foremost and tail up, for a minute or more, they made a great skurry of dust over the opening, so as entirely to conceal it, and flew on again.

Without enumerating many other members of this family, of whom I know little more than their outward aspect, I shall mention one more, which has interested me nearly as much as the architect-wasp first described, and has caused me to waste infinitely more time in vain attempts to pry more nearly into its domestic privacy. At the cottage we first occupied at Port Sorell, I was annoyed to find that the multiflora rose-trees which adorned the veranda had, towards autumn, become quite disfigured, by having large rounded pieces scollopped out of nearly every leaf; five or six great scollops being made in each, leaving the middle fibre entire. First I attributed the mischief to caterpillars, and then to grasshoppers; but never found any on the trees. At length the frequent buzzing of a large bee-like fly attracted my attention; and on watching its movements, I detected it in the very act of snipping out a piece of rose-leaf, rolling it up, and grasping it in its legs, and flying off. After this, I observed the work going on in the same manner daily for some time. Plants, raised from cuttings of these same rose-trees, grew around the porch of Poystou, and these were used by the same busy workmen in the same manner, besides other kinds of rose-trees, and the leaves of the cherry, acacia, and other trees. This wasp has a pair of forceps, acting precisely like scissors; and very many times I have closely observed him snipping out, with a quick clean cut, the piece of leaf, which is usually about the third of an inch broad and long; about six or eight seconds suffices for the cutting, when the piece of leaf is most nimbly and adroitly rolled up, and clasped by the feet and legs, as the wasp flies away. I have frequently started off when the wasps flew away, and given chase to them, hoping to find out whither all the leaves were carried, and how they were used; but the depredators always proved too clever for me, and glanced out of sight, leaving me to come panting back again, vainly vowing to be more agile and sharp-sighted next time. Having often found these same insects busy gathering honey, I imagined they had a hoard or nest somewhere near, but never found one. An intelligent young person, who lived with me at this time as nursery governess, told me she had often found the nests, which were holes in the ground, filled with bits of leaves, in which small portions of some sticky sweet stuff, like honey, were folded up and stuck together, only one or two wasps seeming to inhabit each hole. This species, like all my other acquaintances of the wasp kind here, has a long sting, and precisely the head and antennæ of the English insect.

A totally different species from any of these frequented the wide sandy sea beaches at Port Sorell; these latter were large, bulky, formidable insects, with great stings like the others, and were often seen on a warm day darting about in twos and threes, just above the surface of the sand. One of them would sometimes hover over the same spot for a minute or two, when another would suddenly dart to the place, and the first wasp instantly took up his station at some distance, hovering as before, until he either displaced another or was superseded in his turn; and the same dance of 'change sides and back again' went on as long as we watched them; but what they were doing, or how they got their living, remained an undiscoverable mystery to me.

It is only just to all these long-stinged wasps to add, that neither we, nor our children, nor servants, were ever stung by any of the fraternity, although we frequently chased and captured them for examination; but always with a due dread of their threatening weapons of defence, and a careful restoration of their liberty when our curiosity was satisfied.

A STORY OF OLD VERSAILLES.

In the latter days of Louis XIV., the favour of *Le Grand Monarque*, or that of Madame de Maintenon, formed the chief dependence of a large portion of his subjects; and numbers of the needy branches of nobility crowded to Versailles in search of patronage and places. Among the thousands who resorted to that temporary metropolis of fashion and royalty, came Monsieur de Theminay, a gentleman of Languedoc, whose extraordinary conduct furnished matter of surprise and remark to all who knew him, at least for the first six months of his residence. He was allied by birth and marriage to some of the most powerful families in the kingdom; possessed of what were called tolerable talents, a cultivated taste, engaging manners, and an estate which just supplied a sort of contracted competence for himself, two grown-up sons, and a daughter. His sons were esteemed promising young men, and some people thought his daughter a beauty; yet with all these motives and appliances for advancing his fortune, M. de Theminay never attended a levee, never manœuvred for an office, nor sought the favour of either mistress or minister.

M. de Theminay's friends wondered how he intended to provide for his family. Some of them hinted that he was by no means in the way of his duty; but at last it transpired that their prospects had not been so entirely neglected as people imagined—the father having looked to some purpose up the long vista of matrimony on behalf of two of his children, and it was supposed that he trusted in his good fortune to arrange matters similarly for the third. He himself had made two consecutive trials of the blessed state: the first was with a lady of the noble house of Castelaine, who died early, leaving him a son and daughter; and the second with the daughter of a Languedoc farmer, whose memory he rarely recalled among his friends, for the lady had followed her predecessor in a few years. But she left him a second son; and as the three grew up around his advancing age, M. de Theminay established his family in Versailles.

There he kept a small corner house, quietly respectable in its appearance, and fewer servants than were then thought necessary for a man of his rank; but M. de Theminay said he despised ostentation, and came only to enjoy select society, and complete the education of his children: to which the said society added, that his chief object was to cultivate the good graces of his rich cousins the Faquettes, who resided in a more expensive quarter of the town.

The father of this family had been a farmer-general, who grew rich and resigned his office amid sundry whispers of peculation. The mother was a West Indian heiress, who had been sent from Martinique when very young to De Theminay's brother-in-law, the Abbé Castelaine, and nobody thought of inquiring further into her birth and parentage. Their only son and daughter inherited a double portion of her West Indian complexion, and a mediocrity of mind which qualified them in all respects for making the poorest possible figure in their age and station. These were deficiencies which even riches could not entirely cover. The family found their footing insecure in the highways of fashion, and the guests of their balls and suppers called them the poor Faquettes.

With the De Theminays, on the contrary, nature had dealt handsomely. The first madame's children, Auguste and Valerie, were as like each other as brother and sister could be. Tall, finely moulded, and graceful, each had the same distinguished air and dignified yet pleasing address. Valerie was naturally esteemed the most beautiful: she was just nineteen, and her brother twenty-one. In their characters there was also a strong resemblance: both were generous and enthusiastic, sensitive, high-spirited, and somewhat imperious; but the latter defect was overlooked, in consideration of the world of small talents which they shared between them.

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M. de Theminay was proud of his two elder children, and they were no less so of each other; which, combined with their similarity of disposition, made them closer and more confidential companions than brother and sister usually were in the courtly town of Versailles; and as both piqued themselves on being descended from the noble house of Castelaine, they had learned from infancy to look with a sort of exclusiveness on their younger brother, of whom M. de Theminay was not in the least proud. His mother had got her own way for once, in calling him by the old peasant name of Justin; and he had grown up neither beautiful nor plain, but a thoughtful, manly-looking youth of sixteen, whose time was spent between the city streets and the Cordeliers' seminary for young gentlemen, where, as his father remarked, he might remain till something turned up.

For the senior two, the old gentleman had long since turned up something in earnest. 'Auguste will marry Claire, and Valerie Jean Faquette,' had been his early consolation. 'The creatures will have large fortunes, and these must not be lost to the family.' Such thoughts were imparted, though in very different words, to the retired farmer-general; and as the shine was all with the De Theminays, and the solids all with the Faquettes, the latter gradually entertained the proposal till it came to be regarded as a settled arrangement. Dissenters were, however, found in the parties most concerned. Auguste and Valerie had what their father called a singular prejudice against mercenary matches, and early discovered that there was no congeniality of taste or feeling between them and their cousins, whom everybody voted dull and uninteresting; but M. de Theminay was accustomed to take his ease in life's inn. The matrimonial scheme was therefore understood rather than expressed; and as the brilliant brother and sister had no objection to patronising and being admired in a quiet way by the Faquettes, who looked up to them as chiefs of their line, he read the papers, played chess, and went from soirée to theatre, putting his trust in time to teach his boy and girl the value of louis-d'ors.

A year had thus passed when M. de Theminay found out that his family hairdresser was too old for business; and Madame Faquette recommended another, an honest skilful Gascon, who, with his wife and daughter, had lately come from Paris, where trade was not so good as it had been. His abilities were tested for the first time on the night in which all Versailles crowded to the Théâtre du Roi, to see the new tragedy of Florimer d'Avignon, such being the fashionable designation of an author who promised to become the 'lion' of the season. The tragedy was successful, as a tragedy could be only under the Grand Monarque. It was called 'Semiramis,' remote classical subjects being then in favour; and exhibited such sayings and doings of that ancient princess as occasioned weeping in the galleries, fainting in the pit, and sent half the ladies in the boxes off in violent hysterics. The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, which were followed by shouts for the author, whom the manager, in self-defence, was obliged to point out where he sat in a stage-box. An immediate rush was made towards it by some enthusiastic spirits, in order to crown him *à la Voltaire;* but the attempt was unseconded, an old poet having suggested the propriety of waiting for another tragedy.

The author rose to make the customary acknowledgments; and Valerie, as she waved a handkerchief damp with tears and extract of roses, saw a small slender youth, who might have passed for a monk of La Trappe, his face was so pale, spare, and melancholy, but for a pair of brilliant eyes and an expensively-laced waistcoat. Valerie could not hear his words, but she caught the young poet's eye, and half her friends told her afterwards in confidence that they could not help thinking the speech addressed to herself.

Auguste and she were moving slowly to their carriage through the noisy crowd of the emptying theatre, with monsieur and Justin close behind them, when a thin brownish hand was thrust through the moving mass with a small billet, which the latter took and quietly deposited in his pocket. The transaction was so rapid that it escaped the father's eyes, though not those of Auguste, who chanced to look back; but the next moment his attention was arrested by a faint scream in the opposite direction, and pressing forward, they found a young girl stretching her arms in vain to some one from whom she had been parted in the throng, while a large town porter made his footing sure on her muslin robe, and a whole squadron of chairmen pushed past her in haste to pick up fares. A word from the laced and sword-wearing nobleman was sufficient to make the porter change his position and the chairmen pause; while a man, calling for his dear Ambroisine, made his way back, and drew the girl's arm once more within his own: it was the Gascon hairdresser, and loud was his gratitude to the young gentleman for troubling himself about his poor girl. She was his only child, was never used to such places; but she loved poetry and plays, and he had brought her to see the new tragedy. The girl seemed almost a child as she clung to her father's arm, small, round, and rosy, a gem of a brunette, and dressed with a simplicity and elegance rarely adopted by the taste of her class. The De Theminays gave the father and daughter the benefit of their company till fairly out of the precincts of the theatre, and then sent them on their homeward way, proud and happy with kind words and good advices. Auguste handed his sister to the carriage, but his last look was cast on the retreating figure of Ambroisine.

From that night the brother and sister had other things to think of besides their dark-coloured cousins. Valerie was introduced to the poet at a *conversazione* on the following evening, and they talked together half an hour on the Scudery romances. He was somewhat eccentric in manners, said to be the last of a noble but far-reduced family, who had left him nothing but their name, and a romantic disregard for everything but love and fame. These peculiarities secured the popularity his tragedy had won. The ennuied world of Versailles were delighted with the freshness of that earnest mind; nothing so new had been seen for a considerable time, and patronage, friends, and flatteries poured in from all sides on the favourite of the hour. Flirtation was never considered proper for any but married ladies in France, so Valerie did not flirt; but her days were thenceforth spent in reading the poets from Homer downwards, and her evenings in listening to Florimer d'Avignon. The poet was not insensible to so much attraction and taste; his appreciation of both was shown in a thousand small but flattering ways. He addressed the greater part of his conversation and a brilliant copy of verses to the lady. Valerie treasured the latter in her jewel-drawer, and never forgot that somebody said they had been made for each other. There were other circumstances which threatened the paternal plans still more: Auguste's attentions to his cousin had never been very pointed, but of late their falling off was manifest, and a singular change had come over the habits of the young man. He who everybody said, and himself believed, was formed to shine in society, grew careless of balls and heedless of soirées; besides, he began to talk in a depreciating tone of the advantages of birth and fortune; spoke mysteriously of noble qualities concealed by an inferior station, and a wealth of soul which the world never knew. Valerie wondered at all this; but one day finding her brother had forgotten to lock his escritoir, she peeped in, as sisters will do, and found a small letter addressed to Auguste in a fine female hand. The opportunity was irresistible, and Valerie read. It was an answering epistle, full of most tender sentiments beautifully expressed, and signed with the name of Ambroisine Dupré. Could a hairdresser's daughter so think and write? The rest of the secret was soon reached. Auguste told her how he had been struck by the young girl's simple beauty at the theatre on that crowded night; how he had seen her afterwards on the street, and at the windows; and at length sent her a bouquet, for which he received a billet of thanks, revealing at once an education far above her rank, and talents rare in any station. Some letters and many interviews had passed between them since then; in short, Auguste was desperately in

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love. He described her modesty, her candour, and her affection for him, till Valerie herself was charmed, especially with the letters which he bade her read, that she might see the heart and soul of his Ambroisine; adding that their personal interviews, however delightful, were hardly as yet as satisfactory, since a profound sensibility kept the girl almost silent in his presence.

That was a moment of mutual outpouring: Auguste admired the poet, and Valerie promised to befriend his Ambroisine. While the brother and sister thus freely discussed their own affairs, they were equally puzzled over those of another. Who had given Justin that billet at the theatre?—and what did it contain? The boy had evidently a secret of his own; they had heard of him being seen in the suburbs of the town at extraordinary hours; few of his evenings were passed at home, though the worthy Cordelier occasionally lamented that he was too much attached to his father's house. Auguste and Valerie were above prying; their younger brother was half a stranger to them; but they felt themselves called upon to watch over his youth for the honour of the family.

Doubtless it was for similar reasons that other eyes soon began to take cognisance of their proceedings. As the poet's partiality for Valerie grew more expressive, and Auguste's visits to the hairdresser's more frequent, suspicions crept into the mind of M. de Theminay, and the Faquettes put on the looks of ill-used people. The old gentleman of course set himself to observe, and discoveries more true than pleasing rewarded his vigilance; piece by piece the whole story came out, and the consequence was, an explosion of wrath never before heard in the quiet house of the Theminays.

About this period Versailles found a new subject of conversation, in a woman who had lately taken up her abode in one of those suburban cottages remaining since the place was a village with straggling hamlets round it in the wide plain. She was known as Madame Le Sage, and her ostensible profession was that of a letter-writer; a vocation still very common in France, but then particularly rare in the hands of women. Madame Le Sage was, however, esteemed the mistress of her art, and with the fame of her epistolary accomplishments were bound up matters far more attractive to public curiosity. Her letters were said to be lucky; some insisted that none of them ever missed their object, and instances were whispered about of families of the first distinction who employed her pen under that impression. Madame Le Sage, besides, could afford information on futurity. The faith in fortune-telling was a characteristic of that otherwise doubting age; it prevailed among the best-educated ranks, and sceptical philosophers were not free from it. The ordinary practice was forbidden by the French laws; but madame's mode consisted in a kind of lottery, in which the parties drew for themselves; and marvellous tales were soon afloat regarding the truth of her revelations.

There were personal wonders too; the lady came last from Paris, but nobody knew anything of her previous history. She had the face of a Jewess, with a dark complexion, and almost dwarfish stature: though apparently not older than thirty, her hair was perfectly white, and she wore it combed down straight to her waist, but secured by a thin silver band across the forehead; she was deficient in a hand, and some said in a foot also, for she walked with a silver-headed cane, and wore a very long brown dress, with loose hanging sleeves, in the Oriental fashion; rarely leaving the solitary cottage where she lived with her only attendant, an elderly woman, large and gaunt in person, and blunt to a degree of surliness in her manner. The pair soon furnished half the gossip of the place. Their cottage was visited by persons of all ranks. It was whispered that Madame Maintenon had gone there to ask about the king's death, and the dauphiness to inquire after madame's dismissal; but more than two were never admitted together on any pretext; and such was the effect produced by the elder dame who acted as porteress, that the most unruly of the young nobility did not dare infringe the order. Scandal never emanated from that quarter; but a total change of conduct was remarked in many of the visitors; and those who went with the most careless curiosity, were ever after apt to look grave when the subject was mentioned.

It was the season of the Carnival, and that festival was in those days celebrated in Versailles with almost Italian extravagance. By way of instalment for the strict Lent which followed, merriment and masquerading were the order of the day; and the evening concluded with a public masqued ball at the palace, and an entertainment given by either master or servants at every second house in the city; but M. de Theminay's stood quiet and dark. He had given his servants leave to spend the evening with their friends, and gone with his whole family to partake of the festivities at the palace. Some two hours had passed, and those who saw the old dervise (Theminay always thought that character convenient) spying among the satin-clothed shepherdesses and bowing satyrs who thronged the splendid saloons, knew as little as himself that the son and daughter of whom he was in search had taken the opportunity to put in execution a design agreed on that very morning, and were then, with the addition of masks and black dominoes, on their way to Madame Le Sage.

The cottage stood alone in an old vineyard—now within the liberties of the town—and at the end of a lane inhabited by Jews and pawnbrokers. It was low, but strongly built of black oak timber, and it had stood since the wars of the League. The hearts of the brother and sister were almost as audible as their knock. They did not absolutely believe in madame's lottery, but they were about to inquire for themselves; and even an imaginary glance at the future has something of fearful interest. The massive door was noiselessly opened, just sufficient to show the grim porteress with a lamp in her hand. Auguste presented the well-known fee, and whispered that they wished to see madame. The dame admitted them without a word, locked the door, pocketed the key, and made them a sign to follow her through a narrow passage, which seemed to run the whole length of the cottage, as there was a window still open at the farther end, and three fast shut doors on each side. At the middle one on the right their conductress paused, and opening it with another key from her evidently well-furnished pocket, she growled—'There is madame in her office.'

It was a small room paved with coloured tiles in old rustic fashion; the furniture was simple; and in the centre, nearly under a brass lamp which hung from the ceiling, sat that wondrous woman, exactly as they had heard her described, with the brown dress, long white hair, and dark Oriental face; her one arm, covered by a sleeve far beyond where the fingers should have been, rested on her lap, and the other hand on a plain writing-table before her, containing the only professional apparatus to be seen, except a huge old-fashioned cabinet of walnut wood close by, on which an illuminated manuscript lay open over two projecting drawers. One of these was distinguished by some inscription on a brass label; and the other was ornamented with a brazen hand in the act of writing.

'Your business?' said the lady, looking up carelessly as they entered. Auguste again deposited the fees, and intimated that they had come to consult the lottery.

'Hand me down that volume then,' said she, pointing to the manuscript. Auguste did so: it was large, and the characters, though Roman, seemed old and quaint.

'Which will draw first?' inquired madame as she turned over the leaves.

'I,' said Valerie, whose courage was now up.

'There are three questions,' continued madame in the same grave and business-like tone; 'and I may as well observe, that the truth of your drawing depends on that of your answers. What are the day and year of your birth? To what rank do you belong? And what is your religion?'

Valerie replied; and madame wrote her answers slowly on a small slip of paper: then handing her another, she said, 'Write here what you wish to inquire at the cards, and remember you can ask but three questions at once.'

With as firm fingers as she could command, Valerie

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wrote, 'Will my lover be fortunate in life? Shall I ever be united to him? And will it be with my father's consent?'

Madame glanced over it to see that all was right, and then folding up the papers together, she said, 'Place them in the drawer of the brazen hand.' Valerie dropped them in: the drawer was unlocked and empty. 'Lock it,' said madame, handing her the key. 'Your number is eight, according to your birthday; you must therefore wait eight minutes,' pointing to a small chronometer on the table, and she immediately began to read aloud from the manuscript. It was a strange tongue, but Auguste afterwards said that he believed it to have been the old Provençal language. Now in prose, now in rhyme, the lady read; and the listeners thought that, in the pauses, they could hear a low rustling sound, as if of lightly-moved papers within the cabinet. Never were eight minutes so long in passing as those to Valerie; but the hand of the chronometer measured them out at last, and madame, like one who had finished a troublesome task, laid down the manuscript, and making a gesture to the other drawer, said, 'Pull it out—it needs no key—and take the three cards that have edged up, for they are your own.'

Valerie pulled out the drawer. It was covered in, all but a small space in the centre, in which a bundle of cards, about the size of an ordinary pack, was inserted, with the edges uppermost. Three of them stood about half an inch above the rest, and these Valerie drew out under the eye of madame, who commanded her instantly to close the drawer, and then proceeded in the same fashion with Auguste.

The business was done almost as quickly as it could be told. Madame bade them good-night, and the door-keeping dame showed them out in the style of their entrance. Valerie thought she heard something ring sharply on the tile floor as they left the passage, but her watch was still in its place, and other cares on her mind.

The brother and sister had mutually remarked the perplexity of each other's face while they read their cards by the brazen lamp, but Auguste was the first to break silence.

'Were the cards propitious, Valerie?' said he.

'Why, yes; it seems so. But there's something strange,' whispered his sister.

'Strange enough,' he resumed. 'Let us compare notes. My questions were, as you know, similar to yours; every card has answered one of them in a sort of affirmative; but, Valerie, it is with sentences from Ambroisine's letters. I know them well, having read and admired them a thousand times.'

'Brother,' interrupted Valerie, 'every question of mine has been answered with a verse of those Florimer addressed to me: judge if I could mistake them!'

The pair wondered and surmised the long way home. No one had yet returned; but just as Auguste produced his key, Valerie exclaimed, 'I have lost my mother's miniature!'

The girl referred to a rich locket, set with brilliants, containing a portrait of her dead mother, by whom it had been hung round her neck, with a fond injunction to wear it for her sake.

'It was that I heard fall,' she continued, 'when leaving the cottage. Brother, we will go back. I would not lose it for half the jewels in Versailles—in such a place too.'

Auguste murmured something about searching the sea; but back they went. The night was by this time well advanced, and the principal thoroughfares began to be thronged with the returning revellers. Auguste recollected that there was a quieter way which he believed led to the cottage. It lay through back lanes and wynds, where congregated the offscourings of society, which Versailles had won from Paris with court and fashion. It was up one dark narrow street and down another with them, till at length they unexpectedly emerged from the dirtiest wynd of all at the very back of the cottage.

There was no light to be seen but one slender quivering ray which glanced from the nearest window. On approaching, they guessed it to be that of the passage; but all beyond was dark. There were sounds of merriment within, too, that rose and fell upon the gusty night. An accidental push informed Valerie that the window was unfastened.

'I will go in, sister,' said Auguste, half wild with curiosity; and almost with the words he pushed back the narrow sash, which opened, in the French manner, like a door, and stepped lightly over the sill. The fear of remaining alone outside, and a boundless anxiety to know what was going forward, made Valerie follow him with surprising silence and rapidity. Her hand came in contact with the handle of a door on one side of the passage, from which the sounds came more distinctly. They were bursts of shrill laughter, intermingled with grave and angry tones, which seemed familiar to their ears. At the loudest peal Valerie turned the handle, the door opened, and both glided into an apartment half lighted from another door in the corner, which stood some inches open. The brother and sister approached, and held their breath. The shadow of that huge cabinet partly concealed the aperture, for they looked into madame's office. There sat the lady herself, still under the brazen lamp; but the fillet of silver and long silvery hair were gone, leaving only a close black crop. The writing-table had given place to one occupied with the remains of a supper, and opposite her sat their own brother Justin! There was a bundle of letters in his hand, and Auguste's look grew black as it caught the back of the uppermost. 'So,' said Justin, continuing his conversation, while the Theminays stood within two yards of him, 'the letters you wrote for the hairdresser's daughter were to my brother, and you never told me, friends as we have been?'

'What end would it serve, my dear?' said madame, apparently much amused: 'if one would mind everybody's relations in this world, business could never go on; and you know there might have been kinder relations than the branches of Castelaine.'

'But,' said Justin, 'Auguste has been terribly deceived.'

'Yes, by his silly vanity!' interrupted madame. 'What else could have made him imagine that the girl who listened to him like an oracle, and sat silent and simpering in his presence, could ever comprehend one word or thought of such letters? Vanity, my dear fellow, believe me, is the root and foundation of full two-thirds of all the world calls romantic attachments. It was the self-same thing that made his sister—I forget the girl's name—fall in love with Riviere's son, when he turned out a great poet, and wrote verses to her as well as for my cards.' I wish he and his mother had finished their carnival—they always like to keep it in their old way. Poor soul, how drunk she will be to-night! But it is well the knocking hour is past, since there are two of us here.'

'And what matter?' cried Justin in rising wrath.

'Oh,' said the lady, 'there was a Jew at Presburg who knew the Cabala, and showed me that four was my unlucky number, so I shouldn't like the admission of two; and none care to come singly, you know. I wish the Theminays had this trinket back,' she continued, pulling out of her wide sleeve the very miniature of which Valerie was on search; 'they will miss it, but it is best to dispose of those letters.'

'They are mine!' shouted Auguste, bounding into the very centre of the room; at the same moment madame made a snatch, which told of no lameness, at the lamp. It was extinguished in an instant, leaving all in utter darkness. They heard the slamming of doors, and the sound of retreating footsteps. Valerie had followed, and grasped her brother's hand in the gloom; but terror came over them both, and they made for the open window. Their exit was still quicker than their entrance; and knowing that nothing more could be done, the brother and sister hurried home. They reached the house worn out and splashed with mud. M. de Theminay had returned, and the whole household were alarmed at their absence. The servants did their best, but they could not catch a word of the explanation, which was given with closed doors; and early next morning Auguste returned to the cottage accompanied by a police-officer.

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They found it open and deserted: the furniture, including that huge cabinet, was still there; but the lamp, the brasses of the mysterious drawers, the cards, and every scrap of written paper were gone.

Auguste examined the cabinet curiously. The interior was like a small closet, with a few drawers at the top strangely supplied with slits and sliding divisions; and in the first he opened lay Valerie's locket. That cabinet eventually passed into the hands of the prefect of police, who soon after became remarkably inquisitive regarding the whereabout of Madame Le Sage and her porteress; but neither ever appeared within his jurisdiction.

Among the many explanations of the wonder-working lottery offered on the occasion, it was conjectured that Madame Le Sage had been in the habit of keeping a person concealed in the cabinet for the purpose of arranging the cards according to her directions, which she gave in a mutually-known language while pretending to read from the manuscript. Certain it was that her extended business as a letter-writer must have made madame acquainted with family and individual secrets, which she seemed to have taken an unaccountable pleasure in revealing by means of her cards to the parties from whom they were most anxiously kept, and to that circumstance alone much of her power was owing.

After her departure, the poet was never seen in Versailles; his admirers said he had retired from society in disgust; but a well-known scholar subsequently recognised 'Semiramis' in an antiquated Italian tragedy. The utmost efforts of the police, and the inquiries of the many interested, failed to throw any light on the past history of the trio whom public rumour gradually connected, except that three persons answering to their description had formerly resided at Avignon, in the house of an old Jewish rabbi some years deceased, and supposed to have come originally from Rome. The same party was afterwards traced through many of the great towns of Europe in a variety of nondescript professions, to which, however, fortune-telling in some shape was always united.

The most extraordinary part of the affair as regarded the Theminays was Justin's connection with it. How the solitary and neglected boy had made such an acquaintance as Madame Le Sage, or what part he took in her affairs, was never exactly ascertained by either Auguste or Valerie. Justin could not be found for weeks and months from that eventful night: the search and inquiries of his family were equally fruitless, till at length one day his Cordelier instructor made a private communication to M. de Theminay, the reported substance of which was that the boy had joined their order in a Breton monastery; and monsieur observed, when speaking of the subject, that his son had always a religious tendency. The old gentleman was still better pleased when, as time wore away, bearing with it the reports and impressions of those events, his son and daughter rapidly renewed acquaintance with their wealthy cousins; and a few days before the following Carnival, the double wedding was celebrated with great splendour, to the delight of all parties. The duties of his profession were fulfilled on that occasion with more than ordinary elegance by Ambroisine's father, who remarked that his poor girl was also about to be married to the man of her choice, and his own apprentice.

REMAINS OF NINEVEH.*

It seems to be the privilege of our age, not merely to produce the most extraordinary amount of interesting history itself, but to effect the recovery of some of the most remarkable, though heretofore lost, passages of ancient history. We have already seen the early events of some of the great extinct monarchies of the East read off from monuments and inscriptions, and one or two thousand years thus added to the entire history of mankind. Now another, and perhaps the greatest of these primitive states is, as it were, raised from the grave, and made to tell its own story. The vale of the Tigris, one of the most fertile spots of the earth, is, as is well known, now occupied only by a scattered Arabian population under the Turkish government. Travellers have made known to us the existence of great mounds in several places—the supposed ruins of the ancient Assyrian cities and palaces; but this was mere conjecture. Not a single building existed which could be referred to the ancient empire. The very site of Nineveh, which Jonah saw a city of three days' journey in circuit, was uncertain. So early as the days of Xenophon, desolation and barbarism had resumed their reign over this once magnificent country. At the same time, scarcely any authentic memorials had come down to us of Assyrian history: we knew little but that there had once been a great empire in this valley; that it had personages called Ninus, Semiramis, and Belus connected with it, and had sunk under the Persian empire, while kings were still reigning over the infant city of Rome. It was reserved for British enterprise, within the last four years, to turn the darkness which had settled on this subject into something like light.

The present work gives an account of the arduous task which Mr Layard was induced to undertake in 1845, of exploring the great mounds under which the ruins of Assyria were supposed to be buried. He at first acted on his own responsibility; but when some success had been attained, the countenance and assistance of the government were extended to him. Still, at all times he had to contend with great difficulties, the chief of which lay in the barbarism of the native government and its subjects, one-half of whom are the plunderers of the rest. His first work was the trenching of the great mound called Nimroud, situated on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Zab with the Tigris. To his great delight he found the walls of a series of palaces, containing huge idols, sculptures in bas-relief and paintings, and many minor objects, helping to throw a light upon the history as well as manners of the Assyrians. It was an astounding resurrection, bringing things before the gaze of mankind which had been covered over and thrown into utter oblivion before the days of Alexander. Afterwards Mr Layard effected similar excavations at Kalah Sherghat, a place farther down the river, and on the west bank; likewise at Kouyunjik, near Mosul. Meanwhile similar works had been proceeding, but on a less happy method, at Khorsabad, under the care of a French consul. Mr Layard at length determined that the ancient Nineveh had stood on the left or east bank of the Tigris, one side of it bordering on the river between Kouyunjik and Nimroud, while the other lay between Khorsabad and Karamles, a sort of lozenge-formed square of about sixty miles in entire circuit. The ruins at these places were but the remains of the principal public buildings; the rest of the city had left no memorial above the general level of the soil. Ultimately, Mr Layard succeeded in shipping off some of the principal remains to England, for the British Museum; and it has since been the employment of his leisure to compose a narrative of the whole proceedings, as well as a view of ancient Assyria, as now revealed to us by the result of his labours. Of the book we must pronounce that it is as creditable to his taste and intelligence, as the excavations were to his courage and diplomatic skill. It is amply illustrated with drawings and plans.

The most striking objects exhumed by Mr Layard were colossal figures of bulls, with wings and human heads, or else lions similarly furnished, which stood beside the portals of the palaces; realisations, no doubt, of some of the leading religious or moral ideas of the Assyrians. Some of these have been sent home. Slabs, with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in cuneiform letters, rank next in importance. They present kings in battle, or returning from it; sieges and captures of cities; horse-

* Nineveh and its Remains, with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldæan Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq. D.C.L. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1849.

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men pursuing one another; and so forth; all in a rich and not incorrect style of art, though wanting the grouping and expression given by the modern sculptor. But let Mr Layard himself give a general description of Nimroud, as it appeared when the excavations were about to cease:—'We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the reader would probably be the same, particularly if accompanied by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed; that even the patriarch Abraham himself may possibly have looked upon them.

'In the subterraneous labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldæans or Tiyari, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins; and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labour with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Further on there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect the marks of masonry; and we soon find that it is a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same colour as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it.

'The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath.

'Having walked about one hundred feet amongst these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway, formed by gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces: the great human head is at our feet.

'We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sculpture we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king hunting, and triumphing over, the lion and wild bull; and the siege of the castle, with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, when he received his captive enemies or his courtiers.

'To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute—ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys—may be seen on walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge.

'As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures. At one end of it is a doorway guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—there lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of Eastern romance.'

The great antiquity of the objects brought to light is shown by some curious facts. Perhaps the most curious revelation of all is that which follows, betraying a comparative antiquity in a series of objects, very much in the manner of geological chronology. 'In the centre of the mound [at Nimroud],' says Mr Layard, 'I had in vain endeavoured to find traces of building. Except the obelisk, two winged figures, and a few fragments of yellow limestone, which appeared to have formed part of a gigantic bull or lion, no remains of sculpture had yet been discovered. On excavating to the south, I found a well-formed tomb, built of bricks, and covered with a slab of alabaster. It was about five feet in length, and scarcely more than eighteen inches in breadth in the interior. On removing the lid, parts of a skeleton were exposed to view; the skull and some of the larger bones were still entire; but on an attempt being made to move them, they crumbled into dust. With them were three earthen vessels. A vase of reddish clay, with a long narrow neck, stood in a dish of such delicate fabric, that I had great difficulty in removing it entire. Over the mouth of the vase was placed a bowl or cup, also of red clay. This pottery appears to have stood near the right shoulder of the body. In the dust which had accumulated round the skeleton, were found beads and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. The beads are of opaque-coloured glass, agate, cornelian, and amethyst. A small crouching lion of lapis-lazuli, pierced on the back, had been attached to the end of the necklace. The vases and ornaments are Egyptian in their character, being identical with similar remains found in the tombs of Egypt, and preserved in collections of antiquities from that country. With the beads was a cylinder, on which is represented the king in his chariot, hunting the wild bull, as in the bas-relief from the north-west palace. The surface of the cylinder has been so much worn and

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injured, that it is difficult to distinguish the figures upon it. A copper ornament resembling a modern seal, two bracelets of silver, and a pin for the hair, were also discovered. I carefully collected and preserved these interesting remains, which seemed to prove that the body had been that of a female.

'On digging beyond this tomb, I found a second, similarly constructed, and of the same size. In it were two vases of highly-glazed green pottery, elegant in shape, and in perfect preservation. Near them was a copper mirror and a copper lustral spoon, all Egyptian in form.

'Many other tombs were opened, containing vases, plates, mirrors, spoons, beads, and ornaments. Some of them were built of baked bricks, carefully joined, but without mortar; others were formed by large earthen sarcophagi, covered with an entire alabaster slab, similar to those discovered in the south-east corner of the mound, and already described.

'Having carefully collected and packed the contents of the tombs, I removed them, and dug deeper into the mound. I was surprised to find, about *five feet beneath them*, the remains of a building. Walls of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs with which they had been cased were no longer in their places, being scattered about without order, and lying mostly with their faces on the flooring of baked bricks. Upon them were both sculptures and inscriptions. Slab succeeded to slab; and when I had removed nearly twenty tombs, and cleared away the earth from a space about fifty feet square, the ruins which had been thus uncovered presented a very singular appearance. Above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as the leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved, in the order in which they stood, from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried brick, and had been left as found preparatory to their removal elsewhere. That they were not thus arranged before being used in the building for which they had been originally sculptured, was evident from the fact, proved beyond a doubt by repeated observation, that the Assyrians carved their slabs after, and not before, they were placed. Subjects were continued on adjoining slabs, figures and chariots being divided in the centre. There were places for the iron brackets, or dove-tails. They had evidently been once filled, for I could still trace marks and stains left by the metal. To the south of the centre bulls were two gigantic figures, similar to those discovered to the north.

'These sculptures resembled in many respects some of the bas-reliefs found in the south-west palace, in which the sculptured face of the slab was turned, it will be remembered, towards the walls of unbaked bricks. It appeared, therefore, that the centre building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of this edifice. But here were tombs *over* the ruins. The edifice had perished; and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funereal vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? These are questions which I am yet unable to answer, and which must be left undecided until the origin and age of the contents of the tombs can be satisfactorily determined.'

It can little surprise us, after such revelations, made, as it were, out of the dust of the desert, that an Arab sheikh one day addressed Mr Layard as follows:—'Wonderful! wonderful! There is surely no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. In the name of the Most High, tell me, oh Bey, what you are going to do with those stones? So many thousands of purses spent upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the cadi declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of those things that the English show their wisdom. But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were under ground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and, praise be to God! all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick (illustrating the description at the same time with the point of his spear), and makes a line here, and makes a line there. Here, says he, is the palace; there, says he, is the gate; and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learnt these things? Speak, oh Bey: tell me the secret of wisdom.'

Mr Layard has some interesting remarks on the state of imitative art among the ancient Assyrians. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'to examine the monuments of Assyria without being convinced that the people who raised them had acquired a skill in sculpture and painting, and a knowledge of design, and even composition, indicating an advanced state of civilisation. It is very remarkable that the most ancient ruins show this knowledge in the greatest perfection attained by the Assyrians. The bas-relief representing the lion-hunt, now in the British Museum, is a good illustration of the earliest school of Assyrian art yet known. It far exceeds the sculptures of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, or the later palaces of Nimroud, in the vigour of the treatment, the elegance of the forms, and in what the French aptly term "mouvement." At the same time it is eminently distinguished from them by the evident attempt at composition—by the artistical arrangement of the groups. The sculptors who worked at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik had perhaps acquired more skill in handling their tools. Their work is frequently superior to that of the earlier artist in delicacy of execution—in the details of the features, for instance—and in the boldness of the relief; but the slightest acquaintance with Assyrian monuments will show that they were greatly inferior to their ancestors in the higher branches of art—in the treatment of a subject, and in beauty and variety of form. This decline of art, after suddenly attaining its greatest perfection in its earliest stage, is a fact presented by almost every people, ancient and modern, with which we are acquainted. In Egypt, the most ancient monuments display the purest forms and the most elegant decorations. A rapid retrogression, after a certain period, is most apparent, and serves to indicate approximatively the epoch of most of her remains. In the history of Greek and Roman art, this sudden rise and rapid fall are equally apparent. Even changes in royal dynasties have had an influence upon art, as a glance at monuments of that part of the East of which we are specially treating will show. Thus the sculpture of Persia, as that of Assyria, was in its best state at the time of the earliest monarchs, and gradually declined until the fall of the empire. . . . This decline in art may be accounted for by supposing that, in the infancy of a people, or after the occurrence of any great event, having a very decided influence upon their manners, their religion, or their political state, nature was the chief, if not the only object of study. When a certain proficiency had been attained, and no violent changes

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took place to shake the established order of things, the artist, instead of endeavouring to imitate that which he saw in nature, received as correct delineations the works of his predecessors, and made them his types and his models. In some countries, as in Egypt, religion may have contributed to this result. Whilst the imagination, as well as the hand, was fettered by prejudices, and even by laws, or whilst indolence or ignorance led to the mere servile copying of what had been done before, it may easily be conceived how rapidly a deviation from correctness of form would take place. As each copied the errors of those who preceded him, and added to them himself, it is not wonderful if, ere long, the whole became one great error. It is to be feared that this prescriptive love of imitation has exercised no less influence on modern art than it did upon the arts of the ancients.' Our author then proceeds to argue that art had advanced from Assyria to Asia Minor, and thence into Greece, where it was destined to attain its highest perfection.

The dissertation on the antiquity and leading personages and events of Assyria is, after all, so vague in its results, that we find it would little profit our readers to enter into it. We prefer bestowing the small remaining space at our disposal in making reference to Mr Layard's restoration, as it may be called, of ancient Nineveh. He insists that the mound of Nimroud is the remains of the principal feature of the city. 'It is probable that the great edifice in the north-west corner of the principal mound, was the temple or palace, or the two combined; the smaller houses were scattered around it, over the face of the country. To the palace was attached a park, or paradise, as it was called, in which was preserved game of various kinds for the diversion of the king. This enclosure, formed by walls and towers, may perhaps still be traced in the line of low mounds branching out from the principal ruin. Future monarchs added to the first building, and the centre palace arose by its side. As the population increased with the duration and prosperity of the empire, and by the forced immigration of conquered nations, the dimensions of the city increased also. A king founding a new dynasty, or anxious to perpetuate his fame by the erection of a new building, may have chosen a distant site. The city, gradually spreading, may at length have embraced such additional palaces. This appears to have been the case with Nineveh. Nimroud represents the original site of the city. To the first palace the son of its founder added a second, of which we have the ruins in the centre of the mound. He also built the edifice now covered by the great mound of Baasheikha, as the inscriptions on the bricks from that place prove. He founded at the same time a new city at Kalah Sherghat. A subsequent monarch again added to the palaces at Nimroud, and recorded the event on the pavement slabs, in the upper chambers of the western face of the mound. At a much later period, when the older palaces were already in ruins, edifices were erected on the sites now marked by the mounds of Khorsabad and Karamles. The son of their founder built the great palace at Kouyunjik, which must have exceeded those of his predecessors in extent and magnificence. His son was engaged in raising one more edifice at Nimroud—the previous palaces, as it has been shown, having been long before deserted or destroyed—when some great event, perhaps the fall of the empire, and destruction of the capital, prevented its completion.

'The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the book of Jonah, and by Diodorus Siculus. If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty accurately with the 480 stadia or 60 miles of the geographer, which make the three days' journey of the prophet. Within this space there are many large mounds, including the principal ruins in Assyria, such as Karakush, Baasheikha, Baazani, Husseini, Tel-Yara, &c. &c.; and the face of the country is strewed with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments.

'The space between the great public edifices was probably occupied by private houses, standing in the midst of gardens, and built at distances from one another; or forming streets which enclosed gardens of considerable extent, and even arable land. The absence of the remains of such buildings may easily be accounted for. They were constructed almost entirely of sun-dried bricks, and like the houses now built in the country, soon disappeared altogether when once abandoned, and allowed to fall into decay. The largest palaces would probably have remained undiscovered, had there not been the slabs of alabaster to show the walls. There is, however, sufficient to indicate that buildings were once spread over the space above-described; for besides the vast number of small mounds everywhere visible, scarcely a husbandman drives his plough over the soil without exposing the vestiges of former habitations. Each quarter of the city may have had its distinct name; hence the palace of Evorita, where Saracus destroyed himself; and the Mespila and Larissa of Xenophon, applied respectively to the ruins at Kouyunjik and Nimroud.

'Existing ruins thus show that Nineveh acquired its greatest extent in the time of the kings of the second dynasty; that is to say, of the kings mentioned in Scripture. It was then that Jonah visited it, and that reports of its size and magnificence were carried to the West, and gave rise to the traditions from which the Greek authors mainly derived the information handed down to us.'

'The interior of the Assyrian palace,' adds Mr Layard, 'must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall, he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

'The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which, again, opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

'The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and

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mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the woodwork. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an Eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

'These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.'

It must be matter of regret that Mr Layard was cut short in his discoveries by the exhaustion of the limited funds placed at his disposal by the government; and that he was compelled not only to leave much unexplored, but to cover up again with earth many monuments which he had not the means of transporting to England. We take it upon us to say that, eager as many in our country are for a reduction of the public expenditure, few would grudge the few thousands required for such a purpose as this. We would hope that Mr Layard, whose whole proceedings are so creditable to him, and who, by his work, has already established a claim to the gratitude of all the intelligent part of the community, will ere long be encouraged to return to his labours, with a view to his giving us yet a further insight into the most ancient of Asiatic monarchies.

RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE-SWIMMER.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken. A hero in humble life has been made known to us of quite a new order. This brave man, by name Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Grainthorpe on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years devoted himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the usual apparatus for succouring ships in distress. Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the noble duty of saving human life. On the approach of stormy weather, he mounts to an opening in the top of his dwelling, and there, pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self-imposed duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters; no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible?—a man on horseback! Yes, it is Richard Hoodless, coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt-water excursions! Onward the faithful horse swims and plunges, only turning for an instant when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom. There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of unselfishness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and his rider. The ship is reached; Hoodless mounts two or three mariners *en croupe*, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instalment.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears that in reality no training is necessary: all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for that, as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to the bridle as a boat is to its helm. The same thing is observed in this sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate; but the moment his feet fairly leave the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise his safety in the aërial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is, when meeting a particularly angry surf or swell, to turn his horse's head, bend forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were the horse to face the larger billows, and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would be soon exhausted.

In the year 1833, Hoodless signalised himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the Hermione, and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the society on this occasion may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known. 'It was resolved unanimously, that the noble courage and humanity displayed by Richard Hoodless for the preservation of the crew of the "Hermione" from drowning, when that vessel was wrecked near Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 31st of August 1833, and the praiseworthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion, by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, *when it was found impossible* to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the special general court, and justly entitles him to the honorary medallion of the institution, which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the ensuing anniversary festival.'

As it may not be generally understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat, when vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched, the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated. On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck; but more usually he goes on horseback, and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten seamen—some on the back of the horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups. Should a vessel be lying on her beam-ends, Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in making his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account: he had secured two seamen, and was attempting to leave the vessel for the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done? The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately, he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulled a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—no easy task in a stormy sea—and so got off with safety!

All honour to Farmer Richard Hoodless, who still in

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his own unostentatious way, performs acts of humanity as singular as they are meritorious! Only by accident have we become acquainted with his name and deeds of heroism, and we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them all the publicity in our power.

GOLD-FINDING IN CALIFORNIA.

The Americans appear to have some additional and unexpected reasons for congratulating themselves on the recent acquisition of California from Mexico. In the northern part of this territory, in the month of April last, it was discovered that gold abounded in the beds of the rivers and in their alluvial borders, as well as in the rocks constituting the higher grounds. A large portion of the thinly-inhabited territory has since become a scene of busy gold-finding, for which perhaps no parallel exists in the history of any country. One is at first tempted to suppose the whole affair a popular delusion, or a deliberate exaggeration, after a well-known transatlantic manner; but such theories are not tenable. We have received a Boston newspaper (*Daily Evening Traveller*, December 11, 1848), containing such documents on the subject as put incredulity as to the very great abundance of gold found entirely to flight. One of them is a report by Colonel Mason of the United States army, written at his station of Monterey, on the 17th August, to acquaint his government with the particulars of the singular affair. Another is a similar report by Mr Larkin, the United States consul at San Francisco. Both are cool business-like narrations, apparently beyond reasonable suspicion; yet they fully support the accounts which rumour had already circulated respecting the mineral wealth which has so unexpectedly turned up.

The gold district at present under attention appears to be situated on an inlet near San Francisco, called the American Fork, and on the rivers flowing into it. The territory is public property, but this seems to be as yet no impediment to the multitude of adventurers now engaged in pursuit of the gold. The Sacramento, the Feather, the Bear, the San Joachin, are names of rivers alluded to in the reports as permeating the *placer*, or gold tract. Colonel Mason, who has personally examined the country, and witnessed the strange proceedings, says —'At the saw-mill, twenty-five miles above the lower washings, or fifty miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr Marshall, to save labour, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race. One day Mr Marshall, as he was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labours of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither.'

The effect upon a population of settlers thinly scattered over a rude country, or clustered in a few seaside villages, can only be imagined by those who are acquainted with the activity and enterprise of the American character. As soon as it was known that gold was literally to be had for the lifting in certain parts of the country, an almost universal abandonment of the common pursuits of life took place. It became impossible to retain a servant or clerk; the merchant ships, and even those of the government, were deserted in the harbours; the soldiers left their quarters without leave. Two newspapers ceased publication, because all concerned in them, from editor to printer's imp, had seen fit to set out a gold-hunting. Brickyards, sawmills, and farms (*rauchos*), were left to solitude. The town of San Francisco became two-thirds depopulated. Mr Larkin says—'San Francisco has not a justice of the peace left. The second alcade of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the golden river. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year attorney-general for the king of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a-half per day; near him can be found most all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.'

In August it was calculated that four thousand persons were engaged in the finding of gold, one-half of them Indians; and it was believed that gold to the value of from thirty to fifty thousand dollars was found each day. Colonel Mason describes the people as living in tents, in bush arbours, or in the open air; and he says that, though many had large sums in gold about them, there was no such thing as crime known amongst them. The very facility of obtaining the desired metal, seemed to have made it not worth any one's while to take culpable methods of acquiring it.

With regard to the actual amount realised in individual cases, Mr Larkin gives some curious particulars. Speaking of a brief space which he spent at a place where there were eight men with two rude machines at work, he says—'The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labour of the day. I suppose they made each fifty dollars per day: their own calculation was two pounds of gold a day—four ounces to a man—sixty-four dollars. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day: the result was seven dollars to one, eighty-two dollars to the other. There were two reasons for this difference: one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me fifty dollars per hundred (500 dollars per M.), and a carpenter washing gold dust demanded fifty dollars per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for 120 dollars, payable in gold dust, at fourteen dollars per ounce. The owner excused himself for the price by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first, and five ounces the second day.'

Colonel Mason speaks of what he saw on a stream called Weber's Creek:—'We found a great many people and Indians, some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, and two ounces were considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter, not more than a hundred yards long by four feet wide and two or three feet deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men—William Daly and Perry M'Coon—had, a short time before, obtained 17,000 dollars' worth of gold. Captain Weber informed me, that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that at

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the end of one week's work they paid off their party, and had left 10,000 dollars' worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 15,000 dollars' worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearance, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighbourhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over 2000 dollars' worth of gold; and Mr Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged, with four others, with a machine on the American Fork, just below Sutter's Mill; that they worked eight days; and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances. But to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common labourers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbour of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked its price. Captain Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Captain Weber told him it only cost fifty cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a-half, when Captain Weber *had* to take it. The prices of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breech-cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dress.'

Colonel Mason describes the mode of washing out the gold where machines are used:—The cradle, as it is called, 'is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head it has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged one hundred dollars a day.' A simple plan followed by individuals is noticed by Mr Larkin:—'A person without a machine, after digging on one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel full of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch under the water, continued to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner, that the running water will carry off the light earth, occasionally with his hand throwing out the stones: after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is on a handkerchief or cloth dried in the sun, the emerge is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of enclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I, from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half an hour standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be two or three dollars.'

'The size of the gold,' he continues, 'depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken; the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one-half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed companies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage; yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold. At present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labour, or such as is called here severe labour.'

The latest report on the subject is from the Rev. Walter Colton, alcade of Monterey, dated 29th August. Our newspaper authority informs us that Mr Colton speaks to the same purpose as Colonel Mason, but refers more particularly to the abundance of gold in the hills, where it is found in rough jagged pieces, of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes three ounces. New discoveries are daily extending the gold region. Mr Colton says that people are running about the country picking up gold out of the earth, just as hogs in a forest would root up ground nuts. They vary from one ounce to ten ounces a day: an ounce is worth from 16 to 18 dollars. One man is mentioned, whose profits from sixty Indians, employed in hunting gold, are at the rate of one dollar a minute. 'I know,' says Mr Colton, 'seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather River. They employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men, and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days fifteen hundred dollars each. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash-bowl, two pounds and a-half of gold in fifteen minutes. Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill.' Mr Colton estimates the amount extracted at a million of dollars a month. It appears that, meanwhile, from the cessation of regular industry, all articles of necessity are raised to extravagant prices, so that the government officers find it impossible to live on their pay.

As might be expected, the news has excited great sensation in New York and other parts of the Union. Three steamers and seven ships and barques had already, by the beginning of December, sailed for California, sailors readily consenting to go at a dollar a month, in their eagerness to get to the ground. About a dozen more vessels were expected soon to sail. It is, however, a long voyage, or rather double voyage—first 2500 miles sailing to the river Chagres, in the Isthmus of Panama; then a twenty-mile journey on mules; and after this a second voyage of 3500 miles to San Francisco. On the latter line steamers are to be placed.

It will remain to be seen whether this extraordinary windfall prove of any serious permanent benefit to America or any of her citizens. History shows that gold-finding has never yet been a permanently advantageous pursuit, and that there is nothing to be thoroughly depended upon for the benefit of men and nations, but hard work applied in an economical manner to the production of articles required for use. If America thrives by picking up the precious metal in the wilds of California, she will be an exception from a pretty well-established rule.

INDIAN BHANG.

No one who has lived in India, and is acquainted with Asiatic manners and customs, can fail to be struck, when he reads Stephen, Barrow, and such modern writers, by the great similarity which exists between the Egyptian and the Hindoo. The hieroglyphics depicted in the tableaux of ancient lore—the pictures of implements of husbandry, household furniture, manner of irrigating the land, carrying water—all tell the same

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tale; and the conviction remains forcibly upon the mind, that the two nations must have had the same origin, or have been closely united, perhaps by traffic, in days gone by. The use of hashish (described in Journal, No. 256) is common to both, and serves as another connecting link.

The hashish or bhang is used by the Hindoo because fermented and spirituous liquors are forbidden by his religion, although they are given to the gods as offerings, by placing them behind the idol, and out of human sight. Although even the Brahmin not unfrequently partakes of bhang, those who indulge in it are looked upon in the light of debauchees; and sober folk shake their heads at them, and bhangie and ganja khore are opprobrious terms.

Bhang is the leaf of the male plant of the hemp, dried in the sun; when fresh, the leaf has a pleasing odour; but I am not certain whether it retains it when dried. Ganja is the same leaf; but being rubbed down in the hand to powder, and smoked in a narielle (a kind of hookah), retains the name of the plant; and the epithet of *churres* is given to the dried flower and stamen, which must naturally be more delicate and scarce, and on that account dearer. Churres is frequently made into tablet and *luddoos*, or balls of sugar-candy—a dainty sweetmeat for the Hindoo, who gets bemused as he sucks or nibbles the sweets; and I have heard the feeling they occasion described by a friend as that of being plunged into a pleasing reverie, which was, however, every now and then broken by a sensation of being hoisted up into the air, and let down again with a shock.

The preparing a *lotah*, or jug of bhang, is accompanied by as much joviality and gossip among the partakers as the mixing of a bowl of punch or negus is with us; and many a time have I noticed an old favourite servant as he sat over the orgies of the bhang. Wherever Peerun travelled, his bundle of bhang went with him; and at mid-day, after his ablution and *poojah*, and lunch of parched rice or peas, a stone mortar and a wooden thiel, made of hard baubul, or thornwood, were produced, at the sight of which a few favourite friends or fellow-servants speedily collected. The humblest of these would undertake the pulverising of the leaf, which was done by rapid friction in the stone mortar with the wooden pestle. This was accomplished in about ten minutes, and water being poured over it, the liquid was strained through a piece of muslin; to this was added some sugar, and sometimes ginger or pepper, to make it more palatable. The host generally took a draught himself first, taking care, as usual, not to touch the lotah, or brass goblet, with his lips; but sitting on his haunches, and putting back his head, allowing the favourite beverage to slide down his gullet. His humble friends generally got each a small brass *cotorah*, or cupful, and drank it with relish and applause. The party soon after dispersed, and Peerun was seldom fit for any work or business after this: his eyes became bloodshot, his speech thick, his mind confused; in a word, he became drunk, and retired to his hut, or, on a march, betook himself to the shade of a tree; and there he dozed or slumbered, and enjoyed his reveries till three or four hours sobered him again. He then bustled about, and began to think of a regular meal, which was always cooked by his own hands about the gloaming.

Although a daily bibber of bhang, Peerun was a faithful and trustworthy servant, and in good circumstances; and when known to me, the noxious weed had not impaired either his health or intellect. But this is not always the case: the bhangie and ganja khore must be able to live well and comfortably: he must have plenty of milk and *ghee* (clarified butter), and not be stinted in food, otherwise he grows lean and withered—his hands and feet become long and attenuated, his eyes dull, and the white of the eye yellow and bloodshot. Costiveness is also a consequence, and the poor debauchee at last falls a sacrifice to his favourite drug. Bhang is not a cheap luxury: it costs the Bengalee as much as our Souchong costs us; and considering the poor circumstances of the Indian, it occasions him a greater outlay than tea does here to a comfortable householder. A ganja khore and bhang bibber may frequently, therefore, be known by his rags and hungry look. Smoking does not produce so great a degree of intoxication as drinking, but the same evils follow in its train. However strange and incredible it may appear, I will not hesitate to relate a fact which I witnessed during a march; namely, the giving of a small portion of bhang to some working bullocks. The oxen were in beautiful condition; and upon remonstrating with the man under whose charge they were, as to the bad effects the drug might have, he only laughed at my fears, and maintained that the bullocks, after being shampooed and currycombed, looked to their dram to invigorate them, as a hungry man to his food, and that they could stand their work and fatigue all the better for it—with what *truth* I never had time to investigate thoroughly, as I lost sight of the man and his cattle after the march was finished. Giving bhang to cattle is, however, not a common thing, and may therefore be known to few Europeans.

Native doctors occasionally use bhang externally as a medicament, as we do laudanum, to deaden pain. It is tied in a bundle, warmed at the fire, and applied as a fomentation.

The *datura* or *stramonium* is a common weed in Hindoostan; and, like the foxglove, delights in a rich and moist soil. Who that saw it in all its beauty, clad with large white, trumpet-shaped, sweet-smelling flowers, would think that death and insanity may be brought on by its thorny apple, or rather the *seed* contained in the apple of this beautiful plant. It is a well-known poison to the Bengalee, who mixes it in small quantities with the rum which he sells to the European soldier, and gives it in large doses to an enemy whose mental powers he wishes to destroy for ever; and *certainly*, when not counteracted in time, the derangement of the brain brought on by datura becomes lasting. I have seen raving madness, melancholy madness, and merry madness, all produced by the use of this drug: according to the constitution, the poison acted differently.

In one gentleman's family I witnessed a case in point. A Hookaberdar, who had been concerned in robbing a female, had clandestinely brought the property home; not undetected, however, by some of his fellow-servants. The woman suspected him, took out a warrant, and his master's premises were searched; but the cunning thief had thrown the purloined jewels into a well, which, on account of its brackish water, was in disuse in the household, and consequently it had almost got dry, and choked up with weeds and bushes. The police were unsuccessful in their search; but two of the servants, who knew of the well, threatened to inform unless they received a douceur. The pipeman therefore mixed up a large dose of datura seed, ground to powder, with their curry; of which, being mess-fellows, they both partook.

In a short time the cook began to rave about roasts and puddings, and although it was night, began to sweep out the kitchen, and make noisy preparations for the mid-day meal. The other man, who was a sort of valet, and had charge of his master's wardrobe, came up stairs, pretended he heard the bugle, and insisted upon laying out the clothes and accoutrements for parade, and in his confusion of mind upset the boxes and toilet of his master. All this of course occasioned a great stir and disturbance in the household. The patients, however, were not allowed to go on in their mad career, but were separately shut up for the night by the master's direction, and medical aid was procured for them in the morning. Cooling salts, lime-juice and water, also vinegar and water, were prescribed, with the frequent use of the shower-bath; which measures were successful, restoring in a few days the patients to sanity. I may add that ample evidence being produced against him, the Hookaberdar was brought to condign punishment, set to work on the road, and disgraced for life.

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BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR IN GERMANY.

There is plenty of dancing going on in Germany. Glee-wine, a sort of negus and punch, is brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the New Year from the others—that is, to announce the New Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling, 'Prosst Neu Jahr!' starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all the others the New Year. In every house at that moment, all over the country, is shouted 'Prosst Neu Jahr!' prosst being no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit*. On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room door and woke us, in order to cry 'Prosst Neu Jahr!' On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation. With the glee-wine are brought in, on a waiter, the New-Year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamented gilt note-paper, and sealed up. When the Prosst Neu Jahr has passed, and all have drunk to one another a happy New Year, with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most part they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking. Under cover of these anonymous epistles, good hints and advice are often administered by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present those ornamental cards of which I have spoken under Christmas, and which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices; and those sent by friends and lovers generally appear on New-Year's Day, and are signed or not, as suits the purpose of the sender.—*William Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

COFFEE-ROOMS AND READING ALOUD.

'There is only one thing you now want at —— to complete your institutions for the good of the working-classes—a large, comfortable, well-lighted coffee-room with a good fire, where every workman, not finding in himself the taste or ability for science of any kind, might enjoy himself in an evening over a cup of coffee (nothing else being sold), and in listening to the reading by some young men in turn of amusing books—as the Arabian Nights' tales, Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c. &c. I have long thought all our plans for the good of working-men will be imperfect if we do not look to that large class, too old and inert to begin to study science, and unable or unused to read, but of which many might be weaned from the ale-house if the enjoyments of a clean room, blazing fire, and cup of hot drink for two-pence were offered them, with the substitution of listening to amusing reading, instead of the thrice-told yarns of their pot-house companions. My attention was first directed to this matter by Sir John Herschel's very striking anecdote of the labourers in a village who assembled every night at the blacksmith's shop to hear one of them read Richardson's "Pamela," the history of whose fortunes attracted so numerous and constant an auditory, and excited so intense an interest, that when, after many weeks' reading, the tale was finished, the whole party adjourned to the church and rang a merry peal, to express their delight at the heroine's triumphant success over all her temptations. Now if the blacksmith's shop, in spite of the anvil's din, and sparks, and without the attraction of ale and gossip, could thus nightly bring together an eager company, why should not a snug warm coffee-room, with the similar banquet of an interesting tale? There would be no difficulty in finding competent readers among the better-educated class of young men, who could scarcely more effectually serve the cause of morality, and indeed of knowledge; for, by degrees, for mere light reading might be substituted voyages, such as Anson's, &c. which Somerville tells us in his autobiography were sufficient attraction, when read by him aloud in harvest at dinner-time, to surround him by a crowd of listeners.'—*Extract of a Letter.* [We have, on former occasions, recommended the plan here described. It still has our best wishes; but we have been sorry to learn that in one large town in Scotland, where it was tried by a person of remarkable energy, the working-classes did not take so much advantage of the benefits held out to them, as might have been expected.]

SONNET.

To L——. Christmas, 1848.

How shall I crown thy uncomplaining brow,
Sweet shape of my day-dreamings! when I built
Young Edens for thee? Look where'er thou wilt,
'Tis the same wayward world of wail and wo.
Bright flowers I would have brought thee, but they blow
In the sun only, and but blow to die:
Our day is sunless—wintry is our sky;
And so I have chosen thee better. *Christmas*, lo!
Here plucks them for thee. *Ivy*, ever green,
Winter or summer, clinging still the same
To old as young—to ruined as to new;
And thorny *holly*, but these thorns between
Bright berries, peeping with their eyes of flame.
Such crown be thine! Like *thee* 'tis cheerful, constant, true.

M. S. J.

INTELLIGENCE IN A FISH.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, Dr Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. 'When he resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved; but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.'

CHANGE OF OPINION.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—*Dr Whichcote.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 266. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849. PRICE 1½d.

MAN THE DISCONTENTED ANIMAL.

It is remarkable that man is the only animal that manifests discontent. This should either derogate from the general estimate of human worth, or it should make discontent respectable. I will not now pause to debate this point. I am struck, however, by the comparison between man and every other species of air-breathing animals as to their comparative grounds for discontent. Most undoubtedly, the species of such animals which has least cause for discontent with its lot in this world, is that one which alone manifests discontent—namely, *Homo*.

I do not know if it occurs very often to any one to consider the immense over-proportion of space which the human species has obtained on the earth's surface, in comparison with any other mammalian animal approaching to the same bulk. It is supposed that there are now from nine hundred to a thousand millions of human beings scattered over the globe. They have been increasing for ages, and seem as if they were yet to become much more numerous. The other animals in question have been as continually shrinking in numbers, excepting only those species which man encourages to breed for his own use; and they seem as if they would go on shrinking, while the human population advances. The lion, with all his kingly pretensions, the tiger, leopard, and other Felinæ, are rapidly becoming curiosities on the face of the earth, and in no long time will be extinct, or nearly so. In England and other civilised countries, the wolf, beaver, and other animals have vanished within the observation of history. Some others, as the elephant, rhinoceros, and great stag, appear, from their remains discovered in superficial deposits, to have perished before the island received a human population. All over the north of Europe and Asia, as well as North America, there was about the same period an abundance of elephantine animals, where only their bones are now to be found. Man may indeed be considered as a new landlord, who has come in upon these regions and evicted one-half or more of the former tenantry. Wherever he has set his foot, he has had it in his power to tell other mammals whether they might stay or not. Those which he thinks useless must become scarce immediately. To others he can say, 'Well, I shall make some use of you; you may remain;' and they remain accordingly, but only to be his slaves. In some cases he has taken a fancy to animals which he had formerly banished, and given them a new footing as curiosities, or for the purpose of preying upon them; for example, the capercailzie, or cock of the woods. In the Highlands of Scotland, at this moment, he is granting to deer and grouse a larger scope than they perhaps ever had in less civilised times; but the Tetraonidæ need not plume themselves on this, nor the Cervidæ carry their heads too high, as it is only to make game of them. In North America, we have seen for some ages a rapid increase of man with his train of serviceable animals, while the aboriginal beasts, the buffalo, deer, beaver, and many others, are perishing. In numbers he is a myriad, while they are everywhere but a handful. Such is also the case even with the domesticated animals; for dogs, though by no means scarce anywhere—horses, cattle, notwithstanding the encouragement given to their propagation—would make but a poor appearance in a census in comparison with their masters. It is rather amusing that the only creatures which can resist man, and keep their ground in coordination with himself, are the rats and mice, whose very insignificance in their individual capacity may be said to be their protection as a species. All others, it is evident, live only by his permission, and in as far as he finds them conducive to his own gratification.

These remarks, it will be observed, apply chiefly to mammalian animals; they might be extended farther down the scale, though not with the same force. They would be entirely true of the birds; for all the predaceous animals of this class are exactly in the same predicament with the beasts of the wild, while those useful for food are alone encouraged to breed; and the field-birds may be placed in the same category with the rats and mice, as maintaining a sort of defying position. They would also be true of the reptiles, which are everywhere shrinking from before the face of man. Fishes are palpably less liable to be affected by us, in consequence of their field of existence being so different from ours. The invertebrates are likewise comparatively safe in their individual pettiness and obscurity; although, as one remarkable fact, the pearl-oyster has almost completely disappeared from the Cingalese waters through the imprudent covetousness of man. With regard to land creatures of this kind, as insects, although it is often pointed out that they can more effectually trouble and injure us than any large animals whatever, it is also true that many of them have sunk before us. We clear a country of its woods, and substitute cerealia: myriads of insects and other small animals perish in consequence, simply because they have no longer requisite shelter and food. Whole genera have in this way become extinct in various parts of the earth.

Somewhat odd it must be admitted to be, that the one animal which has thus, for thousands of years, been killing and eating, extirpating and encouraging the rest, and which has been able to spread itself in multitudes over the earth, while others have been continually shrinking into smaller space, is the sole animal which ever grumbles at its fate.

This may be said to be the case as regards species against species. Let us now see how it fares with the individuals of the human species as against the indi-

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viduals of other species. We hear much of the difficulty of procuring a subsistence in this world, of over-population, and of the sad outlet from these evils through disease and mortality. Most undoubtedly there is not certain meat for every new human mouth: be it from what cause it may, be it wholly remediable or not, such is the fact. But is this true of the human species only? Alas! no. With no other species is there certain food for every particular mouth. With every one of them, the expansion of their numbers must be submissive to the accident of the amount of provision. All are liable to occasional short commons, and multitudes are continually dying off to allow room for the remainder. In some of the obscurer walks of creation, it is only vouchsafed to certain species—as, for example, the parasites on corn—to live now and then, as occasion may arise in the course of certain physical contingencies. Let the weather improve to human sensation, and whole genera will perish at once, remanded to the dormancy of the ovum for years to come. Even species so high as birds are sometimes all but extirpated by the severity of seasons. All this time the enormous abundance of human population is allowed to remain, with only a few occasional croppings of the weaker members. Our deviceful genius and foresight, and the control we are enabled to exercise over our inclinations, enable us to get over the syncopes of visitations of Providence with comparatively little suffering. And yet so it is that we are the discontented animal.

We have still another contrast to draw between man and the inferior creatures. Of these no single specimen has it in its power to extort from nature one-thousandth part of the enjoyment which man may realise by his labour and ingenuity. It is true that their wants are narrow, and when these are satisfied, as in fair circumstances they usually are, there is no occasion for complaint. Man, on the other hand, has an infinitely greater number of needs, and the disappointment he suffers when these are not gratified is very poignant. He is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. But it could be easy to show that it is better to have many desires, even at the hazard of these being somewhat starved, than to have few or none, with no such danger. Man clothes himself, houses himself, exalts the palatableness of everything he eats by cooking, bewitches himself with fine music and exquisite works of art, indulges in gorgeous dreams, obtainable through the medium of history and elegant literature, and in fancy may escape from any sordid character or situation into one purely heroic and dignified; none of which privileges belong to the lower animals. By industry he may surround himself with numberless blessings, and under favour of social laws, he may store these up to any amount for future use, or for the use of his posterity. No such advantages are in the power of the unhouseled denizens of the common and covert. On them every need falls with its own direct and immediate force; and if it cannot be satisfied at the moment, there is no remeed. Yet, again, with all these immense boons conferred upon him by the Almighty, man is the only discontented animal!

It thus appears as if our discontent were a very unreasonable thing, and that the humbler animals excel us in this respect. But can such a doctrine be received? Assuredly not. Among all the eccentricities of philosophy, no one could be found to maintain that the unrepining submission of these animals to the routine of their lot, and to every contingency of external nature, is to be more admired than the restless solicitude of man to remedy all passing evils, and improve his situation upon the earth. Seeing the connection between the easy contentment of the lower animals and a humble grade of intellect, and between human discontent and comparatively high intellect, we cannot avoid the conviction that discontent is a thing relative to a superior mental development. The alternative, then, to be chosen in the dilemma with which we set out, is, that there is a respectability in discontent as concerns our general character. We have it as a privilege, as part of the outshining glory of human nature, not to be too easily pleased or satisfied. Observe, it is only so as concerns our general character, and, it may be added, our general status on the earth. A grumbling, unsatisfiable temper remains in the individual as ugly a feature as ever; and to every one in his own particular walk and immediate circumstances, a contented and resigned spirit must be great gain. Thus it is that every disposition in human nature has its good and its bad aspect; or it may be more expressively said, there is a virtue and a vice in everything.

FROM THE GREY TO THE WHITE.

Fifty years ago, could we have followed a piece of cotton cloth from the loom, we should have seen it packed in great bales, and shipped off to Holland to be whitened. Could we have watched its further progress, we should have seen it consigned to some Dutch bleacher, and under his hands undergo a process of boiling in potash lees, and of subsequent washing and soaking in buttermilk, and then we might have beheld hundreds of acres of green grass covered with the fabric, forming one immense carpet of calico. After an exposure to the summer sky for months, autumn would see it all gathered up again, repacked, reshipped, and in the hands of the English manufacturer once more. Indeed in many instances we need not have left England to see this primitive method of bleaching, for many a fair English field was likewise turned into a 'bleaching croft.' A period extending over several months was thus necessary to give a snowy lustre to this product of the loom.

Science has now outstripped time and the whitening influence of the solar ray; and by a combination of many, but simple and rapid processes, has wrought out in a day what was formerly the work of many weeks, even when aided by the most favourable atmospheric influences. We propose, by recounting what was brought under our personal observation at one of the great bleachworks of this country, to bring the various interesting steps by which this remarkable process is so swiftly effected under the reader's notice, satisfied that it both deserves and will receive his willing and attentive consideration. The last of the textile processes concerned in the production of calico, power or handloom weaving, leaves the cloth in a condition as to colour and surface wholly unfit for the finer purposes of human life. Technically, the cloth is said to be in the 'grey;' but in reality its hue is that of a pale buff. This is due to the presence of resinous and amylaceous colouring particles in, or united with, the vegetable fibre. As these, in the process of bleaching, are acted upon by chemical reagents, which do not, at least when applied in the same proportionate strength, affect the vegetable fibre, they are partly extracted from the tissue, and partly decomposed. Thus bleaching—so far as principles are concerned—becomes resolved into a very simple process; although, it must be added, certain curious chemistries are concerned in it, the exposition of which is not very easy. The surface also of the cloth is so manifestly rough, downy, and covered with loose fibres, that it is evident it must be submitted to some smoothing procedure before it can possibly be fitted for apparel or for the process of calico-printing. The last of these processes—the 'smoothing'—will be very quickly got over; but the first—the extraction and decomposition of the colouring principles of the calico—will occupy the entire remaining portion of our paper.

A vast chimney, standing in solitary majesty, and blackening the whole sky with the smoke of its pipe, marks out the position of the great bleaching establishment we visited. The peculiar sound of dashing and tumbling waters, with the deep roll of machinery, and with every now and then the escape of a cumulus of steam up into the air from the roof of one portion of the building, assures the visitor he has not mistaken

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his destination, and the opening door lets him in to the tumultuous scene of labour. A strong smell of burnt tinder fills the air, and is perceived to proceed from a low-roofed, small building, detached from the rest of the establishment. This is the 'singeing' house. Standing at the door of this place, a rather alarming scene is brought before the eye. There is a low furnace in the centre of the room, with a fire beneath glowing at white heat. At the upper part of the furnace is a semi-cylinder of copper, heated to a bright red, and a man is seen winding a long piece of calico right over this burning metal. Every instant we expected the fabric to burst into a blaze. But no! a cloud of glowing sparks rose up the chimney, but the tissue continued to pass smoothly and safely over, being wound on to a roller, and wetted as it was wound up by a number of minute jets of water. This process is repeated three times—twice on the 'face,' and once on the back of the calico. By this curious plan all the light downy matter is actually *burnt* clean off; yet the fabric is uninjured, in consequence of the rapidity with which it is made to pass over the hot metal. One ton of coal, in a good furnace, will by this simple method smooth about twenty-four miles of calico! The cylinders used to be of iron, and were burnt away in a week; now they are copper, and last for two or three months. A more ingenious process has been patented, in which the downy particles are burnt away by causing a number of minute jets of gas to be, as it were, sucked through the fabric, and thus these light particles are consumed and carried away in an instant. We believe there are actually large singeing works in which this patent is carried out, where only *singeing* is done; but the process applies to a great number of other goods besides calico—such as bobbin-nets, muslins, &c. To have had such a piece of cloth as this looks now, being of a deep nankeen colour, from the effects of the singeing, put into his hands to bleach, would have driven a Dutchman almost to despair half a century ago; and it does in fact look as if we had made a step farther back instead of in progress.

The first great object has now been accomplished. The surface of the fabric is in that condition as to evenness and freedom from down which the manufacturer desires, and which the ultimate processes it is to be subjected to imperatively demand. The roll of cloth is therefore removed, and conveyed in trucks to that portion of the works which, though the entire series of processes is now totally different, still retains the old name, the 'bleaching croft.' It is an apartment of great size, paved with freestone, and abounding in cisterns, drums, and shafts in great numbers; and it would be well for the visitor to be furnished with waterproof shoes and upper clothing if he would watch minutely the various splashing operations which are conducted here. Some expert needlewomen are stationed in one part of it, whose duty it is to sew the ends of the pieces of singed cloth together until a continuous web is formed, containing from 400 to 500 pieces, and being from 6 to 8 statute miles in length. This vast quantity of cloth is disposed in a convenient heap, and one end of it is drawn into the washing-engine. This machine consists of two long horizontal wooden rollers, one of which is suspended above, and the other lies under water in an appropriate cistern. The cloth passes over and under these rollers a great number of times in a gentle spiral, and leaves them in the middle, to travel onward, and to be laid in folds on a four-wheeled truck a little in front of the machine. As a large supply of pure water is continually pouring into this engine, the soiled water escapes from it, and carries with it all that 'dressing' or paste which the weaver so sedulously introduced in the manufacture of his cloth. It would thus not be difficult to show that many thousands of barrels of flour are actually wasted in giving an *appearance* to the cloth; and the first machinery which applies the dressing, and the last, whose only intention is to remove it from the same fabric, with their original cost of construction, and the continued outlay of power for their working, being also taken into consideration, it would become manifest that many thousands of pounds are thrown away in the attempt to make an article look better than it really is.

The intention of the next process is the extraction of any resinous or oily matters from the cloth. To effect this, at the farthest side of the croft-house there is a set of curiously-arranged caldrons of cast-iron, seven or eight in number, and sufficiently capacious to hold *each* enough of cloth to describe, if laid evenly down, the circumference of the metropolis. These are called technically 'keirs.' They are of a curious construction: in the centre of each is a perpendicular iron pipe, with a sort of bonnet over its orifice; they have also a perforated false bottom, into which steam is blown; and when the caldron is filled with water and cloth, the injected steam forces up the water in interrupted jets through the pipe, which, by means of the bonnet, disperses it all over the cloth; and this process is continued, the liquor being a strong lye of lime, for eight hours, 1500 pieces being boiled at once. To see one of these great boilers in full work is to have a mimic geyser brought before the eyes, whose roarings and spoutings would not do discredit to the great original. The cloth is hauled out of the keir at the conclusion of this process by revolving rollers, and once more passes, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, through the washing-engine. All the alkaline liquor which it contained is thus washed away; but in order to insure its removal more completely, the cloth travels from the washing-engine into one upon precisely similar principles, only that, in the place of water, it is made to contain a very dilute solution of sulphuric acid and water. This is called by the artisans employed in the process the first 'souring.' From the souring-engine it is again taken to be washed in pure water, to get rid of the superfluous acid; and if the cloth is now examined, it will be found to be gradually gaining a whiter aspect, though still far from white. It has now to undergo another boiling. Once more the revolving rollers, which are suspended from the ceiling in a convenient position near the keir furnaces, are set in motion, and pour down a swift stream of cloth into the hot and yawning caldron beneath. The keir is this time filled with a dilute solution of soda-ash, and the boiling is continued for ten hours. This time being expired, the end of the immense length is hauled out, and put in connection with the hard-worked washing-engine, which fulfils its usual office, and discharging the washed cloth, it is directed by a man into a square receptacle, and stacked up there.

From this point the other class of bleaching principles come into play. The resinous and oleaginous matters have been fully extracted by the previous alternate alkaline lixiviations and washings in pure water. The colouring principles which remain, and give the cloth now a dirty pale yellow tinge, not being amenable to the powers of alkaline solution, must be dealt with by direct chemical energies. This, in fact, is the commencement of what in strictness should be called the bleaching process. The preparation vulgarly called chloride of lime, more properly chlorinated or chloruretted lime—for the first phrase indicates a chemical composition which does not belong to it—is that which effects this remarkable decomposition. It has received the strange-sounding title of 'chemick,' probably to contrast bleaching by chemical with the old plan of bleaching by solar influence. The 'chemicking' process is thus conducted: about twenty-two pounds of 'chloride of lime' are mixed together with water, and the solution being brought to a proper strength, is conveyed into a machine of the same construction as the washing-engine. The end of the piece is then directed over certain pulleys, and enters the bleaching-trough, where it is repeatedly immersed in the chlorinated solution; and on leaving the machine, is guided by a boy into a recess, where it lies in great coils for several hours. When it is considered to have

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lain long enough, it undergoes a second process of immersion in dilute sulphuric acid and water. The effect of this is to produce a chemical decomposition in the chlorinated lime; the lime quits its equivalent of chlorine under impulse of the stronger affinity it entertains for the acid, and the gas thus liberated in every fibre of the cloth, decomposes the colouring principles, leaving the cloth almost in a state of perfect whiteness. The washing-machine again receives it, and cleanses away the acid; it is then soaked in a solution of soda, in order to avoid any free acid entering with it into the further processes; and again it is washed in clean water. It then goes through a second chemicking, is again allowed to lie, and is again soused, and afterwards washed. The cloth is now perfectly white; its complexion will endure even the favourite comparison—'as white as snow.' Every trace of colour has been removed, and a spotless purity is left. It is then thoroughly soaked in *hot* water, is passed between a pair of wooden rollers, which perform that hydro-extractive operation called by the laundresses 'wringing,' by squeezing the cloth powerfully as it passes between them until it is almost destitute of water, when it takes a final leave of the croft in which it has played so many bustling parts, by disappearing from view through a hole in the ceiling.

A general analysis of these numerous processes—in all, *seventeen* in number—will facilitate our apprehension of the whole subject. Looking at them with attention, they resolve themselves into three classes:—1. Alkaline lixiviation; 2. Application of the chlorinated solution; and 3. Its decomposition in the fibres of the tissue by dilute sulphuric acid. The washing is to be considered simply as a depurative process. These processes look to two kinds of colouring matter in the cloth: one soluble, and removable by solution in alkaline liquors; the other insoluble, and only to be removed by making up its chemical composition under the influence, it has been supposed, of nascent oxygen, which some views of the chemical phenomena concerned would appear to show present in the case. We do not intend, however, to plunge the reader into a maze of chemical problems. A clear conception of the whole may be gained by bearing in mind the few and easy principles above stated. No one entering the croft ignorant of these could fail to be perplexed to the last degree by the apparently inextricable confusion of the numerous operations passing before his eyes. The number of white bands which, like huge serpents of endless length, fly hither and thither above his head, as if bewitched, and without the agency of human intervention to control their evolutions; the rattle of the pulleys over which they run; the dashing of the water in the washing, bleaching, and sousing-engines; the clattering of trucks on iron wheels, bearing their dripping loads to various places; and finally, the deep-mouthed, muffled roar of several of the keirs—all unite to form a scene the most extraordinary and confounding imaginable.

Mounting a flight of stairs, we have the snowy cloth once more brought under our notice. Here the long compound piece is unripped into the original lengths, which, united, extended to 70,000 yards, or about 24 miles. They are then individually folded, and as far as possible rendered free from creases. Thence they are taken into large drying apartments, with lattice-windows, the temperature of which is kept at a considerable elevation by means of steam pipes, and being suspended on long poles, they are quickly dried. After a little time they are removed from hence to the folding and packing-rooms; from which places, after having been put up in convenient parcels, they are sent off to the Manchester warehouses, or possibly to the print-works connected with this establishment at Mayfield in Manchester.

This beautiful process, on the whole, is perhaps more indicative of our era than many which receive more attention from the curious. It shows us science in one of its most elegant applications to art. It shows us also the resources of our splendid and powerful mechanism applied to carry out the purposes of philosophy. And when, unitedly, we consider the science, skill, and capital, which meet only to change the colour of a vegetable tissue to one which is the synthesis of all colour, we have before us a manufacturing process which the thoughtful mind will not fail to endow with a very high rank in the list of the *notabilia* of our time and country.

THE CONDUCTA DE PLATAS.

I HAD been for some days in a state of uncertainty whether to travel from Mexico to Vera Cruz in my usual manner, or to take a seat in the diligence, which, drawn by fleet horses, performed the journey in four days. It was rarely, however, that the vehicle escaped a summary visitation by the numerous robbers who infested the route. A simple incident decided me. Advantage was taken of a temporary lull in the internal affairs of the country to despatch a rich *conducta de platas*, or convoy of silver, to the coast; and while watching the process of loading the mules in a court-yard of the street in which I lodged, I determined on attaching myself to the escort selected to accompany the train. About twenty muleteers, whose imprecations embraced every variety of tone, were packing the bags of dollars in small wooden chests, and strapping them to the backs of the mules. Each *talega*, or bag of 1000 dollars, weighs between sixty and seventy pounds, and a load comprises from four to six bags. The animals, as soon as the precious burdens were properly secured, grouped themselves instinctively together in one corner of the enclosure.

The *arriero* (chief muleteer) was signing the last vouchers, interrupting himself from time to time to invoke the Virgin and saints for a successful journey, or to storm at his assistants. In the street a crowd was collected, gazing with greedy eyes on the two millions of specie, exposed to all the hazards of a long and perilous route; and the greater part of these tattered spectators took no pains to dissemble their covetousness.

'*Canario!*' exclaimed a *lepero*, hiding the scars on his breast under a ragged blanket, 'if I only had a horse like the one between that cavalier's legs.'

The lepero's eye designated a swarthy-complexioned *ranchero*, mounted on a jet-black steed. The animal, held in check by his rider, champed his bit, and shook off flakes of foam to the right and left. I could not but admire the beauty of the horse, and remark at the same time the unconcern of the rider, who appeared to restrain the creature solely by the force of an inflexible will—a distinctive characteristic of Mexican horsemen.

'What, then, friend Gregorito, what would you do?' inquired one of the lepero's companions.

'Canario! I would accompany the conducta as far as a certain place that I know on the road; and although it may be wrong to boast, I should be unlucky indeed if my wishes were not gratified by a load or two.'

'One or two loads!' rejoined the other with an air of surprise.

'Yes; three loads at most. I have always been unambitious; but that gay fellow there appears to have still less of ambition than I.'

In fact, at least in appearance, the ranchero regarded the convoy with a look of disdain; and whatever were his thoughts, it would have been difficult to detect any other expression on his impassible features than perfect indifference.

Meanwhile a squadron of lancers, destined for the escort, had much trouble in keeping the entrance free of spectators, of whom Gregorito was one of the most modest in expressing his desires. At last the work of loading was ended, the last mule walked out of the yard, and the detachment filed off to accompany the train. Gradually the crowd dispersed, and soon no one was left of all the curious gazers but the ranchero, who

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seemed to be counting the mules one by one, and observing attentively each muleteer as he passed. At last the ranchero himself was in turn about to depart, when the lepero Gregorito came up, and asked permission to light his cigar at that of the cavalier. An animated conversation in a low tone took place between them; but I paid no attention to an incident apparently unimportant, and returned to my lodging.

I bought a horse for my valet, and made other preparations, intending to set off after the conducta on the following morning; but my plans were frustrated by the breaking out of a revolution—almost an everyday occurrence in Mexico. After twelve days of anarchy and bloodshed, which, effecting no real good, had opened prison doors to atrocious criminals, and caused a large amount of misery, order—or what was considered such—was restored. The conducta, which had gone into safe quarters during the commotions, I heard was again on the road; and having said farewell to my friends, I left Mexico for the last time one morning before sunrise, followed by my valet Cecilio.

After three days' riding we overtook the conducta a few miles beyond Puebla. In the first horseman to whom I spoke on reaching the escort, I had no difficulty in recognising a scapegrace of a soldier whom I had encountered several times during the fighting in the streets, and whom the fortune of war had raised to the post of lieutenant, which he had long coveted, under Don Blas, captain of the escort. After exchanging a few words, I rode forward to the side of the leader, and announced my intention of travelling with the convoy to Vera Cruz. He expressed satisfaction at the arrangement; but on my saying that I hoped to avoid the dangers of the route in his company, he shook his head and replied, 'I much fear that you will only fall from the frying-pan into the fire; for the late troubles have brought a few additional *gavillas* (robber bands) into the field, and I hear it is likely enough we shall have a crow to pluck with the rascals in the gorges of Amozoque. It is no longer the time as when, under a certain viceroy, the flag of Castile, floating above a silver convoy, was sufficient to protect it during the journey.'

'I trust,' was my answer, 'that a squadron of lancers commanded by you will be able to replace the Spanish flag.'

'May it be so!' rejoined Don Blas: 'but I am not blind to the dangers we may incur; at all events I shall do my duty.'

Although in a picturesque country, the journey, after a time, became somewhat monotonous; but I found an agreeable relief in the tales and songs of Victoriano, one of our muleteers. He had travelled the road for many years, and every halting-place afforded him a pretext for a recital. In the evenings, when the sentries were posted, and the stars shone out above our heads, the captain and myself listened to his animated narrations, or to his songs, accompanied by the guitar, with always new pleasure. On such occasions I pitied the travellers whom I saw fly past in the diligence, and congratulated myself on having joined the conducta.

We had travelled in this way for some days, when Victoriano recommended me to turn aside and visit the fort of Perote, offering to accompany me to the entrance, and added that I could rejoin the convoy at Cruz-Blanca, a village two leagues distant, where we were to pass the night. I followed the muleteer's advice, to the no small contentment of an officer, who was pleased to conduct me over the fortress as an agreeable interruption to the monotony of garrison duty. It was night by the time I reached our halting-place; I looked round for Victoriano, who had promised me an account of some extraordinary adventures for our evening's diversion, but he was nowhere to be seen. I learned, to my great surprise, that he had been missing for some hours: the whole camp was in alarm at the circumstance, as nothing short of a serious accident could have caused the absence of a man of such regular habits. While lost in conjectures, an individual suddenly made his appearance, requesting an interview with the arriero. He informed us that Victoriano's horse having fallen, the rider had been so much hurt, as to be unable to continue his journey, and now lay under surgical treatment at Perote. He had come, he added, at Victoriano's request, to offer himself as a substitute until the other's recovery. Not having more men than were absolutely necessary, the arriero accepted the offer, perhaps without sufficient consideration; for the new-comer, though a robust fellow enough, had a face whose sinister expression did not inspire me with the same confidence as that of our absent muleteer.

The next day, before we had been an hour on the road, one of the mules lost his shoes, then a second, then a third, and long halts were necessary to replace them. Our new muleteer performed this task with much zeal and intelligence, to the great contentment of the arriero; but I could not repress my suspicions that all was not as it should be, and remarked to Don Blas that one so capable of refastening shoes might have been equally skilful in loosening them; the captain, however, treated my suspicions as pure chimeras. To make up for the delays, greater speed became necessary; but the mules seemed to have lost all their vigour, as though some enervating drug had been mingled with their food. The arriero, on whom all the responsibility rested, advised a halt, as night was coming on, accompanied by a dense fog; but the captain declared for pushing on to the place appointed for our bivouac. We were now entering on one of the worst parts of the route; our scarcely-distinguishable track lay through rugged ravines, bordered by lava rocks, and it became of the utmost consequence to prevent the mules from straying in the darkness. Sparks flew from the stones beneath the feet of the mule ridden by the arriero; and I could but pity him, as he gallopped up and down counting and recounting the animals: their loss would be fatal to his fortune and his reputation. When night had fully set in, the captain, Don Blas, made two divisions of the escort: with one he placed himself at the head of the line of mules; the other brought up the rear.

As I rode cogitating on the probabilities of our position, my valet, Cecilio, came up and whispered—'Senor master, if you will take my advice, we shall not stay here a minute longer: strange things are going to happen.'

'And where to go,' I asked, 'when we cannot see two steps before us among these rocks and ravines? But what is the matter?'

'This, senor master, and perhaps I am the only one who has noticed it; Victoriano has just slipped himself in among us—that says nothing good—his fall was all a lie.'

'Are you sure?'

'I saw him; but that is not all: about a quarter of an hour ago, being in the rear, two cavaliers came by without seeing me, for I was hidden behind a lump of rock. One of them was mounted on a horse too magnificently black to be a peaceful traveller.'

'A magnificent black horse?' I interrupted, thinking of the ranchero who had so phlegmatically watched the departure of the convoy from Mexico.

Cecilio went on to state his conviction that the two strangers had insinuated themselves among our escort, and urged me to draw up until the train had passed. I refused, and spoke of advising the captain of what had occurred; but my valet was inclined to regard him as an accomplice of the interlopers. It was no time for discussion: I hastened forwards to warn at least the arriero. I was making my way by the side of some of the mules, when I observed a horseman a few paces distant, whom I took to be our new-comer of the night before. A minute later, the voice of one of the mule-drivers was heard through the darkness exclaiming, 'What means this? Eh, Victoriano, is it you? By Heaven, yes! and by what chance?'

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No answer followed this interrogation: almost immediately the voice became silent. I shuddered: it seemed to me that I heard a suppressed gurgle, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I listened more attentively; the cold breeze alone mingled its sounds with the confused noise of footsteps. At the end of a few moments my horse made a sudden start, as though some fearful object had become visible through the gloom. Desirous of clearing up the terrible suspicions that crossed my mind, I took out my flint and steel, as if to light a cigar, as a solace under the freezing blast. For a moment I fancied myself the sport of a dream: by the light of the sparks I saw a number of men marching pell-mell among the mules and their drivers. Silent phantoms seemed to have risen mysteriously from the darkness to march at our side, some dressed in the red coats of the lancers, the others in the coarse frocks of the subordinates. All at once the tinkle of the leading mule's bell ceased; presently it sounded again in an opposite direction, and similar tones came from the ravines to the left of the route. I had seen enough, perhaps too much: we were beset by treachery. Whom denounce in such a fog, and on such a road? Whom trust in obscurity that confounded friends and enemies? Astonished at the strange discovery, I hesitated: then, at the risk of breaking my neck, I made a dash for the head of the convoy. It was already too late. A cord whizzing through the air fell upon me; my horse started forwards; but instead of being dragged violently from the saddle, and trampled under the horses' feet, as was intended, I felt myself retained by a fearful compression. A running noose, destined for me alone, had inlaced both horse and rider in the same fall. My right arm was held so tightly to my side as to prevent my cutting the cord; I dug the spurs into my horse's flank. The noble animal neighed, and strained his muscular haunches with irresistible vigour: I felt the noose grow tighter and tighter around me, then it relaxed; there was a bursting of girths, followed by an imprecation of rage, and in a moment I was free, before I had been able fully to comprehend the danger that menaced me. A report rang, a ball whizzed past my ears, and at the same instant arose a cry of alarm. Repeated discharges followed, and all became an indescribable confusion. The mules, deceived by the tinkling of the bell, which sounded from the most opposite directions, dispersed and jostled one another in their fright. The light of the musket-flashes showed the red coats of the lancers in disorder, as they fired at hazard into the impenetrable gloom; balls whistled past, and at times the despairing lamentations of the arriero sounded above the din.

My terrified horse had borne me some distance from the scene of combat; at last I forced him to retrace his steps. When I again reached the conducta, the struggle had ceased, the bandits had disappeared. Don Blas, who retained all his coolness, pressed my hand in silence: there was no time for questions. A man with a flaming torch in his hand rushed between us, imploring the captain's aid. By the light, I recognised the unfortunate arriero. Several soldiers, who had dismounted, cut down pine branches for torches, and we then saw a sad spectacle. The leading mule, robbed of its bell, stood surrounded by the others; for although deceived at first by the artifice of the robbers, the animals soon regained their usual instincts. Some were bleeding from large gashes. Two soldiers, also wounded, were endeavouring to stanch their blood with handkerchiefs; and in a hollow lay a poor muleteer writhing in agony. It was he who had recognised Victoriano, and he thus expiated the crime of having seen too much. After further search and counting, we ascertained, to the inexpressible consternation of the arriero, that five of the mules were missing. I suggested to Don Blas the propriety of immediate pursuit: the arriero added his intreaties, and offered half of the booty when recovered. Thus, whether an accomplice or not, the captain could not refuse to act. He fixed himself erect in his saddle, selected a dozen of the best-mounted soldiers, and ordered them to provide themselves with pine branches, and follow him on the track of the robbers. It was one of those expeditions which eminently display American sagacity, and I persisted in accompanying the detachment.

The enterprise was perilous. As a measure of precaution, our torches were extinguished, and we turned off to the left, up the hard rocky steep. From time to time one of the men dismounted, and laid his ear to the ground; nothing, however, was heard but the rush of the wind. The stony soil, carefully examined by the light of a cigar, showed no traces of footsteps; and yet, by an inexplicable instinct, the soldiers felt assured that this was the path taken by the plunderers. By and by the clatter of hoofs abated: we were riding on softer ground, and soon distinct traces of two mules were discovered. All doubt as to the direction was now at an end; the soldiers, stimulated by the prospect of a rich prize, pushed forward with renewed spirit, though in strict silence. It would be tedious to relate all the incidents of this night. Sometimes all traces of the trail were lost; and at last we lit fires in a glade of the wood, and bivouacked till the morning. Just before daybreak a stray mule was met with, but completely divested of its valuable burden. Up to this moment Don Blas had manifested but little inclination for the pursuit: now the sight of the animal appeared to excite all his ardour, and he vented loud imprecations against the authors of the mischief, threatening to shoot the first that should appear. Our party broke up into twos and threes, to extend the search. The captain and I were riding together, when he picked up a fragment of one of the money-chests. He then begged of me to remain where I was, and not follow him, and quickly disappeared round a turn in the path. Shortly afterwards I heard a distant shot, followed by a feeble cry of distress. I fired both my pistols, and presently saw some of our soldiers approaching. A few words sufficed to explain matters: we galloped off in the direction of the report, and my fears were soon changed to certainty. The captain lay stretched on the grass, wounded by a ball in the breast. Broken chests and ripped-up bags were scattered about, but no enemy was visible. A glass of brandy, poured down Don Blas's throat, enabled him to speak. He told us that he had seen no one, but that he well knew who had fired the shot. An examination of the locality led to nothing that could clear up the mystery. We lifted the captain into his saddle, with a man mounted behind to support him, and set out to rejoin the conducta at La Hoya.

It was mid-day when we arrived; and here a new incident awaited us. Don Blas had scarcely been laid on the bed hastily constructed for him in one of the hovels of the village, when another party of soldiers came in with a prisoner bound. His dark features were half hidden by a handkerchief; yet I recognised a brigand with whom I had on a painful occasion been brought into contact in the interior of the country. The captain's pale cheeks became of a livid hue as soon as the captive was brought into his presence. Evidently they were not strangers. A recriminating parley took place, which ended by Don Blas declaring that the prisoner should be shot without further process.

'Shoot me!' said the other; 'surely you jest. I am not so deficient of protectors as you may think; and if it comes to that, I shall speak, senor captain—I shall tell'——

It was then Don Blas's turn to tremble: he ordered the apartment to be cleared, and remained alone with the culprit: after an hour, the latter reappeared in the custody of the lieutenant Juanito. We stayed two weary days at La Hoya; on the third, the captain, for whom a litter had been constructed, determined on proceeding to Jalapa. The prisoner, closely bound, was mounted behind Juanito, and after riding a couple of leagues, I observed that the horse on which they rode, wearied perhaps by the double weight, loitered in the

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rear. Curiosity kept me near them; they were talking in most friendly terms, and Juanito, whose shoes were in rags, was loud in praises of a handsome pair of boots worn by the other. Just at this moment we reached the summit of the heights of San Miguel, and I reined up my horse, the better to enjoy the magnificent prospect. After a short halt I again rode on, and overtook the two laggards; the belt by which the prisoner was attached to Juanito's body seemed to have stretched greatly in the interval: I fancied the soldier was conniving at an escape, and kept a steady eye upon his actions. All at once the belt fell to the ground in two pieces, the robber slipped from the horse's back, and took to flight; but with a rapid bound Juanito was upon him, and a shot from his carbine stretched the fugitive dead at his feet.

This mode of disposing of the robber, it appeared, had been preconcerted between the captain and his lieutenant. Juanito obtained possession of the coveted boots, and on my demand for an explanation, replied that Don Blas had arranged for an attack upon the bags of dollars with the man just shot: they were to divide the spoil. But the robbery had been effected by another band, who had thus forestalled the more traitorous conspirators. It was one of that band who had wounded the captain; and the latter, believing himself betrayed by his accomplice, had contrived his death as related. But when Don Blas was made acquainted with the true state of the case, the violence of his emotions brought on an internal hemorrhage, which, after a few moments of agony, terminated in death.

This event completely took away any inducement I might have had to remain with the conducta; I therefore halted until long after the litter, surrounded by lowered lances, in sign of mourning, had passed out of sight, and towards nightfall rode forward with my attendant to Jalapa.

MOTHERWELL AND HIS POEMS.

An able writer of the present day has attempted to prove the superiority of modern over ancient painting; but the like hypothesis has never been sustained in regard to the sister art—Poetry. The divinity of poetry is shown in her unchangeableness. She has no part either in social progress or social decline. The songs that charmed the rude ear of Greece, when bloodshed was a religious duty both of gods and men, are still the dearest music of the refined and Christian world. The ballads of our half-civilised ancestors, written when the language was as untutored as the men, are still the text-books of study, the 'well undefiled' of inspiration.

The reason no doubt is, that in earlier conditions of society, more direct, and therefore more powerful, appeals are made to the natural feelings, which are the true stuff of poetry. As we advance in luxury, these may be overlaid with artificial refinements, and new schools may give form and method to conventional distinctions; but we never wholly forget our first loves, and never fail to reward with our smiles or tears those who strike the chord of nature. It has not been sufficiently noted that those epochs which imitate, as it were, the distractions of ruder times by civil war or other convulsions, have always been the most fertile in poetry; and that the Muse, even of the modern world, has sounded her loftiest notes amid public calamities or the clash of arms. There are always spirits, however, that have a leaning, irrespective of epochs and conditions of society, towards the simplicity and directness of old times; and when this is accompanied by a deep love of external nature, and the power of interpreting her forms and voices to the hearts of others, the result is true poetry.

Of such spirits was William Motherwell, a name to which criticism cannot award a higher place than in the first rank of minor poets, yet peculiarly worthy of our affection and regard. He was born in Glasgow in 1797, but received his earlier education in Edinburgh; and there, while attending one of those humbler schools where boys and girls sat together on the same form, his poetical sympathies already began to develop themselves. His school companion, playmate, and friend, was a little girl called Jeanie Morrison, whom he never met again after their parting at the age of eleven. At fourteen, however, this girl still haunted him, and he tried to express in rude rhymes the gush of tenderness with which he turned to her gentle image. In later years the effort was resumed, and crowned by the production of a poem which no man of the most ordinary sensibility can read without a swelling heart and a moistened eye. In this exquisite lyric the little girl has evidently grown a woman in the expansion of the heart which contained her; and he wonders, with all the anxiety of a lover, whether he is as closely twined in the thoughts of the phantom of memory as she has been in his:—

'I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine?
Oh say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.'

It is proper to note, while mentioning the early love of a poet (herself quite unconscious of the romantic feelings she had inspired), that 'her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming.'

Motherwell's education was completed at the grammar school of Paisley, where he appears to have gone through the then curriculum of Scotland, inflicted upon all boys, without the slightest regard to their own tastes or destination in after-life—namely, five years of Latin, with the superaddition of Greek in the fifth year. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and after some years' service, was appointed sheriff-clerk depute, which situation he retained with credit till the close of 1829.

During this period he made some attempts to supply the defects in his education; and he collected a considerable number of volumes, chiefly in poetry and historical romance. In 1819 he edited the 'Harp of Renfrewshire,' a selection of songs and other poetical pieces, with some originals, and an introduction and notes; but it was not till 1827 that the work appeared on which his literary reputation mainly rests—the 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern.' This work attracted considerable attention, and led to a correspondence with Sir Walter Scott on the subject of the curious old ballad of Gil Morrice. In 1828 Motherwell commenced the Paisley Magazine, and about the same time became the editor of the Paisley Advertiser; but in 1830 he accepted the editorship of the Glasgow Courier, which he retained till his death, five years later. With some contributions to the periodicals, a little volume of 'Poems, Narrative and Lyrical,' a joint edition with James Hogg of the works of Burns, which he did not live to complete, and his official struggles as a partisan of the expiring Tory party, this interval is filled up; and on the 1st of November 1835, William Motherwell, at the early age of thirty-seven, was suddenly called away by a shock of apoplexy in the very midst of the conflict of life.

Such is the brief and commonplace history of the man: that of the poet must be read in his works; and there we find the portraiture of a being as strangely different as it is possible to conceive from a provincial sheriff-clerk or a newspaper editor. Motherwell had

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a deep and holy love for external nature—a love which, in a poet, can hardly be said to have *degenerated* into superstition, although he actually believed in the reality of the forms with which popular faith has invested her attributes. To his ear the forest wind, and the murmur of the river, were laden with the voices of spirits, and it was not the mere ghosts of memory that rose upon the darkness of the night. Conjoined, however, with these wild imaginations, there were the home-thoughts, the heart-yearnings, the social, friendly, family sympathies, which serve as a balance for the extravagances of fancy, and chain the dreamer to his true place upon the earth. Although involved for so many years in the strife of faction, and waging on his part a bitter and desperate party war, William Motherwell, we are told, when he was called from the world, left behind him not one personal enemy.

It may readily be supposed that the fancy which made itself a home in the supernatural world, turned away from the refinements and the philosophy of contemporary writers, to dwell with the singers of the Valhalla and the old balladists of his country. These he has not imitated in style and manner—he has identified his spirit with theirs; and no other modern writer we recollect has been so happy in that *directness* of effort, characteristic of the olden time, which unlocks by a single touch the fountain of sympathy. This is alluded to in an elegant criticism by Professor Wilson which appeared in 1833:—'All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel

> "The ancient spirit is not dead—
> Old times, we say, are breathing there."

'His style is simple, but in its tenderest movements, masculine: he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family.'

In 1832 appeared the first edition in this country of Motherwell's poems, and fourteen years later the second, with many additional pieces; but in the interval two editions were published in America, where the poet, like Shelley and Keats, appears to enjoy a still higher reputation than at home. At length a third English edition has appeared, enriched with many additions from the author's manuscripts, selected by the taste of William Kennedy, himself a true poet, and a well-written memoir by Mr James M'Conechy of Glasgow.* To this narrative we have been indebted for the above particulars of the life of Motherwell; and we shall now draw upon Mr Kennedy for one or two specimens of the new matter in the volume.

The following song strikes us as having much of the raciness as well as tenderness of Burns:—

'He courted me in parlour, and he courted me in ha',
He courted me by Bothwell banks, amang the flowers sae sma',
He courted me wi' pearlins, wi' ribbons, and wi' rings,
He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things;
But oh he courted best o' a' wi' his black blithsome ee,
Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glaumour over me.

We hied thegither to the fair, I rade ahint my joe,
I fand his heart leap up and doun, while mine beat faint and low;
He turned his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,
The widdifu' o' wickedness took arles o' my mou!
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkily as he
Bann'd the auld mare for missing fit, and thrawin' him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the town,
When I could hear the kimmers say—"There rides a comelie loun!"

I turned wi' pride, and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,
And thought how dowie I wad feel gin he made love to Jean!
But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me,
"Meg, either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!"

To Glasgow Green I linked wi' him, to see the ferlies there,
He birled his penny wi' the best—what noble could do mair?
But e'er ae fit he'd tak me hame, he cries—"Meg, tell me noo:
Gin ye will hae me, there's my lufe, I'll aye be leal an' true."
On sic an honest, loving heart, how could I draw a bar?
What could I do but tak Rab's hand for better or for waur?'

As a contrast, we may take the following, affording a fair specimen of the masculine character of his style:—

'THE KNIGHT'S REQUIEM.

They have waked the knight so meikle of might,
They have cased his corpse in oak;
There was not an eye that then was dry,
There was not a tongue that spoke.
The stout and the true lay stretched in view,
Pale and cold as the marble stone;
And the voice was still that like trumpet shrill
Had to glory led them on;
And the deadly hand, whose battle brand
Mowed down the reeling foe,
Was laid at rest on the manly breast
That never more mought glow.

With book, and bell, and waxen light,
The mass for the dead is sung;
Thorough the night in the turret's height,
The great church-bells are rung.
Oh wo!—oh wo!—for those that go
From light of life away,
Whose limbs may rest with worms unblest
In the damp and silent clay!

With a heavy cheer they upraised his bier,
Naker and drum did roll;
The trumpets blew a last adieu
To the good knight's martial soul.
With measured tread through the aisle they sped,
Bearing the dead knight on,
And before the shrine of St James the divine,
They covered his corpse with stone:
'Twas fearful to see the strong agony
Of men who had seldom wept,
And to hear the deep groan of each mail-clad one
As the lid on the coffin swept.

With many a groan, they placed that stone
O'er the heart of the good and brave,
And many a look the tall knights took
Of their brother soldier's grave.
Where banners stream and corslets gleam
In fields besprent with gore,
That brother's hand and shearing brand
In the van should wave no more;
The clarions call on one and all
To arm and fight amain,
Would never see, in chivalry,
Their brother's mate again!'

For a special purpose we add two stanzas from one of the poems of the older editions:—

'I AM NOT SAD.

I am not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow;
I cherished once a foolish dream—
Thank Heaven 'tis not so now.
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 'twas right to bow
To fate's decree, and this my doom—
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry;
And cheerly now I meet my doom—
The darkness of a nameless tomb.'

In these verses Motherwell foretold what has hitherto been a truth. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, and the spot is undistinguished even by a headstone bearing his initials! A considerable sum of money was raised by subscription among the friends of the deceased poet; but it was no more than enough to succour those whom Motherwell had been obliged to leave to the charity of his friends. It is high time that the reproach of the nameless tomb were wiped off, and

* The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with memoir. By James M'Conechy, Esq. 3d edition: Greatly enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1849.

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we trust to see it immediately looked to. The following eloquent and elegant appeal from a brother poet (which closes the volume) will have more effect than all we could say on the subject:—

'LINES WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, *November* 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat!
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence at midnight will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretel.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly—
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flow'rets, when pensive moons shine,
His grassy covering,
Where spirits hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.'

A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF POPE PIUS IX.

AMONG the continental rulers whose wavering fortunes have fixed the eyes of all Europe during the last few eventful months, none have awakened such universal admiration, or so deep a sympathy, as Pope Pius IX. Even those who disavow his creed, revere the honesty of his faith; and although some may deny him the appellation of a *great* man, none will question his being a *good* one. At the present moment, when he is a fugitive from Rome, and his horizon clouded with cares and perplexities, it is curious to look back upon the brief period of his popularity, and to remember the day upon which he was installed as sovereign pontiff amid the cheers of a countless and enthusiastic multitude. It is more than probable that the imposing forms then observed, and which have been handed down to modern Europe, a last relic of the middle ages, may, in this day of reform, be swept away with the besom of destruction, and that henceforth they shall only live in the pages of history, or in the memory of man.

Let us say a word first about the obsequies of Gregory XVI. No sooner had the cardinal chamberlain verified the death of the pope by striking his head gently three times with a hammer, than the event was announced to the inhabitants of Rome by the great bell of the capital, and to all Catholic courts of Christendom by their respective ambassadors. A few days afterwards, the embalmed body, clothed in pontifical garments, was borne from the Quirinal to the Vatican on a splendid litter, carried by white mules, which were caparisoned in black, and escorted by torch-bearers, dragoons, Swiss guards, trumpeters, and artillerymen, accompanied by seven pieces of cannon.

To describe the imposing effect of this military and religious convoy would be as difficult as to reckon the multitude which thronged around the lifeless body, which, clad in white, was borne aloft far above the heads of the crowd beneath. The couch of state was prepared in the Sistine Chapel, where it rose up as high as the frescos of Michael Angelo. Picture to yourself a colossal monument of velvet and silk, gold and silver, illuminated by a blaze of light. Gregory XVI. reposed on its summit, bearing the tiara on his head and the crosier in his hand. One might almost have thought that he still breathed. After three days and nights of unceasing chants and psalmody, came another convoy and another procession, as imposing as the first. This time the body was borne into the great Basilica of St Peter's, and an alcove was prepared for its reception, not less splendidly mournful than the couch of state. Here the holy father was laid in an inclined position, so that all could behold him from the tiara to the shoe-strings; and the multitude were admitted to kiss his feet, which, for this purpose, were suffered to project beyond the iron grate. This exposition and kissing of the feet lasted for three days, during which the church was constantly full. On the fourth day (the seventh of the obsequies) the body was deposited in the middle of the church, under the mausoleum where his predecessor had hitherto lain, the latter being now conveyed to those vaults whither Gregory in *his* turn will one day be borne.

The funeral oration, the last act of this melancholy drama, was pronounced in Latin, after which the *guardia nobile* laid aside their mourning; the mace-bearers bore away their maces; the cardinals attended the 'mass of the Holy Ghost,' and went into conclave to elect a new pope.

The word *conclave* defines admirably the state of seclusion and secrecy in which the sacred college is kept during this important period. The cardinals shut themselves up in the Quirinal with their aids and their physicians. Once there, they cannot quit the palace without a pope. Each day may be seen their respective equipages bearing along their dinner; sometimes a *poached egg*, escorted by *four horses* and as many *piqueurs!*

These repasts are conveyed through a trap-door, the only mode of communication permitted with the outer world. All the doors and windows are hermetically sealed; each voter inhabits a separate cell, and they only meet in the central chapel for the election of a pope. There are three modes of election—that by acclamation, by compromise, and by scrutiny. The latter is the most usual, and its form is as follows:—The dean of the sacred college votes first. He takes out of a silver basin a balloting-ticket, prepared beforehand for the purpose, and fills it up in presence of the cardinals, so that all may see his act, and yet none can read what he has written upon the parchment. Each candidate goes through the same formality. The voter next holds up his ticket between his thumb and forefinger, and turning towards the altar, utters aloud the following oath:—'I take God, who is my judge, to witness that I elect him whom I deem most worthy of being pope!'

Upon the altar is placed a large silver chalice, in which the voters place their tickets; and afterwards the names are read aloud by one of the *scrutatori*, each of the cardinals holding a printed list, on which he notes down the names as they are uttered. If, in this first operation, one of the cardinals has obtained a sufficient number of votes, he is immediately declared pope; but for this purpose two-thirds of the votes are required. Roman affairs usually progress but slowly, and conclaves have been known to last for five months. The affairs of Italy being at this moment rather in a perplexed state, it was suspected that the election would prove a dilatory one; and I went the first evening, out of mere curiosity, to look at the *fumata* upon the Piazza del Quirinal. I must tell you what is meant by this word *fumata*. At the end of each day's scrutiny, if no one has been so fortunate as to obtain two-thirds of the votes, the balloting-tickets are burned in a stove placed behind the altar, from whence the smoke issues by a pipe which is visible on the Piazza. If, on the contrary, any one has obtained the majority, the tickets are preserved with care, and there being no smoke without fire, the chimney of course

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gives no sign of combustion. You may conceive with what impatience the expected signal is looked for by the crowd who assemble each evening in the Piazza. Thousands of eyes are fixed upon the roof of the palace until the solemn moment of the scrutiny. If a faint column of smoke is then seen to rise, the Romans wish one another a *Felice notte*, and go to bed: they have no pope, and the successful scrutiny is yet to come.

On the first day of the conclave a multitude were assembled to gape at the fumata; and we saw it at the expected time rise up slowly over the roof of the palace. The next evening there were comparatively but few whom curiosity led to the spot; for 'there would be so many opportunities,' every one said, 'of seeing it again.' Judge, then, of our surprise when the solemn hour arrived without bringing with it a single curl of smoke.

'Surely,' said the lookers-on, 'there must be some unforeseen delay;' and every eye was fixed upon the palace in impatient expectation. Minutes sped on, and were growing into hours; still no fumata. And yet how was it possible to conceive that a pope should be elected in *eight-and-forty hours!* Suddenly are heard loud knocks of a hammer behind the partition which closed in the *loggice* (so is the balcony of the Quirinal called). The partition falls, piece by piece, and the master of the ceremonies appears in the balcony, clad in his state costume, and bearing a cross in his hand. He announces, in a sonorous voice, to the Roman population, who by this time had come thronging into the Piazza, the nomination of the new pope, in these words:—'I bring you joyous tidings: we have for our pope the most eminent and most reverend Cardinal Mastaï Ferretti, Archbishop of Imola, who has chosen the venerated name of Pius IX.' Immediately the air was rent with acclamations, and there seemed such unbounded enthusiasm amongst the people, that I began to inquire among my neighbours whether the new pope had any special claim to popularity; and I learned that, about thirty years before, he had been one of the handsomest and most fascinating gentlemen in Italy; that he was on the eve of marriage with a lovely and noble lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, when death suddenly deprived him of his treasure.

Her loss occasioned him such deep sorrow, that he renounced the hopes and pleasures of the world, and became a priest. He had, until then, borne the epaulettes of the Austrian service, and was distinguished among his companions by his proud and gallant bearing. Now his martial ardour was exchanged for a martyr's zeal, and he went as a missionary to preach the Gospel amongst the tribes of South America. In vain did he expose himself to the toils and perils incident to this life of self-devotion; he survived them all; and after an absence of some years, returned to Italy, whither he had been recalled by his superiors. Here his worth and merit soon became known. He was shortly afterwards appointed bishop of Imola, then archbishop, next cardinal, and now, after a single scrutiny, he had been elected pope at the age of fifty-four years!—a circumstance almost unprecedented in the annals of the sacred college.

The popularity of the new pontiff was still more apparent on the day of his coronation. On that morning his name was repeated with the wildest enthusiasm by the vast masses of people who thronged the streets to witness the solemnities of the day. Pius IX., escorted by the conclave in scarlet robes, was borne upon the *gédia* from the Quirinal to St Peter's, and from St Peter's to the Vatican. There he assumed the episcopal habit, the cope, and the silver mitre; and by the sound of the cannons of the castle of St Angelo, in the midst of all the clergy, the army, and the Roman people, he made his solemn entry into the Basilica, hung with rich damask fringed with gold; gave his feet to the cardinals, archpriests, priests, and monks to kiss; crossed the immense nave amid the clang of trumpets, which resounded from the galleries on either side; looked at the thrice-burned tow, which announces to him the vanity of all earthly glory (sic transit gloria mundi); and then placing himself once more on the gédia, over which was borne the papal canopy, he went to receive the tiara* in the grand balcony of St Peter's, in the presence of an innumerable population, which crowded the pavement beneath.

Often as this ceremony has been described, it is perhaps impossible to realise a solemnity which has no parallel on earth. Picture to yourself the moment of the benediction, '*Urbi et Orbe*' (for Rome and for the universe), this living mass of human beings stretching out as far as the eye could reach; these thousands of priests and monks clad in all the rich and varied costumes of the middle ages; this sacred college, and this court, wearing scarlet robes; this mingled pealing of bells and salvoes of artillery; and in the midst of all this joy and splendour, the pontiff covered with jewels, his tiara on his head, his sceptre in his hand, standing alone far above the kneeling multitude, and stretching out his arms towards the four cardinal points, blessing the family of Christ in all parts of the world.

The enthusiasm of the Romans did not end with these splendid and solemn ceremonies. All men spoke of Pius IX. as being the dispenser of no empty blessing; but that he came to bear liberty to the nations, redress to the wronged, and consolation to the afflicted. Such, truly, was his ambition; and despite of recent events, we may not say that his desire has been altogether unfulfilled. During the two years and a-half which have elapsed since that gorgeous pageant, how many deeds of goodness and mercy have crowned his daily life! The liberation of the unhappy Jews from their prison-like abode in the Ghetto is in itself a noble monument of his enlightened spirit. During that period, wheresoever misery appeared amongst the Romans, there also was Pius IX. to be found, lending his best endeavours to relieve or to allay it.

On one occasion, when a certain district near Rome was deluged by the overflowing of the Tiber, so that the wretched inhabitants were flooded in their dwellings, and they themselves exposed to the complicated miseries of want, and of exposure to the inclemency of the weather, tidings of their misfortune reached the pontiff's ear. Not content with sending some aid to the sufferers, he resolved to inspect their condition himself, and mounting his horse, rode off briskly to the scene of distress, followed by the cardinals, who, accustomed only to lounge luxuriously in their coaches, inwardly cursed the active benevolence of their new pope, which would not suffer him to indulge in lazy benevolence. Pius IX., on his accession to the papal chair, found himself placed in circumstances so intricate and perplexing, that it would have required the highest genius to direct them to a happy issue. By nature benevolent and firm, with a strong sense of justice, possessing an intelligent and cultivated mind, he longed to give freedom to his people, and to ameliorate their condition morally as well as physically. At the same time, his attachment to the church was ardent and sincere; and whilst he was full of indulgence towards his people, he was inflexible in his reform of ecclesiastical abuses, and was the practical opponent of all priestly tyranny. Many anecdotes corroborative of this assertion have been afloat in the world. We will relate but one, which has reached us from an authentic source. A rich Italian noble, desiring in his old age to atone for the sins of his youth, was advised by his confessor to bestow the bulk of his property on the church. He had two nephews, who expected to inherit his fortune, but, swayed by priestly counsel, he assigned to each of them only a small annuity, and made a will, disposing of his vast wealth in favour of the priest who should chance to say the first mass for his soul on the day of his funeral. This will was safely deposited with the proto-notary of the Holy See. The nobleman soon afterwards died, and the proto-notary, on opening his will, immediately communicated its contents to the sovereign pontiff. It was late at night when this news reached him; but the fol-

* The tiara, or triple crown used on this occasion is that with which Napoleon presented Pius VII. Its foundation is of white velvet: the three crowns are composed of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. On its summit is one large emerald, surmounted by a cross of diamonds. The value of the tiara is estimated at L.18,000.

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lowing morning he rose before the dawn, hastened to the chapel where the funeral rites were to be performed, ordered the doors to be opened, and offered immediately the sacrifice of the mass. Having thus constituted himself the universal legatee, the holy father at once sent for the nephews of the deceased, and yielded into their hands the whole of their uncle's fortune.

With such dispositions, it may readily be conceived that Pius IX. was as bitterly hated by one body of his subjects as he was beloved by another. Among his fiercest opponents were the cardinals and the Jesuits; and their enmity was so generally known, that the populace, who used to follow him in crowds as he walked along through the streets of Rome, would cry aloud, '*Santo Padre, guardasi dal buono.*' They feared that he might be poisoned, as more than one of his predecessors had been, at the festal board. The pope was eminently a favourite amongst the female portion of his subjects, who, heretofore, had been excluded from the Quirinal, as if they were accursed beings; but Pius IX. felt that the whole human race equally claimed his care, and no petitioners were ever sent away unheeded from his gates, whatever might be their rank or sex. A clamour was raised on this subject by narrow-minded and evil-thinking men; but the holy father pursued his course of kindliness and courtesy, without being over-anxious concerning the opinion of his detractors. Among those of the fair sex who requested leave to pay him their homage, was Fanny Elsler, the celebrated *danseuse*, who, on her arrival at Rome, humbly solicited the honour of kissing his holiness' feet. Her profession would doubtless have insured a refusal from any other pope; but the good man graciously assented to her wishes; and she who had heretofore gloried only in the homage which everywhere awaited her, now bent her knee before the pontiff as a humble and obedient subject. By way of showing her respect, she had dressed herself magnificently, and put on all her diamonds; and however questionable the taste which dictated this display, it did not seem displeasing to the pope, who accepted it as a mark of homage to the dignity of his office.

A few days before, he had received the queen of Holland, whose toilet was far more simple than that of the fair *danseuse*. This was perhaps not the less gratifying to him, as royalty thereby signified its humility in the presence of one who claimed supremacy over the sovereigns of the earth.

The first act of Pius IX. was to grant an amnesty to those who had been banished from their country on account of political offences. At first the emigrants viewed with suspicion this act of clemency; but after a while, even these exiled patriots learned to confide in his honesty of purpose, and they flocked around him to the number of seven or eight hundred. He received them cordially, and encouraged the expression of their liberal opinions. But he was too clear-sighted not to perceive that their desires and expectations exceeded his power—nay, perhaps his intentions of reform.

The letter of a distinguished Italian refugee, dated from Rome in January 1847, just after an interview with the pope, of whose benignity and good intentions he speaks with enthusiasm, thus describes his first impressions of Pius IX.:—'I think the pope is a rare and an evangelical man. I found as much facility in expressing my opinions to him as if he had been only my equal. We spoke long on the political condition of the country, on its industrial resources, and on the liberty of the press. After much thoughtfulness of aspect and manner, he approached me with an air of confidence. "Son," said he, "I cannot *totally* change the form of government!"' Here was the seed of future dissensions. Pius IX. was sincere in his desire to reform civil as well as ecclesiastical abuses, but he was not prepared to grant the institutions which were desired by his people. His first prepossessions were all in favour of freedom and progress. He granted liberty of the press, and became quickly alarmed at its license: he appointed a civic guard, and was surprised to find that its ardour could not be confined within the limits he had assigned to it: he named a council, consisting chiefly of laymen, who were to assist him in the administration of civil affairs, and listened with dismay to the cries for a representative assembly, who should have the right of governing the country as well as of advising its chief.

Whether the pope was unequal to the task now assigned to him, of guiding the vessel of St Peter amid the storms of a revolutionary period, or whether the task he had undertaken was one too difficult for the ablest mortal to accomplish, we do not pretend to decide. Suffice it to say, that early in the past year symptoms of reaction began to appear. The Romans became more exacting, and their sovereign less willing to concede the privileges they desired. The appointment of Rossi, an Italian by birth, but a foreigner by prejudice as well as habit, to the post of prime minister, exasperated the people, and diminished the pope's popularity. Early in November matters came to a crisis. The Eternal City becoming the focus of popular excitement and disturbance, Rossi called to his aid a body of carbiniers, whose entrance into Rome, with the professed purpose of guarding the avenues to the Chamber of Deputies, and thus influencing their councils, roused the people into frenzy.

The minister was so unwise as to use insulting language with reference to the democratic party, and in a moment of unbridled fury, a dagger was plunged into his neck at the very door of the Palace of Legislature. This deed of violence took place on the 13th November. On that evening a vast multitude paraded the streets of Rome, preceded by the Italian flag, and singing in chorus, 'Blessed be the hand that felled the tyrant!' Next morning an assemblage of thirty thousand people, consisting of soldiers as well as citizens, marched to the Chamber of Deputies, to require that the latter might demand of the pope a democratic ministry, as well as certain concessions, the chief of which were, the recognition of Italian nationality, and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. The deputies having joined the cortège, they proceeded to the palace of the pope, who, in reply to their demands, said he would grant nothing to violence. This inflamed the populace, who threatened to set fire to one of the gates of the Quirinal if the pope continued obstinate, and vowed that they would, after taking the palace by assault, shoot every one of its inmates, the pope only excepted. A small body of Swiss continued faithful to their duty, and kept up for some time a brisk firing from the windows; but what were they against six thousand civic guards and troops of the line, who were ranged in order of battle before the palace, with the cannon levelled against the principal entrance!

Pius IX. finding himself thus abandoned and helpless, resolved to prevent an effusion of blood by yielding to the demands of the multitude: he consented to receive Mamiami and his colleagues as ministers, and referred their other demands to the Council of Deputies. He capitulated in the name of the Swiss, on condition that their lives should be spared, and they were instantly sent out of the city, their posts being occupied by the civic guards.

Thus was the pope now in the hands of his enemies, a prisoner within his own palace, deserted by all save the diplomatic corps, who gathered around him in his extremity, to offer him the security to be derived from their presence. It is said that on first realising his fallen state, he burst into tears; and this has been imputed to him as pusillanimity; but it ought to be remembered that the feelings of Pius IX. were not those of an ordinary ruler under similar circumstances. A military despot, or a merely civil ruler, might have deemed it mercy, by the sacrifice of some human lives, to stem the torrent of revolution in its earlier stages, but *he* felt himself the guardian of their spiritual safety; and those tears which he is supposed to have shed, may have sprung from far deeper sources than those of cowardice or disappointed ambition. That he was not deficient in moral courage, is proved by the fact, that even at the time of his imprisonment, he resolutely refused to allow his name to be attached to any of the deeds of the government, and declined even to receive, according to custom, the daily reports of the officer of the guard.

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During eight days he continued a captive in the Quirinal, that palace in whose balcony his advent to power had so recently been announced, amid the plaudits of a people intoxicated with joy at so auspicious an event. On the 24th of November he contrived to escape from the palace, in the suite of the Count de Spaur, the minister of Bavaria, whose livery he assumed for that purpose, and afterwards accompanied him to Gaeta in the disguise of his chaplain. It is said that at one moment he was in peril of being recognised, in an unfriendly village, but for the presence of mind displayed by the Bavarian minister's lady (an Englishwoman), who, pretending to be incommoded by the heat, desired the blinds of the carriage to be quickly drawn down.

It was some time before the escape transpired. When it did, the news fell like a thunderbolt upon the Romans. A note was left by his holiness for the minister Galetti, intreating him not only to spare the palace, but to protect the several persons in it, who were totally ignorant of his resolution to escape, and urging him to promote the quiet and safety of the city.

The town of Gaeta being situated on the very borders of the Roman states, it is evident that Pius IX. has not abandoned his hope of restoration; for many other more inviting residences have been offered to him; but he has expressed his desire of remaining where he is. There he is surrounded by the homages of the Neapolitans, whose royal family vie with their subjects in doing him honour. The foreign ambassadors and the cardinals have also gathered round him; and a deputation from Rome has requested an audience to supplicate his return; but the embassy was not suffered to cross the confines of the Neapolitan dominions; whether by desire of the pope, or by the command of the king of Naples, it is not very easy to ascertain.

The year on which we are now entering will doubtless unfold a new page in the eventful history of Pius IX. What may be the future complexion of his destiny we shall not presume to surmise. Some aver that he is on the eve of allying himself with that despotism which has hitherto been so alien to his feelings and principles; others foretel that he will re-enter the Eternal City, shorn of his temporal power, and merely in the capacity of ecclesiastical ruler of a Roman republic. Gladly do we leave the issue of present events to that Providence which guides and overrules the circumstances of national as well as domestic life; and we shall now close this brief sketch of Pope Pius IX. by earnestly desiring that he may prove both wise and firm at the present important crisis of his history.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.*

When I commenced practice as a surgeon, I found that popular notions on medical subjects exercised a considerable influence on the minds of many well-educated people, and to some extent interfered with their ready concurrence in the views of their medical advisers. In some cases I took pains to explain what are considered the more correct and scientific views; but I was not always successful in combating notions which seemed to have the authority of ages, and the suffrages of all mankind in their favour. Thus I had frequently the mortification of finding my explanations received with incredulity and distrust, and at times even with an open denial, when an experienced nurse or aged matron conceived her wisdom to be called in question. At length the idea suggested itself of noting down the common ideas entertained on many of the subjects in question, with a view to inquiring how far they may be deserving of credit. It could not well escape me that many doctrines, which had long been regarded as vulgar errors, have again been received into favour, or have been found to contain the germs of valuable discoveries.

There could not well be a more striking instance of this than the introduction of the vaccine inoculation. Dr Baron states that whilst Jenner was a young man, engaged in pursuing his professional education at the house of his master at Sodbury, a young countrywoman applied for advice. The subject of the small-pox was casually mentioned in her presence, when she immediately remarked, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had the cow-pox.'* Now it was a popular notion in the district that those who had been the subjects of the cow-pox were not liable to the small-pox. The idea, ridiculous as it might seem to superficial thinkers, engaged the attention of Jenner, and he set himself about inquiring into the truth of the matter, and by his persevering and patient inquiries, accomplished the greatest discovery which has perhaps ever benefited mankind.

In one of Jenner's note-books of 1799, he says, 'I know no direct allusion to this disease in any ancient writer, yet the following seems not very distantly to bear on it. When the Duchess of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast (the small-pox at that time raging in London), she made a reply to this effect, "That she had no fear about the matter; for she had had a disorder which would prevent her from ever catching the small-pox."'†

In 1646 Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the 'Religio Medici,' wrote his work called 'Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors.' In the preface, the author speaks of the difficulties of the undertaking in a style which is both quaint and amusing. 'We hope,' says he, 'it will not be unconsidered that we find no open track or constant manuduction in this labyrinth; but are ofttimes fain to wander in the *America* and untravelled parts of truth. And therefore we are oftentimes constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliah and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments, drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves.' Some of the errors which this grave writer set himself about exploding with so much appearance of erudition, would only make us smile in these days of science and learning. Thus he controverts the absurd idea that a bear licks her cubs into shape, and endeavours to show how it is to be explained 'that a man becomes hoarse or dumb if a wolf have the advantage first to eye him.'

It seems, however, that Sir Thomas Browne was himself by no means superior to the prejudices of his own day. 'It is singular,' says one of his biographers, 'that notwithstanding his zeal to detect old errors, he seems not very easy to admit new positions; for he never mentions the motion of the earth but with contempt and ridicule, though the opinion which admits it was then growing popular, and was surely plausible, even before it was confirmed as an established truth by later observations.'‡

Many of the expressions commonly made use of in speaking on medical subjects might be changed with advantage to suit more rational views. Some of them, it is true, are only used metaphorically, and it would not therefore be fair to censure them too rigidly. We hear of the seeds of a disease lurking in the system—of a complaint flying about, and finally settling upon a particular organ; and these phrases, though for the most part used vaguely, have to a certain extent a bias over the thoughts. There can be but little doubt that very many of the vulgar opinions were in reality at one period the established doctrines of the day; for in this, as in many other cases, it has happened that the better-informed part of mankind have forsaken the doctrines they promulgated by the time the people became familiar with them.§ It is the same with the fashions

* Communicated by Mr James Bower Harrison, surgeon, of Broughton, near Manchester.

* See Baron's Life of Jenner, vol. i. p. 122.

† Op. cit. p. 263.

‡ Lives of British Physicians, Family Library, p. 72.

§ They are the fossil words and phrases which show us the vestiges of decayed opinions.

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of our dress, and the pronunciation and choice of our words, the generality of mankind being of necessity more slow both to adopt and reject particular usages and customs. To a certain extent, therefore, they furnish a sort of salutary drag on the more volatile part of society. Some of the old notions which have already become sufficiently exploded are still embalmed, as it were, in our language and common forms of expression. We speak of a 'tender heart' and a 'true-hearted friend,' as though this organ were the seat of the mind. Then we read in Scripture of 'bowels of compassion;' and the words 'melancholy choler,' and the 'spleen,' when used for ill-temper, are farther examples of words taking their origin in the theories of a former day.

Much ingenuity and learning might be displayed in searching out and collecting into a focus the peculiar notions of former times; but this would be a work of considerable extent, and more curious and entertaining than useful. For my part, I wish to comment upon the opinions which now actually influence the minds of the public, or give a colouring to their views of disease. Simple as many of them may seem, they are the secret springs which determine the views of people, often in opposition to the dictates of their professional advisers. On this account, therefore, they must be treated with respect—a respect which they deserve from their influence, if not from their justness.

I have purposely, then, brought forward the opinions which I have found to be the most prevalent and the most influential, without any reference to their plausibility or ingenuity, and in preference to the discussion of others which might have admitted of more scope for entertainment or for professional research. On this account I must be excused for speaking of many things which are simple, and perhaps ludicrous and commonplace, and also for passing by many subjects which are rich in matter for curiosity and entertainment, as well as the display of such literary industry as might be devoted to them.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the several common errors which have presented themselves to my mind, making on each a few very brief remarks, but such as I imagine may be sufficient, without being tedious.

I am quite aware that there are very many (not to speak of professional readers) to whom all these explanations may be altogether unnecessary, but I am sure I shall have their indulgence if the comments which I make are only acceptable to others. To all, notions which are common must, as such, be of *some* interest, whatever may be their absurdity, and the remarks made on them may at least serve to connect them together. In the course of this paper, then, I shall have to introduce many commonplaces; but this, it must be remembered, is inseparable from the subject. I may also state that I have purposely chosen to treat the subject in a plain, and somewhat colloquial style; for it seems to me that common ideas are best explained in a familiar manner, and that popular notions are best embodied in the language in which they are usually delivered.

Lunatics.—There is a common notion that lunatics are influenced by the moon. The term lunatic was no doubt given to insane people from the supposed influence of the moon in producing madness. This opinion is in some degree preserved by the continued employment of the term *lunatic*, as well as by that fondness for the marvellous which is so common to mankind. Even at the present day, people will shake their heads and allude significantly to the full of the moon—'Poor Mr So-and-so,' they will say, 'is a little off the cock just now—a little wrong in the upper storey; but then it is the full of the moon next Thursday.' There does not appear to be any real ground for the belief that the moon exercises this baneful influence on the human mind, although it is acknowledged that insane people are usually somewhat more than ordinarily restless at the full of the moon. The celebrated French writer Esquirol attributes this to the effect of the increased light, and states that the break of day occasions a similar agitation. 'Light,' he asserts, 'frightens some lunatics, pleases others, but agitates all.'*

Of Seasons.—There is a very common, and very old notion, that what are called *cooling medicines* should be taken at particular periods of the year, especially in the spring. Every practitioner will occasionally be consulted on this subject, and very often a great disposition is shown by medical men to fall in with popular views. Many a poor child has been condemned to a pot of brimstone and treacle merely because it was the spring-time. I imagine parents are not always ready to carry out these views in their own cases. Hippocrates advocates such a system in his 47th aphorism, section vi. 'If bleeding or purging be requisite,' says he, 'spring is the most convenient time for either.' He repeats the same view in other places. There was a great deal of importance attached to seasons in the treatment of diseases by the old medical authorities; but we find very little on this subject in our best modern works. For my part I don't see why we should take physic unless we are ill. The public have very curious, and, I should think, very ill-defined ideas of cooling physic, and of medicines for purifying the blood. That the ancients set considerable importance on seasons, will appear from the most casual inspection of their works. Thus Ætius, in his directions for the cure of the gout, laid down a distinct regimen for each month. 'In September, the diet should be wholly milk; in October, garlic must be eaten; in November, bathing is prohibited; in December, cabbage; in January, the patient should take a glass of pure wine every morning; in February, he must not eat beet; in March, he must mix sweets both with his eatables and drinkables; in April, he must refrain from horse-radish; and in May, from the fish called polypus; in June, he must take cold water in the morning; in July, abstinence must be practised; in August, he must not eat mallows.'†

Hair.—That hair turns gray in a single night.

In a popular but able treatise on diseases of the skin (by Erasmus Wilson),‡ this subject is alluded to in the following terms:—'Much less can I give credit to the bleaching of the hair in a single night or a single week. The first step in the change may have been made in a single night, and on that night week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at *their roots*; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance. Thus we learn that Marie-Antoinette became gray in a short period, as did the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.' He alludes to the passage in the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' showing that the error has the weight of poetical authority in its favour—

> 'My hair is gray, though not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's have grown from sudden fears.'

After proceeding to relate several amusing cases of this reputed bleaching of the hair, he goes on to speak of another common error with respect to the hair:§—'A prevalent belief, strengthened by the opinion of several modern French writers on this subject, is, that the hairs grow after death. It is true that they lengthen, but their lengthening results from the contraction of the skin towards their roots, and not from the continuance of a vital process after the death of the individual. But the older writers outstrip the moderns in invention; for in the "Philosophical Collections," Wulferus gives the account of a woman buried at Nuremburg, whose grave being opened forty-three years after her death, there was hair found issuing forth plentifully through the clefts of the coffin, insomuch that there was some reason to imagine the coffin had some

* Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, p. 425.
† Hamilton's History of Medicine, vol. i. p. 174.
‡ Wilson on Healthy Skin, p. 94.
§ Op. cit. p. 100.

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time been covered all over with hair. Mr Arnold gives "the relation of a man hanged for theft, who in a little time, while yet he hung upon the gallows, had his body strangely covered over with hairs."'

Jaundice.—There is a common saying (I will scarcely venture to call it an opinion) that jaundiced people see things yellow.

How common to hear of the jaundiced eye, as another word for prejudice! it being of course implied that the subject sees through a coloured medium. It occasionally does happen that a person having the jaundice sees objects yellow, but this is rather the exception than the rule, and seems to be dependent on some enlarged and tortuous vessel crossing the transparent part of the eye when the vision has been previously impaired by some disease. Dr Watson mentions this subject in his valuable lectures on the Practice of Physic.* 'You are aware,' says he, 'of the vulgar notion that to a jaundiced eye all things appear yellow. It is an old notion, for we find it expressed by Lucretius—"Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur arquati." Heberden was disposed to regard this as a mere poetical fiction, but certainly it is sometimes, though very rarely indeed, a fact.' He goes on to say that he has been assured by a medical man of his own acquaintance that objects appeared coloured to him in his own experience of the complaint; also that Dr Mason Good saw things yellow when he was jaundiced. Dr Elliotson also relates one or two cases. In 1826 he had a case in St Thomas's Hospital, where there was a slight opacity of the transparent part of one eye, through which ran two large vessels, and with this eye the patient saw yellow; but with the other eye he saw things of their natural colour. In 1827 he had a patient who saw things yellow with both eyes, but he had inflammation of the eyes. In 1831 he had another case. He further mentions that Dr Pemberton saw this occurrence twice; but sufficient has been said, and the explanation seems to me satisfactory—namely, that in the cases where objects appear yellow, there must exist some inflammation of the cornea, or some opacity with enlarged vessels.

Of Constitution.—Fortunately people are in general more disposed to consider their constitutional powers good than otherwise, and this in a degree that would indeed be amusing, if it were not for the gravity of the subject. A patient will say to you, 'Really, doctor, I have never known what it is to have a moment's entire ease these many years: I must have had an excellent constitution originally; and, do you know, it is my firm opinion that I'm sound yet. If I could only get rid of this cough, I should be quite well.' Speeches of this sort are made over and over again by people who have every possible appearance of having the worst constitutions imaginable, and in fact have had every possible evidence themselves of such imperfection of physical power. Some of the most confirmed forms of scrofula show themselves by a succession of slow diseased actions—inflammation of the eyes, enlargements of the glands in the neck, abscesses, diseased hips, and perhaps finally consumption—and these are the people who must have had originally excellent constitutions! The more they have suffered, and do suffer, the more they praise their constitutions; they imagine that the diseases have come, one after the other, like the ghosts in Macbeth—

> 'Another—and yet a seventh: I'll see no more—and yet the eighth appears.'

It never enters their minds that a poor constitution is the cause of all these visitations, rather than the bulwark against which they are impotently directed.

Of Consumption.—That consumption is catching is a popular opinion, which, in this country at least, is not recognised by the profession. I believe such an opinion, however, to be generally entertained in some parts of the continent, especially in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. They even burn the clothes of those who have died of the disease, to prevent risk of contagion. It is true that a husband and wife will every now and then die consecutively of this complaint; but this is not more than we should have been led to expect *à priori*; for it not unfrequently must happen that consumptive families will intermarry. I think, indeed, the frequency of these cases of apparent contagion is not greater than what might be supposed likely to occur from mere coincidence in a disease which is so widely diffused. It must be admitted, also, that the anxiety and grief experienced by the survivor in case of the first death will do much to hasten the complaint; and thus the appearance of contagion will be heightened by the rapidity of the succession. Further, there is an idea prevalent that a consumption is cured by an asthma: I conceive this to be altogether erroneous. Asthmatic people are no doubt often considered by the public as consumptive, and it then becomes a matter of surprise that these people continue to live year after year. Sometimes these asthmatic people *do* die in the end consumptive. Supposing, indeed, that a few asthmatic people are found after death to have had tubercles in the lungs, it is scarcely logical to infer that the consumption would have been more rapidly developed if the asthma had not existed. Because those who have asthma in its most marked form do not necessarily become consumptive, is no proof that the asthma prevents consumption. I think the great bulk of consumptive people would be found free from gout; but are we therefore to try to induce gout in order to prevent consumption? My own idea of this opinion about asthma curing consumption, is not only that it is an error, but that it is one calculated to do much mischief. There is also a notion that an ague cures consumption. This is equally ridiculous. There are, in fact, many cases of consumption in the aguish districts. The ague has indeed been often reputed as a curative agent. An attack of the ague may probably have put a stop to some nervous and other complaints. Dr Elliotson states, 'that ague has been thought so capital a thing, that some writers contend it never should be cured;' and a proverb once prevailed that

> 'An ague in spring
> Is fit for a king.'

He mentions that Dr Gregory saw a case of palpitation cured by it, and that Dr Fordyce had known many cases cured by it.* However, I should myself be very sorry to try it; and I should be very sceptical of its doing real good in any case.

Proud Flesh.—Patients will frequently come to us to know if there is any proud flesh in their wounds. The fear of proud flesh is very general, and brings many patients to the doctor whom he would otherwise never see. When a wound is attended with loss of substance, it is gradually filled up by the growth of the surrounding parts—a process which is called granulation, from the grain-like surface it presents. The granulations sometimes rise above the level of the surface; and I suppose the term 'proud flesh' was given to this appearance as a figurative term for a luxuriant or forward growth. There is nothing really bad or malignant, as it is called, in the elevation, but it is rather indicative of a complete and rapid repair. There are, it is true, complaints which are attended with what are named malignant fungous growths; but they are happily very rare, and quite unconnected with the healing of common sores. I shall not dwell, however, upon the latter, as it would carry me on to the description of a disease which is out of my present province, and would only be tedious or unintelligible to unprofessional persons. It is perhaps, after all, almost a pity to disabuse the public mind of the idea of proud flesh; for it is friendly to the doctors, and may tend to induce the people to have their sores better looked after.

* Watson's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, vol. ii. p. 522.

* Elliotson's Lectures on the Practice of Physic, p. 274.

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Broke a Blood-vessel.—The phrase 'broke a blood-vessel' is very common; and I imagine that it is commonly supposed, in the case of spitting of blood, that a large blood-vessel has given way in the lungs. Blood-vessels *do* sometimes become diseased, and give way; but in the great number of instances in which spitting of blood arises, the blood is exuded from the surface, as it is in bleeding of the nose. On inspection after death of the greater part of the bodies of those who have lost large quantities of blood by spitting, no trace has been discovered of any ruptured vessel, so that the term is not to be considered literal in its application to the ordinary cases of spitting of blood. In apoplexy, however, it is often found that a blood-vessel has actually given way in the brain, and the clot is discovered after death; so that if we spoke of this *latter* complaint as the breaking of a blood-vessel, we should be more likely to be correct.

THE HARVEST IN BRITTANY.

Often had I watched the ingathering of the harvest, and shared in the joyous festivity of those by whose labours it was treasured up in our garners; but having heard some curious details concerning the peculiarities observable in Brittany on those occasions, I longed to find myself among the primitive people of that province during the season of their harvest labours. I had been told of the veneration with which the Bretons—still imbued with the spirit of Druidical polytheism—watched the great mystery of vegetable reproduction, and of the devotion with which they gathered in the ripe and yellow corn, seeming almost to adore under this material form a benevolent Deity. I was very glad, therefore, to have an opportunity of witnessing these singular traces of Paganism, veiled as they are, but not destroyed, by Christianity. Our whole party shared in these feelings of curiosity and interest. Accordingly, we resolved to rise at the dawn of day, that we might be present at the earliest labours of the harvest.

About forty peasants were assembled in the thrashing-floor. They were clad in coarse shirts and linen trousers, their feet bare, and their heads only partially covered by the Greek cap, worn carelessly on one side. Each of them bore a sickle beneath his arm. They were full of life and movement, looking earnestly towards the plain, as if longing to begin their appointed work.

On a given signal, they advanced towards that portion of the tilled land which was to be the first reaped, and placed themselves in a line at some distance from each other, so as to cover a good deal of ground. There was a moment's pause; and while passing their scythes lightly over the black stone which was to lend them a finer edge, the labourers looked thoughtfully on the wide extent of corn-land lying before them. I approached an aged peasant, who was so absorbed in the contemplation, that he had allowed his pipe to extinguish itself between his teeth.

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'here is a glorious harvest.'

'Yes, sir: God is very bountiful!' was his reply; adding immediately, 'there is gold in those ears, sir!'

'Yet I am told that there was no manure, and very little labour, expended on this tract of land; that the seed was merely thrown into the earth.'

The old man smiled. 'It is, sir, that the earth here is still young; so she gives without reckoning. When she grows older, she will become *more prudent!*'

At this moment the proprietor gave orders to the head reaper to begin. This leader was a young man of middle stature, but of remarkable strength and beauty. There was an elastic vigour in his movements, and a power of muscle, which belong to the perfection of healthful manhood. It was owing to his strength and skill that he enjoyed the distinction of leading this band of labourers; not that the title of chief had been expressly conferred on him, neither had he claimed it for himself; but it fell to his lot through that tacit conviction of superiority which accompanies a remarkable capacity of any kind.

No sooner had the expected signal been made, than he raised his sickle with a joyous cry, and was about to give the first stroke, when a sudden thought seemed to arrest his hand, and turning round towards the old man, with whom I had been speaking, he approached him with an uncovered head.

'Take the lead of the reapers, my father,' said he, in a respectful tone: 'it is not fitting that young men should be in the foremost rank, and the elder ones behind.'

A gleam of joy lighted up the sunburnt features of the old peasant as he silently took the place which his son had just relinquished, while the latter fell to the rear. Immediately the work began, and continued, with little intermission, until the approach of evening, when they began to carry the sheaves of corn to the thrashing-floor. When the sun was setting, we watched the first cart laden with corn, as it drew nigh to the farmhouse. It advanced across the sand, accompanied by the music of countless bells, which tingled on the horses' heads, and by the joyous songs of the reapers who were following it. A long tri-coloured flag floated over the corn, and from beneath its folds were peeping two little laughing urchins, who were half buried amid the heaps of corn, while they *made-believe* to be guiding the horses, whose reins lay carelessly in their hands. We stopped a moment to consider this beautiful picture, so rich in contrasts and in poetic thought; for the most prosaic mind could not help being interested by the sight of this rich harvest store advancing across a region which had recently been won from the ocean; guided only by children, and escorted by the peasants of the soil.

The following day was spent in beating out the corn. The old man who had accepted from his son the leadership of the peasants kept his post. When the sheaves were laid upon the floor, he placed his foot upon the outspread corn, and made thereon with his sickle the sign of the cross, muttering the while a few words of prayer. No sooner had this brief religious ceremony been concluded, than the other labourers placed themselves around the floor. At first, their flails were raised slowly, and without order, and they balanced themselves, as if preparing for some powerful effort; but suddenly, on hearing the signal cry from their leader, every flail was raised at the same moment, and fell to the earth simultaneously—this movement being continued with a measured cadence. The *batterie*, at first light and moderate, grew more and more animated, until at length it became vehement and passionate. The reapers, carried away by a sort of nervous inebriety, sprang upon the bounding straw, whereon their blows fell with the fury of a summer hail-storm. The dust flew about them in whirling clouds, and their brows were laden with moisture. Now and then weariness would overtake them, and the noise would become more hushed, as if coming from a distance. Then their aged leader would utter a peculiar cry of encouragement or of reproach, and thirty voices would echo it, and every flail would be raised with tenfold vigour, and the noise of the *batterie* would sound like an approaching thunderstorm, waxing each moment louder and deeper.

I remained in the granary all day, watching the animated picture which presented itself, and observing, with a sort of dreaming curiosity, all the scenes of this country drama. The ensuing morning, the sun, which had hitherto shone out with continued brilliancy, veiled itself with clouds, and a soft drizzling rain impeded the harvest work. The peasants began to cover in the thrashing-floor, and to gather the beaten corn into the barn. Unfortunately, these operations went on slowly in comparison with the amount of work to be done. The rain fell heavier, and fears were entertained lest part of the wheat, which was still unhoused, might be seriously injured. The proprietor was lamenting the impossibility of procuring as many hands as were needful to gather in the grain more rapidly, when an old

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man, followed by five young ones, all armed with forks and rakes, entered the barn. He advanced towards the astonished farmer, and uncovering his white hairs—'I have heard,' said he, 'that you were gathering in your harvest, and seeing this rain come on so heavily, I thought that a dozen more arms might be of service to you, so I am come with my lads.'

'May God bless you, good father!' said the proprietor, offering his hand to the venerable peasant; 'but I did not expect this aid from *you*. Have you, then, forgotten our lawsuit, and the fine inflicted on you through my means?'

The old man shrugged his shoulders, saying, 'Our Saviour was more outraged than ever I was, and he forgave his murderers. Besides, the quarrels of neighbours should not be allowed to diminish the poor man's bread. He who lets God's wheat be destroyed, cannot be a good Christian. Now we are going to carry home your corn; and when the sun shines out again, your thrashers will make room for us, and we will help them to make up for lost time.'

Without waiting to receive the thanks which were being lavished on him by the farmer, the old man and his sons hastened to join the reapers, with whom they laboured until evening. The next morning they returned to their work; and when the harvest had all been safely gathered in, they withdrew to their home without accepting any reward, and seeming utterly unconscious that they had done aught which deserved the smallest praise or approval.

ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything: he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air: they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark—'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger.*

ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return-passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: 'Give him the end of a rope,' he said; 'that is what he wants.' The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no *reasoning* here? No acting with a view to an end or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary *instinct?—Rev. J. C. Atkinson in 'The Zoologist.'*

MR BURTON'S WORK ON POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ECONOMY.

During the last twelve months a desire has been repeatedly expressed to us for a short popular work treating of the more important questions in political and social economy. These requests were suggested by the convulsed state of Europe. The wildest theories, striking at the root of law, order, and individual rights, were to all appearance about to dissolve society into its rude elements. One of the greatest literary men of the age had found it necessary to write a treatise to prove that 'property is not theft.' While such strange and disorderly sentiments were afloat, it is not surprising that many persons should have desired to see a popular work explanatory of the true and imperishable principles on which society is founded, and by which it carries on its complex operations.

In the hope of meeting this wish, Mr J. H. Burton has, at our request, undertaken a small work, which is now published as part of the series of works now issuing under the title of 'Chambers's Instructive and Entertaining Library.'

Referring to the manner in which he has treated his subject, the author observes that 'It is a common complaint against political economy, in the form in which it is usually embodied, that though dealing with man, his passions and wants, and with the elements of his happiness and his misery, it is as hard and cold as if it gave expression to the laws of inanimate nature. From every truth in political economy, the acting and thinking man should be able to derive a rule of life, with reference to evils that may be practically avoided, and good that may be rationally anticipated; but he complains that even in matters like surplus population, commercial revulsions, gluts, and panics, and labour and its rewards, in which his temporal prospects, and those of the whole race, are so deeply involved, he finds only cold formulas or abstract laws, derived from what men usually do, not indicating what they might accomplish; and thus he fails to acquire from these abstractions the light and assistance which he seeks, to cheer, encourage, and fortify him in his path through life. It may be mainly attributed to the want of living systems founded on the true principles of political economy, that of late, projects founded on a contradiction of the whole science, and resting on the most dangerous and disorganising fallacies, have been so extensively adopted as to lead to the direst calamities. The false opinions presented themselves in that living, breathing form which the true science would not condescend to adopt; and the multitude, demanding a guide that pointed to practical conduct, instead of merely developing rigid formulas, followed the first that offered itself.'

Avoiding defects of this nature, the author has adapted his doctrines to the popular understanding, and brought them into relation with the ordinary course of events.

With these explanations, we respectfully dedicate 'Political and Social Economy' to the use of all classes of The People.

W. and R. C.

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Carus's Life of Simeon.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 267. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE SLAVE MARKETS OF EGYPT.

There is no longer, properly speaking, any 'Slave-Bazaar' in Egypt: the building described by travellers under that name is now devoted to other purposes; but the traffic in slaves is pursued with undiminished vigour. A native family, whether Mohammedan or Christian, scarcely considers itself complete without a purchased attendant, male or female; and there is consequently a regular demand, principally, it is true, for blacks—whites being an expensive luxury, in which only a few can indulge. I do not at present intend to enter upon the question of the treatment of slaves in the East; but I will observe, in passing, that there appears to me to be too great a disposition in some writers to palliate the institution of slavery, by expatiating on the kindness and benignity of Turkish masters. It is true that in many cases the slaves are incorporated in the family, and, though now and then beaten, are often well fed and well clothed. But if we insist too much on these facts, we shall produce an erroneous impression. Frequently the position of the slaves, male and female, is one of unspeakable degradation and misery. It is needless to enter into details that would shock and disgust; but I may mention by the way that I have seen a respectable-looking old man in a public bazaar bite the ear of a newly-purchased boy until the blood came, for some slight cause of displeasure. The only suicides, moreover, I ever heard of in Egypt were those of slaves; and a striking instance occurred last spring, when a young Memlook, belonging to Said Pacha, son of the viceroy, shot himself to avoid the barbarous punishment he apprehended would follow a very trifling transgression.

It is, however, with slaves as an article of traffic that we have at present to do. The blacks are principally brought down the valley of the Nile, from Abyssinia, Sennaar, Kordofan, Darfúr, &c. The commoner sort are derived indiscriminately from the numerous male tribes that inhabit the confines of those regions; but the most esteemed are the Gallas, who inhabit the southern borders of Abyssinia. It is not true that the majority of them are prisoners made in the intestine struggles of these people; for the commerce in slaves is too lucrative to be allowed to depend on such casual sources. Regular man-hunts are periodically set on foot by the princes and chieftains of these regions; and Mohammed Ali himself, in spite of his repeated promises to the contrary, used, until very late years, to despatch expeditions to Kordofan from time to time in order to make a *battue*—the product of which was distributed to the officers and men in lieu of pay. His conquests, therefore, in that direction were made to cover their own expenses; and he derived another advantage in the shape of revenue, by the tax of about two pounds sterling per head levied on all slaves imported into Egypt across its southern frontier.

The horrors of the march of the slave caravans have frequently been described. Even considerations of self-interest seem to have little effect in softening the native brutality of the *jellabís*, as the dealers are called. The wretched victims are driven along generally on foot; their numbers decreasing on the way by hunger, thirst, fatigue, and ill-treatment, and the value of the remainder proportionately increasing. A certain number are left at Syout and Girgeh, and the remainder are hurried on to Cairo. The latter portion of the journey is in some instances performed by water; and you may constantly see whole gangs of wild-looking half-naked savages landed at Boulac from the grain-boats, in which they have been shipped as part of the cargo, and sometimes also cabinfuls of the more valuable female slaves.

In all times, the greater part of the trade has been conducted in a private way, although, as I have intimated, there was at one period a large wakâlah especially devoted to the sale of slaves. Now-a-days, especially since the *hatti sherif* of Sultan Abd-el-Mejid, abolishing the public traffic in human beings, the jellabís take their property to a variety of depôts, generally situated in the little suburbs that have collected outside the walls, especially near the Bab-en-Nair. I have often seen thirty or forty boys and girls in the courtyards of these buildings, but the better class of females are generally exhibited by twos and threes.

Strangers who wish to visit the depôts generally provide themselves with a supply of small coins to distribute in presents. As soon as you pass the gates, you are sure to see a number of idle jellabís hanging about: they understand at once what is your object, and you have no farther necessity for a guide. The jellabís are, I believe, generally Nubians, and seemed to me to be all of one family. Their countenances are invariably truculent, and their insolence is proverbial. They wear white turbans, twisted in a peculiar way, and raised up to an enormous height. I went one day with some English friends to see a small batch of superior Galla girls. A very narrow lane, formed by half-ruined dead-walls, led to a large sinister-looking building, round the doorway of which a number of jellabís were squatting. After some parley, we were allowed to go up stairs, preceded, as well as followed, by a noisy crowd, who stopped almost at every step to thrust out their hands and ask for a present. On the second floor there was a long narrow passage, on each side of which were dark rooms, in which we could just dimly discover groups of human figures huddled together in corners. As we passed, they raised their heads and looked at us with curiosity, rolling about their white eyeballs in a curious fashion. Many attempted to come

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out to us, and several thin hands were thrust forth through barred windows for a *bucksheesh* (present). At length we reached a large apartment, divided into two by a screen of mats. We were here told to wait a minute by the chief jellabí, who went inside, whilst the rest continued their vociferations for money. After some delay, two wretched-looking girls, with scarcely a rag of clothing, came out, and stood shivering before us. This was the usual piece of imposition. The object was to make us at once give the present we had originally intended, and then to produce the better class of slaves, and claim a larger amount. After some altercation, however, the jellabí again retired, and presently the matting was pushed aside, and out came three elegantly-formed young women—black, it is true, as jet, but evidently of a superior race. These were the Gallas. Their features were regular and pleasing, the expressions soft and melancholy. Their hair, as is indeed universally the case with negro slaves exposed for sale, was arranged in an immense mass of curls, about the thickness of a tobacco pipe, lying close together. One had a necklace of brass wire; the others wore beads. Their dress was so scanty, that we had ample opportunity of witnessing the perfection of their forms. The poor creatures seemed anxious to be bought; and we could detect an expression of disappointment when they understood that we had only come actuated by a motive of curiosity. They murmured something in their own tongue, and were evidently very glad that we did not long abuse the advantage of our position, but allowed them soon to retire behind their mat with their present; which no doubt was snatched from them by their masters as soon as our backs were turned.

It is much easier to get into one of these places than to get out. The jellabís make a practice of endeavouring to intimidate their visitors into giving them more bucksheesh. Whether you be liberal or otherwise, you are always compelled to leave them dissatisfied. On the present occasion they closed the doors of the house, and surrounded us with loud vociferations. A dozen hands were thrust towards us, over shoulders, under arms, in the narrow dark passage—most of them significantly opened, but one holding a knife, and others heavy Nubian clubs of carved wood. We knew, however, what these demonstrations were worth; and after a slight scuffle, succeeded in extricating ourselves from this den of iniquity, and rode off, pursued for some distance along the streets by the clamorous rabble, who vowed and protested we had given them nothing, and denounced us to the bystanders as dogs and infidels. The foremost of them, however, used always to claim acquaintance with me afterwards, on the score, perhaps, of a blow with a *koorbash* (whip of hippopotamus hide) which I dealt upon his shoulders. On another occasion he took me and a French gentleman, who, like all newcomers, was curious about these sights, to a different place, where we saw a larger number of slaves at a much smaller expense. He had grown wiser by experience, and was but moderately importunate.

The treatment of slaves in the wakálahs is necessarily a great deal better than that which they experience during the journey down from the upper country. It very much resembles, however, that of pigs and poultry in a farmyard. The generality of the slave wakálahs are small: in some cases the centre courtyard is not more than twenty feet square, and there is no upper storey. Little cells without doors may be seen on all sides, each appropriated to five or six slaves, males and females often indiscriminately mixed. At noon and sunset, a large wooden bowl of beans or lentils is placed in the centre of the yard, and the greater number of the hungry inmates crowd round this, pushing and shoving in order to get into the first rank; some making good their station, and others carrying off a handful to devour in a corner. The whole disappears in a few seconds. Some of the more valuable females are fed apart in the cells. I remember seeing a magnificent Abyssinian woman eating alone from a bowl of rice in a sombre room, with the doorway half closed by a mat. She stopped when we looked in, and turned her olive face and fiery eyes towards us. We offered her the few piastres which remained to us after the furious begging of the other poor creatures; but she would not trouble herself to take them. 'Put them down by her side,' said the huge ruffian of a jellabí who owned her. We did so: she remained immovable, glaring at us like a tigress; but he swept them with a chuckle into his hand, saying he would take care of them for her. This was an instance of a not uncommon character among slaves. She was revenging herself for the ill-treatment inflicted on her by frightening every purchaser that presented himself. I saw her some months afterwards, when her spirit was broken, and she wished to be sold; but no buyer was to be found.

It is not customary for Egyptians in want of slaves to visit the wakálahs. Sometimes a few are taken to the bazaars, where they are put up to auction; but generally a servant is sent to a jellabí, with orders for him to bring a proper assortment to the house. Slaves just brought down from the upper country are preferred to such as have been in a family previously, as the latter are supposed not only to have been sold for some fault, but to have learned cunning tricks and bad habits, which every one hopes to guard against in those whose education has not begun. The jellabís, however, know this, and almost invariably dress up all the slaves committed to their care as if they had just been caught and brought down; that is to say, they curl their hair in the manner above described, and give them a single rag to fasten round their middles. Thus accoutred, the poor things are driven along the streets in troops to the house of the intended purchaser.

I called one morning on a Levantin lady of my acquaintance in Alexandria, and found her in conversation with a tall, handsome, black girl, wrapped in a white *melayah*, or mantle. The lady reclined in the corner of her divan, smoking a *shisheh*, or water pipe, whilst the girl stood at a little distance, with her hands meekly crossed. After the usual compliments, I was told that this was a slave belonging to a Turkish lady just arrived with her suite from Algiers, to meet her husband, who, however, had gone on to Stamboul, leaving word that she was to follow. As he had not left money enough to defray the expenses of the journey, it seemed quite natural to the lady to dispose of one of her bought handmaidens, and accordingly this one had been selected. Fatmeh herself was telling the story as I entered; and although it did not seem to occur to her that she was the victim of a most unjust system, yet she could not help expressing her regret at being thus suddenly thrown out of the bosom of one family to seek for a place in another, or rather to take the place which chance might assign her. I elicited the fact, that although her mistress sometimes beat her, even for talking in her sleep, and for being frightened on board the vessel in which they had coasted the whole north of Africa, although she was frightened herself—yet, considering all things, she had been happy with her. Here, then, was an instance in which the much vaunted kindness with which the Orientals treat their slaves was turned into a weapon of torture to them. The stronger they are bound by ties of affection to their owners, the more cruelly are their feelings wounded when the vicissitudes of their servile life throw them into the market

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Struck by this circumstance, I afterwards made inquiries, and found that the instances in which slaves remain attached to one family throughout their existence are comparatively few. If misfortune overtakes a man, of course the slaves are sold; they go as part of the property in the case of a failure, for example; and how many Egyptian merchants have not failed once, twice, thrice! A man who has compounded with his creditors only once is esteemed a remarkably safe person to deal with; although, in almost every instance, there is a dishonest concealment of property. But this is by the by: on the first pressure of pecuniary difficulties, one at least of the slaves of the house is got rid of. 'I have so much in my shop,' you may often hear it said; 'I have built so and so; and I have the donkey and Zara' (a common name to give to slaves).

Fatmeh tried hard, poor thing, to persuade my friend to buy her: she walked about to show that she was active; arranged the cushions of the divan, and trimmed the shisheh, to exhibit her familiarity with a genteel house; and laughed with forced gaiety to prove that she was of a good temper. There was a ground of objection, however, which Sitt Miriam, as my friend was called, suspected, and the truth of which she endeavoured to ascertain by a series of sudden questions and artful cross-examinations.

The chief difficulty, however, remained. Would a couple of days of trial be allowed? 'Unless they are,' said Miriam to Fatmeh, 'I shall not buy you. How do I know what bad habits you may have? You have acknowledged you talk in your sleep. I don't care for that, as you would be shut up at night; but you may be a liar, you may be a thief, you may'—— And here followed a list of vices incident to female slaves, during the utterance of which I scarcely knew whether to look at the ceiling or the floor, but which poor Fatmeh listened to most patiently, firmly denying that she possessed such habits and imperfections. One of her observations was sensible enough; for she said that a trial of two days would be of no avail, since any person in her position would be able to put on a fair outside for so short a time. Altogether, it was observable that she had been brought up in a good family, and knew something of the world; and it was easy to see that Sitt Miriam rather feared she was far too clever and knowing. I had no doubt of her being something of a politician; for she endeavoured throughout to appear in the character of an innocent simple girl, whereas she was, in the Eastern style, a refined and well-educated woman. However, such was her fascination, that my friend would certainly have bought her, but that her mistress sent an old duenna with a message from the wakâlah where she was living, to the effect that an offer had been made, and that, unless the money was immediately forthcoming, Fatmeh must return to her. The girl accordingly departed, not without expressions of sorrow; but she had scarcely been gone half an hour, when Sitt Miriam, who had sat reflective during that time, clapped her hands, and calling her servant, ordered him to go instantly and say that she would pay the price. It was too late: Fatmeh had already passed into the *harem* of an old Turk, who made up his mind at once on seeing her.

'God is merciful!' said my friend, consoling herself. 'Perhaps that girl had some grievous fault, and I may be well delivered.' Her evanescent affection for Fatmeh was here wafted away on a long sigh, and she added, smiling, 'I shall send to-morrow morning for half-a-dozen girls from the jellabís. If you like to come and see me buy them you may.'

I confess that, in spite of the reflection that I was giving a sanction to a very bad system by my presence, I made an appointment for the next day, and punctually kept it. I found the Lady Miriam alone; and whilst waiting the return of the servant, who had gone to the nearest wakâlah for a jellabí, had to listen to a history of all the slaves the good lady had ever possessed, interluded with a good many scandalous stories I cannot repeat. The domestic history of Christian families in the East is a curious one. The plague of polygamy has practically penetrated them all. I never knew a couple who had not periodical outbreaks on this subject. The Christian women will not tamely put up with the insult; and no occurrence is more common than that of wives leaving their husbands on this account, and taking refuge with their relations. It is curious to remark, by the way, that in spite of the great number of intermarriages among different coloured races, there are no mulattoes in Egypt. The climate is so deadly to foreigners at the second degree, that the children, except in rare instances, do not live. This is one of the strongest proofs of the descent of the present fellahs from the ancient Egyptians. Foreign families never survive beyond the third generation; and every mixed race has a feeble and uncertain existence.

I suggested these considerations to my fair friend, who kindly told me I was a fool for troubling my head on such subjects; but confirmed my observation that very few half-castes ever reached man's estate. While we were talking, we heard the hoarse voice of a jellabí in the court; and presently up came a dark bevy of half-clothed damsels for inspection, the owner sitting down on a bench in the courtyard below quietly smoking, ready to answer any questions. A rapid glance of Sitt Miriam's practised eye sufficed to detect those between whom she was likely to hesitate, and the others were at once sent away. I asked her the grounds on which she decided.

'All those I have dismissed,' said she, 'have been in families before: I knew it at once by their way of standing, in spite of their being dressed like wild beasts. They have been sold by their masters in Cairo, and shipped to Alexandria. All the bad slaves and lame donkeys are sent down here. I know the tricks of these slave-dealers: may misfortune come to them!'

She went on in this style for some time; and then suddenly turning to the younger of the two girls, who stood huddled together in a corner, ordered her, in an insulting manner, to come forward, at the same time abusing her race. It is impossible to describe the expression of rage and hatred which shot, like a lightning flash, athwart the face of the girl, who thus, in an unguarded moment, betrayed that she still possessed all the wild untamed feelings of her native woods. I looked at once with interest upon her; for that glance revealed that not all the ill-treatment and suffering to which she had been subjected during a journey of thousands of miles, over deserts which we should consider it a mighty triumph to traverse, had broken her spirit, and rendered her insensible to injury. To my mind, such a character would recommend itself. The readiest to resent ill-usage are often the most susceptible of kindly impressions. But this young savage was at once judged by my prudent friend, who dismissed her to join her companions below, and applauded her own keen appreciation of character on beholding the look of scorn and defiance, that would have become a princess, with which she walked away.

'Now come you here,' said Sitt Miriam to the remaining girl, who with a stupified yet anxious gaze had watched the scene I have described. She approached, or rather crept forward, keeping her eyes on those of the Sitt, who was a good soul at bottom, and expressed to me, in broken Italian, her sorrow at being obliged to put on an appearance of harshness. I know she was an excellent mistress, and certainly never beat her slaves.

I need not repeat the conversation that ensued; suffice it to say, that it was satisfactory. The girl was very ignorant, and apparently good-natured. But my fair friend would not trust to appearances; she had a whole host of little expedients for diving into the recesses of the human heart.

'Give me your hand, Zara,' choosing one of the half-dozen names commonly bestowed on slaves.

The girl obeyed. Sitt Miriam took the thin hand held out to her, looked rather awkwardly at me for a

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moment, and then spat in it! I started, and uttered an exclamation.

'*Stato tranquillo!*' quoth she to me aside in her *lingua França*. 'Be quiet; it is the custom. What do you call that in your country, Zara?'

The girl looked perplexed; but if she was offended, she kept down her resentment in the very lowest recesses of her heart. Her reply was in a tone of angelic meekness: 'I know the name of it in Arabic, oh, lady!'

Sitt Miriam blushed scarlet: the rebuke told. She let fall the slave's hand, and said, 'You are a good girl, and very learned. I shall pay your price. Don't look angry; oh Frank,' she added, turning to me with some confusion; 'you know I mean to be kind to her. Anybody else would have struck her on the mouth with a slipper, but I am not so cruel. Let us now go and speak to the jellabí.'

A fierce volley of words was exchanged for some time between the slave-dealer and Lady Miriam; he beginning by asking about eighteen pounds, and she offering eight. It was exactly like a bargain for a yard of cloth. 'I will give so much.' '*Jefta Allah!* God will open'—that is, another door for sale, was the customary evasive reply. This went on for half an hour, during which my fair friend stood screaming from the gallery, whilst the jellabí sat quietly below smoking, giving occasionally an answer in the words I have mentioned, and sometimes, when vexed by a ridiculously low offer pertinaciously repeated, putting in that he would give the girl as a present. At length they gradually approached one another in price, the altercation becoming hotter and hotter, however, as they did so; until at length, when the difference was only a few piastres, the bargain was several times broken off, and Zara ordered to go. This, in fact, was the serious part of the discussion, the previous exorbitant demand and consequent low offer being mere skirmishing. Terms were, however, at last come to; and the price of 1350 piastres (not quite L.14) was agreed upon, to be paid in two or three days, in case the girl discovered no hidden bad qualities. Ordinary black slaves, male and female, generally fetch from ten to twenty pounds; but thirty, and even forty or fifty, are paid for fine Abyssinian women.

I ought to add that it is important to ascertain, if possible, the temper of household slaves before buying them. They are sometimes very troublesome; and have been known to murder their masters and mistresses. I once saw a horrid sight—a black woman paraded on an ass about the streets of Alexandria with her face turned to the tail: a man went before proclaiming that she was a poisoner. For several hours the wretched creature was paraded in this manner, after which the executioners put her into a sack, and taking her out in a boat some distance to sea, threw her overboard.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY—A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

In the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, London, there are several minor chess, whist, and gossip clubs, held principally at cafés, in an apartment which, for club evenings, is sacred to the members, consisting chiefly of superannuated clerks, actors, and other professional mediocrities, with a sprinkling of substantial, steady tradesmen. In one of these modest gatherings Captain Smith, an extremely communicative and anecdotical gentleman, may occasionally be met with, surrounded by an attentive circle of admiring friends, listening, with all their ears, to one of the many marvellous adventures it has been his lot to encounter during a wandering and varied life. He is not a frequent visitor; his tastes inclining him to scenes of more boisterous conviviality than cigars and coffee, with a seasoning of theatrical and political gossip, can afford or supply; and he accordingly uses these, to him hum-drum assemblies, only as resting or halting-places between more exciting orgies; valuable chiefly for affording him listeners, much more easily amused and astonished than men of larger life-adventure and experience. He is, however, a *real* captain, and I fancy something of a hero too, in the conventional use of the term, as he seems to have very different, and, I believe, much truer notions of war and glory, than gentlemen who shout about 'bright swords,' and dilate with periphrastic unction of 'red battle-fields.' A lithe active man is he; and stiff as a ramrod withal. His harsh stubbly hair is brushed in one particular direction with parade precision; and his high bald forehead, when in convivial mood, glistens as brightly as his sharp gray eyes; which one can see with half a one, have been wide open all his life. He rose, it is understood, though he never mentions it himself—perhaps from a feeling of modesty, a quality, albeit, in which, like most field heroes, he is somewhat deficient—from the ranks. From his perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue (he passed his youth at Gibraltar, with occasional trips to the Spanish coast with his father, who turned an honest penny in the smuggling line), he was frequently employed during the Peninsular war by the British commanders in the very necessary, but extremely ticklish, duty of making himself *personally* acquainted with the state of the French camps and fortresses—in other words, as a *spy:* an exceedingly uncomfortable office for any gentleman troubled with 'nerves.' Captain Smith frequently thanks God he never had any, to his knowledge, in his life: no more, he sometimes says, after reading the debates—no more than a member of parliament.

Thus much premised, suppose we step in for a minute, and make his acquaintance. That is the captain with his back to the fire. The gentleman who has just handed him a cigar, and is addressing such martial queries to the old campaigner, is a neighbouring haberdasher. Just before we entered, he inquired, as is his nightly wont, if the waiter was sure the clock was quite right. He is always a little nervous about the time, as his spouse is apt to be unpleasantly lively for a lady of her colloquial and other prowess, if he is not at home at half-past ten precisely. He loves peace 'at home,' as much as he seems to delight in war 'abroad,' and is consequently extremely punctual. But see, Tape is tapping the captain again. The veteran cannot fail to flow forth presently: at first, perhaps, a little jerkingly—*glug, glug, glug*—but after a little coaxing, in the freest, easiest style imaginable.

'A splendid march, Captain Smith, that of Wellington upon Cuidad Rodrigo!'

'Sloppy, Mr Tape, sloppy: nothing but mud, and snow, and slush. Winter-time: I remember it well,' replied Captain Smith.

'Beautiful account Napier gives of it,' rejoined the martial Tape. 'Wellington,' he says, 'jumped on the devoted fortress with both his feet!'

'Does Napier say that?' demanded the veteran, knocking the consumed ashes off the end of his cigar on the mantelpiece. '*Does* Napier say that?'

'Yes indeed he does.'

'Then Napier tells what is ——,' replied the matter-of-fact captain. 'The lightest, longest-legged of the "Light Bobs" couldn't have done it, much less the duke. The duke's short in the legs—sits high in the saddle, though—long body, dumpy legs. Could no more do it than he could fly: didn't try either. All a flam!'

Mr Tape explained that the jumping was metaphorical; and after a time, Captain Smith seemed to have acquired a misty notion of what was meant. Still, it was, he said, a very bad way of writing 'history;' which species of composition should, he emphatically observed, be all facts, and no mistakes.

'The retreat from Burgos was a masterly affair,' persisted warrior Tape: 'masterly indeed—uncommon!'

'I daresay it was; and as you seem to admire it so much, I wish you had been one of the 'prentices under the master, just to see how it was done, and how agreeable and pleasant such a masterly job is to the people that do the work. I was one of them; and I declare to you I had much rather have been in this café, smoking this abominable cigar, which *wont* smoke'—and the captain threw the unsatisfactory weed into the fire; immediately,

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however, accepting another from the ready hand of the obsequious Tape. That, fortunately, drew uncommonly well: the spiral columns ascended with the fulness and freedom in which the veteran loved to luxuriate. He swallowed his *demi-tasse* at a gulp; and his sharp gray eyes, twinkling with fresh lustre, said—'It was in coming from Burgos that I got into one of the miserablest scrapes I ever experienced in my life; and all owing to my tender-heartedness, the very worst thing for a campaign a man can carry about him.'

'Tell us, captain! What was it? How was it?' cried half-a-dozen voices. Two elderly gentlemen, who had been playing draughts for the previous four or five hours, finding it impossible, amidst so much clamour, to bestow the requisite attention on their extremely intellectual game, also drew near to listen, as the very best thing, after draughts, they could do.

Captain Smith smiled graciously, seated himself, indulged in a few prefatory whiffs, and proceeded. 'During the many journeys I at different times made through the province of Leon in Spain, I fell in with a very worthy couple, whom I took a great liking to. Pedro Davila was by trade a cooper: he made all the casks and tubs for miles round the little town near which he lived; which was situated, I should tell you, a good deal out of the direct road, or rather the nearest road—for there is nothing very direct in that country—from Burgos to Astorga. For my part I preferred round-about ways at that time to straight ones; I found them safer. Pedro had a nice garden too, beautifully cultivated, and the prettiest little black-eyed Andalusian wife—Pedro was also a native of the south of Spain—a man's eyes ever lighted upon. Pedro in his youth had taken service with a Spanish grandee, who, being compelled to fly his country—a common, every-day thing abroad—took up his abode in Paris; and there Pedro got rid of his fine old constitutional prejudices against foreigners, and obtained in exchange some modern universal philanthrophy—about the most dangerous article to go to market with in Spain it is possible to imagine. And sure I am that if Pedro had known what a dreadful mess his turning philosopher would get *me* into, to say nothing of his wife, he was far too good a fellow to have done anything of the sort.'

'But what on earth, Captain Smith,' interrupted Tape, 'could philosophy, Pedro's, or any one's else, have to do with you?'

'You will hear, Tape: it was his liberal-mindedness and my tender-heartedness joined together that played the mischief with us both. An excellent fellow, notwithstanding,' continued the captain, after a brief pause, 'was Pedro Davila; *too* good for a Spaniard, much: one could hardly believe it of him. I was going to say he was equal to an Englishman, but that perhaps would be pushing it *too* far. Many a skin of wine have we emptied together: none of the sloe stuff you get here, but the genuine juice of the grape itself.' The captain smacked his lips at the pleasing reminiscence, and then, to reward them for the exercise, imbibed a portion of another *demi-tasse*, craftily qualified to his taste.

'At the time I speak of, it was highly dangerous to harbour, succour, or conceal any Frenchman, woman, or child. Death, or worse punishment, was pretty sure to be the doom of any one offending against that law of vengeance; and it happened that one of the most ferocious of minor guerilla leaders, a relentless hunter and slayer of miserable fugitives, was Ramez, a native of the village or town near which Pedro lived. He was seldom long absent from home; and was, in fact, the real governor of the place.

'Well, it chanced one unfortunate day that a wounded French officer, who had been chased for several days by Ramez and his fellows, crawled into Pedro's cottage, and implored shelter and succour. His request was, as you may anticipate, after what I have told you of Pedro's notions of philosophy, granted; and the hunted man was successfully concealed, carefully tended, and restored to health. The day of his departure had arrived; he was carefully disguised, mounted on Pedro's mule, and was just bidding his benefactor good-by at the garden gate (Marietta, fortunately, as it turned out, was not at home), when who should poke up his diabolical snout from the other side of the hedge but Ramez! The ugliest rascal, gentlemen,' continued Captain Smith with violent emphasis, 'the most ill-favoured scoundrel I ever saw in my life was Ramez; and that from a man who has been twenty years in the army, and who has lived upwards of twenty in London, is saying a great deal.'

This was quite cheerfully assented to. The ugliness that after such a lengthened and first-rate experience bore off the palm, was pronounced necessarily incomparable by the entire auditory.

'He gave poor Pedro,' continued the captain, 'one most diabolical look (I'll be bound the streaks from his eyes—he always squinted both sides inwards when he was in a passion—crossed each other within an inch of his nose), then rushed forward, and bawled lustily for help. The Frenchman spurred furiously into the adjoining forest, and escaped. Pedro was seized, and the alpha and the omega of it, as the chaplain of the old half-hundredth used to say, was, that he was lugged to prison, tried a few hours afterwards, and condemned to death as a traitor. It was a wild time in Spain then: most places managed their own affairs in their own way, and this was Master Ramez and the alcalde's way. Pedro was to have been strangled, *gavotted* they call it, but there was no apparatus handy, and nobody that particularly liked the job; so, as a particular heavenly grace to him, the alcalde said, it was determined he should be shot on the third day after his arrest.'

'It happened,' resumed the captain, after again refreshing himself, 'that I was, on the very day after Pedro's arrest and condemnation, returning from Burgos to General Picton's head-quarters, a good way beyond Astorga; and being near, and in no very particular hurry, I turned out of my road to visit Pedro. When I arrived at the cottage, I found things, as you may suppose, in a very different state from what I had been imagining for the last hour or so. Instead of wine, there was hysterics; and for an omelette and salad, shrieks and faintings. Marietta clung round my neck with tremendous energy—I should not have thought, if I had not experienced it, that a pretty woman's embrace could have been so very unpleasant—frantically beseeching me to send for the British army to liberate her Pedro. Extricating myself from her grasp as speedily as possible, I began to cast about in my mind as to what could be done; but I could not at all clear up my ideas. Remembering that I never had been able to do so on a lean stomach, I suggested that we should first dine, and then perhaps I might hit upon something for poor Pedro's benefit. Marietta agreed with me; and we had, considering that her husband and my dearest friend was to be shot the day after the next, a very nice comfortable dinner indeed—very—and some capital wine afterwards; and then, gentlemen, the father of mischief, or the wine, or Marietta's black eyes, I don't know which, perhaps altogether, induced me to make as spoony a proposal as ever fell from the lips of a green Cockney.'

'There are clever, sensible men in the city,' interjected Tape, as the captain paused an instant to supply himself with a fresh cigar.

'Perhaps so, Mr Tape, but those gentlemen seldom volunteer into the army, I believe. I knew,' said the veteran, continuing his narrative, 'that I might as well whistle jigs to a milestone, and expect it to get up and turn partners, as ask the general in command of the division about forty miles off to rescue Pedro from the grasp of the Spanish authorities. The British generals never meddled with the administration of Spanish justice under any pretence whatever; but I also knew that if he received a message stating that *I* was in danger, he was bound by general orders to afford me every assistance in his power. "Marietta," said I at last—the wine *must* have been unusually strong—"I have hit upon it. We'll save Pedro yet, in spite of them all!" The pretty creature jumped up, clapped her hands, and sobbing, laughing, and talking all in a breath, exclaimed, "Dear Inglese, I knew you would!" "You, Marietta," said I,

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as soon as she was sufficiently calm to listen, "go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado spy, Henriquez Bajol, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent, denounce *me*." "You, Henriquez!" said she, staring bewilderedly. "Never you mind," I replied. "A note to General Picton—I'll write it at once—will soon get *me* out of their clutches, whoever I am." I wrote the note and gave it her. "Now mind, Marietta," said I solemnly, "that Pedro sets off with this note the instant he is liberated. How soon can he reach the general on foot?" "By to-morrow night," she answered. "Very well; and now then about it at once." She was off in a twinkling, and I was at leisure to reflect on what I had done. To tell the truth, I did not, after a few minutes' quiet cogitation, feel excessively comfortable. They would be certain to believe the story; Henriquez being, I was sure, known to none of them personally. I was a precious deal more like a Spaniard then than an Englishman; and I spoke the language so well—not altogether grammatically, it is true, but so like a native of the south of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to undeceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure but *short* work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the general's help might perchance arrive too late! However, I was in for it; and so, taking another draught of wine, and refilling my pipe—there's great philosophy in a pipe, as we all know—I awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could.

'It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling, and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into it they thrust me like a dog; and there, when I could recover breath and speech, I greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only *promised* to release him, and of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most consummate ass that ever browsed or brayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a *double* holiday.

'Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was never much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind it after a bit. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the general with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking; so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed, there was a chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some cigars of the jailor, an old acquaintance of his; they were first-rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded foreigners, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!'

'No doubt of it,' said Tape, looking nervously at the clock: 'but do get on, captain; don't stop, *don't!*'

'I will not, Tape; but don't you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outposts, and that they verily believed me to be no other than the infamous Henriquez. Vainly I protested, finding the thing was getting much too serious, that I was an English officer: my assertions were laughed at, and I was reconveyed to my dungeon, after having heard myself sentenced to be shot at the same hour which was to see the last of Pedro. Mr Tape, please to touch the bell. I'll take another cup; for my tongue always feels dry and hot when I come to this part of the story.'

Mr Tape did as he was desired quickly, and bade the waiter who answered the summons 'jump about.' The anxious haberdasher had but just three minutes to spare.

'That, gentlemen,' continued the captain, 'was a very uncomfortable night. I was never, from a child, particularly fond of water-drinking; but I remember crawling off the straw many times during the night, and almost emptying *both* pitchers. At ten o'clock we were to suffer, to be shot to death by half-a-dozen rusty muskets. It was dreadfully aggravating! Day dawned at last; six seven, eight, nine, *ten* o'clock tinkled through the jail; the door opened, and in stalked Ramez and the alcalde, followed by the rusty shooting-party. We were politely informed that 'time' was up, and that we must both come to the scratch at once, as the spectators didn't like to be kept waiting. They then kindly pinioned us, and away we marched. You never perhaps walked in your own funeral procession, Tape, did you?'

'Lord, Captain Smith, how can you ask such a horrid question?'

'Well, if you ever should, you'll remember it, that's all. Seeing King Lear is nothing to it, though that's reckoned pretty deep. On we marched, the priests praying, the bells tolling, and the infernal musket-men eyeing us as if to make up their minds exactly where to have the pleasure of hitting us. One scoundrel with a short, ugly snub of an apology of a nose, meant, I could see, to send his bullet through my Roman. Altogether, it was the most disagreeable walk I ever took in my life. We soon arrived at the place of sacrifice, and were ordered to kneel down. "Pedro," said I, "that jewel of a wife of yours has played us a sweet trick; but perhaps she'll arrive in time, if she comes at all, to return thanks for all the good things we are about to receive; and that's a consolation anyway." I then took another look in the direction in which the expected succour *ought* to appear, when I saw, and tried to rub my eyes with my elbows to make sure I saw, but couldn't, a horsewoman on the summit of the hill: it *was* Marietta! I roared out like a raging bull, and Pedro gave chorus. As soon as Marietta caught sight of what was going on, she curbed her horse sharply back, and beckoned with eager gestures over the hill. A minute afterwards the ridge was crowned by half a regiment of British dragoons. The instant they saw us, they gave one loud cheer, and came on like a whirlwind.

"A narrow escape, Smith!" said the commanding officer. "But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighbourhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant." I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the soonest mended. If the general, thought I, were informed *why* he had been put to this trouble and risk, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. "Who is this?" said the officer, pointing to Pedro, who, though he had hallooed lustily, was by no means yet out of the wood. "One of ours," I boldly replied. "Then mount, my good fellow, at once," replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the gesture, though he didn't the language; and giving Marietta, who had unpinioned him, one hug, was in the saddle in a jiffy. "Out of the way," cried the commanding officer to the alcalde, who, instigated by Ramez, was approaching to claim Pedro at least as lawful prize. "Out of the way, fellow!" and he struck him sharply with the flat of his sword. The frightened functionary tumbled out of our path; the bugle sounded, and we were off, safe, sound, and merry.'

'Bravo!—Hurra!—Hurra!' resounded in irregular chorus through the room. Tape was off like a shot: the unfortunate man was full seven minutes behind his time.

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, 'do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Everything, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this—*Never, under any circumstances,*

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assume to be what you are not; for if shot or hanged in a wrong character, you will never be able to amend the "errors of description."'

LONDON AND EDINBURGH POST NINETY YEARS AGO.

In April 1758, a body of merchants and traders in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland presented a memorial to the annual committee of the Convention of Royal Burghs, proposing an improvement in the posts between London and Edinburgh, and Edinburgh and London. This document, of which a printed copy lies before us, sets out with deploring that, 'by some inattention, or by some improper dispositions made about the time of the Union, or before that event, when the trade and intercourse between England and Scotland was very small, and the postage of Scotch letters unable to defray the charge, it has happened that in no well-regulated country is the course of the post so tedious and ill-conducted as that from Edinburgh to London.' There were but *three posts a week*, and their arrangements are described as follows:—

'The great north mail sets out on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at twelve at night, or rather an hour later, and arrives at Edinburgh on the afternoons of the Saturdays, Mondays, and Wednesdays thereafter. [From another part of the memorial, it appears that the mails reached London on the average at 4 P.M. of those days.] This course is performed, at a medium throughout the year, in about eighty-seven hours. But five hours or thereby are lost by the mail turning out of the straight course twelve miles, in order to pass through York, and by delay at that place: so that the course might as easily be performed in eighty-two hours, which would bring in the mails to Edinburgh about five hours sooner on the respective days.

'The mail from Edinburgh to London sets out on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at twelve at night precisely, is detained unnecessarily three or four hours at Berwick, the same time at some other stages in Northumberland, lies generally about twenty-four hours at Newcastle, turns off the road again twelve miles to pass through York, and is also detained there for several hours. By all which delays the whole course is not performed in less than about five days and a-half, or 131 hours; so that it does not arrive at London sooner than about eleven o'clock forenoon on the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays respectively after the departures above-mentioned.'

The memorialists proposed that, by change of hours of starting, a saving of stoppages at Berwick and Newcastle, and keeping the straight road by Boroughbridge, instead of turning aside to York, they should *save two days* on the road from Edinburgh to London; by a similar means, they thought five hours might be saved between London and Edinburgh. 'The cities of London and Edinburgh will thereby,' continue the memorialists, 'receive returns of letters from each other in seven days and a-half and eight days and a-half, which at present do not come sooner than in ten days and a-half and twelve days and a-half.'

This memorial was successful so far that, in April 1760, by a change in the hours of starting and other arrangements, *two days* were saved upon the post from Edinburgh to London.

The post is now conveyed from London to Edinburgh in twelve hours and a-half, so that the morning papers published in the metropolis may be read in Edinburgh at night. By means of the electric telegraph (not so perfect as it will yet be), messages are transmitted between the two cities in less than an hour. The following circumstance, which occurred a few weeks ago, contrasts singularly with the return of post in the eight days and a-half which would have pleased our ancestors ninety years ago:—A banking company in Edinburgh being desirous to buy of a particular stock in London, sent off orders to that effect at ten in the morning, mentioning a certain price as the highest at which they wished to invest. An answer was in the office by twelve noon, to the effect that the stock in question could not now be got at that price, but mentioning a somewhat higher rate at which it was offered. A second message was despatched, agreeing to this price, and at two o'clock the reply, announcing the completion of the bargain, was in the hands of the manager.

SOCIAL MORALITY.

Some years ago the public mind was startled by the announcement in Mr Chadwick's able report on Interments in Towns, of various aggravated cases of infanticide by parents at Stockport for the sake of obtaining insurance fees from burial clubs. Here was cannibalism in a new form, so horrifying, as to exceed belief: the facts, however, were but too well substantiated, and remained a blot upon modern civilisation. More recently,* rumour has been rife as to a growing crime of poisoning among the rural population, a portion of the community generally considered as too unsophisticated to think of, much less resort to, such deadly means of destruction; and within the past few months the public prints have been occupied by the details of cases of poisoning not less appalling than those above referred to at Bristol and Harwich — the number of victims in the latter instance being set down as sixteen, all poisoned for the sake of burial fees. In the other case, a husband poisons his wife to obtain a large insurance effected on her life.

It would appear that society requires to be roused from time to time by the protrusion of such enormous facts, in order to become unmistakably aware of the fearful amount of ignorance, misery, and crime, seething in its lower strata. The awful certainty staggers us, brings us to a dead stop—we seem suddenly to have taken a long and retrogressive stride, and looking round in amazement for the fruits of past and present philanthropy, ask what has become of the efforts of the humane and the benevolent, so long pursued? Is endeavour to be thus thrown away? What does it mean? Is it a fault—a something that can be corrected, to which a remedy may be applied? Or is it an evidence of an unnatural condition of society, impervious to the genial and humanising influences so beneficial in other quarters? Is it a case for legislative interference; or must it be left to time, which, in the words of Lord Bacon, 'innovateth slowly?'

Disguise them as we may, facts will still be facts. The average amount of criminal offences—the effect of passion—in England and Wales is 700 annually, of which 450 come under the head of murder and other attempts on life; but with secret poisoning on the increase, we may expect a corresponding augmentation of the average, the more so as the temptations to the committal of the crime appear to be great. The returns from Preston have been cited as exhibiting the results of foul play. In that town more than 20,000 persons, chiefly, if not exclusively, belonging to the operative population, are enrolled in burial clubs. On insuring a child's life, twelve or sixteen weekly payments must be made before any benefit can accrue; healthy lives only are insured, to guard against loss as much as possible to the club fund; and during this period the rate of mortality among the children on the books is 6·4 per cent., while in the town at large it is 10·4 per cent. But no sooner has the preliminary term passed, than there follows an increase in the proportion of infantile deaths, which rises to 8 per cent.—a fact inexplicable by natural causes; one that marks the existence of a deep under-current of ignorance or crime.

The sum insured for is, in frequent instances, much greater than is necessary for the interment of a child

* This paper was written some time ago. It may be added that the writer was originally a working-man.—Ed.

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—sometimes L.8 or L.9; and when, as often occurs, the insurance has been effected in three or four clubs, the total to be received may amount to more than L.20. Before this temptation the instinctive feeling, love of offspring, disappears; and without any attempts that may be set down as positive ill-treatment, the child dies. The process brings out no bruises or broken limbs: systematic neglect, and the administering of opiates, the use of which is so flagrant in the manufacturing districts, to say nothing of hireling nurses, soon complete the business. The demoralising effects of such a state of things are too obvious to need further insisting on.

Have we not here an intimation that the 'march of mind' has been overstated? The writer of this article has lately had an opportunity of revisiting some of the northern manufacturing towns with which he was familiar twenty years ago. At that time his views and feelings were identical with those of the toiling, but unreflecting multitude—their wild theories were received as true principles of action. So little change has taken place in this interval of nearly a quarter of a century, that it might almost be thought they are the same people, forgotten by Time in his flight. There is the same improvidence—the same eagerness to swallow crude doctrines—the same readiness to believe that ameliorations must commence from without, and not from within; in short, a condition of mind and character utterly incompatible with the idea of real progress. It is not denied that many appliances which mitigate hardship, and enlighten and enliven domestic life, are more within command than formerly; but from the grand desiderata, the perception of right and wrong—the proper sense of what is due to others—the desire to aid the common cause by self-sacrifice or exertion—from these we appear to be as far as ever.

To this slow awakening, this tardy assimilation of sound views and principles, we may attribute that state of things which produces lamentable offences against every social and moral law. And before any favourable change can take place in these underlying masses, it is pretty clear that there must be a notable development of the moral faculty, accompanied by a teachableness of disposition, without which all extraneous efforts will be nugatory. The prime evil is indifference, or, in other words, intense apathy, in whatever relates to spiritual culture. Marvellous, that while men and women will toil day after day at the factory, workshops, loom, or needle, with praiseworthy assiduity, they are at the same time so prone to shirk those endeavours on which, more than anything else, their wellbeing depends. Mere neglect is not the worst of it; for the habit of neglect tends to a degradation which has no sense of its depravity, and in which whole communities will be content to 'get along.'

The cry for legislative action is very often raised by those most indisposed to individual exertion. Authoritative interference in the details of private as well as public life would speedily reduce society to one dreary uniform level, of which a specimen may be found in certain French theoretical works. We can hardly be wise, just, or virtuous by proxy; a people cannot be improved by shifts and expedients, but by promoting among them habits of forethought and self-reliance: these are the best guarantee for domestic as well as patriotic virtues. The disposition to consider that collective good can result without individual regeneration, would be simply absurd, were it not fraught with mischief. The truth of this proposition will scarcely be denied by those who have watched the course of events during the past few months. Wherever a speaker has come forward to inculcate the doctrine of self-help, how has he been received?—with derision. It disturbs one's self-esteem to be told that reform must come from within, and noisy clamour rises to a premium. Governments, it is true, may be responsible for a misdirection of the national energies, but this in no degree diminishes individual responsibility.

It is sad to think that even the press has in some instances fomented the social mischief. There appear to be certain writers who systematically inculcate the doctrine that all who possess anything are little better than robbers, and that all who have nothing are oppressed. According to their theories, every man with a decent coat on his back is necessarily a tyrant, and every poor man a suffering saint. In no respect do these writers inculcate the principle which lies at the foundation of man's destiny, that every one of us must in some shape toil for our daily bread. The necessity of self-reliance is never heard from them. Their notion is, that everybody should have something done for him, as if the mass were not under any obligation to think, but were born into the world to be nursed, coddled, and flattered by the few.

The temper of the times has rather aided than opposed these wild theories. From a period of severe, and almost savage penal infliction, along with a general disregard of suffering in almost any form, the world has latterly gone to an opposite extreme, and in a spirit of beneficence, unregulated by a prudent consideration of circumstances, has presented innumerable temptations to discard self-respect and self-reliance. There can be no doubt that the well-meant efforts of the benevolent have in various instances been actually demoralising. Our prisons, with their elegant repose and comfort, are unquestionably creating criminals; our Night Asylums are creating universal vagrancy; our Schools of Industry, we fear, are encouraging juvenile street mendicancy. To whichever side we turn, we find all sorts of means for assuaging, as is believed, crime and misery. These things, we are told, are necessary, and we are not disposed to debate the point; on the contrary, we would go every length in the way of kindness and humanity. But if necessary, they must be proper; and how does it come that what is necessary and proper is productive of evil? The reason simply is, that we depend upon them alone as remedies, whereas they must be accompanied by something more, or else remain worse than nugatory. The evil lies deeper than any point they of themselves can reach, even if their administration were wise and prudent, instead of being quite the reverse. The lower departments of society are, as we have said, not in a right condition morally; and till we can get *that* remedied, things cannot be expected to mend. Were we to give them all the wealth and power in England, and yet leave their mental operations what they are, it would be doing no good. What, then, is to be done? This is not easy to say; but one thing is pretty obvious, that without a universal system of instruction, all else is vain. Education, however, cannot be made altogether compulsory, though a different feeling is beginning to prevail; and we are inclined to believe that, without something more than solicitation, there will be no substantial advance. Having in view the great good accomplished by personal visitations—those of Mrs Fry and Sarah Martin may be instanced as the most memorable of late years—it becomes a question whether a system of house-to-house visitation, in such town districts as most require it, could not be made a most powerful branch of educational tactics. There are thousands who cannot read, and thousands who will not read, who are yet willing to listen to reading or conversation. The instructors should be zealous and patient, and the instructions should embrace the details of family training and domestic economy, and whatever incidents of life admit of regulation. Let it not be considered as interfering with the business of the missionary, but only as supplementing it, or preparing the way for it. For a large class of females of the middle and upper circles we can imagine no more fitting employment. The scheme might be tested in one town or parish: if successful, the wider application of it might readily be made to extend to counties, and so on to the whole kingdom. The duties which it would involve are not of the showy kind, not such as come before the world with a flourish

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of trumpets. But of its promise, and of the solid happiness to accrue from its operation, there can be little question. In short, the cry must be—Educate, educate, educate!

THE MARQUIS D'ALIGRE.

The Hôtel Aligre is situated in the Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré in Paris. This street is one of the most aristocratic of the capital; its large and fine houses are inhabited by the representatives of royalty, and by many of the noblest families of France. In the centre of these handsome buildings stands the Hôtel d'Aligre, the exterior of which is plain and unpretending; a large clock in the pediment causes it often to be mistaken for a public edifice. The house is of a more pleasing aspect, however, on the side looking towards the garden, which latter is large, and adorned with fine trees; but taken as a whole, it ill corresponds with the sumptuous magnificence of the interior. Within, the apartments are decorated, and furnished with a profusion and splendour surprising to any one acquainted with the economical, not to say penurious, habits of the founder of this house.

The Marquis d'Aligre, who has left no inheritors of his name, was one of the most universally known men in Paris, enjoying a twofold celebrity by his immense fortune, and by his reputation for avarice, which at length almost passed into a proverb. In the excess of his parsimony, Monsieur d'Aligre was often heard to complain bitterly of being obliged to pay 60,000 francs (L.2500) yearly in taxes; 'a sad necessity, which would ruin him,' he said. Poor man! His income exceeded two millions of francs (L.80,000). This colossal fortune was formed by slow accumulation, by clear habits of business, and by the extreme care bestowed through several generations in preserving, economising, and increasing the family inheritance. The D'Aligres can only boast a genealogy of two centuries. Their first ancestor of distinction was chancellor of France under Louis XIII., and another of the same name filled the same office in the following reign. The father of the last marquis was the first president of the Parliament of Paris. Foreseeing the Revolution and its terrible consequences, he resigned this post; and gifted with that instinct of conservatism which has established and maintained the wealth of his house, he speedily converted all his available property into gold, placed it in the English funds, and lost no time in following his money.

Having saved his fortune, he soon saved his person, so that the miseries of that period of emigration were unknown to him. He had to suffer no privations but those which he imposed on himself voluntarily with parsimonious heroism. The D'Aligre of that day was the greatest miser of the family; and, compared with him, his son was dissipated and prodigal. But the present generation, who knew nothing of the father, attributed many of his acts to the son, and among others, the famous *register* kept by him in the emigration.

In London, many of the French exiles, aware that the President d'Aligre had cleverly managed to bring his riches with him, often profited of the privileges of rank and misfortune to ask him for loans; and the following, among many such scenes, is a good illustration of the fruitlessness of their solicitations. The only servant of the old marquis opens the door and announces the Duke de ——, who, unmindful of his seedy habiliments, enters with the free and confident manner of a man of the world.

'Ah, good morning, my dear marquis! I am glad to see that your precious health continues good.'

'Why, yes, my dear duke, I feel pretty well: that comes from my regular habits, a great deal of exercise, and, above all, strict temperance.'

'Which with you is only a matter of choice, and in noways compulsory. Every one cannot say so much; and it is precisely on that subject I have come to visit you.'

'What! on the subject of sobriety?'

'Yes indeed; and it is in order not to be obliged to practise it in excess that I make a demand on your kindness, and beg you to lend me ten thousand francs.'

'Ah, very well. You ask me to lend you four hundred pounds?'

'You will do me a great favour.'

'Excellent!'

And the marquis rose, opened his secrétaire, took out an enormous register, and wrote down the duke's name, placing after it the figure of ten thousand francs; then quietly resumed the conversation.

'Hyde Park was much crowded yesterday. They talk a great deal about the new *danseuse* at Drury Lane. Do you know that the beautiful Lady E—— was the belle at the last Almack's?' And so on with twenty other trifles.

At length the duke touched again on the subject of the loan.

'I am really sorry, my dear fellow,' replied the marquis: 'I find it impossible to lend you this money.'

'What!' cried the astonished duke; 'you surely put me down in your register?'

'Oh, rest easy as to that: I did not write your name as a debtor, but merely as a *demander*. It is a simple formality, which I go through for my own satisfaction, and which serves to justify my refusal. Just take the trouble to look through this register, and you will understand me.' Then opening this large book before the duke, M. d'Aligre continued: 'Here I have inscribed all the demands for money made to me since the commencement of the emigration. The names are authentic. See how all these large pages and long columns of figures are closely filled; verify the additions, and you will find the total, up to this day, amounts to nearly three million francs. Where should I now be had I satisfied all these demands? Long since reduced to beggary. And why should I give to one what I could not give to all? It would be unjust and injurious, and would expose me to constant quarrels. So, liable as I am to these incessant demands, I have been forced to adopt a system of general refusal; and this register, as I said before, will explain and justify my present conduct.'

Thus finding it impossible to combat such an invincible resolution, the noble borrower departed as he had come.

In this way the wealthy exile, though in receipt of an enormous income, paid to the day by the Bank of England, avoided assisting his companions in exile, the greater number of whom were plunged in the utmost distress.

It is not right, however, to attribute this act to the late marquis, who had enough of his own misdeeds to account for, without making him answerable for those of his parent. With the fortune, he inherited the paternal habits of economy, and numerous were the anecdotes related of this hereditary avarice in the first circles of Parisian society. Yet M. d'Aligre, although parsimonious in the necessaries of life, and following in most things his old habits of penury, had an expensive mania: he was fond of objects of art—statues, bronzes, jewellery, precious stones, and curious furniture, and of these formed a magnificent collection in his hôtel in Paris. His apartments, open to visitors, had the effect of a museum. They consisted of a mass of gems of every description—*Boule*-work, porcelain of Sèvres, Saxony, and Japan, carved wood, ivory, mosaics, Raphael-ware, terra-cotta, marble statues, vases, goblets of porphyry, oriental agate, lapis-lazuli, serpentine, jasper, and rock-crystal; all which has been recently set up for sale, despite the scarcity of money, and the immense value of the articles.

It was matter of surprise to many that the family should order these treasures for sale at such a moment, and especially that a statue of the late Marchioness d'Aligre, as large as life, and of solid silver, was included in the catalogue. But it soon became known that this

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portion of the inheritance belonged to an hospital, richly endowed by the deceased marquis, and to which he bequeathed, by a particular clause in his will, 'everything contained in the ground-floor storey of his house at the hour of his death.'

This legacy reminds me of an anecdote which made considerable sensation in Parisian society some time since. A rich lady bequeathed her country-house, with all its contents, to her attorney. He, having drawn out the will, was aware of the legacy, and hence took good care to embellish the villa according to his fancy—no difficult matter to him, as he exercised unlimited control in the establishment of his benefactress. During her last illness especially, he removed all the most precious objects of art to this country-house, the best furniture, and the valuable collection of paintings which decorated her town residence and her other country seats, and thus became the lawful possessor of his splendid spoils.

No abuse of this kind occurred in the legacy to the hospital; yet the heirs of the Marquis d'Aligre disputed the bequest, on the pretext that the ground-floor of the hôtel contained many objects which it never could have been the intention of the testator to leave away from his family. The case was tried, and the hospital was successful. It now possesses the silver statue, the ornaments, diamonds, family portraits, exquisite miniatures, five hundred medallions of beautiful female portraits, and an extremely curious anatomical collection.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BLIGHT.

Among the diseases of plants, blight is one of the most important, and at the same time one on which a great diversity of opinion prevails. The Greeks and Romans supposed it to arise from the wrath of the gods, manifested in some sort of atmospheric influence; and the Hindoos of the present day consider it a judgment upon the country for the profane eating of beef. Gardeners see it 'coming in the air,' and look upon the insects they find soon after devouring their crops as a consequence of the blight; while those who consider themselves more philosophical observers, laugh at the notion of atmospheric influence, and attribute the whole mischief to the entomological enemies of human industry.

Perhaps both theories may be to a certain extent correct. The state of the atmosphere cannot produce insects, but it may occasion their development and multiplication; just as blight, from the parasitic fungus commonly termed rust, may arise from the farina of the parasite being carried to the destined victims by the wind, at a time when the pores of the plant are more than usually open. In Upper India, where the blights from this cause produce all the horrors of famine in vast districts of the country, it is observed that the mischief occurs during an easterly wind. The particles floating in the air which are carried at such times over the wheat crops, penetrate into the open pores, and spreading their minute roots, intercept the sap in its circulation till the plant sickens and dies. 'I have sometimes,' says Colonel Sleeman, 'seen the air tinted of an orange colour for many days by the quantity of these seeds which it has contained; and that without the wheat-crops suffering at all, when any but an easterly wind has prevailed; but when the air is so charged with this farina, let but an easterly wind blow for twenty-four hours, and all the wheat-crops under its influence are destroyed—nothing can save them! The stalks and leaves become first of an orange colour, from the light colour of the farina which adheres to them; but this changes to deep brown. All that part of the stalk that is exposed seems as if it had been pricked with needles, and had exuded blood from every puncture; and the grain in the ear withers in proportion to the number of fungi that intercept and feed upon its sap; but the parts of the stalk that are covered by the leaves remain entirely uninjured; and when the leaves are drawn off from them, they form a beautiful contrast to the others, which have been exposed to the depredations of these parasitic plants. Every pore, it is said, may contain from twenty to forty of these plants, and each plant may shed a hundred seeds, so that a single shrub, infected with the disease, may disseminate it over the face of a whole district; for in the warm month of March, when the wheat is attaining maturity, these plants ripen and shed their seeds in a week; and consequently increase with enormous rapidity, when they find plants with their pores open ready to receive and nourish them.'* Colonel Sleeman adds that he had seen rich fields of uninterrupted wheat cultivation, extending over an area of twenty miles by ten, in the Valley of the Nerbudda, so completely destroyed by this kind of blight, that even the stalks and leaves were considered unfit for fodder.

In England, the disease which is caused or increased by webs and soft insects is popularly called a 'blight;' while that in which snails and hard insects are the proximate evil-doers is a 'sneg.' The former comes in a warm south-east wind, and the latter in a cold north-east wind—both of which vehicles, according to a very amusing volume before us, have about as much to do with the vegetable disease as with a rise in the funds.† The volume has a good deal of the air and character of the famous 'Natural History of Selborne;' and, together with other instructive and entertaining matter, it contains a great variety of information respecting the various insects whose depredations are set down as the real blight in plants.

The gooseberry-fly, which collects such heavy tithes of one of the wholesomest of our fruits, is a pretty and merry insect, which spends its brief life in sporting with its companions in the sunshine. Marriage, however, spoils his amusement and injures his morals; for his progeny are deposited where they have no business, the eggs dotting the back of the leaves, at regular intervals, like bead-work. In about a week the grubs come forth head foremost, leaving the skins of the eggs standing 'like a row of empty silver purses,' and straightway they begin eating; and this with such effect, that their first meal changes their smoke-coloured vest into

'A doublet of the Lincoln green.'

There are sixty or seventy of these devourers on one leaf; and as *each* grub will eat three leaves to his own share before he is satisfied, by destroying one leaf in proportion you save a couple of hundreds. If let alone, however, the grub goes on eat—eat—eating, without a moment's intermission, till he is about half an inch in length: here he pauses, apparently for want of skin-room. His black head separates like a mask from the neck, and splits down the middle, and a new head pops out of the opening, with which he looks about him, moving it slowly on all sides, and without any vulgar expression of surprise or other excitement. Being satisfied as to the locality, he next wriggles out his body; and having at length got fairly rid of the insufficient skin, he sets to work to fill the new one, eating without intermission for four or five days more. At the end of this time he casts his skin again, and comes forth of a pale, delicate, green colour. He eats no more. He descends to the earth, and burrowing in it like a mole, to a depth of from two to eight inches, he makes a little oblong cell, and surrounding himself with a tough black cocoon, awaits tranquilly his transformation into a chrysalis, and soon after into a fly. When the eggs are laid before the middle of May, the whole of this history, down to the appearance of the fly, comes within a space of about twenty-eight days; but when the eggs are late in the year, our grub does not think it worth his while to come forth from his subterranean abode, but dozes comfortably in his cocoon till the ensuing

* Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman.

† The Letters of Rusticus on the Natural History of Godalming. London: Van Voorst. 1849.

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spring. If any gardener is so inhospitable as to desire to save his gooseberries from this amusing visitor, the best way would appear to be to beat down and harden the soil all round the plants, so as to convert his temporary retirement into a perpetual imprisonment.

The gooseberry-fly, however, is only *a* blight—he is not *the* blight. The generic name of the latter is the aphis, and it is a dull, stupid-looking creature, who does not go through the ordinary insect metamorphoses. The aphides have usually only one parent, and are sometimes enclosed in an egg, and sometimes not. They stick their beak into the plant on which they are born; and after sucking away for a few days, begin to bring forth young spontaneously, and continue to do so for months, at the rate of from a dozen to a dozen and a-half a day. It may be supposed that the stalk of the plant is very soon pretty nearly covered; and by and by the new-comers, seeing nothing but a living mass around them which they cannot eat, look a little puzzled what to do. But after an hour or two's meditation they comprehend the affair; and creeping along the backs of their tribe to the upper end of the shoot, they settle down on the outskirts of the colony. Towards autumn a change occurs in their nature. Their feet stick firmly to the plant, and their skin opening down the back, a winged creature comes forth, and begins to sport with his companions (now male and female) in the sunshine. More wonderful than all, a solitary individual of the new tribe may be seen here and there retaining the united functions of father and mother, and surrounded by a green and wingless progeny, itself being winged, and nearly black. 'These are mysteries,' says our author, 'which I leave you entomologists to explain. In May, a fly lays a lot of eggs; these eggs hatch and become blights; these blights are viviparous, and that without the usual union of the sexes, and so are their children and grandchildren—the number of births depending solely on the quantity and quality of their food. At last, as winter approaches, the whole generation, or series of generations, assumes wings, which the parents did not possess, undergoes frequently a change in colour, and instead of being viviparous, lays eggs.'

Although the wingless aphides are dull and stupid little creatures, they are great pets and nurslings of the ants, who tend them like a flock of sheep. When they meet them out of doors, they take them round the neck, pat them on the back with their antennæ, lick them with their tongues, and carry them gently and carefully into the recesses of their nests. Our Godalming naturalist attributes all this affection to a drop of honey-dew, which he supposes to be secreted in the aphis; and he has watched an ant going from one of her flock to another, and standing behind him, squeeze the body with her fore-legs, and swallow a small drop of honey, which is the result, as clear as crystal. He says it is very sweet, as well as clear, but does not aver that it has the same scandalous effect upon the old lady as the potations of the humble-bee upon that more dissolute personage. 'The humble-bees on a sunflower are also very odd-mannered: they get as drunk as Bacchus or Silenus; then they get sleepy as Morpheus, and cross as Cerberus; if you touch one, he leans on one side, cocking up the opposite legs into the air, and plays divers other antics, till, with his various trials to show that he is *compos mentis*, and able to fight and defend himself, he sidles, staggers, rolls, and falls to the ground, and there lies on his back till he has slept himself sober.'

The hop-fly must be considered the most economically important of the blights of the aphis class, as the sum of which he defrauds the treasury amounts occasionally (actually in 1825) to something not far short of half a million sterling. This, however, merely concerns the duty; for the fluctuations in the market (which is an immense gambling concern) are at least twenty times that sum. The hop-fly makes its appearance from the 10th to the 30th of May; and, what is not a little curious, it appears on the same day in the four great hop districts—Kent, Sussex, Farnham, and Worcester. The fly very soon produces deposit or knits, which are its young, and these in a few days become green *lice*. The lice in turn produce knits; and so on knits and lice, lice and knits, till among them the plant is killed, and the destroyers die with it.

But this aphis, deadly as it is, has enemies as deadly of its own. Of these there is a minute ichneumon, which, watching its opportunity, deposits an egg in the body of the hop-fly. The grub thus introduced devours the whole interior of its victim, and in a few days opening the skin (which supplies the place of a cocoon), darts forth a winged insect. The skin in the meantime frequently shuts again as with a spring, and observers wonder how the animal it enclosed could have got out. Another enemy is the lady-bird, with its caterpillar, 'a queer-looking insect, like a fat lizard,' which feeds on its victims so voraciously, that a single grub devours above forty in a day. Another is a 'green, ungainly-looking grub, without legs, which lies flat on the surface of the leaf,' and stretching out its neck like a leech, seizes the aphis with its teeth. Another is a ferocious assassin-like fellow, strutting on six legs, and carrying about with him the skins of the aphides he has destroyed, as ostentatiously as the Indian does his scalps.

Another curious blight is called the American—probably for no other reason than that it looks like a bit of cotton-down floating upon the wind. If you penetrate into the mystery of this cotton, you find a plant-louse in the middle; and a louse of taste, who prefers rose-bushes and other agreeable shrubs. When driven against an apple-tree, however—for he has no option as to his whereabouts—he creeps contentedly into a crack in the bark, and founds a colony, whose cotton jackets appear in large bunches, and spread from branch to branch till the tree perishes. No one can tell how this result comes about, but the fact is beyond dispute. The cure recommended is a dose of double size, applied to all the cottony spots with a plasterer's brush every morning for a fortnight.

The apple-weevil, another enemy of the orchard, is at first a very amiable personage, like the gooseberry-fly. Crawling up to the twigs from their winter quarters, they look about them, stretch their cramped legs, wash their face, as a cat does with her paws, unfold from comparatively small cases two large transparent wings, and dart in merry groups into the air. By the time the lady weevil is ready for laying, the apple buds have burst, and are ready to receive the egg. She perforates a hole with her trunk in the blossom she chooses, and depositing there a single egg, flies off to repeat the operation elsewhere, and so on till her whole store is exhausted. The eggs soon burst, and produce a little white limbless and wingless maggot, which at once begins to eat its commons, and continues till it has arrived at the fruit, and devoured a portion of it. It then casts its skin, becomes a chrysalis, and lies still till it is transformed into a beetle. The tom-tits, sparrows, and bullfinches, which the gardeners do all they can to destroy in the spring, feed on these weevils, and are the natural protection of the orchard.

The apple-moth is 'a beautiful little creature; its wings are studded with silvery shining specks, as though they were inlaid with precious gems.' It deposits a single egg in the eye of the apple, and the grub, when hatched, eats obliquely down towards the middle, avoiding the hard core and seeds. It keeps the little hole by which it descended clear, that it may clean its house and throw out the rubbish; and when it has gained the middle, being well acquainted with the law of gravity, it makes a new hole for the same purpose downwards. When strong enough, it penetrates the core, devours the pips, and the apple, thus deprived of vitality, withers, and falls to the ground. The grub is perhaps alarmed—certainly astonished—and enlarging his hole, he creeps out to see what is the matter. But he can see nothing; for this occurs during the night, and he wanders about

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in the dark, and perhaps gets to a tree, where he finds refuge in a crack in the bark. Here by and by he spins his cocoon, becomes a chrysalis, goes to sleep for the winter, and in the following June launches into the air, and begins a new round of existence in the character of a winged, painted, and glittering moth.

The mission of the little ermine-moth is to strip the hedges of their leaves, and mat together the twigs into a web—an offence commonly, and somewhat vaguely, charged upon the 'east wind blight.' The caterpillars of this creature, as soon as they are hatched, feed on the pulpy part of the leaves, but in a few days spin themselves a house, enclosing some leaves, on which they feed at leisure. When these are finished, they extend their dwelling so as to enclose others; and so on till, in fine, the whole hedge is stripped. When the fulness of time is come, they suspend themselves to their web with the head downwards, and turn into chrysalises, and then in the month of June into moths.

The turnip-fly is 'a little, glossy, tiny, skipping, hopping, merry-Andrew kind of a beetle,' but a most abandoned thief, who starves the sheep and cattle, and impoverishes their owners. They begin their attack upon the turnip as soon as it is up, and think nothing of leaving the field in a few days 'as brown as when it was sowed.' The turnip-weevil, the turnip-moth, and the turnip-aphis, are likewise bitter enemies of this useful esculent; but the Nigger is so remarkable a blight, that we cannot trust entirely to our own humble pen for his portrait.

'This year' (1835), says the Godalming naturalist, 'all our turnips are infested with these niggers. They are the caterpillars of a fly that ought really to be called the turnip-fly, a name which we have seen is universally given to the turnip-beetle. About the middle of July these real turnip-flies were showered down on us as it were from the clouds; they fell thicker than raindrops, and hovered about the turnips in such myriads, that whole fields were coloured with a rainbowy tinge when the hot sun shone on their filmy wings. I will give an entomological description of one of these flies: the head and antennæ are coal-black; the thorax is yellow before and on the top, but coal-black on the sides and behind; the body is yellow; the wings are clear, and very shining, and tinged with yellow, and the upper ones have a dash of coal-black along the upper margin, which reaches three-quarters of the way from the thorax to the tip of the wing; the legs are yellow, spotted with black.' These flies deposit their eggs on the under side of the leaf, and when the grubs are hatched, they begin their work. Our author visited a field on a Saturday. 'On Monday I was again in the field at Old Pond, and the turnips were not. Since my last visit, they had been swept from the face of the earth. The land was everywhere as bare as on the day it had been sowed: there was no speck of green for the eye to rest on. It was a wild and universal desolation; and the black, crawling vermin that had caused the ruin were clustered in bunches on the ground, or lingering about the skeletons of the turnip leaves. No plague of Egypt could have been more effective: the mischief was complete. Some fields received the blast a few days later than others, but all had it: not one escaped, unless the crop were Swedes, and it is remarkable that these were untouched. . . . Directly the young nigger is let out of the egg-shell, he begins eating away in right earnest. The first onslaught is generally made as near as possible to the spot where he was born, but after a day or two the edges of the leaf seem to be most favoured by his attentions; and here the whole family may be seen working with a will, their heads at the work of demolition, and their tails cocked up in the air. In an incredibly short space of time the green of the leaf is gone, and nothing is visible but the naked skeletons of veins, which the niggers do not choose to consume. The colour of the grub is a dull lead colour, with a rather rough or wrinkly skin, but without hairs; and down each side, from stem to stern, is a paler line: its length, when full grown, is between half and three-quarters of an inch; it has no less than twenty legs, six of which are placed in three pairs, very near the head. These six are long, hard, horny, and sharp-pointed, and with them the grub holds fast the edge of the leaf while he goes on devouring it; the other fourteen legs are arranged in seven pairs along the body, and are soft and fleshy, without any horny substance, and quite without sharp points. These legs are used when the grub is crawling; but while he is eating, and the tail—indeed the greater part of the body is, as I have already said—cocked up in the air, they are quite unemployed. Sometimes, and especially when offended or in danger, the nigger grub coils himself up in a ring, holding the leaf very slightly by the first pair of legs, that pair next the head, and when touched in this state, falls directly to the ground, and there lies as though dead; indeed, if not in a ring before, he almost always rolls himself into one when touched. When the nigger has reached his full size, a period depending on the temperature of the weather and the supply of food, but averaging at twenty days, he burrows in the earth, and there makes a little oval house, just big enough for his body, which has all at once become shorter and thicker; he then plasters the walls of this place with a sort of sticky varnish or glue, which he discharges at this time only. He keeps on discharging and spreading this glue till he is quite surrounded with a strong, tough, and hard cocoon, the particles of earth being mixed with the glue, and the whole forming an admirable and perfect defence against wet or the attacks of insects. The period of his stay in this cocoon varies according to circumstances; if the weather is hot, it sometimes happens that the grub becomes a mummy-like chrysalis in ten days, and a perfect fly, and again on the wing, in five more; but the greater part of the brood remain unchanged all through the autumn, winter, and spring. I have turned up the cocoons, and found the grub little altered even in May. Soon after this, the change to a chrysalis must take place; and the change to a fly occurs, in average seasons, about the middle of July. When this is accomplished, it moistens one end of its cocoon, so as to make it easy to come out, and then it climbs up through the earth and takes wing.'

Such are the principal 'blights,' and such the wonderful scene of production, destruction, and reproduction, which is constantly going on before our eyes. We do not pretend to fathom the purposes of the Creator; we only know that myriads of beings are produced which are intended for the food of other beings; and in order to save our crops from the ravages of those animals which are appointed by nature to destroy them, it would seem to be our wisest plan to give as much effect as may be in our power to this universal law. Instead of grudging the small birds a little food, our gardeners should cheerfully concede it to them, as allies in our task of destroying those creatures, which do more mischief in a day than the others in a season. In order to destroy the last-mentioned grubs, our naturalist says we have only to turn a flock of ducks into the field, which 'will devour the niggers by millions, and in a few days become as fat as butter.' Frogs and toads, if permitted, will gorge upon them till they can hardly move; and the maggot of a parasite fly, which lays its egg in the creature's back, descends with it into the earth, and after allowing the nigger to make its cocoon, eats up its entrails, and emerges in due time a fly. The tiger-moth caterpillar is produced in Great Britain in sufficient numbers to devour every green blade in the land, and thus deprive us at once of vegetable and animal food. But this caterpillar has so many insect enemies, that not one egg out of 50,000 produces a moth! This is sufficient of itself to show the plan of Omnipotence; although the purpose is beyond our limited comprehension.

We conclude by recommending the 'Letters of Rusticus' as forming a very amusing and instructive volume; in which Mr Newman figures as an interest-

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ing variety of the species printer, by appending to the sheets he sends forth from his press sundry ingenious notes in natural history.

AMERICAN ICE TRADE.

HALF a century ago, to have asserted that ice would form an important item in commercial statistics would have been deemed absurd. Travellers, it is true, had told us of collections of snow made during the winter by the peasantry of the Apennines and Pyrenees for the cities of Italy and Spain in the sultry season; and we had tantalising accounts of the iced-water so profusely imbibed by dwellers in Eastern countries; but it was reserved for the ingenuity and enterprise of our neighbours in the United States, assisted by the severe winters of their climate, to find in the frozen surfaces of their clear blue lakes a valuable article of foreign as well as domestic commerce.

According to a statement in the 'American Almanac' for 1849, we learn that the ice trade owes its origin to a person named Tudor, who began it at Boston in 1805. He had caused inquiries to be made in the West Indies, and shipped his first cargo—130 tons—to Martinique in a vessel which he was obliged to buy for the purpose, as no shipowner was willing to receive the gelid freight. This experiment resulted in a loss; the trade was subsequently extended to Jamaica, Cuba, and cities in the southern states; but, from various causes, with little or no success.

In 1832, twenty-seven years after the commencement, the quantity of ice exported from Boston was not more than 4352 tons; other persons had embarked in the trade, but having failed, Mr Tudor was again alone. Among the causes of its slow increase was the imperfection of the appliances for carrying it on: ice was looked upon by shipmasters as a dangerous and damaging freight; there were no ice-houses at home or abroad for the preservation of the article; in addition to which, the mere mechanical details were but ill understood. But since 1832 these difficulties have been overcome, and there appears to be no insurmountable obstacle to a farther expansion of the late increase in the trade. Hitherto one pond, near Cambridge, Massachusetts, had contributed the entire supply; but in 1841 several Boston traders having entered into the business, a district of country containing 'ice privileges' was legally partitioned between them, whereby each one was enabled to obtain a good supply without detriment to the others. Maps of the respective localities are placed in certain public offices for reference as occasion may arise. The rapid growth of the trade may be judged of from the fact, that in 1847 nearly 75,000 tons of ice were shipped from Boston, employing 353 vessels of various burden. Twenty-eight cargoes went to as many places in the United States, and thirty-one to foreign countries; and the enumeration of Havana, West Indies, Rio de Janeiro, East Indies, Manilla, Java, China, and England, sufficiently indicates the wide extension of the trade.

By the use of ice, fruits, vegetables, and other perishable commodities may be exported, which otherwise would remain unproductive. Twenty-nine such cargoes, value 72,500 dollars, were shipped from Boston in 1847; the freight paid on the whole 74,478 tons of ice was 186,195 dollars; the cost of cutting, loading, &c. was 148,956 dollars; and adding to this 100,000 dollars as profit, we have a total of 507,651 dollars produced by the foreign ice trade in one year. And this is not the only advantage; vessels bound for southern ports, which used formerly to sail in ballast, now carry ice at a small charge; invention, too, has been stimulated to discover the best means of cutting, transport, and stowing.

There are now seven principal ice dealers in Boston. In the year referred to above, 27,000 tons of ice were consumed in that city and its neighbourhood. Three-fourths of the quantity were carried by railway to the depôts at Charleston and East Boston, the remainder was distributed by private vehicles. The cost by the time it reached the retailers amounted to nearly 55,000 dollars. The retail price varies in proportion to the quantity sold, averaging 13½ cents (7d. sterling) per 100 pounds, which for 27,000 tons gives 72,900 dollars, leaving a profit of over 18,000 dollars to the dealers; and when it is considered that these large sums are realised in the brief hot season, we may better estimate the value of the trade. At Havana, where ice is a monopoly, the price is 6¼ cents per pound; and with this is coupled the instructive fact, that the trade has not advanced since 1832; while at New Orleans, where the price is from ½ to 3 cents per pound, the increase in the same period has been over 25,000 tons. 'At Calcutta,' continues the Report, 'the trade commenced in 1833 with a shipment for that year of 201 tons, and the price has never been above 6 cents per pound, and is now about 2½ cents. The export to that place had increased in 1847 to 3000 tons; but probably less than one-fifth of that quantity is actually sold, owing to the length of the voyage.'

The ice trade affords a notable instance of value created in labour and materials which otherwise would have been lost. To quote the particulars—'The methods and materials for preparing vessels for the transportation of ice have been various. Formerly their holds were ceiled up at the sides, bottom, and top, with boards nailed to joist-ribs secured to the skin of the vessel, and with double bulkheads forward and aft. The spaces thus formed were filled with refuse tan, rice-hulls, meadow-hay, straw, wood-shavings, or like materials. These spaces were made of a thickness proportionate to the length of the voyage, and with reference to the season. The immediate surface of the ice was covered with the same materials, excepting tan. At the present time, sawdust is used almost exclusively for voyages of considerable length. It is placed immediately between the ice and the skin of the vessel. This material is obtained from the state of Maine, and before its use for this purpose, was entirely wasted at the water-mills, and falling into the streams, occasioned serious obstruction.' The cost of sawdust in Boston for this purpose alone amounted in 1847 to 11,500 dollars.

Besides ice-houses on the wharfs at Charleston and East Boston, there are eight others in the interior of the country, capable of containing 141,332 tons of ice. These structures, in almost every instance, are built of wood, with double walls, the spaces between which are filled with wet tan; this freezes in the winter, and as the ice is removed early in the following season, there is but little waste. The passing of locomotives is said to endanger these edifices by fire, and in one instance a brick building has been raised, 'which covers 36,000 feet of land; and the vaults of this ice-house are forty feet in depth, and its walls four feet thick from outside to inside, including two sets of air-spaces.'

Although a natural product, ice of a good marketable quality is only to be obtained by assisting nature. 'At first,' we are informed, 'implements of husbandry were used in securing ice; but as the trade became more important, other machines and different methods were adopted, and abandoned when better were brought forward, or when the increased magnitude of the business required greater facilities. More ice is now secured in one favourable day than would have supplied the whole trade in 1832. Ordinarily, before there has been cold enough to form ice of suitable thickness, snows fall on its surface. If this occurs when the ice is four or more inches in thickness, and the snow not heavy enough to sink the ice, it can be removed by using horses attached to the "snow-scraper;" and under such circumstances this is the method in common use. But if snow falls so heavy as to bring the water above the surface of the ice, it is removed, after it has congealed into snow-ice, with the "ice-plane," which takes off about two inches deep and twenty-two inches wide of its surface. This

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machine is drawn by two horses, and is guided by inserting its "guides" into grooves previously made with the "ice-cutter." The chips made by it are scraped off in the same manner as dry snow. These preliminary expenses are often very great; frequently, after much expense has been incurred to remove a body of snow or snow-ice, the weather becomes warm, and spoils the ice on which so much has been expended; and, on the other hand, if it is not done, and the cold continues, there will be little or no increase of thickness to the ice, which is equally a disaster.

'When ice has been formed of sufficient thickness, and freed from snow and snow-ice, it is reduced to blocks of uniform size, ordinarily twenty-two inches square, by the ice-cutter. This machine is similar to a carpenter's plough, except that it has a series of cutting chisels, one succeeding another, and deepening the groove. It is drawn by a horse, and cuts at one passage about two inches deep, and if the ice requires to be planed to remove snow-ice, the guides of the "snow-plane" are used in grooves of this depth; but when grooves are required to split from, the ice-cutter should be drawn two or three times through each. These grooves should be parallel to each other, and to make them so, the ice-cutter has a guide, which is placed in the last groove made. When the grooves in one direction have been made, others at right angles with them are produced in the same manner. After this has been done, one groove at the end is opened, and also the two outside grooves; a wedging bar is then stricken into the groove next the end one, and at several places along its length, which detaches it easily from the mass; then the same bar is forced, with a slight blow, into the transverse grooves, which reduces the ice to very uniform square blocks. The blocks of ice thus formed are brought to the receiving-doors of the ice-houses (which are built on the immediate borders of the ponds) either by placing them on sleds, or floating in canals cut through the ice. Various modes of elevating the ice are in use: the endless chain, in combination with the inclined plane, has been successfully used, and also the common pile-driving steam-engine; but at present horse-power is more used than any other. The ice is placed in the houses in regular courses, every block exactly covering the next below it. When a vault has been filled, it is immediately covered with wood shavings, and the receiving-doors fitted up, to prevent waste, until the contents are required for shipment abroad or use at home.'

Many of the New England farmers, as is well known, betake themselves to various mechanical employments, such as cabinetmaking, &c. during the winter months; the ice trade will now afford them an additional resource. The daily wages paid for the labour of men and horses during the winter of 1847 was 880 dollars; this is in favourable weather, of which it is reported that not more than twenty days occur in the season. The average daily pay for a horse and man is two dollars.

Such are the results of commercial activity pushing itself into every region, and affording to the denizens of hot countries a grateful and essential resource. Even in our own country, the pure bright ice of New England is a very acceptable refrigerator in the summer months. If means could be contrived for transporting fresh meat in ice at a small cost, Europe would present a ready market for the surplus beef and mutton of America.

THE POOR-LAW IN IRELAND.

At present, an idea is entertained that Irish property is pretty nearly eaten up by rates levied under the new poor-law, and that the ruin of Ireland must shortly be the consequence. As such an opinion is injurious to the true interests of Ireland, and may prevent capitalists from making purchases of property in that part of the United Kingdom, we are happy to observe that the subject has been statistically examined by a writer in the 'Scotsman' newspaper, and the truth, which is at variance with popular notions, fairly brought out. The following condensed view of this writer's statements invites general consideration:—

'The first order of the Irish Poor-Law Commissioners regarding out-door relief seems to have been issued in August 1847, and the first case of its adoption by a union was in November; but the clerks of unions did not begin to make regular returns till February. The weekly returns given in the reports reach from the week ending February 5 to that ending April 2. We take March, as the last complete month comprised, and as being also, we should think, one of the worst of the year, the poorest of the peasantry having by that time exhausted their harvest store, and out-door labour not being fully resumed. The average number of persons then receiving daily out-door relief in Ireland during last March was 703,762; the average daily number of inmates in the workhouses during the same month, 140,536; total average of paupers, 844,298. This may be taken as the average number of Irish paupers for the *year*—a year certainly very favourable for the purposes of the alarmists. The Edinburgh Reviewer states the number at 900,000; but the only additional data he has, or at least gives, reduces, instead of increasing the number deducible from the figures of the Commissioners' Report. He has obtained returns of the number of out-door poor up to August; but though there seems to have been an increase in the four months succeeding March, the number had in August again decreased to more than 150,000 below the average of March, being much farther below that average than any of the intervening months were above it; and looking at former experience, we may expect to find the diminution continued through at least August, September, and October, the harvest months. We arrive, therefore, pretty near the fact, that the number of paupers in Ireland under the new system is 840,000, or *one* in *ten* of the population, which in 1841 was 8,175,124.

'Coming to the cost, we find that the total expenditure for the six months ending 31st March was L.781,198, or at the rate of L.1,562,396 per annum. Taking, however, the increased expenditure for March and April as data less open to cavil by the alarmists, the total annual amount expended on the Irish poor may be set down at *two millions*. The valued property of Ireland being about L.16,000,000, it follows that the average annual poor-rate for the whole country is, as near as the data permit us to calculate, 2s. 6d. a pound. At the worst, making all allowances that can be decently asked, it cannot reach 3s. the pound.

'The sum of the whole matter is this—that under the new system, the Irish paupers are 840,000 in number, or 1 in 10 of the population; and the cost of their maintenance L.2,000,000 sterling, or about half-a-crown in the pound on the valued rent. This is a bad enough state of matters; but it is not *yet* so bad as to justify the cry that the law has demoralised the poor of Ireland, and burdened her property beyond endurance.

'In such a case, comparisons, though perhaps odious, are quite fair; and as English ratepayers would have to supply whatever Irish ratepayers were allowed to refuse, a comparison with England obviously suggests itself. The population of England and Wales is (1841) about 16,000,000; the number of paupers is 1,800,000, or about 1 in 9 of the population. The proportion in Ireland is 1 in 10; so that Ireland has even now a smaller proportion of actual paupers than England. The amount of poor-rates raised in England in 1847 (the latest period for which there are official reports) was L.5,300,000, or about 6s. 8d. per head on the total population; in Ireland, the amount is only 5s. per head. Considering the general character of the Irish population, however, there will be no surprise in finding the proportions greatly alter when we take property instead of population. The value of the property rated to the poor in England and Wales in 1847 was L.67,291,171, on which L.5,300,000 of assessment gives 1s. 7d. the pound, or nearly two-thirds, of the Irish per centage; and since *May* 1847 (the latest month included in the returns), there has undoubtedly been a considerable increase. But there are also several items to be set off against Ireland, which bring matters to something like an equality. We need not dwell on the large sums paid from the British treasury for purposes of police, &c. defrayed by local rates in England and Scotland, or on such facts as the Irish workhouses having been built by a *loan* of national money, which is already virtually cancelled; and we need do no more than glance at the enormous exemptions enjoyed by Irish property from national taxes. If parliament laid on Irish property

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the same taxes as on English and Scotch, and made England and Scotland pay all the Irish poor-rates in addition to their own, we would profit half a million by the bargain! When not only the Irish, but some writers at home, talk constantly of its being absolutely necessary for the taxpayers of Britain, in some shape, to relieve Irish property of its natural burdens, it is well to remember that Irish property is even now more lightly burdened than British. It is not meant to be argued that the law could not be improved, or that there is no danger of its somewhere, to some extent, and at some time demoralising and overburdening. When we find that the proportion per cent. of paupers is in one province 3, and in another 26, it is easy to conceive that there must be great local pressure, and good reason for a more equal spreading of the burden.'

The real grievance, therefore, appears to consist in the inequality of the pressure of the rates; but this is not altogether the fault of the poor-law; it is because certain districts contain a vast number more poor than others. Unfortunately, however, within the excessively pauperised districts there are landlords on whose well-managed properties there are few or no poor; and they necessarily are called on to pay rates for the support of poor called into existence, it may be said, by the neglect of neighbouring proprietors. We should be glad to see Irish landlords generally adopting practical means to remedy this abuse.

RISE FROM A HUMBLE CONDITION.

In a speech delivered by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Ripon at a late soirée of the Mechanics' Institution, Leeds, a few passages occur worthy of being widely circulated:—

'I like to think with pleasure, and satisfaction, and wonder, of the extraordinary advancements which, in the providence of God, particular individuals have made, who have just been able to apply the operation of their minds according as they were able to exercise them, and thereby to place themselves in extraordinary positions both in relation to their own prosperity and to the advantage of the country. It may be a very familiar subject, but it is one which I do like to think of, and I will just allude to it. There was a young man who was the youngest of thirteen children, and his father a very poor man; and the best that his father could do for him was to apprentice him to a barber. In that humble and praiseworthy class of public life, that respected individual demeaned himself honourably, as long as he chose to continue in it. He then bestowed his care, and attention, and enterprise upon preparing the beautiful hair of our heads—improving it to that degree that it should be fit to make a wig of. In that he excelled also. Then, gentlemen, he betook himself to the improvement of a weed which I have seen—and which is little more than like a weed—I mean the cotton plant of Carolina. He betook himself to improve the manufacture of cloth made out of that weed. He gained great success, adding merely to the acquirements which he possessed—which you may suppose were very slender—the knowledge which he could pick up by associating with his fellow-men: he gained that success which enabled him to decide the wars of the linen and the cotton, so that a vestment should be made all of cotton. That barber's apprentice, gentlemen, that honourable improver of our hair for the purpose of a wig, was Sir Richard Arkwright, afterwards high sheriff of his county, and who left his family half a million of money. Well, gentlemen, I only put that as one instance of a simple, plain man, honestly following the call of Providence, using the mind according as God's providence gave him the opportunity of drawing forth its resources—throwing himself into the opening which was prepared for him, and thus gaining a prosperity exceeded by no man in this country; and I am sure that language is not equal to say the advantage which our nation has received from his invention, enabling him thus to show the benefit of the exercise of the mind, and talent, and energy, and reflection, and desire for improvement in the humblest station of life. I will mention another case, because I do dwell upon it, I confess, with exceeding interest, from my personal acquaintance with the individual. Gentlemen, it is no more than forty years since, in my travels in America, I came to New York, and I called upon the famous General Moreau, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted. He said to me, "Well, here's a strange thing! here's a ship to go by hot water! and to-morrow the trial is to be made, and I am invited to be of the party, and my friends. Will you go with me?" I accompanied General Moreau in the first steam-vessel that ever sailed upon the Hudson, in America, under the auspices of Mr Fulton, the inventor—a man of a similar cast to Arkwright, perhaps with some greater advantages from his early education, but of a similar tone and cast of mind; unsatisfied with what he had done, and what he could do, and always thinking that he could do something better, and thankful for every information he received, and every opportunity he could gain in making progress in some improvement; so that from a painter in portraits, from a designer in a variety of ways, at last he arrived at the extraordinary eminence and success of making the first practical efficient steam-vessel which could navigate so severe a river as the river Hudson. Now, gentlemen, I remember with pleasure standing upon the deck, with Robert Fulton, and dwelling with him on the subject. I remember asking him, "Do you think it will ever be of any good?" I recollect his countenance lighting up almost with indignation at the idea that any invention of his could fail of being useful. I remember very well, just as we approached the mouth of the Hudson, just as it abuts on the Atlantic Sea, saying—"What will become of us if we drift out to sea? How is it possible that a vessel of this sort can stand the waves of the ocean?" Well, now, gentlemen, when I compare and bring together that day, with the fact of the steamers now crossing the Atlantic in eleven or twelve days, with a regularity and precision which is almost marvellous—why, how is it possible not to see and to be persuaded that there is not a man that lives, and comes within the arena of popular and scientific institutions like this, who has not opportunity given him of being distinguished by giving his talent, industry, and energy to whatever subject in the course of his investigations and inquiries the finger of Providence may point out to him? It is impossible to say, unless we believe that we have arrived at the acme and fulfilment of everything for the good of man—it is impossible not to think that we may be conferring some great blessing upon our own country—that we may, through the means of some individual in the very humblest class, whose mind we may touch, by just giving him a perception and an intuition of some combination connected with science and art—we may render him an instrument of great good to his country and the world, and a source of great happiness and pride to himself.'

CAVERN AT TREBICH.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in the neighbourhood of Trieste, which promises great benefits to that city, where a supply of pure running water has long been a desideratum. The district is composed geologically of sandstone and slate, and what is called *karst*, or white limestone. The latter is very porous, and full of holes of all dimensions, and is in some places a thousand feet thick. The running streams which traverse the sandstone are thus swallowed up as soon as they reach the limestone district near the coast. Various circumstances led to the conclusion that the holes widened below into large caverns which might contain water, and several of them were examined, but without success. 'At length,' to quote from the Journal of the Geological Society, 'an opening of no great width, but sinking perpendicularly into the ground, was discovered at Trebich, about a league north-east from Trieste, which was followed out with great perseverance. The fissure sometimes expanded into a wide cavern, sometimes contracted to a rent of scarce a finger's breadth, and requiring great labour in blowing up the rocks, to enable the workmen to proceed; but it never closed up entirely, and some opening, however small, always remained, keeping up the connection. Sometimes it separated into branches; but by always adhering to the one from which the current of air issued, a very considerable depth was soon attained without any great deviation from the direct course. Once, in a wide part of the opening, all trace of its continuation was lost, and many attempts to recover it, by blowing up the rock, had been made in vain, when the workman, Antony Arich, an intelligent miner from Carinthia, heard during the night a loud roaring and howling, and concluded that the water in the interior, rising suddenly in consequence of heavy rain, was forcing the air through some narrow opening, and thus discovered near the roof of the cave a small fissure, which again led in the right direction. At length, after eleven months' hard labour, Arich reached a very large and extensive grotto, 270 feet high, at

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the bottom of which, 1022 feet below the surface of the earth, and 62 feet above the sea-level, a considerable stream of running water was found. This lowest opening is still in the bituminous limestone of the karst, but contains, on a stair-like elevation, a considerable deposit of sand, produced by the destruction of the sandstone and slate, over which the river has run in its course above ground. The water enters the grotto through a low vault; and flowing among the numerous large blocks which have fallen from the roof, expands into a long narrow lake, on which a small raft was formed to explore its further course, and is at length lost under a vault, which, descending below the surface of the water, put a stop to the investigation. During heavy rain, the water has been already seen to rise 240 feet; but to judge from an old float of a mill-wheel found in a higher part of the hole, it must sometimes attain a height of 300 feet above its usual level.'

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

RULES FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A WATCH.

Firstly, Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. *Secondly*, Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine when the key is worn or cracked; there are more mainsprings and chains broken through a jerk in winding than from any other cause, which injury will, sooner or later, be the result if the key is in bad order. *Thirdly*, As all metals contract by cold, and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature is a necessary piece of attention. *Fourthly*, Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something that is soft. . *Fifthly*, The hands of a pocket chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence. *Sixthly*, The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. One or two directions more it is of vital importance that you bear in mind. On regulating a watch, should it be going fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow, and if going slow, do the reverse; you cannot move the regulator too slightly or gently at a time, and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once. On the contrary, if you move the regulator too much at a time, you will be as far, if not farther than ever, from attaining your object; so that you may repeat the movements until quite tired and deeply disappointed, stoutly blaming both watch and watchmaker, while the fault is entirely your own. Again, you cannot be too careful in respect of the nature and condition of your watch-pocket; see that it be made of some material that is soft and pliant, such as wash-leather, which is the best, and also that there be no flue or nap that may be torn off when taking the watch out of the pocket. Cleanliness, too, is as needful here as in the case of the key before winding; for if there be dust or dirt in either instance, it will, you may rely upon it, work its way into the watch, as well as wear away the engine-turning of the case.—*Edward Grafton on Horology.*

SAVING TO GIVE.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—*W. Penn.*

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

Where hath the spirit of peace his home?
Loves he o'er earth or ocean to roam?

He dwells in the deep sequestered glade,
Where the lover's step hath a footpath made;
He lurks in the bowers where birds have sung
To their fluttering mates when the day was young;
By the river pool 'neath the waterfall,
Where the rock-sprung trees have formed a pall,
Solemn and dark, o'er the depth below,
As best befits its majestic flow,
Where hidden wild-flowers scent the air—
Be sure the spirit of peace is there.

By the summer's sea he loves to dwell,
And to note its crispéd billows swell;
Or to list the music ocean makes
When his wave the cavern's echo wakes;
Or to mark each ship go proudly by,
Like a sea-king in his panoply;
Or to reckon the snowy skiffs that swim,
Like ocean birds far off and dim,
Where the calm sea blends with the calmer air—
The spirit of peace be sure is there.

In the Highland vale, where the lake lies low,
Encircled by hills of lasting snow;
Where the streams that gladden the valley creep,
Murmuring through channels dark and deep;
Where the red deer stares from the forest forth,
Ere he bounds away to the trackless north;
Where primeval life with eager gaze
Looks out on the stranger who treads its ways;
Where the fond enthusiast loves to roam—
There, there hath the spirit of peace his home.

In the woods at eve when the birds are still,
And naught is heard but the tiny rill,
Which noon and night makes music sweet,
As it leaps its brother rill to meet;
Where naught is seen by the straining eye,
But the trees like spectres standing by—
I have met with the woodman's lowly cot,
Where I thought that the home of man was not;
I have heard his evening praise and prayer,
And I felt that the spirit of peace was there.

When the country lies in Sabbath rest,
And the fields are in golden beauty drest;
When the church-bell's notes o'er the valley come,
Like the voice of a father inviting home;
When the aged man is thoughtful seen,
Where the graves of his early friends lie green
Round the village church in many a heap,
Each with its tenant in slumber deep—
To that humble church in hope repair,
And the spirit of peace shall meet you there.

EAST OF LONDON JEWS.

We are informed that the account of the 'East of London Jews,' in No. 257 of this Journal, is much exaggerated. Our Hebrew correspondent (who now authenticates his communication) may be assured that the error on the part of our contributor was unintentional. As for ourselves, we hardly require to say that we are wholly devoid of prejudices against Jew or Gentile.

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BEING ONE OF THE TREATISES IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

*** In the preparation of the present treatise, the author has endeavoured rather to embody principles, than to occupy space with details of phenomena; his aim being to render Meteorology a subject of scientific study, not a mere record of unexplained facts and elaborate observations.

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Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 268. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1849. Price 1½d.

PROPOSALS FOR A REFORM IN LIGHT LITERATURE.

It seems to be confessed that the great difficulty of the age with respect to light literature is to produce anything new. All the styles and modes of fiction, the Waverley-historic, the Valerio-classic, the Udolpho-romantic, the horrible, the sentimental, the criminal, the silver-fork, the low, the everything, are totally worn out and worthless. We know every kind of character that is to be introduced, and every kind of conjuncture that can ruffle the course of suppositious events, and feel, before we advance twenty pages, that it is all barren. Like *l'homme blâsé*, we declare we have seen all that before, and turn away from the proffered meal with disgust, albeit perhaps raging with the sacred hunger of amusement. It has occurred to us that something might be done for mankind in these extraordinary circumstances, and we proceed to lay our scheme before a discerning public.

It may be thought a bold idea, in as far as perfectly new; but the longer we reflect upon it, it appears to us the more plausible that novelists might after all, make something of nature as she is. Many objections might no doubt be ranked up—were it not so, we should not have had novelists neglecting the truth of actual human life so long. In the dearth and exigency of novelty, some one would have pitched upon this idea if it had appeared readily workable. Still, let us calmly consider. The upturn of such a deep virgin soil could not but be attended with a grand vegetation. Surely some of the new plants would prove useful, if not for the conservatory, at least for the kitchen. It would be very strange if something could not be made of them. But let us at once come to particulars.

It is, for instance, a horrid stupidity this constant straining to bring about a marriage between two commonplace young people, with which the curtain may at last be allowed to drop. Suppose we make novels without any silly love affair in them at all, and end the third volume by representing the principal parties as sitting down to dinner instead of preparing to go to church. In actual life, one does not find that marriage is quite looked upon as the *summum bonum*, or that thing for which every other thing is to be sacrificed. We do not find that all the worthy people of our acquaintance are in a ferment of anxiety to get us tied up for life in Hymen's bonds. On the contrary, if we do make up our mind to the venture, we often find these worthy people in some anxiety as to how the affair may turn out. The lady's temper is probably discussed in a dispassionate manner; or our own abilities for housekeeping may be matter of solicitude. At all events, a calm hope may be expressed that we shall have the wisdom to insure upon our life for the benefit of our offspring. Now, such being the manner of nature, why should we continually keep by the opposite in fiction? Let us try a novel for once without a marriageable heroine, or, say, one who despises marriage as an object to live for. There are women who scorn the idea of being thought under any anxiety for an establishment, and who would prefer eternal spinsterhood to an alliance brought about by manœuvring. Let us see such a person introduced into fiction. She could not fail to tell, from her mere novelty in that situation.

It is, again, a very tiresome thing in novels, as at present written, that every person introduced into them must be described as of a certain fixed character, according to use and wont in this department of literature. For example, if a boarding-school keeper is to be amongst the *dramatis personæ*, then that person must be a paragon of dogmatic pedantry, false pretension, and heartless cruelty. The male boarding-school keeper must be an awful fellow in old-fashioned black attire, with threatening, bushy eyebrows, and that Herculean strength which may enable him to execute his own sentences upon the obverses of the boys; the lady boarding-school keeper a concentration of vinegar, verjuice, and deadly nightshade, with a figure like those which flourish in low valentines, and a breast devoid of the slightest tincture of the milk of human kindness. The pupils of both must regularly detest them as a matter of course. Parents and guardians are the unsuspecting victims of a hollow system, in which there is no more true instruction than there is humanity. I cannot, on any ground, see how the public is to be amused by characters thus formed in a set of old moulds, which never were very good at the first, and have at length become wearisome as an Art-Lottery engraving. I propose telling the truth as a variety which, *ceteris paribus*, must be more entertaining. As to the class of people who keep boarding-schools, every one knows there are many who, so far from being fiends in human shape, are worthy people, performing a duty of great irksomeness and responsibility with zeal and self-denial, often with very inadequate remuneration, and seldom with a return of kind consideration approaching that which they had bestowed on their pupils. Suppose we were to have painted to us, by way of change, a real boarding-school keeper of the male sex, dressed like other people, and rather attentive to, and popular amongst, the boys. Would it not be something at once fresh and refreshing? There might be plenty of innocent whimsicalities about him, to give him a relish—for such will be found the order of nature. Or let us for once have a fine, bouncing, clever, good-looking, and genial woman, in charge of a finishing school. We know such in life—why should they not be in novels? Anyhow, let us at least be done with the stereotyped pedants and viragoes, those dreary monstrosities, which never had an existence,

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except in fancy, and whom one sees *coming on* in the advancing pages as you see a bore entering your avenue, or hear him sending his name up stairs.

Certain persons are not only always of certain characters in novels, but they are always represented as in a certain fixed congeries of circumstances. Every young author comes to London with a tragedy in his pocket, and finds the booksellers tipping him the cold shoulder. Now, in the world of fact, many young authors do not venture on a tragedy, and no inconsiderable number get work from publishers as soon as they are fit for it, if not before. In novels, an author is always a shabby-looking person, of excessive volubility, living in a garret. In fact there are many authors who live in handsome houses, and treat their friends to champagne suppers. In novels, they are always getting into wretchedness, because literary merit finds no sort of consideration. In fact we hear occasionally of a successful novelist, whose income for several years has exceeded that of the English prime-minister, or the American president, though somehow he has nevertheless been obliged, by the usual fate of genius, to seek the protection of the court. Would it not be a capital novelty to give us a well-paid, well-dressed author, whom one could scarcely distinguish from a man of high birth and large fortune, even in the particular of his 'difficulties?' Let us have an author who has not written a tragedy. Let us have an author who, in respect of booksellers, is the drainer instead of the drainee. The freshness of such a character in fiction would make any book sell. Or give us his ancient co-relative in the new aspect of an honest man, who scarcely can keep his own amidst the clamours of a set of insatiable *littérateurs*, and we will give three to one on the success of the delineation. As another instance—a governess in fiction is always a held-down woman of excessive modesty and merit—an unhappy creature, solitary amidst society, and never asked to drink wine. There are in the real world governesses who are exceedingly well treated; some who even take a lead in family matters; not a few who are repressed only on account of their insufferable *exigeance* and forwardness; and a vast number who are simply women of good sense, solicitous to perform their duty in the first place, and only to think of little matters of personal comfort in the second. Now let us have for once in fiction a sensible, well-used governess. Let us have a real flesh-and-blood governess of this world, and not the faultless monster in a continual worry because she is not danced with. Everybody must feel how delightfully new such a character would be to the world of the circulating library, and what a chance she would have in comparison with her ideal congener.

Dealers in fiction might also revolve the propriety of taking somewhat more truthful views of the merits of various sections of society. Suppose that some one were to treat the world one day to a tale in which rich people and people of rank were to be allowed some small sparing investment of the common virtues of humanity. In actual life they have, as a class, their full share of such merits. It cannot be for nothing that the wearers of good clothes, and the possessors of stock in the funds or elsewhere, are called respectable people. Why should we not, then, have a few characters of the upper class in novels whom one could regard without a mere choice between ridicule and execration? A lord who was not a fool, or a *roué*, or an oppressor of his tenantry, would be a charming novelty in fiction. It might be rash to give full allowance of worth and good sense to the people of the Red Book all at once, for perhaps here the public mind has got something of a twist; but a spice of decent intellect and good-meaning might be given by way of a first experiment, and perhaps in time it might be possible to represent wealth as not necessarily connected with heartlessness and imbecility. There might be a corresponding procedure with respect to the lower class of characters. We are tired of concentrations of all that is bright and beautiful in persons who might be expected, from their circumstances, to be no better than they should be. Robbers, with wonderful impulses towards angelic excellence, are decidedly palling on the popular taste. Let us have figures from humble life with something like that mixture of good and evil about them which we find in the actual world. Depend upon it it would take.

At the first consideration of this proposed reform, it may be feared that actual nature will prove a tamer and duller thing than the Birmingham nature so long resorted to by the dealers in fiction. Some will be ready to say, 'All very well to speak of truth; but truth is stupid: truth is for science, not for art.' I beg their pardon; but I must entirely dissent from any such view of the matter. I find in real life an endless variety of strange characters and eccentricities, any one of which would make better stuff for the novelists than any of the shams which they have inherited from the tradition of their craft. I have already pointed out how superior certain real sequences of events would be over the hackneyed groupings which the fictionist keeps in stereotype beside him. I feel perfectly clear in saying that I should enjoy in fiction, as I have often done in reality, the spectacle of a boarding-school where there was no stint of bread and butter. What I chiefly plead for, however, is the novelty. It would be like a new world opened up to the pursuit of the naturalist. Even with inferior writing this would tell immensely: with fair talent in the artist, nothing could stand against it. I believe at least that truth might stand out for a good many years, perhaps the whole of our own time. If it then began to fail in its effect, it would be for posterity to devise something as good.

QUETELET ON THE LAWS OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

Greater attention has perhaps been paid to social questions during the present year than at any recent period. Civil perturbations naturally produce, with other effects, a disposition to devise rules for their governance, or remedies against their recurrence. There will of course be great differences in the character of the remedial measures proposed; still it is always best to look boldly at the evils with which humanity is afflicted, and in this regard honest endeavours to systematise social aberrations, to explain their laws, may find acceptance.

Among the writers who have occupied themselves with this subject, M. Quetelet of Brussels is already favourably known to many readers by his treatise on 'Man,' and the development of his faculties, published about twelve years since. This was followed in 1846 by 'Letters on the Theory of Probabilities applied to Moral and Political Science;' and now, as the complement of these, we have the work whose title is given in the note below.* In the 'Letters,' &c. was originated the law of accidental causes; and this law is shown to be reducible to calculation in common with physical or mechanical laws. Many effects which appear to be accidental, cease to be so when the observations are extended over a large number of facts; and, as the author remarks, 'the liberty of choice (free will), whose results are so capricious when individuals only are observed, leaves no sensible traces of its action when applied to multitudes.' Hence the important law is deduced, 'that

* Du Système Social, et des Lois qui le Régissent. Par A. Quetelet. Paris: Guillaumin et Co. 1848.

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social facts, influenced by liberty of choice, proceed with even more regularity than facts submitted simply to the action of physical causes.' Although the tracing out involves certain difficulties, yet analogies are to be found between moral and mechanical laws; and on these various considerations it is urged that 'henceforth moral statistics ought to take its place among the sciences of observation.' It will thus be seen that the aim of the work before us is something beyond mere political economy: it is to develop the laws of equilibrium and movement, and especially the preservative principles existing between different parts of the social system. Man is brought before us in his individual character; in his relations to the nation to which he belongs; and last, the ties which, uniting nations, constitute humanity.

The law of accidental causes is not one of mere hypothesis, it may be proved by physical facts; for instance, the height of the human frame. By aggregating the heights of the population of a country, a mean is obtained which gives the standard, and the departures or variations from this mean range symmetrically above and below it; 'as if,' observes M. Quetelet, 'nature had a *type* proper to a country, and to the circumstances in which it is placed. Deviations from this type would be the product of causes purely accidental, which act either *plus* or *minus* with the same intensity.'

The groups on either side of the average are the more numerous the more they approach to or resemble the mean; and the more widely they deviate, so do they terminate in rarities, as giants and dwarfs. Every portion of the scale, however, has its value; 'there exists between them a mysterious tie, which so operates that each individual may be considered as the necessary part of a whole, which escapes us physically only to be seized by the eye of science.' The same law applies also to the growth of the body, which would be more regular were nature less interfered with; there is, besides, a standard weight, and a relation between a man's height and the rate of his pulse: taking the mean for males at seventy, we have a datum on which to base other calculations. The author regrets that we have no 'careful continuous observations on workmen whose labour presents a certain periodicity in the exercise of the limbs; on blacksmiths, for example, sawyers, shoemakers, tailors: they might lead to interesting results.' With regard to growth, he continues: 'at the instant of man's entrance into life, his height is fixed by nature; the variations remarked are purely accidental; and when grouped by order of altitudes, they equally obey a law. Such is the harmony with which all has been combined, that the anomalies even exist only in appearance, and they march with the same regularity as the laws whose movement they disguise.' The mean height in Belgium for the male is 1·684 metres, and for the female 1·579 metres.

M. Quetelet suggests, as a means of obtaining valuable and interesting data on many moral and physical questions, that a record should be kept in every family of all the events or circumstances that brought pleasure or grief to the household, that opened a new line of thought, started a new subject of inquiry, as well as periodical entries of the growth in height, weight, &c. of each member of the family. And he gives us an intimation that this course is pursued by Prince Albert, to whom his book is dedicated. With regard to the progressive development of the human being from birth to maturity, the author hopes at some future day to publish his researches, which will doubtless be valuable in an artistic point of view. Complex and difficult as the subject may appear, it is much simplified by the chief result: 'Man's proportions are so fixed, at whatever age we consider him, that the having observed a small number of individuals, is sufficient to give the type in the mean.' There is, besides, really less difference of development than would at first be supposed; uniformity is more prevalent than our appreciation of objects would lead us to conclude. 'In my early investigations,' pursues M. Quetelet, 'on the proportions of the human body, I measured thirty men of the age of twenty; I distributed them afterwards into three groups of ten men each. In this separation I regarded one condition only—that of having the same mean height for each group, so as to render the other results more easily comparable, without the trouble of reducing by calculation. Thus the mean height was the same for the first, second, and third group; but what was my astonishment to find that the man selected as the mean, representing each one of my three groups, was not only the same in height, but also for each part of the body! The likeness was such, that a single person, measured three times in succession, would have presented more sensible differences in the measures than those which I found between my three means.'

The conclusions to be drawn from these physical phenomena are all intended to bear on the great moral view of the subject. M. Quetelet shows that many of the erroneous opinions to which writers on social questions have come, have originated in their regarding man in the individual rather than in the mass; that which defies calculation in the one case is easily established in the other. Moral are distinguished from physical phenomena by the intervention of man's free choice, and the exercise of this prerogative is found rather to restrict than to disturb the limits of deviation. Marriage is adduced as affording the best example of the direct interference of free choice; generally speaking, it is entered on with great circumspection. Yet, during the past twenty years, the number of marriages in Belgium, regard being had to the increase of population, has remained annually the same. Not only has the number proved constant in the towns and the country, but also as respects marriages between young men and young women, young men and widows, widowers and young women, and widowers and widows. The same fact holds, too, with regard to the ages at which marriage is contracted; and the great discrepancies sometimes observed in ill-assorted unions, are neither to be considered as fatalities nor mere effects of blind passion: like giants and dwarfs in respect of growth, they constitute the remotest deviations in the law of accidental causes. The same result also obtains in other human actions as well as that of marriage; there is a certain regularity in crime, in suicides, in mutilations to avoid military service, in the sum annually staked on the gaming-tables of Paris, and even in the unsealed, undirected, and illegibly-addressed letters deposited yearly in the post-office. 'With such an assemblage of facts before us,' asks the author, 'must man's free choice be denied? Truly I think not. I conceive only that the effect of this free choice is restrained within very narrow limits, and plays among social phenomena the part of an *accidental* cause. It therefore ensues, that making abstraction of individuals, and considering circumstances only in a general manner, the effects of all accidental causes ought to neutralise and destroy themselves mutually, so as to leave predominant only the true causes in virtue of which society exists and maintains itself. The Supreme Being has wisely imposed limits to our moral faculties as to our physical faculties: man has no power over the eternal laws. The possibility of establishing moral statistics, and deducing useful consequences therefrom, depends entirely on this fundamental fact, that man's free choice disappears, and remains without sensible effect, when the observations extend over a great number of individuals.' In predicating, however, on the number of marriages to take place in any given year, it is important to distinguish between the *apparent* and *real tendency* to the conjugal state. These may exhibit great differences. 'Thus one man may have all his life a real tendency for marriage without ever marrying; while another, from fortuitous circumstances, may marry without experiencing any inclination for wedded life.' It is possible to represent these tendencies by curved lines, which, for males, commencing at the age of 20,

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and ending at 80, shows the maximum to be between 35 and 40. For females, the curve terminates ten years earlier, and reaches its highest point in the years from 25 to 30. The distinction between the apparent and real is essential; for although we are able to establish a law for the mass, we can prove nothing beforehand of the individual.

The same real and apparent tendency or inclination exists also with regard to crime, and nearly all other moral actions; for it is clear that a person may have a great inclination for crime without once committing it; another may abhor crime, and yet become culpable. 'It is thus possible,' says M. Quetelet, 'to state, from continued observations, the relative degrees of energy which lead men to execute certain facts. Thus, if I see a million men of 25 or 30 years produce twice as many murders as a million of 40 to 45 years of age, I should be disposed to believe that the inclination to murder among the former has twice the energy of what prevails among the latter.... It is important, therefore, to have a number of observations sufficient to eliminate the effects of all the fortuitous causes from which differences may be established between the real and apparent inclination to be determined.... So long as the march of justice and that of repression remain the same, which can scarcely be possible, except in one and the same country, constant relations are established between these three facts:—1*st*, Crimes committed; 2*d*, Crimes committed and denounced; 3*d*, Crimes committed, denounced, and brought before the tribunals.' An investigation of criminal tables has shown 'that the law of development of the tendency to crime is the same for France, Belgium, England, and the grand-duchy of Baden, the only countries whose observations are correctly known. The tendency to crime towards the adult age increases with considerable rapidity; it reaches a maximum, and decreases afterwards until the last limits of life. This law appears to be constant, and undergoes no modification but in the extent and period of the maximum. In France, for crimes in general, the maximum appears about the 24th year; in Belgium, it arrives two years later; in England and the grand-duchy of Baden, on the contrary, it is observed earlier. ... Considering the circumstances,' pursues the writer, 'under this point of view, we shall better form an opinion of the high mission of the legislator, who holds to a certain extent the budget of crimes in his hands, and who can diminish or augment their number by measures combined with more or less of prudence.'

With regard to the theoretical mean, M. Quetelet affirms that 'man, in respect to his moral faculties, as with his physical faculties, is subject to greater or lesser deviations from a mean state; and the oscillations which he undergoes around this mean, follow the general law which regulates all the fluctuations that a series of phenomena can experience under the influence of accidental causes.... Free choice, far from opposing any obstacle to the regular production of social phenomena, on the contrary favours them. A people who should be formed only of sages, would annually offer the most constant return of the same facts. This may explain what would at first appear a paradox—namely, that social phenomena, influenced by man's free choice, proceed from year to year with more regularity than phenomena purely influenced by material and fortuitous causes.'

In treating on intellectual qualities, the author observes—'Two things at first are to be distinguished in our intellectual faculties: what we owe to nature, and what we derive from study. These two results are very different; when found united, and carried to a high degree of perfection in the same individual, they produce marvels; when they present themselves isolated, they bring forth nothing but mediocrity. A student of the present day, on leaving school, knows more than Archimedes, but will he make science advance a single step? On the other hand, there exists more than one Archimedes on the surface of the globe, without a chance of making his genius public, because he lacks the science.' 'If,' we read in another place, 'phrenology should one day realise its promises, we should have the means of directly measuring man's intellectual organisation; we should possess as a consequence the elements by which to solve an extremely complex problem; we should know what each individual owes to nature, and what to science; we should even be able to establish numerically the values of these two portions of his intelligence; but as yet, we are far from perceiving the possibility of such a result.... One of the most curious studies that could be proposed in relation to man concerns the progressive development of his different intellectual qualities: it would be a question to recognise those which first manifest themselves, to verify the period when they attain their maximum of energy, and to appreciate the relative degrees of their development at different epochs of life.'

In the chapters on human societies, M. Quetelet traces cycles of duration for nations as for other departments of nature. Thus the Assyrian Empire lasted 1580 years; the Egyptian, 1663 years; the Jewish nation, 1522 years; Greece, 1410 years; the Roman Empire, 1129 years; giving an average of 1461 years, remarkable as corresponding exactly with the *Sothiac* period, or canicular cycle of the Egyptians, with which was comprehended the existence of the phœnix. This result would appear referable to the action of a law, of which, however, too little is known to predicate on events yet to transpire in the future.

The law of accidental causes admits of application to derangements of the mental faculties. 'Moral maladies,' we read, 'are like physical maladies: some of them are contagious, some are epidemic, and others are hereditary. Vice is transmitted in certain families, as scrofula or phthisis. Great part of the crimes which afflict a country originate in certain families, who would require particular surveillance — isolation similar to that imposed on patients supposed to carry about them germs of pestilence.'

The question is examined, Whether the indefinite contraction of the limits between which men can vary is a benefit? 'Absolute equality, if it could be realised, would lead society back to its point of departure, and if it became durable, would plunge it into the most complete atomy: variety and movement would be annihilated; the picturesque would be effaced from the surface of the globe; arts and sciences would cease to be cultivated; that which does most honour to human genius would be abandoned; and as no one would wish to obey another man, great enterprises would become impossible.' To complete the argument, it is shown that the means and the limits vary only in proportion to science.

Besides the points we have noticed, the work under consideration contains many valuable inquiries and suggestions. In the chapter on the intellectual faculties, for example, we find views on literary, artistic, and scientific productions—influence of age upon the development of dramatic talent—excess of labour—on emigration—the influence of the healing art on the social system—demoralisation and pauperism—antagonism of nations; and in the concluding section 'on humanity,' the department of æsthetics presents itself to the discussion: these questions are treated with the author's well-known ability. His work must be taken as a valuable contribution to moral science, to the cause of justice, law, and order. Whatever differences of opinion may be entertained, it is impossible not to be impressed by M. Quetelet's earnestness: he would have nations as wise and trustful as is sometimes the case with individuals. 'The two extreme states,' he observes, 'individuality and humanity, are not the result of human combinations; they are determined by the Supreme Being, who has established laws of dependence between them. Philosophy has busied itself with investigating its nature, and in recognising what each one owes to himself, and the duties which he is bound

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to fulfil towards others.... It is by such laws that Divine wisdom has equilibriated all in the moral and intellectual world: but what hand will raise the thick veil thrown over the mysteries of our social system, and over the eternal principles which regulate its destinies and assure its preservation? Who will be the other Newton to expound the laws of this other celestial mechanism?'

THE WARREN.

Some years ago I received an invitation from a lady, whom I shall call Mrs Estcourt, to accompany her to the quiet and picturesque bathing-place of W——; an invitation which was doubly pleasing to me, not only because I had a great regard for Mrs Estcourt, but because, within five miles of W——, there resided a family with whom I had formerly passed many happy weeks, and whose long-tried friendship made this prospect of being so near them most delightful. Mrs Estcourt had been a widow about five years; and at the period of which I speak she was little more than thirty. At an early age she had been married to a man considerably her senior, yet her marriage had been a most happy one; and although she was not disconsolate on her husband's death, she truly mourned his loss. Smiles, betokening perfect contentment, at length denoted that the widow's grief was over, when I accompanied her to W——. She was very beautiful in person, and fascinating in manner. Perhaps strangers might think her a *little* too merry-hearted, considering her position; but I, who well knew her innate goodness and sound sense, thought her clear pleasant laugh the most exhilarating sound in the world. She had already received more than one offer of marriage during her widowhood; nor is this surprising, considering her attractions, not to mention the fact, that her late husband had left her one thousand pounds a year. But Mrs Estcourt turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charmed he ever so wisely; and in the full enjoyment of her hobby—for she had one, and that a singular one perhaps for a lady—her days flowed peacefully on; and it was partly for the further indulgence of this hobby that she selected W—— as the place of sojourn for the summer, it being a favourite resort of the conchologist and mineralogist.

Mrs Estcourt had studied conchology enthusiastically for some years, and she had a very pretty collection of shells. An indefatigable shell-gatherer she proved at W——; and on my mentioning that the son of those old friends, whose residence was within a few miles, was learned in like lore, and had an excellent museum of natural curiosities, she became eager for an introduction, and speedily drove me over to the Warren in her low pony phaeton. After traversing dreary hills and waste tracts of land, while listening to the sullen booming of the ocean, it was cheering to arrive at this low, rambling, but substantial dwelling, inhabited by Mr and Mrs Bovell, and their son Mr Matthew. The traveller had need to arrive at an early hour of the evening, for soon after the curfew bell tolled, all the lights in the mansion were extinguished, and the family retired to rest; while long before daylight in winter, and with sunrise in summer, were the household again astir. This consisted of farm and household domestics; the husbandmen strictly fulfilling their appointed duties, according to the most approved rules and regulations of past centuries, no newfangled systems being listened to or tolerated by Mr Bovell; while the maidens assembled round their industrious mistress, with spinning-wheels, or other thrifty employments, each day after the morning bustle and the noon meal was over. At this meal the master, mistress, their son, and all the servants, out-door and in, dined at the same table, the only distinction being, that a lower place was occupied by the subordinates. Nor was this usage ever deviated from or omitted, let who might be the guest. In a capacious hall, with low rafters, and wainscotting black from age, the table was daily spread for dinner, at an hour when some of us, calling ourselves busy folks too, are sitting down to breakfast. There was a yawning chimney in this old hall, with cosy nooks beside it; and, protected by a folding-screen, Mrs Bovell's own little tea-table stood ensconced here each afternoon. But when any lady visitor came to the Warren, there was a fire lit in the parlour, whose bay window looked on the gay flower garden. In this room, fitted up with snowy dimity, bound with green silken fringe, and decorated with antique engravings, the subjects taken from passages in the Sacred Writings, it was very pleasant to drink tea at three o'clock; when the cream and the butter, the home-made bread, hot and cold, plumcake and conserves, and last, though not least, the finest Hyson, brewed in the quaintest of teapots—filigreed and profusely ornamented was this silver heirloom—rendered that meal, after a long walk or a windy ride, singularly novel and refreshing.

The tea-table was presided over by the kindest and dearest of busy, cheerful, talkative old ladies, in the person of Dame Bovell, attired in brocade and ruffles, high-heeled shoes, and a coiffure with powdered roll surmounting her high forehead. Then in marched Squire Bovell, clad in russet gray of ample cut, with ponderous silver buckles in his shoes, and a well-curled wig on his fine old pate. *He*, indeed, professed to declaim against tea; nevertheless, two or three tiny china cups (for the best blue and gold was always used in the parlour) had to be replenished one after another, as the contents disappeared in his hands; but it was to keep 'Son Matthew' company, said the squire, for Matthew was an inveterate tea-drinker—twelve and fourteen of these fairy bowls full being his 'parlour allowance.'

Mr Matthew Bovell was an only child, and at the time alluded to, a bachelor of forty years of age. He took some part in the farming operations with which the yeoman squire amused himself; for farming was rather an amusement to Squire Bovell than pursued as a mode of gaining his livelihood; for the lands were hereditary, and he was reputed wealthy. But Mr Matthew was not an idle man, even in his leisure hours, of which he had many—they being principally passed in explorations for miles around the adjacent country, bearing in hand a basket and hammer, with which latter implement he demolished innumerable flints, and dug into chalk-beds. In short, he was a geologist, adding to this the study of conchology and antiquarian lore in general; and it was his wont to exhibit, as the pride of his museum, a large flint, hollowed in the centre, which he had found and broken. Mysterious hints he threw out concerning the existence of a toad, whose home, for unimaginable ages, had been within its flinty bosom, until liberated by him. A collector of shells and minerals also was Mr Matthew; through summer heat and winter cold he wended his way over the hills, and across the downs, home by a circuitous route, laden with trophies and natural curiosities.

With a clumsy exterior and heavy countenance he combined a cold sarcastic manner, which did not tend to render him popular with the fair sex; he was, indeed, vilified as a regular woman-hater, though his supreme indifference was perhaps even more unbearable than downright contumely: there were rumours afloat that in early life he had been unworthily treated by a fair but fickle damsel, and hence his antipathy to the whole race of young ladies. He was an affectionate, dutiful son, and beneath a repelling exterior concealed as kindly and generous a heart as ever beat in human bosom; and in the midst of many cynical tirades, a merry word from his beloved mother brought forth a smile which lit up his clouded countenance, and astonished the beholder; for the smile was very sweet, and utterly changed his whole aspect, displaying at the same time a rare set of the whitest ivory teeth: few and far between were these smiles, and none save his mother had hitherto owned the power of conjuring them up. Therefore, when Mrs Estcourt became a

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constant visitor at the Warren, and evidently delighted in all its antiquated yet novel customs, and Mr Matthew became her constant companion in explorations and shell-gatherings, 'wonders never will cease,' thought I; but when she actually approached the stern Mr Matthew with badinage, and playfully gave herself pretended airs, commanding him *here*, and ordering him *there*, and the white teeth and the sweet smile were visible in consequence, his mother, who had more than once noted these proceedings, was silent from amazement! She taxed him with having 'rubbish' in his museum, and he bore *that* very well, and asked her to help him in rearranging it; she called him a 'dirty old bachelor,' for not suffering the accumulated cobwebs to be cleared away from its walls and ceiling, and mops and brooms were in requisition by his orders next day; she dined at eleven, and drank tea at three; span with Dame Bovell—it was long ere she was clever at the spinning-wheel—and was a perfect pet and darling of the hearty old squire.

But suddenly there was a change in the pleasant aspect of affairs: Mr Matthew became reserved, and absented himself from the Warren when Mrs Estcourt was there; and when obliged to be in her society, his sarcasm and coldness of demeanour towards her more than once brought tears into her beautiful eyes, though no individual but myself witnessed this betrayal of wounded feeling. I made my own secret comments on the circumstance; and when Mrs Estcourt called Mr Matthew 'a bear,' and exclaimed that 'she hated him,' I had strong doubts that she did not adhere to truth; nor did my doubts rest here, for I also opined that the liking between this pair of opposites was mutual. I knew enough of Matthew Bovell's character to be quite sure that Mrs Estcourt's possession of one thousand a year (a fact which he had only latterly been acquainted with) would entirely preclude his approach in the guise of a suitor, even were such a fact as Mr Matthew 'going a-wooing' within the bounds of credibility. 'For,' said I, 'he considers mercenary motives so unworthy and dishonourable, that sooner than lay himself open to the bare suspicion of being actuated by such, he would sacrifice any hopes, however dear to him.'

'Do you *really* think this is the case?' said Mrs Estcourt musingly; 'and do you *really* think he cares for me in the least?'

It is unnecessary to give my answer here, or the conversation which ensued, ending with much laughing on both sides, and a wager between us of six dozen pair of the finest French kid gloves, depending on the solution of an enigma which we read in different ways. A few days after, we separated, Mrs Estcourt being suddenly called away to attend the sick-bed of a dear and aged relative, and I to take up my temporary abode at the Warren, whither I had been kindly invited. Mr Matthew was more taciturn than ever, more energetic in his geological discoveries, and even Dame Bovell's winsome cheery ways failing to bring the much-wished-for smile: the squire lamented the loss of his merry favourite; and I was waiting for what I considered a good opportunity, in order to test the strength of my cause, on which depended the weighty bet of the French gloves. I had been a guest at the Warren for a week, and I had heard from Lucy Estcourt of her relative's death—one who had been entirely dependent on her bounty for support; when, for the first time since my arrival, Mr Matthew took his place by the chimney-corner at his mother's tea-table, behind the comfortable folding-screen. 'I have had a letter from your ally and friend, Mr Matthew,' said I: 'you do not even ask after her.'

'Pray to whom may you allude?' answered he, reddening a little I thought: '*friends* are not so plentiful in this world that we need forget them.'

'I speak of Mrs Estcourt: she used to be such a favourite of yours; and now you appear to forget her entirely.'

'I am sure, my dear, *none* of us forget her,' broke in the worthy dame; 'for she is the kindest, prettiest, merriest little soul that ever brought sunshine to the old Warren. I only do hope that no needy adventurer will impose on her goodness, and marry her for the sake of her fortune.'

'That is impossible,' returned I; 'as, in the event of her marrying a second time, she loses the whole of her jointure; and whoever takes her to wife receives a *penniless bride*.'

Mr Matthew was in the act of carrying a cup of tea to his lips as I distinctly pronounced these words: he gave a start; there was a sudden smash; and Dame Bovell exclaimed, 'Goodness a' mercy on me, Son Mat., what is the matter? It is a blessed thing that we are not in the parlour, or one of the blue and gold would have gone instead of this Wedgewood white and red.'

And as the old lady stooped to gather the fragments with my assistance, 'Son Matthew' darted from the hall, saying in a whisper to me as he passed, 'Do walk in the flower garden presently: I wish to speak a few words to you.'

The squire, who had been toiling through a county paper, spectacles on nose, looked up on hearing the commotion, with a loud 'Whew! It is twenty years ago since I saw Mat. so skittish; and that was when fair Emma Norden jilted him. What is in the wind now?'

But although I might have said that it was a gentle southern breeze, bringing sweet hopes, thoughts, and wishes in its train, I held my peace; for explanation was premature, even had I had any to offer: assurance, and my own private convictions, must be made doubly sure ere I ventured to claim my wager from Lucy Estcourt.

Any one who had seen Mr Matthew and myself sauntering round that quiet garden, until the evening dews began to fall, busily conversing, and deeply engrossed with our conversation, might perchance have suspected that *I* was the courted, and *he* the wooer, despite my green specs and rotund proportions. I could scarce help smiling at seeing the cold sarcastic Mr Matthew transformed into a timid, almost despairing lover; for it is said that timidity ever goes hand in hand with true love.

'How dared he presume to think of her, so beautiful and superior a creature in all respects! What had *he* to offer in exchange for *her* priceless hand? He could not even make amends, in a pecuniary point of view, for the fortune she must lose in the event of her marrying again. Besides, *he* was such a stupid, awkward fellow; and yet he loved her—oh! so dearly; and she was so kind and good, did *I* think he might venture to address her? She could but refuse him.'

Very guardedly I hinted, in answer to these disjointed exclamations, that it was just probable he would *not* be rejected; on hearing which, the sedate Mr Matthew seized my hand, and carried it to his lips, appearing transported to the seventh heaven. That night, ere I retired to rest, I wrote the following billet to my friend:—

'Dear Lucy—As the Smiths are now in Paris, you had better commission them to bring over the six dozen gloves; as I claim my wager, and prefer genuine articles.—Yours, &c.'

The bridegroom-elect was curious to know what our wager was about; but as I thought the knowledge might render him presumptuous, I declined answering any questions; however, the secret was speedily won from Lucy herself, and was no less than this:—Mrs Estcourt had continued to express her conviction that Mr Matthew 'did not care for her: she was too light and frivolous to please him: he evidently disliked and avoided her.' I, on the contrary, insisted that such was not the case; and pointed out to her that it was only since he had learned how wealthy she was in comparison to him that the change observable had arisen. She then gave me full permission to reveal the truth of her situation, which was only known to her intimate friends, laughingly declaring that she would risk the afore-named

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wager, and cheerfully pay it a thousand times over, if I succeeded in proving that she was loved for *herself alone*. 'Not that I think for one moment,' added she gravely, 'that Matthew Bovell would value my hand an iota more could it confer *ten* thousand a year on him, instead of *one*; but that I think *with* or *without* money—he is so superior to me, indeed to all mankind—he would scarcely make choice of one so unworthy as myself for his helpmate.'

When I heard her speak in this way, I became assured that their union must tend to their mutual happiness: nor have I erred in judgment; for they are, and ever have been, the happiest couple in the world!

Many and many times I heard the exclamation, on Mrs Estcourt's approaching second marriage, of 'Well, wonders never cease: but there is no accounting for taste, certainly.' And I must confess that I had sometimes marvelled at her choice. But how sweet were the tears of respect and gratitude which she shed as a tribute to the memory of her first husband—the firm friend who had so earnestly desired to secure her future happiness—when, on her marriage morning, the intelligence was conveyed in due form that she had *not* forfeited her jointure; the proviso having been made solely with the end in view, which she had attained—namely, 'gaining the disinterested love of an honest man!' And when I heard these words read, I almost felt ashamed of myself for having joined with the multitude in their unthinking exclamations.

This gay and pretty creature contentedly established herself at the old Warren, falling into all the out-of-the-world customs and habits of the antiquated owners: geologising with her husband, whose white teeth displayed themselves incessantly; reading news to the squire, who made 'a little fool of her,' Matthew fondly said; and spinning heartily with the dame, whose admiration and love for her daughter exceeded all bounds.

Squire Bovell and his worthy helpmate have long since departed, and newer fashions have usurped the place of the old ones at the Warren; for many young voices ring through the ancient chambers now, and many frolic feats are performed in the low raftered hall, the folding-screen serving as a charming refuge for 'hide-and-seek.' They are the most beautiful children I ever saw—full of health and joy; and Matthew says 'they are the best-dispositioned and cleverest to be found on earth.'

A new wing has been added to the mansion, so that Lucy has a pleasant drawing-room in addition to the 'lavendered' parlour, though in the former still the 'blue and gold' are used on 'high days and holidays.' There is also an airy suite of nursery apartments, and Matthew seems to like them better than his 'sanctum' itself.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Corns.—That a corn has roots. The common idea, I take it to be, is, that a corn grows from its roots as a tree does, and therefore it is necessary to extirpate the roots before a cure can be accomplished. The advertisements of corn-cutters are often a good deal amusing. I saw one the other day in a Manchester paper, which took a different view from that commonly adopted. The advertiser began by stating that corns had no roots, but he went on (by inadvertence, I suppose) to add that there were no such things as corns, and concluded by a list of charges for removing them. When a part is a good deal exposed to pressure, the cuticle becomes hardened, just as it will at the ends of the fingers in those who play on the violin; besides this, the papillæ of the subjacent true skin become enlarged, and give the appearance of roots when a section of a corn is made. This is all the mystery. So that, let us cut as deep as we will, if we continue to wear tight boots and shoes, the corns will speedily reappear. The kind of shoes which ladies are in the habit of wearing, which merely cover the toes, and therefore make all the pressure bear on that part, are exceedingly objectionable, especially where the shoes are pointed, and the leather strong.

Hydrophobia.—The notion that hydrophobic patients bite those around them, and thus communicate the disease, is a popular error which I should think scarcely needs contradiction. However, it seems that the idea appeared worthy of contradiction many years ago. In the second volume of a work which Desault published—'Sur la Pierre des Reins, et de la Vessie'—in 1736, he treats of the hydrophobia, and alludes to this notion with the ridicule which it deserves.*

In respect to hydrophobia, there also is, or was, an opinion that patients suffering from the complaint are smothered by the attendants. I should think such an idea could now only exist amongst the unreflecting, not to say ignorant; yet it appears that a practice almost amounting to this was actually recommended and adopted by Van Helmont. 'He kept his patients under water until the psalm "Miserere" (the 51st, containing nineteen verses) was sung; and in one case a poor girl was drowned.'†

Drowning is only like another way of smothering, and this was certainly carrying too far the old adage of desperate remedies for desperate diseases. Whilst on the subject of hydrophobia, I may mention that the prevailing idea of its being peculiar, or even more frequent, in the summer season, is called in question by very high authority. The practice of muzzling dogs during what are called the 'dog-days' is common, I think, in most of our towns; but if we are to credit some of the writers on the subject, it is not more necessary then than at another time. The subject is too purely medical to be entered fully into on the present occasion. I may just state that M. Trolliet,‡ who has written an interesting essay on *Rabies*, states that January, which is the coldest, and August, which is the hottest, month in the year, are the very months which furnish him fewest examples of the disease.

Loud Voice a Proof of Strong Lungs.—I have not unfrequently heard the loud cry of an infant considered as a subject of congratulation; 'for at least,' the mother would say, 'the dear thing has sound lungs.' Mothers are always kind and tender to their children, and one would be sorry to say anything calculated to destroy the smallest source of their comfort; but it is not merely in reference to infantile life that the observation is made. I have more than once heard it said by adults that they felt sure their lungs must be sound, on account of the clearness or loudness of their voices. It is true that disease of the lungs may, and does frequently, impair the vocal powers, but it is by no means to be stated in this general manner that a loud voice is indicative of sound lungs.

Spontaneous Combustion.—We often hear people speak of spontaneous combustion in joke, but the question may sometimes arise, Are there, in reality, any cases of this kind? Are we to credit the accounts which are to be met with in books on the subject? There certainly are some very extraordinary instances on record, some of which I may very briefly mention. The singularity about the cases seems to be, that the unfortunate sufferer is said to be consumed literally to ashes, without the furniture about him appearing to be more than just scorched. It is stated in the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society 'that a woman who had been for three years accustomed to take spirituous liquors to excess, and who took little nourishment, sat down one evening to sleep in her chair, and was found consumed in the morning, so that no part of her was found except the skull and the extreme joints of her fingers; all the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.'§ One case is related of a Madame de Boiseon, who was found by her

* Hamilton: Hist. of Med., p. 257, vol. ii.
† Elliotson, p. 736, op. cit.
‡ See Watson, p. 599, vol. i. op. cit.
§ Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, p. 525.

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maid on fire one day after she had left her for a few moments. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it only seemed to make the fire rage more and more. Finally, she was burnt to a skeleton in her chair, which, by the by, was only a little scorched. These cases, I think, will suffice; many more might be adduced, but they all seem to be of the same kind. I think it would require very good evidence to make one credit them.

That combustion of the human body can arise *spontaneously*, as the term implies, does not, I think, find many partisans at the present time; but as in most of the cases recorded there seems reason to believe that the patient was placed in circumstances in which he might catch fire from ordinary causes, the question further arises, Can there be a high combustibility of the body? On this point there is not time to enter fully, as so many subjects have to come before us. I may state, however, that many very respectable authorities admit it as possible that the body may be preternaturally combustible, amongst whom I may mention Dr Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital.

Milk.—Milk forms a very nutritious and digestible article of food, and on many occasions medical men have to recommend it as the best adapted for the exigencies of the case in point. There is an opinion, however, very common, which I imagine to be in a great measure erroneous, that milk produces phlegm, and is therefore very much to be avoided in all cases of coughs. I will not undertake to say that milk is always proper for invalids; but I must say that I regard this peculiar phlegm-producing quality of milk to be in a great measure a bugbear, which does not deserve a serious consideration. I can conceive it very possible that persons of a plethoric habit, who drink large quantities of malt liquor, may so gorge the lungs with blood, that an increased secretion of mucus (the so-called phlegm) may arise; but I think that such a result is very little likely to have its origin in a milk diet. Still people will affirm that milk does not agree with them, and I would not undertake to say that such is not the case. I only wish to state that the objection which is commonly made to milk in coughs does not seem to me to deserve credit.

Vaccination.—It is a common belief that there is a risk of introducing with the vaccine virus the diseases, or even constitutional tendencies, of the infant from whom the virus is taken. On this account mothers are very particular that the matter be got from a good source, and some will even insist upon seeing the child themselves. If it were really the case that the vaccine virus communicated more than the cow-pox, it might be found a valuable means of communicating vigorous constitutional powers to sickly children, and would even be more valuable in this way than in its application as a preventive of small-pox. I cannot, however, for my part imagine that there is any such effect. At the time when the great Jenner was endeavouring to diffuse his views in respect to the vaccine inoculation, many objections were industriously brought forward, and amongst others, it was said that the diseases of the cow would be thus introduced into the human subject. This was a very parallel kind of reasoning.

Experiments.—People are very ready to suppose that experiments are tried on them by medical men. I have always assured those who express this fear that they give the profession credit for a deal more ingenuity than is possessed by it. I really do not believe the great bulk of medical men, if pressed on the subject, could offer new suggestions in every case, at least such as they dare try. Think how long active and intelligent men have been cudgelling their brains to find out new remedies; and what is there left for us to do? Then, again, if we abandon the legitimate road, we open ourselves to risks which are more likely to mar than make us. Be assured it is very seldom indeed that medical men make use of untried means on their patients, and that there is very little fear of being made the subject of ingenious philosophical experiments.

Disgusting Articles in Medicines.—Many persons, especially amongst the humbler classes, have an idea that articles of a disgusting nature, such as dead men's bones, are used in the composition of medicines. At the present day this is certainly not the case; but it would appear from the older writings that plans of treatment of a very repulsive and disagreeable nature were actually employed. Many of these were happily in the form of outward applications, or used as charms, but have no doubt given origin to the ideas which prevail on this subject. Borlase, in his book of 'Notable Things,' observes that 'a halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. Moss growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered, and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious.'* I think, by the by, we might ask, Is it any more efficacious, for it certainly is not more pleasant? Turner—the Dr Samuel Turner who wrote on diseases of the skin, and who seemed rather fond of strange stories—notices a prevalent charm among old women for the shingles: the blood of a black cat, taken from a cat's tail, and smeared on the part affected.† 'The chips of a gallows put round the neck, and worn round the neck, is said to have also cured ague.'‡ Spiders, as may readily be supposed, were in great repute as remedies. Burton, the writer of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' was at first dubious as to the efficacy of the spider as a remedy, though he states that he had seen it used by his mother, 'whom he knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, and aches; till at length,' says he, 'rambling amongst authors, as I often do, I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, and repeated by Aldrovandus: I began then to have a better opinion of it.'§ For stopping hemorrhages all sorts of disgusting things were used. That very amusing and valuable writer, John Bell, says 'they tied live toads behind the ears, or under the arm-pits, or to the soles of the feet, or held them in the hand till they grew warm. Some imagined,' he continues, 'that they operated by causing fear and horror, but all believed their effects to be very singular; and Michael Mercatus says that this effect of toads is a truth, which any person willing to take the trouble may satisfy himself of by a very simple experiment; for if you hang the toad round a cock's neck for a day or so, you may then cut off his head, and the neck will not bleed a single drop.'‖ These particulars are sufficient to show that the old modes of treatment were not the most pleasant that can be conceived. No similar practices are, however, now employed; and the idea that all kinds of disgusting things enter into the composition of medicines is altogether without foundation. We have only, indeed, to consider how much easier and cheaper it is for those engaged in the practice of medicine to supply themselves with roots and salts than dead men's bones, the blood of black cats, and other horrible conceits.

Opening the Chest.—The phrase 'opening the chest' is very common, and exercise is recommended with this view. We have no objection in the world to good exercise, if it be only moderate and regular; but the *opening* of the chest is fortunately not accomplished by back-boards and dumb-bells. However, the phrase, though vague, is perhaps sufficiently understood, and not particularly coupled with any false practical views. Whilst on this subject, I may be allowed to state that the fashionable gymnastic exercises are, in my opinion, by no means the most desirable kind of exercise. They are mostly calculated to do harm, and are used at a time of life when great mischief may result from them. Of this mischief I cannot particularise in this place, farther than to state that many important surgical diseases arise from undue straining, and continue to affect the whole of after-life.

Mucous Membranes.—Whilst on the subject of these

* Pettigrew on Medical Superstitions, p. 64.
† Pettigrew, op. cit. 79.
‡ Op. cit. 69.
§ Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 245.
‖ Bell's Surgery, vol. i. p. 204.

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common expressions, I may just remark that there are some terms used which have really no meaning whatever, and cannot be connected with any definite ideas by those who use them. Sometimes we hear a friend say that 'he is dreadfully ill of the *nerves*;' and another will tell you he is sorry to say that his wife is ill, and the doctors have pronounced it to be the *mucous membranes*. These are of course instances of expressions being used after the manner of Mrs Malaprop, without any inquiry as to their signification.

Seven Years.—People conceive that there is a change every seven years in the constitution. That a change is continually going on there can be no doubt. We know that an infant grows to a full-sized man, and consequently there must be a change of particles—a removal of some, and a fresh deposition of others—else we should have a mere superimposition of parts, and the body of the infant would be contained in that of the adult. But as to the seven years: for my part I never could understand how people satisfied themselves that such changes were completed in exactly seven years. I have often been asked by my patients—'Doctor, do you think I shall ever get rid of this complaint? They say there is a change every seven years: I look forward for this time, for I have already been ill five.' The Roman Lustrum was, I think, a space of five years, the Greek Olympiad a space of four years, but the seven years is the favourite period chosen as the one which regulates the changes of the body in public opinion. Of course a period like this will bring about many changes, and one cannot but look forward to such a period with feelings of interest and anxiety; still there seems no good reason to select this as the prescribed limits for the operations of nature.

Amputation.—Persons are very curious, and it is very natural they should be, respecting surgical operations. I have often been asked what was the most painful part of an amputation; and before the answer could be well given, the querist has declared his own conviction, that the act of sawing through the bone, or at anyrate cutting through the marrow, must be the critical point. Now this does not appear to be by any means the case; and on thinking upon the subject, it seems to me that the idea arises simply from the word marrow being suggestive of great sensibility, and, as it were, the essence of all that is profound. But the marrow is merely the oily matter contained in the bones, and must in itself be devoid of sensation. In one application of the word it is true; it has reference to an important part, as in the expression 'spinal marrow;' but this use of the word, though sanctioned by medical men, is altogether incorrect, and arose in error. What is called the spinal marrow is not marrow at all, but a part of the nervous system, which is continuous with the brain.

In speaking of surgical operations, I may mention it as a common idea that surgeons were in the habit of adopting means of deadening pain before they undertook an operation. Before, however, the recent employment of ether and chloroform, nothing was used expressly for this purpose. The tourniquet, which is placed round the limb to compress the artery, and prevent loss of blood, was no doubt supposed to be principally to numb pain.

Scurvy.—If we take the trouble to look into a professed work on diseases of the skin, we find a great many diseases described in a great many hard names, and at first feel quite confounded in our attempts to apply these terms properly to the cases we see. However, the public have made a very easy matter of it. With the great mass of people, there is one name which they apply in every instance, and in every instance they apply it wrongly. This is scurvy. 'What a pity (you will hear it said) that Mr A—— is so scorbutic!' 'And really Miss B—— would be very well-looking, if it was not for that scorbutic eruption.' 'What is this eruption?' you ask. 'Oh, that is only a little scurvy, which I have had many years.' 'Pray, doctor, can you give me anything for the scurvy?'

Now, properly, the scurvy is a disease almost confined to sailors, arising from the want of a supply of fresh vegetables. The symptoms of scurvy are entirely different from those which commonly go under this name in a popular sense. There is a soft, spongy, and bleeding state of the gums, and great debility of the body. There is, in reality, no proper eruption on the skin, but irregular blotches, like those produced by a bruise. This disease is not often seen except amongst sailors, and has no relation to the eruptions which we so often see in people's faces.

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN GHAUTS.

Not even steam, that link which now so closely connects the dwellers in the far East with the progress and sympathies of their countrymen, has so much conduced to the improvement and comfort of India as the sanitary stations on the different ranges of hills which have of late years been obtained by the English, and which afford the possibility of renovating, in a pure mountain air, the health, strength, and energy that wither under a tropical sun. On the western side of India these 'mountains of refuge' are called the Mahableshwur Ghauts, and are near to, and indeed formerly made part of, the rajahship of Sattarah. During a recent residence in the Bombay presidency, I had the pleasure and benefit of making an excursion thither; and it has occurred to me that a sketch of this pilgrimage to the 'hill country' may not be unwelcome to some of the readers of these pages.

We left Bombay about the end of March, eager to escape the intense heat, already succeeding to the delicious temperature of the winter months; and crossing the harbour in a *bunder-boat*, proceeded up the Negôtnah River to the village of the same name. Servants had preceded us thither with 'provant,' as Captain Dalgetty would have called it; and we took up our abode for the night at the travellers' bungalow, a wretched substitute for the cosy inn or elegant hotel of Europe, being little better than a barn, and very scantily furnished. It was sunset when we arrived; we had therefore little opportunity of seeing the surrounding country and villages, as night in India speedily follows an almost imperceptible twilight. Having little to amuse us in the bungalow, we retired early to rest; a measure the more necessary, as we were to commence our journey next morning at four o'clock, in order to avoid travelling in the heat of the sun.

An hour before daybreak we were summoned to resume our travels. Let not the idea of such an unseasonable hour suggest visions of the chilly discomfort attending on it in our own country. Nothing could be more exquisite than the air and the scene when we issued from the bungalow. The breeze, though comparatively fresh, was balmy, and the purple sky resplendent with stars. Jupiter, the lord of the ascendant, cast a line of light on the river, and hung like a globe of lucid silver from the heavens. The carriages that were to convey us to Mahr belonged to the post-office, and would have been tolerably comfortable vehicles, but for the height of the seats, which must have been intended for people at least six feet high. As there was a basket at the bottom of ours, well covered with palm-leaves, I took the liberty of using it as a stool, till at our first pause to change horses, one of the Parsees—who, by the by, had gained, from his excessive politeness, the sobriquet of Count D'Orsay—approached, and with a profound bow gently insinuated 'that it was not *good* for the Ma'am Sahib to sit with her feet in the butter!' As I found it was designed for our breakfast, I agreed in

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the justice of his remark, and sat with my feet on empty space for the rest of the way. The road we traversed was wild and picturesque, bordered on each side by jungle, and affording in its windings constant glimpses of the blue hills in the distance: occasionally a herd of fairy-footed antelopes would bound across it, or the peacock, uttering a shrill scream, would retreat into his native woods; but no worse denizens of the brushwood made their appearance, being probably scared away by the horn our driver occasionally sounded. At last the Mahr River made its appearance; a broad, tranquil stream, reflecting the deep blue sky; and following its banks for a time, we at last reached the village. Here we breakfasted, dined, and remained, in short, till after sunset. We then drove to the foot of the Ghauts, but being detained longer than we anticipated, it was dark ere we commenced the ascent, which was to be made in palanquins. These were carried by four *hamals*, or bearers, four more running beside them to relieve them of their burden when weary; one, as it was now quite dark, carried a huge torch, on which he from time to time poured oil from a bottle he held in the other hand. The narrow path admitted but one palanquin in a line; we were therefore in a manner separated from each other, and alone with the bearers. The scene was really imposing: the gloom made the precipices on each side look deep and terrible, and such forms as one could distinguish in it took all kinds of fantastic shapes. The torch, smoking and flaring close beside the coffin-like conveyance, brought out in strong relief the sable hamals' well-oiled shining skins, and their rolling black eyes and glittering teeth, thus adding a perfect group to the foreground of the picture. Strange sounds, too, rose from the jungle: the hiss of the snakes; the cry of the jackal; the fainter, because more distant roar of other beasts of prey; and every time the bearers gained a height, they paused, and with shrill cries, thanked their monkey god for his aid, and for having given them only a 'light madam' to carry. The moon rose at last, and I could look down on the nests of jungle, and distinguish the clear outline of the hills: solemn and beautiful they looked, casting their awful shade on the home of the tiger and the boar; but I was now quite weary, and becoming too sleepy to observe more, awoke only when my bearers stayed their steps and my palanquin on the mountain summit which was to be our home.

Mahableshwur is situated on the highest point of the western Ghauts, and is a neat town, with a clean open bazaar, to which the money-changers, seated beside their banks (or white cloths), piled with all sorts of coin and currency, from moras to cowries—or small shells—give a picturesque and new feature. The bungalows of the English residents have gardens round them, and are generally very comfortable dwellings. The church is a small and *very* rustic edifice, having the bell hung in a large tree beside it. The society is cheerful, and the drives and rides on the mountain, though few, very attractive, from the scenery and delicious freshness of the air. Our own abode consisted of several scattered bungalows, with tents for the servants and gentlemen, for we were a large party; the drawing and dining-rooms were detached from the building called the Ladies' Bungalow, and we had sometimes to walk through a cloud on our way to dinner; but the house was well furnished, and nicely situated, commanding a fine view. We looked down on the first row of Ghauts, and a more singular scene can scarcely be conceived than the chaos of hill-tops beneath, all of extraordinary forms, and reflecting every shade of light and colour as the sun fell upon them. The mountain opposite our hill had been the scene of a horrid tragedy. In former times, the two mountains had been inhabited by two rival chiefs, between whom a deadly feud existed. The disputes and fights between these Indian Montagues and Capulets were a continual source of annoyance to their neighbours, and the rajah of Sattarah and the English resident at last resolved on acting as mediators. Their peacemaking efforts were apparently successful; the chiefs consented to an interview; their grievances were to be mutually redressed, and they were to embrace as friends. The dweller on our hill (Bella Vista) was quite in earnest in these friendly demonstrations, but the Purtubghur man had meantime caused a pair of steel claws, exactly resembling those of a tiger, to be made, and fastened them to his hands, which, when closed, concealed them. Whilst in the act of embracing his old enemy, he fixed these terrible weapons in the back of his neck, and literally tore the throat asunder before those present could rush to the rescue. We were rejoiced to learn that ample justice had been taken for this horrible crime. The chief had been driven from his territory, and met the death he deserved.

The Ghauts are very singularly-shaped mountains. They give one the idea of having had a slice cut off their tops, and others are apparently crowned with strong fortresses; indeed, till assured that it was the natural formation of the hill, I thought that Purtubghur had the ruins of a fortification on its summit.

During our stay at Bella Vista, the rajah of Sattarah paid a visit, or rather made a pilgrimage, to a celebrated shrine in the vicinity. He came in state to our bungalow, to visit Lady A—— (the wife of the governor); and the procession was worth seeing, though very different from what one's imagination would have depicted of Eastern state and pomp. First came a party of men, who might well have personated Falstaff's ragged regiment, so poor, patched, and motley was their attire: these worthies shouted aloud, 'Room for the great rajah, the eater of mountains and drinker of rivers!' The ragged heralds were followed by the regular attendants, bearing bundles of peacocks' feathers, the insignia of their master's princely rank; then came two or three horsemen, bearing the round table-like banner; and lastly, the guest so formidably characterised, and who, in fact, looked as if he enjoyed abundantly the good things of this life, even if his diet were not quite of the inconvenient kind described. He bore a strong likeness to the pictures of Henry VIII., and was a courteous middle-aged gentleman, habited in the Eastern costume, and wearing a magnificent emerald ring on his great toe. He was exceedingly gracious, offered us the loan of his elephants, and gave the ladies permission to visit his lately-espoused wife, the Ranee.

I was sorry that indisposition prevented me from profiting by this opportunity of visiting a Hindoo zenana; my friends, who did avail themselves of the permission, were much pleased with the lady, who was young, beautiful, and *totally* uneducated, passing all her days in listening to stories, seeing Nautch girls dance, and eating sugar-plums. This is the rajah who was placed by the English on the nominal throne of the Mahrattas, after that deposition of his brothers which has given rise to such dreary debates in the India House and in Parliament. Both brothers are now dead.

In one of our drives we were favoured with the sight of a wild tiger in chase of an antelope. The terrible animal sprang across the road at no great distance from the horses' heads, and disappeared in the jungle. He was hunted, and killed shortly afterwards. A reward of fifty rupees, or five pounds English money, given for the discovery of a tiger, has greatly tended to diminish the number of these animals in the neighbourhood of the English places of abode. We remained six weeks at Mahableshwur, and before our descent to the plains of the Deccan, found it cold enough to wish for a fire. The rains of the monsoon had also commenced, and our journey down the Ghauts, in pouring rain, and by dull cloudy daylight, was rather in prosaic contrast

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with our midnight ascent. We had derived great benefit from the pure invigorating air, and even now, in our own cold but happy country, think with pleasure of our abode on the mountains of Mahableshwur.

ART-JOURNAL—THE VERNON GALLERY.

The late advances in all departments of art in this country are among the most gratifying traits of national improvement; and it is satisfactory to know that cultivated minds are engaged in forming and directing the public taste on matters of such interest. Too long did the æsthetics of art dwell only in the dogmas of connoisseurs, who chattered upon 'Raphael and stuff' with the precision of schoolmen; and it was not till knowledge broke loose from this charmed circle, and diffused itself abroad in the world, that art could be said to be of any practical value. From the early age of George III.'s reign, when all sorts of monstrosities were tolerated, it seems as if the public had advanced centuries in feeling. We cannot look around us without seeing evidences of improved taste. Old things have passed away, and we are in the youth of a new and more vigorous era. Among other wonderful things in this new age, must be mentioned the practice of making munificent gifts to the public. Formerly, every man thought he acquitted himself nobly if he paid his bills and his taxes. All that is quite antiquated now. This is the age of giving. The nation sometimes gives away ten millions in a paroxysm of charitable feeling; and in private life, subscriptions to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds are quite a common thing. Anybody who does not 'subscribe' to the extent of a few hundreds a year is thought nothing of. This, like other good things, may no doubt be carried too far; but how much more reasonable is it to give from your abundance while living, than to leave all at your decease to those who will not thank you, and who may probably be damaged by the gift? On this account it will be allowed that Mr Vernon, in lately making a present to the nation of his gallery of pictures—a gift of many thousands of pounds value—did a far handsomer thing than if he had bequeathed the whole to the public at his death. A bequest is the gift of what is no longer of any use to the giver; a present during life is a sacrifice. Here, then, is a man who takes down the whole of his collection of pictures from his walls, and hands them to the National Gallery, where they are merged in the general property of the country. Who, after this, will say that self-sacrificing generosity is not a proud characteristic of the age in which we live?

The notice of Mr Vernon's liberal gift to the nation brings us to the 'Art-Journal,' which has begun to present finely-executed engravings of each picture in the collection, by which means persons in all parts of the country may acquire a proper notion of those beautiful works of art, now the national property. Mr Vernon, we are told, spared no pains or expense in forming his collection. Thirty years was he engaged in the work: frequently he weeded out the least valuable pictures; and the most generous sums were invariably paid for his acquisitions. It is now some years since we walked through his house in Pall Mall; but we retain a lively recollection of the vast number of gems of art which adorned the walls. The whole of his pictures were British, and painted within the last half century; they therefore form a select illustration of the state and progress of the fine arts during that period. The first picture engraved from the Vernon Gallery is one of the beautiful English landscapes of Calcott, and we should say it is worth more than the money charged for the number of the 'Art-Journal' in which it appears. A portrait of Mr Vernon graces the same number.

While there is not a little to please in this periodical, there is likewise something to which we cannot give our admiration. We refer to the articles on the application of refined taste to domestic and other objects. It appears to be the wish of the artist who illustrates these papers with wood-engravings to introduce greater elegance in form and embellishment into the more common class of manufactures, such as pottery, hardware, and household furniture. As the aim is high, so is the responsibility great, in trying to cultivate new fashions in objects of this kind. It is, therefore, not without regret that we see that forms and ornaments are held up for imitation which, as far as our judgment goes, can only mislead the public taste. What we more particularly object to is the introduction of naked human figures distorted into all sorts of odd postures. We have Sylphs with the tails of mermaids, forming bell-pulls; Cupids holding up candlesticks, sitting on the corners of fenders, and stuck on the ends of pokers. Crouching, kneeling, twining, bending back, standing on tiptoe, reclining, stretching out the arms; in short, in every imaginable posture are these drudging Sylphs and Cupids represented. This profuse use of the human figure seems to us indecorous. Doubtless, for the sake of beauty of form, art has a certain license; the main design being, to delight the eye and elevate the feelings. But the figures we allude to are anything but sightly, and are only the offspring of a capricious fancy. Flowers in various dispositions would be a safer subject of adaptation; yet even in their case care must be taken not to violate ordinary conceptions. Let us add, while on this subject, that elaborate carving, even when in good taste, is objectionable in common household articles, inasmuch as it renders them more difficult to clean. In these, elegance of form should be combined with strict simplicity; for we must not sacrifice utility to show, and fill our rooms with the dirt as well as richness of an old curiosity-shop. It is sufficient, however, that we offer a hint on these points; and we would further suggest to the editor of the work before us the propriety of writing a series of articles defining the license to which artists and manufacturers may properly go in their adaptation of natural objects. By manufacturers of carpets, paper-hangings, works in bronze, and household ornaments of all kinds, precise rules and principles in relation to this department of art are much required.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

About the commencement of the present century there stood, near the centre of a rather extensive hamlet, not many miles distant from a northern seaport town, a large, substantially-built, but somewhat straggling building, known as Craig Farm (popularly *Crook* Farm) House. The farm consisted of about one hundred acres of tolerable arable and meadow land; and at the time I have indicated, belonged to a farmer of the name of Armstrong. He had purchased it about three years previously, at a sale held in pursuance of a decree of the High Court of Chancery, for the purpose of liquidating certain costs incurred in the suit of Craig *versus* Craig, which the said high court had nursed so long and successfully, as to enable the solicitor to the victorious claimant to incarcerate his triumphant client for several years in the Fleet, in 'satisfaction' of the charges of victory remaining due after the proceeds of the sale of Craig Farm had been deducted from the gross total. Farmer Armstrong was married, but childless; his dame, like himself, was a native of Devonshire. They bore the character of a plodding, taciturn, morose-mannered couple: seldom leaving the farm except to attend market, and rarely seen at church or chapel, they naturally enough became objects of suspicion and dislike to the prying, gossipping villagers, to whom mystery or reserve of any kind was of course exceedingly annoying and unpleasant.

Soon after Armstrong was settled in his new pur-

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chase, another stranger arrived, and took up his abode in the best apartments of the house. The new-comer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently, from his dress and gait, a seafaring person, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord. His name, or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about thirteen years of age, whom he placed at a boarding-school in the adjacent town. He seldom saw her; the intercourse between the father and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strugnell, a widow of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr Wilson, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when, if the weather was at all favourable, she paid a visit to an aunt living in the town; there saw Miss Wilson; and returned home usually at half-past ten o'clock—later rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionally absent from his home for several days together, on business, it was rumoured, for Wilson; and on the Sunday in the first week of January 1802, both he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week, and were not yet returned.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on that evening the early-retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were roused from their slumbers by a loud, continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house: louder and louder, more and more vehement and impatient, resounded the blows upon the stillness of the night, till the soundest sleepers were awakened. Windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous footsteps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwonted noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who, accompanied by his wife, was thundering vehemently upon the door with a heavy black-thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained. Mrs Strugnell, it was supposed, had not returned from town; but where was Mr Wilson, who was almost always at home both day and night? Presently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehensions which had begun to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more effectual mode of obtaining admission than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break in the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deadly pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both followed into the house.

'Now, farmer,' cried Johnson, as soon as he had procured a light, 'lead the way up stairs.'

Armstrong, who appeared to have somewhat recovered from his panic, darted at once up the staircase, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing-place, he knocked at Mr Wilson's bedroom door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and then a melancholy spectacle presented itself.

Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp-pointed instrument. Life was quite extinct. The window was open. On farther inspection, several bundles containing many of Wilson's valuables in jewellery and plate, together with clothes, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and a secretary-bureau had been forced open. The assassins had, it seemed, been disturbed, and had hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room, a shiny, black hat, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up, and attempted to clap it on Armstrong's head, but it was not nearly large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, 'You need not look so scared, farmer; it's not you: that's quite clear.'

To this remark neither Armstrong nor his wife answered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles, and the broken locks, in bewildered terror and astonishment. Presently some one asked if anybody had seen Mrs Strugnell?

The question roused Armstrong, and he said, 'She is not come home: her door is locked.'

'How do you know that?' cried the constable, turning sharply round, and looking keenly in his face. 'How do you know that?'

'Because—because,' stammered Armstrong, 'because she always locks it when she goes out.'

'Which is her room?'

'The next to this.'

They hastened out, and found the next door was fast.

'Are you there, Mrs Strugnell?' shouted Johnson.

There was no reply.

'She is never home till half-past ten o'clock on Sunday evenings,' remarked Armstrong in a calmer voice.

'The key is in the lock on the inside,' cried a young man who had been striving to peep through the key-hole.

Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied gripe as before.

'Mrs Strugnell, are you there?' once more shouted the constable. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs Strugnell was soon pulled out, apparently more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they soon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness. Nervously she glanced round the circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell upon Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, 'They, *they* are the murderers,' swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their frenzied protestations of innocence, were instantly seized and taken off to a place of security; Mrs Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbour's close by; the house was carefully secured; and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes, but not, I fancy, to sleep any more for that night.

The deposition made by Mrs Strugnell at the inquest on the body was in substance as follows:—

'On the afternoon in question she had, in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service, she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady was gone to bed. She then immediately proceeded homewards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch key, and proceeded to her bedroom. There was no light in Mr Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it. She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her Sunday bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, as of persons entering by the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed as to who it could be, Mr and Mrs Armstrong not being expected home for several days, she gently closed her door, and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and presently her door was tried, and a voice in a low hurried whisper said, "Mary, are you there?" She was positive it was Mr Armstrong's voice, but was too

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terrified to answer. Then Mrs Armstrong—she was sure it was she—said also in a whisper, and as if addressing her husband, "She is never back at this hour." A minute or so after there was a tap at Mr Wilson's door. She could not catch what answer was made; but by Armstrong's reply, she gathered that Mr Wilson had lain down, and did not wish to be disturbed. He was often in the habit of lying down with his clothes on. Armstrong said, "I will not disturb you, sir; I'll only just put this parcel on the table." There is no lock to Mr Wilson's door. Armstrong stepped into the room, and almost immediately she heard a sound as of a violent blow, followed by a deep groan, and then all was still. She was paralysed with horror and affright. After the lapse of a few seconds, a voice—Mrs Armstrong's undoubtedly—asked in a tremulous tone if "all was over?" Her husband answered "Yes: but where be the keys of the writing-desk kept?" "In the little table-drawer," was the reply. Armstrong then came out of the bedroom, and both went into Mr Wilson's sitting apartment. They soon returned, and crept stealthily along the passage to their own bedroom on the same floor. They then went down stairs to the kitchen. One of them—the woman, she had no doubt—went out the backway, and heavy footsteps again ascended the stairs. Almost dead with fright, she then crawled under the bedstead, and remembered no more till she found herself surrounded by the villagers.'

In confirmation of this statement, a large clasp-knife belonging to Armstrong, and with which it was evident the murder had been perpetrated, was found in one corner of Wilson's bedroom; and a mortgage deed, for one thousand pounds on Craig Farm, the property of Wilson, and which Strugnell swore was always kept in the writing-desk in the front room, was discovered in a chest in the prisoners' sleeping apartment, together with nearly one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, silver, and county bank-notes, although it was known that Armstrong had but a fortnight before declined a very advantageous offer of some cows he was desirous of purchasing, under the plea of being short of cash. Worse perhaps than all, a key of the back-door was found in his pocket, which not only confirmed Strugnell's evidence, but clearly demonstrated that the knocking at the door for admittance, which had roused and alarmed the hamlet, was a pure subterfuge. The conclusion, therefore, almost universally arrived at throughout the neighbourhood was, that Armstrong and his wife were the guilty parties; and that the bundles, the broken locks, the sheet hanging out of the window, the shiny, black hat, were, like the knocking, mere cunning devices to mislead inquiry.

The case excited great interest in the county, and I esteemed myself professionally fortunate in being selected to hold the brief for the prosecution. I had satisfied myself, by a perusal of the depositions, that there was no doubt of the prisoners' guilt, and I determined that no effort on my part should be spared to insure the accomplishment of the ends of justice. I drew the indictment myself; and in my opening address to the jury, dwelt with all the force and eloquence of which I was master upon the heinous nature of the crime, and the conclusiveness of the evidence by which it had been brought home to the prisoners. I may here, by way of parenthesis, mention that I resorted to a plan in my address to the jury which I have seldom known to fail. It consisted in fixing my eyes and addressing my language to each juror one after the other. In this way each considers the address to be an appeal to his individual intelligence, and responds to it by falling into the views of the barrister. On this occasion the jury easily fell into the trap. I could see that I had got them into the humour of putting confidence in the evidence I had to produce.

The trial proceeded. The cause of the death was scientifically stated by two medical men. Next followed the evidence as to the finding of the knife in the bedroom of the deceased; the discovery of the mortgage deed, and the large sum of money, in the prisoners' sleeping apartment; the finding the key of the back-door in the male prisoner's pocket; and his demeanour and expressions on the night of the perpetration of the crime. In his cross-examination of the constable, several facts perfectly new to me were elicited by the very able counsel for the prisoners. Their attorney had judiciously maintained the strictest secrecy as to the nature of the defence, so that it now took me completely by surprise. The constable, in reply to questions by counsel, stated that the pockets of the deceased were empty; that not only his purse, but a gold watch, chain, and seals, which he usually wore, had vanished, and no trace of them had as yet been discovered. Many other things were also missing. A young man of the name of Pearce, apparently a sailor, had been seen in the village once or twice in the company of Mary Strugnell; but he did not notice what sort of hat he generally wore; he had not seen Pearce since the night the crime was committed; had not sought for him.

Mary Strugnell was the next witness. She repeated her previous evidence with precision and apparent sincerity, and then I abandoned her with a mixed feeling of anxiety and curiosity to the counsel for the defence. A subtle and able cross-examination of more than two hours' duration followed; and at its conclusion, I felt that the case for the prosecution was so damaged, that a verdict of condemnation was, or ought to be, out of the question. The salient points dwelt upon, and varied in every possible way, in this long sifting, were these:—

'What was the reason she did not return in the evening in question to her aunt's to supper as usual?'

'She did not know, except that she wished to get home.'

'Did she keep company with a man of the name of Pearce?'

'She had walked out with him once or twice.'

'When was the last time?'

'She did not remember.'

'Did Pearce walk with her home on the night of the murder?'

'No.'

'Not part of the way?'

'Yes; part of the way.'

'Did Pearce sometimes wear a black, shiny hat?'

'No—yes: she did not remember.'

'Where was Pearce now?'

'She didn't know.'

'Had he disappeared since that Sunday evening?'

'She didn't know.'

'Had she seen him since?'

'No.'

'Had Mr Wilson ever threatened to discharge her for insolence to Mrs Armstrong?'

'Yes; but she knew he was not in earnest.'

'Was not the clasp-knife that had been found always left in the kitchen for culinary purposes?'

'No—not always; generally—but not *this* time that Armstrong went away, she was sure.'

'Mary Strugnell, you be a false-sworn woman before God and man!' interrupted the male prisoner with great violence of manner.

The outbreak of the prisoner was checked and rebuked by the judge, and the cross-examination soon afterwards closed. Had the counsel been allowed to follow up his advantage by an address to the jury, he would, I doubt not, spite of their prejudices against the prisoners, have obtained an acquittal; but as it was, after a neutral sort of charge from the judge, by no means the ablest that then adorned the bench, the jurors, having deliberated for something more than half an hour, returned into court with a verdict of 'guilty' against both prisoners, accompanying it, however, with a strong recommendation to mercy!

'Mercy!' said the judge. 'What for? On what ground?'

The jurors stared at each other and at the judge:

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they had no reason to give! The fact was, their conviction of the prisoners' guilt had been very much shaken by the cross-examination of the chief witness for the prosecution, and this recommendation was a compromise which conscience made with doubt. I have known many such instances.

The usual ridiculous formality of asking the wretched convicts what they had to urge why sentence should not be passed upon them was gone through; the judge, with unmoved feelings, put on the fatal cap; and then a new and startling light burst upon the mysterious, bewildering affair.

'Stop, my lord!' exclaimed Armstrong with rough vehemence. 'Hear me speak! I'll tell ye all about it; I will indeed, my lord. Quiet, Martha, I tell ye. It's I, my lord, that's guilty, not the woman. God bless ye, my lord; not the wife! Doant hurt the wife, and I'se tell ye all about it. I *alone* am guilty; not, the Lord be praised, of murder, but of robbery!'

'John!—John!' sobbed the wife, clinging passionately to her husband, 'let us die together!'

'Quiet, Martha, I tell ye! Yes, my lord, I'se tell ye all about it. I was gone away, wife and I, for more nor a week, to receive money for Mr Wilson, on account of smuggled goods—that money, my lord, as was found in the chest. When we came home on that dreadful Sunday night, my lord, we went in back way; and hearing a noise, I went up stairs, and found poor Wilson stone-dead on the floor. I were dreadful skeared, and let drop the candle. I called to wife, and told her of it. She screamed out, and amaist fainted away. And then, my lord, all at once the devil shot it into my head to keep the money I had brought; and knowing as the keys of the desk where the mortgage writing was kept was in the bedroom, I crept back, as that false-hearted woman said, got the keys, and took the deed; and then I persuaded wife, who had been trembling in the kitchen all the while, that we had better go out quiet again, as there was nobody in the house but us: I had tried that woman's door—and we might perhaps be taken for the murderers. And so we did; and that's the downright, honest truth, my lord. I'm rightly served; but God bless you, doant hurt the woman—my wife, my lord, these thirty years. Five-and-twenty years ago come May, which I shall never see, we buried our two children. Had they lived, I might have been a better man; but the place they left empty was soon filled up by love of cursed lucre, and that has brought me here. I deserve it; but oh, mercy, my lord! mercy, good gentlemen!'—turning from the stony features of the judge to the jury, as if they could help him—'not for me, but the wife. She be as innocent of this as a new-born babe. It's I! I! scoundrel that I be, that has brought thee, Martha, to this shameful pass!' The rugged man snatched his life-companion to his breast with passionate emotion, and tears of remorse and agony streamed down his rough cheeks.

I was deeply affected, and felt that the man had uttered the whole truth. It was evidently one of those cases in which a person liable to suspicion damages his own cause by resorting to a trick. No doubt, by his act of theft, Armstrong had been driven to an expedient which would not have been adopted by a person perfectly innocent. And thus, from one thing to another, the charge of murder had been fixed upon him and his hapless wife. When his confession had been uttered, I felt a species of self-accusation in having contributed to his destruction, and gladly would I have undone the whole day's proceedings. The judge, on the contrary, was quite undisturbed. Viewing the harangue of Armstrong as a mere tissue of falsehood, he coolly pronounced sentence of death on the prisoners. They were to be hanged on Monday. This was Friday.

'A bad job!' whispered the counsel for the defence as he passed me. 'That witness of yours, the woman Strugnell, is the real culprit.'

I tasted no dinner that day: I was sick at heart; for I felt as if the blood of two fellow-creatures was on my hands. In the evening I sallied forth to the judge's lodgings. He listened to all I had to say; but was quite imperturbable. The obstinate old man was satisfied that the sentence was as it should be. I returned to my inn in a fever of despair. Without the approval of the judge, I knew that an application to the secretary of state was futile. There was not even time to send to London, unless the judge had granted a respite.

All Saturday and Sunday I was in misery. I denounced capital punishment as a gross iniquity—a national sin and disgrace; my feelings of course being influenced somewhat by a recollection of that unhappy affair of Harvey, noticed in my previous paper. I half resolved to give up the bar, and rather go and sweep the streets for a livelihood, than run the risk of getting poor people hanged who did not deserve it.

On the Monday morning I was pacing up and down my breakfast-room in the next assize town, in a state of great excitement, when a chaise-and-four drove rapidly up to the hotel, and out tumbled Johnson the constable. His tale was soon told. On the previous evening, the landlady of the Black Swan, a road-side public-house about four miles distant from the scene of the murder, reading the name of Pearce in the report of the trial in the Sunday county paper, sent for Johnson to state that that person had on the fatal evening called and left a portmanteau in her charge, promising to call for it in an hour, but had never been there since. On opening the portmanteau, Wilson's watch, chains, and seals, and other property, were discovered in it; and Johnson had, as soon as it was possible, set off in search of me. Instantly, for there was not a moment to spare, I, in company with Armstrong's counsel, sought the judge, and with some difficulty obtained from him a formal order to the sheriff to suspend the execution till further orders. Off I and the constable started, and happily arrived in time to stay the execution, and deprive the already-assembled mob of the brutal exhibition they so anxiously awaited. On inquiring for Mary Strugnell, we found that she had absconded on the evening of the trial. All search for her proved vain.

Five months had passed away; the fate of Armstrong and his wife was still undecided, when a message was brought to my chambers in the Temple from a woman said to be dying in St Bartholomew's Hospital. It was Mary Strugnell; who, when in a state of intoxication, had fallen down in front of a carriage, as she was crossing near Holborn Hill, and had both her legs broken. She was dying miserably, and had sent for me to make a full confession relative to Wilson's murder. Armstrong's account was perfectly correct. The deed was committed by Pearce, and they were packing up their plunder when they were startled by the unexpected return of the Armstrongs. Pearce, snatching up a bundle and a portmanteau, escaped by the window; she had not nerve enough to attempt it, and crawled back to her bedroom, where she, watching the doings of the farmer through the chinks of the partition which separated her room from the passage, concocted the story which convicted the prisoners. Pearce thinking himself pursued, too heavily encumbered for rapid flight, left the portmanteau as described, intending to call for it in the morning, if his fears proved groundless. He, however, had not courage to risk calling again, and made the best of his way to London. He was now in Newgate under sentence of death for a burglary, accompanied by personal violence to the inmates of the dwelling he and his gang had entered and robbed. I took care to have the deposition of the dying wretch put into proper form; and the result was, after a great deal of petitioning and worrying of authorities, a full pardon for both Armstrong and his wife. They sold Craig Farm, and removed to some other part of the country, where, I never troubled myself to inquire. Deeply grateful was I to be able at last to wash my hands of an affair which had cost me so much anxiety and vexation; albeit the lesson it afforded me of not coming hastily to

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conclusions, even when the truth seems, as it were, upon the surface of the matter, has not been, I trust, without its uses.

THE ENCHANTED BAY.

[The following adventure of a boat's crew, in their voyage from Possession Island, a small guano station near the coast of South Africa, to Walwich Bay on the mainland, is extracted from the 'Cape Town Mirror,' a very meritorious miscellany recently commenced]:—

The breeze was very light, and it was midnight before we heard the breakers on Pelican Point, a long spit of sand, forming the western side of Walwich Bay. It was then blowing fresh, with very thick weather, and we stood off till morning. At daylight on the 12th we stood in again for Pelican Point; as the wind now blew from the south-east, which was directly off the bay, we found it would be necessary to work in. I therefore filled the ballast-casks, to give the boat a better hold on the water, and kept three hands baling, as she then leaked very badly. In this way we got in before evening, near enough to see, close to the beach, on the east side of the bay, opposite Pelican Point, a small storehouse, built of planks, with a large triangle or 'shears' near it, such as are used to fasten cattle to for slaughtering.

The wind, however, continued adverse, and we were unable to effect a landing before sunset, and were thus obliged to stand out to sea again. As the evening advanced, the wind drew round to the south-west, and was thus driving us gradually over towards the land north of the bay, near the mouth of the Swakop River. Not being able to wear the boat, for fear of her filling, we were obliged to 'club-haul' her, by throwing overboard, on the weather-bow, a sail lashed to an oar, and this made fast by a line passing round to the lee-bow of the boat. The sail and oar floated on the surface, and not being so high out of water as the boat, were not carried forward so fast by the force of the wind. Thus the line, pulling at the lee-bow, gradually drew the boat's head round to the south-east, and she then drifted along parallel with the land. I have given this explanation not for the benefit of seamen, who of course do not need it, but for those readers who may never happen to have seen a boat put about in this fashion.

My companions were now ready to give up altogether, believing that we should never reach the land. They were quite worn out, and for a time refused to lend a hand in working the boat, declaring that it was useless, and that our case was desperate. At length, after much reasoning and persuasion, I induced them to aid in making one more trial.

By good fortune, shortly after midnight, the wind, for the first time since we left the ship, came out from the northward, and enabled us to stand in, as we thought, directly for the bay. What was our surprise and alarm, then, to find, when the sun rose over the eastern mountains, that we were approaching a part of the coast of which we had not the slightest recollection! On our starboard-bow, where we expected to see Pelican Point, was a low sandy island, that we had no knowledge of whatever. Other islands lay right ahead between us and the mountains. The hut and the shears were nowhere to be seen. We could not tell what to make of it. I began to be afraid that we had been carried by a current to a place laid down on the chart as Sandwich Harbour, about thirty miles south of Walwich Bay, though how we could have come so far in so short a time I could not imagine.

We continued to stand on, in great wonder and perplexity, till Frederick Noon suddenly exclaimed, 'See! there is a woman in a white shawl on that island.' We looked, and certainly saw something that had very much the appearance he described. But while we were doubting and speculating upon it, the supposed woman suddenly unfolded her wings and flew off, in the shape of a pelican with brown wings and a white neck and head. We had a hearty laugh at Fred's mistake, but were at the same time puzzled to think how it was that we had not discovered the deception till the bird flew away, as the distance did not seem great enough to give rise to such an error.

At length, as we kept drawing in to the land, some one cried out—'There is a village, and the people about it.' And sure enough there they were, right before us, and, as it seemed, not half a mile distant. There was a row of round-topped huts above the beach; and the people, in clothing of various colours, were standing before them, apparently engaged in watching our motions. The little naked brown children could also be distinguished running about at the edge of the water. The people seemed to be numerous, and we were at first uncertain how to act. At length, after a brief consideration, I determined to take the risk of landing alone. Putting off a part of my clothes, in order to swim ashore, and giving my watch and some other small articles which I had about me to Frederick to keep, I directed my companions, in case they saw any harm befall me, to bear away immediately for an anchorage laid down on the coast to the northward, where it was possible that they might find a trading vessel, or at least obtain some provisions on shore.

I then jumped into the water. The splash which I made produced a miraculous effect: the whole crowd of people on shore, great and small, gray, red, and brown, instantly soared up into the air, and flew away in a cloud of pelicans, flamingoes, sand-pipers, and other birds. This put the climax to our perplexity. We were too much astonished to be amused at our strange blunder. Bearing up again for the shore, we presently arrived at the beach, and landed. On going up to the supposed village, it proved to be the skeleton of an enormous whale, whose arching ribs had taken the appearance of a row of native huts. Still it seemed very singular that we should have been so completely deceived at so short a distance.

On looking about us, we found that not only was the land we stood on an island, but we were surrounded by numberless low sandy islets, between which the sea was running in and out in the strangest manner. My companions now became greatly alarmed, declaring that we should all perish if we remained there, and insisting that we should quit this desolate and unknown region, and look for Walwich Bay. To quiet them, and to clear up the uncertainty of our situation, I resolved, as it was now nearly noon, to get an observation, and determine our real situation. Accordingly, we went back to the boat, and stood out from the land, in order to obtain a clear horizon. On taking the altitude of the sun, and making the calculation, I found that we were in the precise latitude of Walwich Bay. The others thought that I was deceiving them; but feeling positive I was right, I resolved to stand in for the shore again, in hopes that the mystery would be cleared up.

And now a wonderful change was apparent. The sun, having passed the meridian, was now shining with a western declination. A smart breeze, moreover, had arisen and swept away the haze that hung over the land. With it, and with the change in the position of the sun, the *mirage*, which had been the cause of all our perplexities, had disappeared. Everything was now familiar to us as we had seen it on the previous afternoon. There was Pelican Point, with the skeleton of the whale, and the hundreds of birds about it, no longer magnified by the deceptive haze, but in their natural proportions. The straits which had converted it into an island were now changed to dry land, as was also the seeming sea which had flowed about the sand-hills on shore, and turned them into so many islets. On the opposite side of the bay, the store and the triangle, which had been concealed by the mist, were plainly visible. The source of all our mistakes was now apparent; at the same time, I am inclined to think that any other persons, coming in as we did, would have been equally deceived. When we told the missionaries of our troubles and perplexities on this occasion, they were very much amused, and said that they had at first been frequently puzzled, both at the bay and in travelling through the country, by the delusive appearances of the mirage, to which it required some time to become so accustomed as not to be misled. The bay, they said, from its shape, and the nature of the country about it, seemed to be peculiarly subject to those variations in the density and refractive power of the atmosphere which give rise to these singular effects. I have been thus particular in describing them, thinking that it may be of use to put my brother mariners on their guard against this source of deception on approaching a coast.

THE SECRET OF EDUCATION.

Repetition is the mother of all culture. Like the fresco painter, let the educator lay his colours on the wet chalk; they will dry in, indeed, but he will renew them again and again until they remain and bloom for ever.—*Richter.*

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SPERM OIL—A FISCAL PARADOX.

The duty of L.12, 10s. per tun, until lately levied on sperm oil, has ceased and determined. On this event the 'Atlas' newspaper has the following observations:—'For the future, sperm oil will be obtainable for L.12, 10s. per tun less than it has hitherto cost; and from this circumstance it would seem to follow, as a natural inference, that the market price of the article should show a reduction to the amount. This, however, is not the fact. The price of sperm oil, on the remission of the duty, fell only from L.84 to L.82 per tun: the decline being L.2 instead of L.12, 10s., or less than one-sixth of the presumable abatement. This is one of those paradoxes which are frequently presented to the observer of commercial phenomena. By what recondite law of prices, or occult mercantile art, is the sudden disappearance of twelve and a-half from one scale balanced by the withdrawal of only two from the other? This is a fine case for the antagonists of free trade. There will not be wanting ignorant or unscrupulous champions of monopoly ready to argue that the difference between L.2 and L.12, 10s. will be pocketed by the merchants, instead of benefiting the consumer, and that the only effect of the vaunted commercial emancipation will be to swell the gains of a parasitic class at the expense of the public revenue. It is worth while to anticipate and refute an argument so plausible and so delusive. For this purpose it is only necessary to remind the reader of the influence of the past and the future on the present, in all human affairs, including commercial operations. For three years past the abolition of this duty has been looked forward to by the parties concerned, who have doubtless taken the prospect of reduction into account, as one element amongst others in the estimation of value, and the settlement of price: so that, when Monday last brought the anticipated change, a considerable proportion of its effect had already been incurred by anticipation. This is the effect of the past on the present. The influence of the future has an analogous tendency to abate the immediate decline of price. The holders naturally inquire what supplies are expected from the fisheries, and compare the probable imports with the probable demand. It so happens that at present the stock of sperm on hand is relatively low, and the fresh supplies of the year are not expected to be large. This acts as a further counterpoise to the diminution of value resulting from the abolition of the duty. The price of sperm oil may be described as having fallen the whole amount of L.12, 10s. per tun, in consequence of the *fiscal* change, and as having then recovered nearly its former level, in consequence of the *real* dearth. Had the dearth and the duty *co-existed*, the price would have been L.12, 10s. higher than it is: so that the benefit reaped by the public from the abatement of duty, though veiled by the contrary influence of an incidental scarcity, is not the less a real and positive saving to the full amount of L.12, 10s. per tun.'

Similar observations might be made in reference to the termination of the duty on leather a few years ago. No one gets shoes any cheaper in consequence of taking off this duty, say many persons. True; but this is in consequence of the demand for shoes having increased by the increase of population, and this demand keeps up the price of most kinds of shoes to the former level. Had the duty not been taken off, shoes would now have been so much dearer, because leather is an article which does not admit of a rapid and illimitable increase, like any kind of cloth, and the demand is continually pressing on the supply. Have the public, then, not received a benefit by the withdrawal of the duty on this article? Assuredly they have.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.

From all we have seen for a century, the tide of affairs has set in in waves: any extraordinary advance has always been followed by a reflux. In vain is it bid 'be still;' for it is one of the conditions, and perhaps means, if not of the existence, at least of the progress of society—which, amidst all its perturbations, moves steadily up and down on the shores of time, under the dominion of a power that makes nations advance or recede, and under laws which can only be discovered by long, accurate, analysed observation. As statistical science and education advance, the severity of seasons of distress—whose general course can be calculated—will be diminished by mutual aid, and provision will be made in prosperity against their recurrence; as the losses of shipwreck, fire, and life to society are mitigated by the various kinds of insurance. Knowledge will banish panic. —*Ninth Report: Reg. Gen.*

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream!

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares:
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morn is risen into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Buds and blossoms many-numbered:
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

—*Longfellow's Poems.*

SOLID MILK!

We observe in the Repertory of Patent Inventions for January, that a Mr Felix Louis of Southwark has enrolled a process for preserving cows' milk, goats' milk, and asses' milk, by converting the same into solid cakes or masses, which are soluble in warm water, and which may be kept for a long time without losing their original sweetness and freshness. The entire process, if we understand aright the terms of the specification, consists in a little sweetening by sugar, agitation, evaporation, and pressure.

THE BEST FRIEND.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 269. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1849. Price 1½d.

REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.

Things are not at present looking well for philanthropy. The public is evidently turning against many of the schemes for lessening evil and promoting good which have occupied attention for some years past. For this we can see good reasons, and we do not entirely regret the reaction; but it is desirable that the ebb-tide should not go too far back, and it will be necessary that some other measures be taken to fulfil the same purposes in our social economy.

The late philanthropic paroxysm was itself a reaction from a previous state of indifference. We are not old; yet we can recollect the time when prisons were foul and unregulated, so as to form a real punishment both to the criminal and the debtor; when a group of human beings was hanged every month or so for shoplifting, forgery, and other secondary offences; when the condition of the very poor was little remarked, or only so to be passed over as a thing unavoidable, and not to be helped or interfered with; and when the idea of Night Asylums, Houses of Refuge, and Ragged Schools, had as yet visited no one's dreams. The heart and stomach of the public were then stout, and men in general were able to endure the ills of their neighbours with tranquillity. By and by Mrs Fry began to see after prisons, which in a little time were converted into quiet, cleanly workshops, where life had no drawback but only that of being a little solitary. Mr Owen and Mr Brougham raised an outcry about education, and soon the humbler denizens of the community found themselves in circumstances to gratify contending philanthropists of superior rank by allowing their children to go to school gratis. Humanity came into fashion; everything like vengeful punishment was given up, because the public could not stand it. It was discovered to be a great and paramount duty of all who could take any care of themselves, that they should also take care of all those who could or would not—see to their being fed and housed, kept in clean flannels, well-swept hearthstones, and honeysuckled doorways, provided with everything which the honest poor of old times had been accustomed to provide for themselves; in short, the every-body-do-for-every-body principle came to be the great motto of modern society. This has raged its time, and now we begin to see that the mass of crime and misery has not been lessened, but rather increased. It is shrewdly suspected that, in our anxiety to give succour, we have only relieved from responsibility, so as to propagate that which we had thought to repress. Many now begin to think that, after all, our ancestors were not so far wrong as they once appeared in demanding that every sound person should chiefly see to his own subsistence and that of his offspring, and in inflicting the punishment of neglect, if not one of a more positive kind, where this alleged duty was not performed.

It must be admitted that the facts tend very much to show that humanity may be carried to a point where it defeats its own objects. During the forty years of philanthropy, commitments for offences have increased in their proportion to population sixfold. This cannot be to more than a fractionary extent the result of increased vigilance in the police, or of any similar cause. Seeing that it has gone on hand in hand with a continual softening of the lot of criminals, one cannot but think the two things in some degree connected as cause and effect, more particularly as we frequently hear of offences being committed directly for the purpose of securing a retreat in the comforts of the jail. One such fact as that the prison accommodation of an English county actually costs twenty-six pounds for each inmate per annum, exclusive of the charge for food, is sufficiently startling. Now the modern idea as to criminals —reform rather than punish them—is highly amiable, and entitled to honour, on account of the feelings from which it springs; but it may be a mistake, or it may be impracticable, and if fully proved to be less efficacious than the other plan, society is entitled to give it up. In our growing squeamishness, we have perhaps come to ignore punishment too much. The Providence which overrules all does not do so. It punishes imprudence and wickedness by disease and death every hour of every day. What if stern measures are ultimately the most humane after all?

During the same period, the regulated expenditure for the relief of poverty in all the various ways has increased enormously; and yet the number of beggars has not been lessened; neither has there been a diminution of the numbers of those poor people who, we are told, pine unrelieved. On the contrary, human patience is worn out with the importunities of ragged men, women, and children, in the streets of every large town; and the meaner parts of each city are now as much crammed with hopeless destitution as ever. About fourteen years ago, one hundred and forty thousand pounds was the outlay for the poor in Scotland through the regular channels: now the expenditure in the parishes is approaching half a million: there is a vast increase of beneficence in other ways; and yet there is more obtrusive mendicancy, and more obscure unreached wretchedness, than formerly. It follows that either society is going through a rapid course of demoralisation from causes independent of poverty, or that our late solicitude to take the burdens of individuals upon the public shoulders has resulted in this demoralisation, notwithstanding, it may be, an increase in the general resources of the community.

Even granting that the latter inference is only matter of suspicion, and not proved, all may well feel that it

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forms a grave subject of deliberation. Each will probably have his own feelings as to how far we are called upon, by a regard for our fellow-creatures, to substitute for this system of impulsive philanthropy a policy, of which the leading feature should be, that individuals must be taught to trust mainly to themselves, their own exertions, and their own virtue, for what they require in their mortal pilgrimage. The tendency is now certainly towards this course, as if the errors of the past were already too notorious to be denied. It is in such circumstances that we find ourselves called upon for a few remarks.

First, then, it strikes us as but the simplest justice, as well as the best policy, that abrupt transitions should be avoided. If society has erred, and, by its error, created a multitude of dependents, it is only the duty of society to cut off this dependence with as little infliction of suffering as possible. It is, however, equally clear that no such change can be brought about without a very considerable amount of suffering; and for this let all be prepared. The poor will find themselves as in the hands of the surgeon, and the 'good souls' who look on cannot expect to escape without a few sympathetic twinges.

The grand means by which a more healthy system is to be restored, is undoubtedly a change in the expressions of popular opinion on the nature of society and its obligations. For some years past, most popular writers have strongly favoured such views as tend to make the child of humble toil believe himself the accredited nursling of society, instead of a being commissioned by nature to take his place in the general scene of industry, and employ his own faculties in providing for his own necessities, owing no man anything but love. It will now be necessary to look the primary law of nature in the face, that he who will not work, must want—a rule not at all interfering with the claim of humanity in favour of those unable for work, or who in some particular exigency cannot obtain employment, but which assuredly, in its general bearing, must be paramount to every other consideration. For what is the society which is looked to as that which must do for everybody, but only a cluster of persons who are obliged to work for everything which they possess? In what predicament would this society be if every unit composing it were, instead of working for himself, to expect that the rest should work for him? In that case it is easy to see that we should immediately be landed in all the practical difficulties of a vicious circle. A would be expecting B to help him, B would be looking to C, while C again was resting in expectation of aid from A and B. No one would be working, but all would be idle expectancy, and meanwhile starvation would be making its approaches. It is pure delusion to talk of property being saddled with any obligation, beyond what is imposed by humanity and expediency, to support the whole of those who may be, or who may represent themselves as being, in want; because property is open to every man, and is nothing but what may be saved by self-denial out of the aggregate results of industry. It is not apt to occur to those who allow themselves to look for or partake of the public beneficence, to what an extent they are a grievance and a discredit by so doing. Under protection of the universal tenderness towards meritorious and unavoidable poverty, they feel as if there were no dishonour in their circumstances, even while it is clear as mid-day that they might, by fair exertion, raise themselves into independence. Unreflecting as they are on the subject, it is but the tritest of facts, that the drain of the products of industry by the idle in all their various forms is a tremendous drag upon the social machine, and a continual cause of the production of fresh destitution—an evil constantly reproducing itself. No one can be entitled to rank in equality with his fellow-creatures who, for any but the most compelling of causes, adds himself to this fatal burden. On the contrary, he ever must be a legitimate subject of contempt and reprobation to his neighbours.

Not only is it necessary for each to work, but even the responsibility for finding employment must mainly be left to the individual. On this point there has been fully as much fallacy as on any other. In fact society is no more bound to find work for any of its members, than to support any who will not work—humanity being here, as in the other case, the only claim which any one can have upon another. Were the opposite principle to be adopted, what test should society have that the individual had really been unable to obtain work, or had not rejected a fitting employment on improper grounds? A noble shelter it would be, indeed, for the indolent and the fastidious! How would it suit that the busy should have to seek for the work, while the disengaged waited till it was found? Let the community furnish work! And keep up national workshops where half work was done, and done badly, in ruinous competition with the independent industrious pursuing the same trades. We have all seen what this principle results in. No, no; there is but one simple plan for every unit of us—*that he should get at something he can do, and do it*, no matter what it is, if only the best thing he can do. Every aberration from this rule must be fatal while human nature remains as it is.

It might be worthy of consideration how far the recognised evils arising from failure of employment might be remedied by a system resembling that which supports Greenwich Hospital for the benefit of invalid sailors; namely, a regulated stoppage out of all wages realised by operatives. We have no calculations on the subject; but we have no doubt that a discount on pay, such as would scarcely tell on any man's ordinary comforts while in full employment, would provide a fund sufficient to succour all worthy persons accidentally thrown out of work, as well as soften those periodical failures of employment in large districts, and in particular branches of manufacture, which form so painful a feature of our present social condition. It appears to us that the state is as well entitled to come in and enforce such a system, as it is to lay on any taxes whatever for general objects. Situated as most working-men are, thus to give them even compulsorily the benefits which the middle-classes derive from their reserves of capital, would be a real boon; and, as such, it would probably come in time to be regarded by all those possessing any reflection or endowed with the spirit of independence. It is not to be contemplated as a substitute for poor-rates. The impotent poor might be provided for exactly as they are at present, while, to prevent all jealousy as to the relief of the middle-classes from any part of their existing burdens, it might be arranged that they should become contributors to the National Fund for the Unemployed to the extent of the present expenditure on behalf of able-bodied paupers.

By such plans, and by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours, it may be expected that, even under an ascertained necessity for reaction against the present over-philanthropic schemes and movements, no monstrous outrage will be committed. Yet many complacent and self-indulgent illusions must be dispelled. We must not expect it to be wholly an affair of rose-water. The case is not that of a gentleman with money in his pockets going into a theatre to be amused, but that of a patient entering an hospital to be subjected to medical and surgical treatment. The increasing tendencies to crime and pauperism are, to all appearance, the exponents of fallacious systems. The systems must needs be changed before the symptoms will abate. One great source of the evil seems to be, our error as to the degree in which guilt and misery can be banished from the earth. For years past, the public has acted as if it hoped to regulate every impulse and dry every eye. Calm observation of

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the materials we have to deal with shows this to be impossible. Human nature cannot be greatly changed in one or two generations. Civilisation has always been a plant of slow growth. Most undoubtedly, then, it were as wise to expect hot water under cold ice, as to look for a paradise in the present state of things. On the contrary, where there is so much temptation presented to natures so constituted, there will be much crime; and while men still act by impulse, instead of reason, there must be much resulting sorrow. We must, then, however painful it may be, submit to the idea that there will be pain. We must consent to take the world as God has given it to us—a scene of mingled weal and wo, where even happiness only can exist in contrast with its opposite, where want becomes the grand stimulus to the labours which create our enjoyments, and sorrow the great purificator of our spirits, and that which most effectually raises us above and beyond this limited and sordid scene.

MONTENEGRO.

The eastern shores of the Adriatic, and contiguous islands, have been less explored by tourists than any other portions of Europe; and Mr Paton's wanderings come before the public with a promise of novelty very rare in these well-travelled times.* Although the promise, however, is redeemed, we cannot say that the result is quite so interesting as we expected. After descending the Illyrian Alps into Dalmatia (the main subject of the work), and getting somewhat accustomed to the difference of manners and costume, the continuous catalogue of little-known, or altogether unknown and unimportant names, becomes fatiguing. Nor is this made up for by any ideas of magnitude or wealth; for the whole country numbers only 400,000 inhabitants, giving 113 per square mile; and the uncultivated land (the greater proportion of which is incapable of cultivation) averages 80 per cent. of the surface.

But the comparative want of interest is not chargeable upon Mr Paton, who is an excellent scenic artist. Numerous bits of painting throughout the volumes will bear a comparison with anything of the kind in recent travels; and whenever he has anything to tell that is intelligible to the sympathies of his phlegmatic and exclusive countrymen, he tells it with effect. A trip he makes, for instance, beyond the line he had prescribed for himself, is full of interest, and, to most readers, of novelty. The scene is the mountain on which the extraordinary republic of Montenegro is perched, at one time an important fief of the Servian empire, with which it was, and is, completely identified in blood, language, and religion. To this part of the work we shall devote our exclusive attention; and although Mr Paton was accidentally prevented from enjoying more than a glimpse of the Montenegrines and their country, we shall be able to supply what is wanted from those Russian authorities to whom we owe almost all that is known on the subject.

When the Turks became masters of Servia in the fourteenth century, the Montenegrines were the only nobles of the empire who preserved their Christian faith: the mountain, whose fastnesses enabled them to secure their independence, rising, 'like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism.' Eventually it sank into the see of an archbishop, and was conquered by the Turks under Soliman the Magnificent; which event made converts to the faith of the prophet even on the mountain itself. These renegades, however, were afterwards massacred, almost to a man, by one of the archbishops, in whose family the spiritual power, as well as predominating temporal influence, became hereditary. In the midst of a Mohammedan country which it defied, yet upon which it could make no impression, and nominally depending upon Russia, from which it received no support, Montenegro now sunk back into still darker than feudal barbarism, and its existence was almost forgotten in Europe. Then came the wars of Napoleon, which brought the mountaineers from their fastnesses; and then the treaty of Vienna, which declared the Adriatic province at the foot of the mountain a part of the Austrian dominions, but left the mountain itself an independent state, though acknowledging nominally, as before, the supremacy of Russia.

So much for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with Montenegro. The mountain appears almost to overhang the Austrian town of Cattaro on the Adriatic. 'At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly-planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.'

Mr Paton having determined to gratify his curiosity, put himself under the escort of a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, with whom he began the ascent of the mountain. 'The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small buts covered with mother-of-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weather-beaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.' The Vellebitch, called the ladder-road of Cattaro, leads along a face of rock 4000 feet high, and 'very little out of the perpendicular. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks, that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below! I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed.'

On arriving at the top of the ladder, he was in Montenegro, and after crossing a desert plateau, and surmounting another ridge, looked down into 'a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich, carefully-cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. . . . Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria; but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore

* Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic, and the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. By A. A. Paton. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. London. 1849.

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black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strookah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, showing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready!" So predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed!" The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and show a poorer and more barbarous people.'

On entering one of the cottages, through a whirlwind of smoke issuing by the door, its only path of egress, he saw that it was divided into three compartments, separated by rude basketwork—one for the family, one for cattle, and one for sheep. 'Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess.

'We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones, and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature: soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless.' Such is the salubrity of the climate here, that the French resident mentions having 'met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family; the old man himself being 117 years of age; his son 100; his grandson nearly 82; his great-grandson had attained his 60th year; the son of the latter was 43; his son 21; and his grandchild 2 years of age.'

Cetigne, the capital of this extraordinary territory, he describes as being rather a fortified convent, surrounded by scattered houses, than a town; but there is a large government-house, styled the Archiepiscopal Palace, and an inn uniting the characters of a European hotel and an Asiatic khan. The vladika, or archbishop, was absent at the time; but our traveller was shown by the archimandrite the convent, containing a school-room, where thirty-two boys were at work on the elements of knowledge. 'All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; beehives of hollowed trunks of trees, and everything betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the pacha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder magazine; an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result. . . . A hundred yards off is the new Government-House, built by the present vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the senate was then sitting. The brother of the vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy-chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great in oil, a smaller one of Kara George, and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the vladika is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A senate of course ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod: I accordingly saw in a corner a bundle of these insignia; but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the president decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality, as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.'

This spirit is kept up by the petty warfare which still goes on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, where bands of forty or fifty Montenegrines descend every now and then to 'lift' the cattle of the Moslem. 'It never strikes the Montenegrine that this is immoral, the shedding of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful, but laudable; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debateable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth. . . . But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.'

It is not surprising that in such a country the *lex talionis* should be the law of the land. Feuds are handed down from generation to generation, between families, villages, and even branches of the same family. 'To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money; but this was a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest; and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arms hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St John. If the avenging party raised him, and embraced him, he was pardoned; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement; and in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question; and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.'

The present government of Montenegro, however,

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according to M. Broniewski, one of the Russian authors we have alluded to, has effected something. The communities still refuse to deliver up a murderer, but they permit the burning down of his house and confiscation of his cattle. The sentence is executed by the chiefs of villages, who divide the spoil among them; and the criminal, thus deprived of home and property, betakes himself to some distant cavern, and becomes a robber. On the rare occasion when an execution takes place, no one person can officiate, or he would expose himself to the vengeance of the family; but—as it happened in 1836, when two malefactors were to be put to death at Cetigne—several hundred persons from different districts fire their rifles at once upon the condemned. In the case alluded to, one of the men was killed, and the other only wounded; but the latter was considered to have paid the penalty of the law as well as the former, and he was cured of his wounds, and set free.

'A Montenegrine,' says M. Broniewski, 'is always armed, and carries about, during his most peaceful occupation, a rifle, pistols, a yatagan, and a cartouch-box. The Montenegrines spend their leisure time in firing at a target, and are accustomed to this exercise from their boyish years. Their very games and amusements bear the stamp of a military character, and they are admitted by all to be most skilful shots. Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue, and in high spirits, very long and forced marches. They leap over wide ditches, supporting themselves on their long rifles, and pass over precipices where bridges would be absolutely requisite for every other kind of troops, and they climb the steepest rocks with great facility; they also bear with the greatest patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. . . . When the enemy is in great force, they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and, after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround him, and attack him in a most desperate manner. . . . When, at the attack of Clobuck, a little detachment of our troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrine perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and having drawn his yatagan, said, "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head. Say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrine. . . . Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrines. On their march they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather the Montenegrine wraps his head with the *strookah* (a shawl of coarse cloth), lies down on the ground where he stood, and putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably.' On visiting one of the villages, 'a young woman (the youngest daughter-in-law of the family) entered the room with a wooden bowl filled with water; she bowed with great timidity; kissed the hem of my garment and the hand of my sailor, who jumped up at this mark of respect; she then pulled off my boots, examined them with great curiosity, took off my stockings, and washed my feet, as well as those of my sailor. After this the Kniaz proposed to me the Pascha (Easter cake), and all the family gave me and my companion the Eastern salutation. After this, water was presented to wash our hands, a candle was lighted before the images, prayers were said, and supper, consisting of a boiled fowl and smoked mutton, was brought. The master of the house alone sat down with us at table, the children served, and several persons who had entered the room stood looking at us and talking.' The next morning he was obliged to visit at least twenty families, and take food, or at least taste it, with each of them. 'On entering, as well as on leaving each house, I was obliged to kiss every member of the family; and whenever I gave a child a little lump of sugar, I was kissed again by every one in the house. At last, after having kissed the whole village several times over and over, my mule was brought, and I mounted it, accompanied by loud wishes for a happy voyage, and amidst firing of muskets. My sailor was made so drunk, that it was necessary to stretch him across the donkey. I must not forget that, in passing from one house to another, I was formally delivered from one's hands into others, like a chattel, with an injunction to keep me as the apple of their eye.'

The history of a curious imposture practised upon this primitive people is given by Mr Paton, and it exemplifies in a striking manner their attachment to their nominal superior the czar. In the year 1760, an Austrian soldier of the name of Stephen Mali, a young man of lazy habits, and otherwise bad character, deserted the service, and made his way to Montenegro, where he became servant to a sort of doctor. Stephen soon tired of his new employment; and hearing on all sides the story of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright, it inspired him with the idea of becoming a great man himself. He told his master—who had formed a high opinion of him—that he himself was Peter; and that, desiring to see with his own eyes a little more of the world before returning home, he had come to visit his friends the Montenegrines *incog.* The good doctor believed every word of the story, and falling down upon his knees, kissed the hand of the czar; and soon it was current in the Mountain that the Great Peter was among them. He was treated according to his assumed rank, and soon acquired so much influence, that his authority became greater than that of the archbishop, at that time an old and infirm man. What made his fortune, however, was the hostility of the Turkish officials. They pronounced him to be an impostor, and from that moment every man in the Mountain believed him to be the true czar. 'At last the court of Russia, to undeceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro, properly accredited to the archbishop, who assembled all the people, and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him; the archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men, to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box; go to the convent of Sermnitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who, you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." The consequence was, that Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured everybody that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.'

Stephen, in fact, was so clever a fellow, that although he wanted physical courage, a quality so much prized in Montenegro, it is hard to say when the farce would have ended, had not the pacha of Scutari hastened the *dénouement* by employing the dagger of an assassin. 'The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and, above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious; and like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.'

We must now take leave of Mr Paton, only saying from the other authority, that the scene of these curious

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events is a territory about sixty English miles by thirty-five, containing somewhat more than one hundred villages, the largest with a population of about 1000. Montenegro can always send into the field 15,000 armed men; but twice the number may be raised for the defence of the country.

BOATSWAIN.

WITHIN the precincts of Windsor Castle there is a small marble monument, on which may be read the following inscription:—

BENEATH THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF A BEING
WHO WAS POSSESSED OF BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES.
THIS PRAISE WOULD BE BUT EMPTY FLATTERY
WERE IT INSCRIBED UPON THE ASHES OF A HUMAN BEING,
AND YET IT IS ONLY WHAT IS DUE TO THE MEMORY
OF THE DOG BOATSWAIN:
BORN IN NEWFOUNDLAND MAY 1801—
DIED AT WINDSOR 18TH NOVEMBER 1815.

Some few particulars regarding this remarkable dog, who, though unknown to fame, bore no inconsiderable part in the history of his day, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Boatswain was born in Newfoundland, as his epitaph sets forth, in the month of May 1801. He was brought to England, while still a pup, by Captain Philips of the Royal Navy, who undertook the charge of his early nurture and education. The pupil quickly rewarded his master's care by the rapid development of his superior qualities. At two years old, Boatswain was the finest animal of his breed that was anywhere to be met with: his coat was of an iron-gray colour, spotted with tan; he had a majestic head, eyes full of fire, and yet of gentleness, and a broad well-formed tail, which seemed to be continually in movement. To all this it must be added that he was generous, brave, and disinterested—in fact, possessed of all the virtues which are enumerated in his epitaph. It will therefore be readily understood that Captain Philips's dog soon became a universal favourite, and it was not long before his fame reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who laughingly offered promotion to the captain if he would make him a present of his dog. Philips was much vexed, but replied, as in duty bound, that he would be only too happy to have it in his power to contribute in anyway to the pleasure of his Royal Highness. In the course of two days after this conversation, Boatswain was transferred to Windsor, where an elegant little pavilion, in the Chinese style, was constructed expressly for his use.

Up to the year 1804, Boatswain contented himself with basking in the sunshine of courtly ease. At this period, however, he began to bear a part in the politics of the day. England was on the point of a rupture with France, and the ministry were very desirous of securing, without further delay, the co-operation of the northern powers. Matters had not, however, as yet been brought definitively to a point. At this period the diplomatic body were one day invited to share the courtly hospitality of Carlton House; and they had not been long assembled before the P—— ambassador was engaged in an animated conversation with the Prince of Wales, who, although at this time exercising but little sway over his father's counsels, could not but feel interested, both as an Englishman, and as heir to the British throne, in the success of the negotiations which were then on foot. At a little distance stood one of the envoys from the French court, a skilful diplomatist, who enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the First Consul. The prince was seeking, with all that graceful and winning eloquence which he so well knew how to employ, to convince the ambassador of the advantages which would accrue to all parties from the great northern powers uniting with England in an offensive and defensive alliance. The ambassador, still unconvinced, made only evasive replies to all the arguments employed by his royal host; and feeling himself somewhat hard pressed, was not a little relieved when Boatswain, who was often on these occasions a favoured guest, came bounding joyously into the room.

'What a noble animal!' exclaimed the P—— ambassador.

'Yes,' replied the prince, 'he is a fine fellow, and well trained into the bargain. He is a first-rate fetcher and carrier, as I will prove to you directly.'

Boatswain was standing by the side of the French envoy, and seemed to be chewing something between his teeth.

'Here, Boatswain!' exclaimed the prince. The dog advanced towards him, and with an inimitable grace peculiar to himself, presented him an open letter. 'This is doubtless some stray paper which he has picked up in my study,' said the prince, taking it from the animal, and glancing hastily at its contents. It was addressed to the French envoy, and contained only these few words:—

'SIR—I am writing to my ambassador, as well as to yourself, this matter being one of the utmost importance. Any *rapprochement* between the court of St James's and the P—— ambassador must be prevented, no matter at what cost. The latter is a man of a narrow and self-sufficient mind: you will not find it very difficult to influence him.

BONAPARTE, *First Consul.*'

When his Royal Highness had perused this document, he turned towards the ambassador, and said with a smile, 'Boatswain made a yet happier discovery than I had anticipated—he has brought to light something which concerns your excellency.'

'Me!' exclaimed the diplomatist.

'Yes: read this, and judge for yourself.'

The ambassador read as he was desired, and the First Consul's letter effected more in one moment than the prince's eloquence in an hour. From this day forward the irritated diplomatist became the most ardent partisan of war, and his despatches to his own government decided the king of P—— in favour of the coalition.

Such was the first act of Boatswain's political career, which had its share in producing one of the bloodiest wars that has desolated Europe. He, in the meanwhile, all unconscious of the part he bore in these great events, lost nothing of the original simplicity and modesty of his character; and indeed it must be confessed that not long after this, his reputation, subject to the mutability of all human affairs, began somewhat to diminish in the world. The prince's passion for dogs became merged in one for horses, and he made a present of his old favourite to the well-known Beau Brummell. He sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Richmond, the duke for two hundred to the Marquis of Argyle, the marquis for a hundred and fifty to Viscount Hereford, and the viscount for ninety to Lord Ross. It was evident that Boatswain was no longer held in due estimation. At last, however, he was so fortunate as to find a master who was worthy of him. Lord Ross gave him to a physician, who was also a fellow of the Royal Society. This new owner happened to be one of those original men who hold animals in higher esteem than they do their fellow-creatures in general. He consequently attached himself warmly to Boatswain,

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who fully returned his affection. Before long, our *savant* sought permission to visit France, a permission at that time accorded *only* to literary men; for Bonaparte, with all his faults, never made war against science. Not satisfied with this concession, the doctor also sought and obtained an interview with the Emperor at St Cloud. Napoleon received his guest at his breakfast table, and as he sipped his cup of chocolate, discussed divers scientific subjects, until their conversation was interrupted by a low and long-continued moaning at the door. Bonaparte rose to see from whence this noise proceeded.

'Sire,' replied the doctor, who was, as we have said, an original, 'it is only one of my friends who is at the door; and as he is seldom absent from my side, he is complaining after his own fashion.'

'Well,' replied the Emperor graciously, 'I shall be charmed at having the pleasure of making your friend's acquaintance.'

The door was accordingly opened, and Boatswain, with a thousand gambols, bounded towards his master; but, as ill-luck would have it, in his joyous career he overset a splendid vase of Sévres china, and shattered it to atoms. The agonized *savant* seized a chair, and was about to fling it at the dog, when Napoleon calmly arrested him, saying, 'Sir, the *vase* can easily be replaced, but such a *dog* as this it would be hard to match; I must therefore plead for his forgiveness.'

The doctor did not require to be asked a second time to pardon his favourite; and Boatswain, who seemed perfectly well aware of all that had passed, turned towards his protector with a sparkling and grateful eye. Bonaparte patted his head, and said, turning towards the doctor, 'It is not often that *men* are as grateful. What a pity it is that this dumb animal has not as good a memory as they?'

'Sire,' replied the Englishman, 'Boatswain *seldom* forgets an *injury*, and *never* a *kindness*.'

'Ah!' said Napoleon sadly; 'is it so? Then, sir, thanks to you, this day has not been lost.' Boatswain wagged his tail, as if to certify to the Emperor that he was not mistaken.

Thus terminated the audience. The doctor returned to his island home: Bonaparte went forth at the head of his victorious armies; but soon was he destined to be arrested in his triumphant career. In 1814, as is well known, he was precipitated from the imperial throne, and banished to the sea-girt prison of the island of Elba.

In the meantime our friend Boatswain was growing old in one of the suburbs of London. His master, the *savant*, was dead, and the faithful animal had passed, with the rest of his property, into the hands of his heir. It is said that his faculties were beginning to fail him, and he led the quiet contemplative life of a philosopher, who has seen much, reflected much, and come to the conclusion that the less we try to meddle with the government of the world, the better it is likely to be, both as concerns ourselves and others.

His quondam protector, Napoleon Bonaparte, was, unfortunately, not of the same opinion. In his retreat, he was busily engaged in planning the means of re-entering France, and meditating over new campaigns; though few who witnessed the care with which he attended to the government of his miniature kingdom, and the general easy *insouciance* of his demeanour, could have supposed him to be labouring with such vast designs. In one of his rambles on the shore during this anxious interval, he encountered some of the officers of an English man-of-war, which was lying off the island. They requested from one of his suite the honour of being presented to the Emperor—a request readily acceded to. A circle was quickly formed, the captain improvised an address, to which Bonaparte was commencing a courteous reply, when suddenly an enormous dog, dashing into the midst of the group, came bounding towards the Emperor, and with every demonstration of joy, laid himself at his feet.

'Down, Boatswain, down!' exclaimed the captain, looking much discomposed.

On hearing the name of Boatswain, Bonaparte smiled, and turning to the young man, whilst with one hand he caressed the noble animal, he said, 'May I ask who gave you this dog?'

'Sire, he belonged to my father.'

'You are then the son of Dr M——?'

'Yes, sire,' replied the captain with a bow.

'I am delighted to hear it, sir, both for your sake and mine. It has also procured me the pleasure of seeing once more an old protégé of mine, whom I recognise by his gratitude as well as by his name.' He then narrated to the officer the adventure at St Cloud.

On the day succeeding this rencontre, there was a grand ball at Porto-Ferrajo. All the guests were already assembled; they were only awaiting the Emperor. But few amongst them were aware that at that moment Bonaparte, profiting by the darkness of the night, was marching towards the port at the head of his grenadiers. 'We are going to France!' whispered the veterans one to another, as they marched onwards amidst the distant rolling of the storm. Towards the sea the sky was illuminated from time to time by a vivid flash of lightning, which seemed to point out to the exiled soldiers their only pathway towards that home which they loved so well. Already the little band had reached the shore, when suddenly a tumult was heard amongst the advanced guard.

The Emperor inquired the cause.

'Sire, it is an Englishman, who has just been arrested on suspicion of being a spy. The soldiers were with difficulty restrained from massacring him on the spot.'

Napoleon immediately gave orders that the prisoner should be strictly guarded, and brought on board ship with them, in order that he might not give the alarm. They now commenced the embarkation, to accomplish which, each was obliged to pass into the boats over a long plank. In doing this, Bonaparte lost his equilibrium, and fell into the sea, which at that spot was already very deep. From the darkness of the night, and in the confusion of the moment, his disappearance was not perceived. Farewell to the double revolution of the Hundred Days!—farewell to the battle of Waterloo!—to the tragedy of St Helena! It seemed as if the warrior's career was now about to close for ever. But that Providence, which often accomplishes great ends by trivial means, had ordered it otherwise. Swifter than lightning, a dark body was seen to plunge into the water, and after diving three times, to reappear with the body of Napoleon! It was Boatswain, who was acquitting himself of the debt he had contracted at St Cloud!

When they reached the ship, the Emperor changed his clothes; and on mounting to the deck, quickly recognised in the prisoner Captain M——, his acquaintance of the preceding day.

'Ah! is it you, sir?' exclaimed Bonaparte with a smile. 'It seems that you are in the habit of taking very early walks?'

'Sire,' replied the prisoner, 'I was waiting for my boat to return to my ship, and imagined every one else was at the ball; but it seems to me that I have been taken prisoner without any declaration of war.'

'It is an English habit,' replied the Emperor, still smiling. 'But where is my friend Boatswain?'

'He has been shut up, sire, lest his familiarities should prove troublesome to you.'

'Would to Heaven,' said Napoleon with a sigh, 'that all my friends resembled him! But *à propos*, sir, does this arrest inconvenience you much?'

'It does indeed most seriously: I was just about to set sail for England.'

'Well, then, we will give you a passage thither *gratis* through France; perhaps I may even have the honour of conducting you myself to London!'

How *this* brief dream of glory ended is well known to all. As for Boatswain, the real hero of our story, he

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was brought back in safety to England, and died not long after in his old abode in Windsor Park, where he had been reinstated by order of the Prince Regent, who caused the above epitaph to be engraven on his tomb.

THE VEGETABLE COLONISATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MARTINS.

THE question as to plants, whether each species originates where we now see it existing, or whether there are certain centres whence vegetables are radiated over the earth's surface, will probably long divide the opinions of philosophical naturalists. Some contend that species are actually native to the regions where they are found flourishing, while others admit of great vegetable migrations analogous to those of the human race. Long since, botanists remarked that certain islands have a Flora which is peculiar to them, while others do not present a single plant which is not also found on the adjoining continent. The British islands are in this latter position; but we shall not limit ourselves to the study of their vegetation, but endeavour to pursue the vegetable migrations through that series of archipelagos, islands, and islets which, under the names of the Orkneys, the Shetland and Faröe Islands, and of Iceland, form the only chain which unites Central Europe with Northern America.

In studying the botanical geography of the British islands, we may take for our guides the excellent works of Mr Hewett Watson and Mr Edward Forbes; both having carefully explored their country, the former as a botanist, the latter as a zoologist and geologist. One important leading fact sums up the general results at which these philosophers have arrived; namely, that the British isles *do not present a single plant that is peculiar to them*, and which cannot also be found in continental Europe; but the various plants found on these islands do not all come from the same regions. We shall endeavour to enumerate the various vegetable migrations which, according to these observers, have successively colonised Britain:—

The Asturian Type.—On account of the mildness of its winters, Ireland offers to our notice the remains of a Spanish Flora. There are found in its south-west districts twelve plants which came originally from the Asturias, and which are the last representatives of a colony whose starting-point was the north of Spain.

The Armorican Type.—The south-west of England and the south-east of Ireland exhibit a vegetation whose analogy to that of Brittany and Normandy has long excited the attention of botanists. Many southern species are found along the western coasts of France, till the increasing rigour of the climate arrests their migration northwards; a certain number still existing, in consequence of the mildness of the winter, on the peninsula, at the extremity of which Cherbourg is placed. These plants have spread to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and gaining from thence the opposite shores of Ireland, have become naturalised in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

Boreal Type.—The mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales present to the botanist quite a peculiar vegetation, and one in every way different from that of the plains of England. Analogous to that of Switzerland, it offers a still more striking resemblance to the Flora of Lapland, Iceland, and Greenland. The greater number of plants which are found on the summits of the mountains of Scotland, vegetate at the level of the sea in the isles of the Northern Ocean.

Germanic Type.—This is the prevalent and fundamental one of England, which, originating in the north of France and Germany, has in the lapse of ages become so predominant, that most English botanists designate it as the British type. A certain number of the plants found on the English side of St George's Channel have never crossed it, and are unknown in Ireland. So, too, certain animals, much diffused in Germany, seem confined in England to those regions wherein the Germanic Flora exclusively prevails. Thus the hare, squirrel, dormouse, polecat, and mole, are not native to Ireland. Only five species of reptile are found in that island, while eleven exist in England, and twenty-six in Belgium, the starting-point of the Germanic migration. Certain living mollusca are distributed in like manner.

The marine plants and animals of the British isles follow the same laws of distribution as govern that of the terrestrial Flora and Fauna. Certain kinds of algæ, peculiar to southern seas, are found only on the western shores of England; and certain species of fish are there taken which never pass the Pas de Calais (Straits of Dover)—the Neptunian representatives of the Asturian and Armorican types. Just so, too, the herring, cod, and whiting abound only in the North Sea, along the eastern coasts, where the Germanic type of vegetation prevails. Lastly, the large cetaceous tribes (whales, &c.), even in the depths of the ocean, seem to observe the ideal boundary which separates the boreal vegetation of Scotland and England from the more southern Floras of Cornwall and the south of Ireland.

Up to the present time, naturalists had seen in this regional distribution of living beings only a natural consequence of the all-powerful influences of soil and climate. It first occurred to Mr Edward Forbes that this explanation was insufficient. He believed he recognised in it vestiges of a state of things no longer enduring, proofs of the existence of hotter or colder climates than now prevail, and indications of a configuration of land and sea, of which the depths of the ocean conceal the traces. The twelve Asturian plants found on the south-west of Ireland are, in his opinion, the remains of the most ancient vegetable colony of the British islands. The distance of their continental origin, the vast gulf which now separates them from the mother country, the difference of climates, and the small number of surviving species, all announce an ancient origin, and an order of things quite different from that which now prevails. A sea once covered a large portion of the south of Europe and the north of Africa, as is proved by the numerous and identical fossil shells found at numberless points, from the isles of Greece to the south of France. According to Mr Forbes, the upheaval of the bed of this ocean, which constitutes the latest tertiary deposits, gave rise to a vast continent, comprising Spain, Ireland, a part of the north of Africa, the Azores, and the Canaries. He further refers the appearance of the Armorican type, connected as it is with a mild temperature, to the period when this continent existed.

The submersion of this continent was followed by a period during which a far lower temperature prevailed, and during which the migration of arctic plants, now found only in mountainous regions, took place. There are abundant proofs that in the north of Europe a glacial period immediately preceded that in which we live. Without referring to the numerous traces of the existence of glaciers in the mountainous regions of the United Kingdom, the *drift* of the northern portions of it contains the remains of animals now only found in the depths of the Frozen Ocean, and on the coasts of Iceland and Greenland. During this period, then, England was in part covered by waters, the temperature of which resembled that of the Frozen Ocean, and formed not a continuous country, but groups of islets—the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and Cumberland alone rising above the waves. A climate analogous to that of Iceland prevailed in this archipelago: the summits of its mountains, like those of Hecla, were covered with perpetual snow, and glaciers descended along its valleys to the sea. The plants of Greenland, Iceland, and Norway, were transported thither by oceanic currents or floating ice; and these are the vegetables that still flourish in the mountainous regions.

At the end of this glacial period the British islands were gradually upheaved into their present confor-

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mation—the higher points becoming still higher, and the oceanic depths more shallow. The sea becoming warmer, its shores have been invaded by the animals which still people it; but as at great depths the change of temperature is much less sensible, animals of the glacial period have been enabled to remain here. Thus, Mr Forbes observes, at depths of from 500 to 650 feet, the mollusca of the arctic seas are found, and even a great number of shells, which are only found in the fossil state in the drift or stratum of the glacial period existing in the north of Britain. From such facts, he concludes that the deeper portions of the British seas conceal a population which, like the plants of the Scotch Alps, originated in the glacial period.

During these two geological epochs, England and France were united, the English Channel and the Straits of Dover not then existing; and geologists unite in considering the separation of the two countries as a comparatively modern event. The plants of France and Germany invaded the recently-emerged territory; the hardy vegetation of the north occupying the greater portion. Forests as dense as those of Germany then covered the coasts of England: gigantic stags, and lost species of the ox, the bear, the wolf, and the fox, alone inhabited these vast solitudes. The great Germanic vegetable invasion, so to speak, absorbed all the others, a few traces of these alone remaining. Thus while the Asturian plants were reduced to a few species confined to the south-west of Ireland, the hardy plants of the north completed the conquest, and possessed themselves of the soil. This colonisation finished, England became separated from the continent—a geological event insignificant in itself, but which has in its moral results exercised an immense influence on the destinies of the world.

While Messrs Forbes and Watson were engaged in proving the continental origin of the plants and animals of England, I was studying the vegetable colonisation of the Shetland and Faröe Isles, and of Iceland. These islands form a continuous chain, so to speak, connecting the northern extremity of Scotland with the eastern coast of Greenland—being the only portions of land uniting Europe with America. Already, in 1839, the vegetation of the Faröe archipelago had struck me. Though lost in the middle of the Northern Ocean, its Flora was composed of plants very commonly seen, and generally indigenous, on the plains of central Europe, others being found on the Alps of Switzerland, and some in Scotland and Greenland. Extending my researches to Shetland and Iceland, I found in the same manner that these islands had no vegetation proper to themselves, all their plants originating on the continent. A new problem presented itself. Did these vegetable colonies come from Europe or America? As a great number of the plants are common to the northern portions of the new and old world, the question presented some difficulties. Nevertheless, I found more than one hundred species *exclusively* European, all the others being common to Europe and America. A great vegetable migration has crossed England, Scotland, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Faröe Isles, and proceeded even to Iceland. Some species have gone direct from the coasts of Norway. But at the same time arctic plants, originating in Greenland, pursued a reverse track across Iceland, the Faröe and Shetland Isles, to the Scotch mountains, where they found a second country. This double migration reveals itself by numbers. If we count the relative proportion of exclusively European plants which enter into the Flora of the Shetlands, we find them amount to a fourth; in the Faröe Isles it is but a seventh; and in Iceland but a tenth. In proportion, then, to the distance from Europe, does the number of vegetable productions proper to that continent diminish; while the Greenland plants increase in pretty much the same ratio.

While agreeing with Mr Forbes in respect to the fact of the colonisation of the islands of the North Sea, the boldness and novelty of the hypothesis by which he endeavours to explain the fact induces me to feel some hesitation in adopting it; especially as, without interrogating the past condition of the earth, I find a plausible explanation of the transport of seeds in causes actually existing. The great current termed the *Gulf Stream* takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, and passing along the shores of North America as high as Newfoundland, traverses the Atlantic, and strikes the western shores of Scotland. This it is which carries there the seeds of Mexico, even still endowed with germinative power, and has cast upon the Hebrides the *Eriocaulon septangulare*, a species of North American origin, and the only one of all the British plants which is not European. Passing the coasts of Scotland, the Gulf Stream collects, so to speak, innumerable seeds which the water-courses have brought down to the ocean, bears them along, and distributes them in the sandy nooks of the various islands. This current appears to me to be the principal agent of the diffusion of the European plants among them. Nor are the winds strangers to the work of dissemination; and whoever has once felt those long and terrible blasts on the northern seas, will no longer doubt their power of transporting such light bodies as seeds from one isle to another. A fact of recent occurrence may be cited in proof of such power. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 2d September 1845 there was an eruption of Mount Hecla; on the 3d, the ashes fell on the most southern of the Faröe group of islands; and the same day they were carried to the Shetlands and Orkneys, and were found on the decks of vessels sailing between England and Ireland. Another mode of transport has been but little attended to; namely, that by migratory waterfowl, millions of which leave the coasts of Spain, France, and England every spring-time for the islands of the Northern Sea, to return the following autumn.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES ON A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

To every one of you, ladies, I believe I can say with a safe conscience,

'I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye.'

I claim, however, that shoe-tyes, to be honoured, should be seen. At present they are enveloped in such a longitude of skirt as utterly extinguishes them. Every now and then we find you, dear ladies, labouring under some monstrous extravagance of attire, as wide sleeves, arachnoid waists, and so forth. Now the reigning solecism is over-long gowns. It is a case which may almost excite some doubts as to the soundness of the feminine understanding, so entirely does it seem to defy all the ordinary rules of common sense. Ah, gentle dames—but let us look into the matter a little in detail.

See yonder elegant lady moving along the pavement, like 'Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.' Very well for the Trojan dames, perhaps, to indulge in such dress in sounding epic; but oh, look at their living imitatrix of modern England! It has been a damp morning, and the flagstones are bespread with a thin paste of mud. Our fine lady's skirts just skim this soft substance, and behold they are thickly dabbled for a few inches upward with mud, which they have also communicated in no small quantity to the shoes and stockings. She dare not now hold up her skirts to save them from further pollution, because that would expose a state of matters about her feet and ankles at which every other body's eye would revolt. She therefore walks desperately on, knowing she is always getting worse and worse, yet unable to help herself until she shall reach home, by which time she

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will be in a state only fit for the consideration of her maid, to whom I leave her. Is this a reasonable treatment either for silk or mousseline de laine? Is it doing justice to a pair of the neatest feet in the world? Is it right to visit mortal shoes and stockings with such indignity?

Or see the same figure in the same place on another day. It is now dry weather, and what was formerly mud is now dust. The same garments sweep up as much of the volatile as they formerly did of the humid nuisance. It does not clag and barken on skirts and feet, but it goes farther, and produces a worse abomination. The masculine imaginations coming up behind dwell for a moment on the dust-bath in which our Trojan dame is indulging, and its unpleasant consequences. For of what is the dust-bath composed? Alas, we all know what matters mingle with the soil of a crowded carriage thoroughfare. It is as a volunteer scavenger that our lady acts, with this remarkable addition to the usual duties of the class, that she chooses to go home laden like a bee with the materials on which she operates. Nor is it inanimate dust alone. In warm weather, the powder of the street is full of insects visible and invisible. Think of a proud and stately gentlewoman gathering an entomological museum about her as she treads the pavé. How much obliged must several of the better-known parasites be to her friendly skirts for transporting them into new settlements! Some of them will probably make themselves known to her ere long; others she will be spared knowing, but I can assure her they are there nevertheless.

Were there any irresistible elegance in long skirts, I should, dear ladies, have some little sympathy in your submitting, for its sake, to these inconveniences. But the fact is, that while a train is a fine thing in a state-room, a trailing gown is an unpleasant object to look upon in a street. It is so, because it is felt as utterly inappropriate. We cannot admire anything if it grossly shocks rationality. Long skirts, which can only be an inconvenience and a source of defilement in a street, shock rationality: therefore we cannot admire long skirts in walking-dresses. It is the plainest and most incontrovertible syllogism. Skirts which leave the feet free to move without being touched by them, fulfil the common-sense idea of the matter, and are felt to be handsomer accordingly. There is also what I may call a positive or absolute grace in the neatly-shod female feet seen moving smartly along a city way. A woman should not be a purely bell-shaped object, with the edge touching the ground. The feet are required for a basis in the figure; otherwise a painful sense of incompleteness or imperfection possesses us. I am not prepared to advocate the Sclavonian brevity of petticoat, with a supplement of frilled trousers: perhaps our habits of feeling forbid the hope of such a fashion ever being introduced. But I would certainly recommend that the skirts of walking-dresses should never come within three inches of the ground, whether with supplements or not.

I hope, fair ladies, that you will not think of calcitrating against this friendly remonstrance and advice, on any such weak ground as that it is a matter which we men have nothing to do with. The very reverse is the case: you do pay us the compliment of dressing very much to please us. Knowing this, and grateful for it, we feel that it is but the simplest justice to apprise you when, from any misconception on your part, you fail in your amiable design. It is only right that we should endeavour to turn you to modes in which you are more likely to succeed. This is the sum of my wishes at the present moment. I have used strong terms, because gentle ones would be of no use; but I mean kindly.

You will perhaps tell me that fashion is imperative, and that, till it changes, you are helpless. I know well that this is an influence against which the individual is in a great measure powerless, though I do not well see why any of you should become an entomological cabinet or a walking sample of the soil because another chooses. I aim, however, at affecting that general feeling or sense in which fashions take their rise. It must reside somewhere: the Journal goes everywhere: ergo, I have a good chance of reaching it. The only fear is, that the fashion-instituting power, like some other powers, resides with persons not the most shining in point of judgment, not to speak of taste. In that case, these reasonings will most probably be thrown away. I am, nevertheless, hopeful. The cause of retrenchment of skirts is one which may require agitation, and may not be crowned with speedy success; but it is one founded so clearly in rationality and a just sense of what is beautiful and what is decent, that sooner or later it must triumph. And so, with sentiments of the highest consideration and respect, I bid you, my fair countrywomen, a tender adieu.

J. BALDERSTONE.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Scarlet Fever.—I have heard people remark, in the slighter cases of scarlet fever, that they supposed the disease to be only scarlatina. It may be well just to observe that this supposed distinction between scarlatina and scarlet fever has no scientific foundation, and is simply a popular misunderstanding. Dr Watson has alluded to this notion in his valuable lectures on the 'Practice of Physic,' to which I have already referred. 'I need scarcely,' says he, 'remind you of a sort of mystification which prevails among the public about this complaint, and which many practitioners, for no good reason that I can see, seem disposed to encourage. Mistaking the Latin and scientific name of the disorder for a mere diminutive, you will hear mammas say, "Oh, my children have not got the *scarlet fever*, but only the *scarlatina*." I always disabuse them of this absurd error when the opportunity of doing so occurs. It can produce nothing but confusion, and a disregard of requisite precautions.'* There *is* a distinction, however, in the terms used to distinguish the mild form of the complaint from that in which the throat is implicated, the former being called scarlatina-simplex, and the latter scarlatina-anginosa (from the Greek word ἀγχω, to strangle). The knowledge that there is such a distinction will of course do much to keep up the error alluded to.

Bleeding—Dark Blood.—It is very common for patients to remark on the colour of the blood removed by the application of leeches. They will say—'It is very well, doctor, that I have been bled, for the blood was very bad—as black as your hat.' The leech-women generally maintain similar views, and the practitioner is perhaps pleased to find a new argument adduced in favour of the steps which he has taken in having his patient bled. Of course there is a real peculiarity in the blood removed from different patients; but the profession are not in the habit, and indeed not capable, of judging in this summary manner by the darkness or lightness of the colour.

The blood removed by leeches has generally the aspect of venous blood; being principally from the minute vessels which form the extreme ramifications of the arteries and veins, and which carry blood of a dark and venous character.

Whilst on the subject of bloodletting, I may mention a fear which exists, that when bleeding has been once performed, it will be requisite to have it repeated

* Op. cit., p. 754, vol. ii.

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periodically. If the necessity for bloodletting have arisen from causes which are likely to be permanent, it is true that it may again be necessary to have recurrence to the same treatment; but it is too much to say that the mere fact of taking blood imposes on us the necessity of repeating it periodically.

Again, there is an idea that leeches placed near the eyes weaken the sight. It is very certain that profuse bleedings, which drain the system of blood, and produce extreme palidity, may, and do often occasion, at least a temporary failure of vision; but this is no reason why we should object to a leech or two, as many do, on the ground that their application will weaken the sight.

Lungs Affected.—We often hear people ask whether their lungs are affected. Now, by the term *affected*, they imply something very serious; but the expression is of course a vague one, and may be applied with propriety to derangements of a very slight nature. Carelessness in the use of words is a frequent source of error with the public in respect to medical subjects. A man will tell you he has a disease of his liver, when perhaps it is only a little disordered. The terms disease and disorder have nothing in their etymology to render them peculiarly applicable to one or other condition; but conventionally there is a great difference, disease being mostly applied to actual structural changes in the organ, and disorder to mere disturbances or functional derangements (that is, derangements in the office or function of the part); but this is never known or attended to by the public, and hence very many mistakes.

The term *affected* of course may mean something or nothing. A person in the last stage of consumption has his lungs affected, but so also has every one who has the most trifling cough. Take the common dictionary meaning of the term, and it will do very well for its application to disease—there is nothing different in its appropriation to medical subjects.

Fire got out of Burns.—I never properly knew what people wish us to understand when they say that 'the fire is not got out of burns.' I really imagine some people suppose the fire to have actually entered the part, and to be inside it. This view of course is so absurd, that I will not insult the understanding of the reader by stopping to refute it. If the term be applied to the first or painful and inflammatory stage, it is allowable enough; but as I think it *does* exercise a sort of impression on many that the fire is a something to be *got out*, it would be better that this metaphorical mode of speaking were altogether abandoned. In this, as in many other instances which I have brought forward, it may be well to remark that many of these sayings are happily understood by those who employ them for no more than their true value, and therefore only to be considered as figurative expressions; but I am convinced that there are a very great many who believe them literally, and are more guided by them than by anything which can be said by their professional advisers.

Lungs Completely Gone.—Nothing is more common than to hear people gravely state that their lungs are gone, or almost gone. This may be, unfortunately, to a great extent true in cases of consumption, where the patient is in the last stage of existence—at least if it be meant to say that the healthy structure of the lung is spoiled by disease—death soon following this entire demolition of the pulmonary tissue. The public are, however, by no means content to restrict the term to these fatal examples: a patient will tell us, with all the confidence in the world, that Dr So-and-So has assured him that one of his lungs is entirely gone; or will tell us that a friend of his had one of his lungs quite 'gone' (they like this word gone), but set out for the Madeiras, and now is as well as he ever was in his life. Such cases are of course quite untrue. I cannot imagine myself that consumption ever goes on to any *great extent* in one lung without affecting the other; and certainly if it arrived at a point of complete disorganisation of one lung, the patient could not survive. One lung may undoubtedly be greatly condensed by pleuritic effusion (altogether, however, unconnected with consumption), and even the side of the chest be contracted, without causing a fatal result; but this is not what is meant by the lung being *gone*, and does not even depend on any disease at all going on in the lung itself.

I think, with respect to this idea of the lung being gone, the profession is itself to blame—many members of it using terms which foster the mistake, or encourage the idea, with a view to increase their own reputation. I have always myself sought to contradict these popular errors wherever I have heard them.

Cinder Tea.—Those who are much acquainted with the diseases of infancy, and have necessarily mixed much with persons who attend upon them, will have frequently heard of cinder tea. To those who have not, the whole subject will appear eminently ridiculous. As I am *now*, however, speaking of errors which actually prevail, and that to a great extent, amongst almost all classes of society, I care not how ridiculous the subject seems. So long as the errors prevail, the importance of considering them is certain. We are all too apt to measure the value of a subject by its gravity or complexity, rather than by its real influence on mankind and its daily-recurring applicability.

Cinder tea, so far as I have heard of it, is prepared by pouring hot water on cinders taken up from the ashes. What medicinal properties can be imparted to water in this manner I cannot divine, nor indeed how anybody could anticipate good from such a system of proceeding. I remember seeing once in a book of jokes a receipt for making soup from pebbles. You were to put the pebbles into some clean boiling water, and whilst stirring it up, add various savoury articles, and at length a very good pot there would be. But the cinder tea is no such thing: it is to all intents and purposes *cinder tea*. I have heard of a French cook who could make an excellent ragoût of '*de small toot-comb*.' The cinder tea would require such a cook to prepare it.

Midwifery.—Great importance is attached by the public to particular days and periods. Now there is, in reality, a curious law of periodicity in the animal world, but the public have not always been happy in hitting upon the real examples, and greatly overdo the point of fact. The ninth day of a confinement is well known to be considered a most important day. The lady may live as she likes on the eighth; but on the ninth, if she does not keep strictly to her bed, it is ten to one if she get well at all. Some rather more reasonably fancy that the nine first days are to be devoted to quietude; and as this reading has some good effect, it is not so very objectionable. However, in reality, the ninth day is of no more importance than the eighth or the tenth, and the particular importance attached to it is only a kind of superstition. In the same way people say that a seven-months' child is more likely to live than an eight-months' child, but they cannot tell you why; and how this idea arose it is difficult to say: a fondness for paradoxes may have had a share in it.*

It would require a treatise to enumerate all the absurd stories which nurses have collected in respect to obstetric medicine.

Of putting the Neck Out and In.—There are few people who have been sporting characters who have not some story to tell about having seen a man put out his neck. They will tell you that no sooner had their friend dislocated his neck, than some skilful fellow stepped forward, and putting one leg on each of his shoulders, set to work, and presently pulled it in again; after which the poor fellow mounted, and rode away as if nothing had happened. With all due deference to our sporting friends, these stories are altogether fabrications. A real dislocation of the neck would be immediately fatal. I once told a person so; but he cut me short by saying he had seen the thing himself. 'The neck was all awry, but a good pull set it to rights.' There is no

* Ramsbotham says this error is as old as Hippocrates.

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reasoning against such philosophers, and therefore it is better to attack them in print.

Eyes Washed.—The same kind of people will tell you they have been present at surgical operations where the eyes have been cut out, a skin removed, and then replaced, as if nothing had happened. It is not always easy for a professional man to know how to answer such people. It would be a bore to both parties to enter into a serious refutation of the subject. I may again state that many of the things which I relate as popular notions may seem too absurd for any degree of credulity; but most of what I have said I have heard repeated more than once, and am firmly convinced that it was believed to be true.

We may be disposed to treat common notions as a parcel of silly stories, not deserving the trouble of a serious consideration; but when we find them in practice continually starting up, we are constrained either to join in them or deny them.

Gout.—People say that boils are healthy, or that the gout is healthy; but in these speeches, if they have any meaning at all, there is an elliptical idea. We might say that bleeding was salutary, or rhubarb and magnesia salutary; but then we should presume that there was a state of disease to be corrected. Now, allowing a certain amount of disorder to be actually *present*, an attack of the gout *may* be favourable, *not* because it is good in *itself*, but because, mischief being actually present, the gout is the means of eliminating the *materies morbi*. In this view of the subject, indeed, many of our diseases might be called healthy. However, we frequently find people congratulating themselves on the gout; or a friend will tell you, if you show him a painful boil, 'That you may thank your stars, inasmuch as it is an indication of full health.' In my own view, neither the gout nor the presence of boils is any proof of good health, but rather a proof of the contrary.

The other day I met a gentleman, who showed me a little boy covered with boils. He said 'he was very glad they were come out, and that they were much better out than in.' In the latter observation I perfectly agreed with him, though, for the poor lad's sake, I could wish that he had never been plagued with them.

Lancing the Gums.—I do not conceive the operation of lancing the gums in children is serviceable merely in facilitating the passage of the teeth, but in relieving the tension and fulness of the part. Surgeons frequently make incisions in parts which are inflamed, without any other object than that of diminishing undue tension. Sometimes it is necessary, therefore, to lance the gums of children when we do not anticipate the immediate protrusion of the teeth. Mothers, however, who like to reason about these things, will occasionally tell us that 'they are not advocates for the lancing of gums.' They will tell us that the parts become harder afterwards, and thus the passage of the teeth is impeded instead of being advanced. This idea is probably derived from seeing the cicatrices of wounds and burns, which certainly often present very hard ridges; but the analogy does not seem to hold good, for I have never myself felt any similar ridge in the gums of children. Besides, however hard these cicatrices may feel to the touch, they do not seem to be in reality very capable of resisting the process of ulceration, or what is called interstitial absorption. Sir Astley Cooper, in his 'Lectures on Surgery,' makes an interesting allusion to Lord Anson's voyage, which has a bearing on this subject. 'Lord Anson's book,' says he, 'is one of the most valuable works which has appeared on nautical subjects; nor is it without its use as illustrative of a principle in surgery. Lord Anson's expedition to the Pacific Ocean was undertaken with a view of destroying the power of Spain in the New World. As he was obliged to sail sooner than he expected, many of the crew which he took out were invalids, some having *cicatrices*, and others having previously had fractured bones. In his passage round Cape Horn he encountered very severe weather: many ships were obliged to return; some were lost; and the crews of those which succeeded in getting at last to the Isle of Juan Fernandez suffered great hardships. In doubling Cape Horn the crew suffered severely from attacks of the scurvy; and it was remarked by the clergyman, who was an observing man, though he knew nothing of our profession, that the men who had ulcers before were invariably attacked with ulceration in the same parts, and that if their bones had been formerly fractured, they became disunited. . . . There cannot,' continues he, 'be a better example than this for the purpose of showing the readiness with which newly-formed parts ulcerate, as compared with the original structures of the body.'*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A TALE.

THERE was once a little boy, his name was Peter Bates. You will say he could not have been a very happy boy, when you hear that he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. This is a thing that very seldom happens, as almost every one in the world has somebody to love; and especially when we are young, and our hearts beat warmly, we feel as if we ought to love everybody we know. But it was not so with Peter: his little heart was chilled, until he hardly could tell whether he had such a thing at all; and at last he never even thought of trying; so the fault lay partly in himself, as well as in others. You will think, perhaps, that Peter had no home, no relations, parent, brother, or sister; and yet it was not so, though the place he did hold in his own family made him seem as if he really were alone in the world; for his father, who was a farmer, had married when he was a young man, had two or three sons and daughters, and then his wife died; so he, thinking he should want more money to support so large a family, soon married another woman for whom he did not much care, but who was said to be very rich. This was Peter's mother; her fortune was all a mistake—she had not any; and when her husband found that out, he cared for her less than ever; and then she grew cross, fought with him, scolded his children, and drove away all comfort from the house, until the day Peter was born, when it so happened that she died, and left nobody crying for her but the poor young babe, who, missing her sadly, never ceased wailing until he was sent out to be nursed, that he might no longer disturb the quiet of the house—quiet that, from its long absence, seemed doubly precious now.

And then, in a little while, Peter's father, grown wiser by experience, married another wife, with a smiling face and pleasant ways; and she and her children in time became great favourites with the elder ones, so that, between both, the unpleasant memory of Peter and his mother seemed entirely to have slipped away. But it is not so easy to get rid of disagreeable things; and one day they were all startled into recollection of the past by the arrival of the nurse with Peter, now grown a stout, rude, ungainly boy, so like his mother, that the moment they looked in his face, all their long-forgotten troubles seemed at once to revive. Little welcome was there for him, and he was quick enough to perceive it; in a short time understanding quite well that he was the one too many. So being somewhat shy and proud, instead of trying to overcome their dislike, and make himself pleasing, he grew moody and silent, and kept himself as much as possible out of the way, so that at last he was nearly as much forgotten as before. No one looked for him as part of the family group; and if by chance he did linger a moment after meals, or draw in his seat by the fire, he was stared at as an intruder, and made to feel that his rough manners and uncouth appearance unfitted him even for the society of his own family. It was a trying position: and yet we can all think of some bright loving child,

* Astley Cooper's Lectures on Surgery (small edit.), p. 59.

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who would have won his way to their hearts in spite of it all; who would have shown a wish to oblige, or a wish to be loved; and whose smiles and winning words would have made friends by themselves alone. But not so with Peter: he had his mother's disposition, as well as her features, and no one had ever tried to work improvement in either: no one softened his proud little heart with a kind indulgent word; no gentle hand smoothed down his curls or tidied his dress, taking pleasure and pride in seeing him behave and look well; and so, left to himself, and brooding over the contrast between himself and others, Peter became more and more surly and awkward each day; until at last he was considered as a sort of fool, and employed in nothing else but watching the sheep or the geese as they picked up a few blades of fresh grass by the side of a road that passed within some fields of his father's house.

But if Peter cared for no person, it might have been known he had some feeling by the love he showed for one thing, and that was his dog Snap. This animal being rough and ugly like himself, they were truly a well-matched pair. Snap was just as much despised in the family as his owner; but he was quick and intelligent enough in his own way, and did his business well: he kept the cattle and the geese within proper bounds, watching them with his quick eyes, while he nestled at his master's feet, thereby keeping them warm. Best of all, he kept all intruders aloof, and often gave poor misanthropical Peter the gratification of seeing some more prosperous urchin, who might otherwise have flaunted before him, take himself off in double-quick time at the sound of Mr Snap's growl, or still more menacing bark.

It so happened one day that Peter, sitting as usual by the roadside with his dog on his feet, saw him prick up his ears, and look down the hill towards a spot where the road went out of sight. 'Some sport coming now,' thought Peter to himself; and laying his hand on Snap's rough coat, he held him in readiness to bound off at the proper moment and attack the new-comer, Peter all the while sitting gruffly by, as if he had neither hand nor act in the business; but even while he waited, his hand involuntarily pressed Snap more firmly down, and a faint gleam of pleasure flitted across the sullen face. No wonder—even Snap laid down his head quietly between his paws, and the ears which had been pricked up so fiercely, drooped softly over his face again, as they caught the pleasant sound of a young happy voice, singing some sweet old tune without any words, without beginning or end, but going backwards and forwards on the notes in unthinking glee. Presently the singer appeared at the turn of the road, now advancing, now stopping, now stooping down as she sought for the first violets that ventured to peep through the still wintry air. It was a fair little girl, not much older, and hardly as tall as Peter himself; but oh what a contrast to him was her bright young face as she now raised it up glowing with delight at discovering one more blossom, which she added to a little bunch already within a tiny basket on her arm! and then, as if determined not to loiter any more, advanced steadily up the hill.

As she approached, Snap, yielding to old habit, in spite of Peter's restraining hand, jumped up and uttered his growl; but this time, instead of his usual tacit encouragement, his master really held him back, and in tones almost as rough as those of the dog, called out to the little girl, 'Never fear: stand your ground, and he'll let you alone.'

'Why should I fear? Why should I run?' said the little one smilingly; and with one step she placed herself quite close to Snap, with her hand on his rough coat, he looking up with eyes half closed, from which all anger was banished, and even condescending slightly to wag his tail.

'Why should you run?' said Peter, echoing her question with some wonder. 'Every one does: every one,' added he with some pride, 'is afraid of Snap.'

'Then I am not afraid of him, or of anything else,' replied the little girl laughingly, and presenting a piece of bun from her basket to the dog. 'So Snap is his name. Well, good-by, Snap: the next time we meet we shall be better friends.' And away she tripped, once or twice looking back and waving her hand, as she repeated 'Good-by, Snap; good-by,' until the hawthorns, closing at another turn of the road, shut her out from their view.

There is an old English poet—he lived three hundred years ago, and so it is hard enough to read his old-fashioned verse—but he tells, in a poem called 'The Faëry Queen,' of a fair girl named Una, whose gentleness and sweet looks actually tamed a lion that she encountered one day wandering alone in a forest, and won on his wild nature so much, that he followed her about, and became her protector, until she found her way back to her friends. Now, as nature remains just the same, in spite of all the changes of the world, it was just in this way that the little girl we are telling of, by her fearless gentleness and good-humour, won not only on quarrelsome Snap—so that, when she passed on, he slapped his tail quite vehemently against the ground in token of his approbation—but also on his surly little master; both Peter and his dog feeling a sort of inward satisfaction at the little occurrence, which made one of them at least hope it might happen the next day again. Poor Peter! pleasant words and pleasant looks were a novelty to him, and he felt for the moment somehow as if the sun had shone out suddenly from behind a cloud.

The first time for many a day he thought a little about the future—a short future to be sure: it was only, 'Would that little girl come to-morrow?' Yet still it redeemed his mind from its usual dreary blank. But before the morrow came, fresh misfortune awaited Peter: true to his training, Snap soon forgot his softer feelings, and when the next wayfarer passed by, fierce, fiercer than ever, as if to make amends for his late forbearance, he growled, he barked, he sprung upon the traveller, and going even farther than usual, at last caught him by the leg. He was rewarded by a blow of a stick, which sent him stunned and sprawling back to his master's feet, who, now roused out of his assumed apathy, at once took his part, and in fiery indignation assailed the stranger himself. He, disdaining to punish the boy as he had done the dog, took him by the collar, in spite of a stout resistance, and leading him up to his father's house, delivered him to the authorities there. Unluckily, or rather luckily for Peter, his father was on the spot, and due punishment followed, though the good-natured stepmother would have begged him off on the plea of his being half a fool.

'Foolish enough to be mischievous at anyrate,' said his father, as he sent him off to his usual occupation the next morning, locking up Snap in solitary confinement, with the declaration that before evening he should certainly be hanged.

Peter had no language for remonstrance; he knew nothing of persuasion; and so in a temper more moody, more hopeless, more savage than ever, he took his now solitary seat by the roadside, missing the warmth as well as the society of his dumb companion, and shivering as much with grief and anger as with cold, until at last he burst into a fit of crying, very unusual with him, who knew nothing of sympathy, the spring of half the tears we shed. He had bowed down his head between his knees in this miserable state, when again, as yesterday, he heard the sweet song, the light step, draw nearer and nearer: he knew it was the little girl, but this time he could take no pleasure in anything; he was angry and ashamed, and so he determined he would let her pass on, and never raise his head.

But it would not do: the footsteps paused quite close to him, the sweet voice, no longer merry, but oh how gentle! inquired what was the matter. And then the little hand was laid on his shoulder, even as it had rested on poor Snap's shaggy coat the day before, and

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in spite of himself Peter was obliged to look up. He knew what an ugly, wo-begone, forbidding face he must have; but he read no dislike in the compassionate one that was now bent over him; on the contrary, there was something like tears in the sweet blue eyes, as she again said, 'What can be the matter? And where is Snap?'

Poor Peter was quite upset at this question: he could not answer it; and so taking up the trouble that pressed at the moment, he contented himself with muttering, 'I'm so cold!'

'And so you are, poor fellow!' said the little girl kindly. 'But no wonder, when you are sitting here on the frosty side of the hedge. Look how the sun shines over there: come across to the bright side, and you will feel yourself cheered even before you are warmed with its heat.' And whether he would or no, she gently forced him from the chill seat on which he had sunk in the carelessness of grief, and made him settle himself comfortably on the sunny bank at the opposite side of the way.

'And now what is the matter?' she asked for the third time. 'I am sure there was something more than the cold.' And Peter, who had never before confessed a trouble to any one, found himself relating all his griefs to the little stranger whom he had never even seen till the day before. She laughed—she could not help it—at his account of Snap's encounter with the traveller; and the more rueful and serious Peter looked, the more it still made her laugh, until he came to the close of the adventure, and then she looked very grave, and readily allowed that the punishment, and, above all, the hanging, was no laughing matter indeed.

'But, Peter, though you say your father is very stern, still I wonder you did not try to beg off poor Snap; as you were punished yourself, and bore it well, maybe for your sake Snap would be forgiven if you tried. Did you try?'

'No, indeed; it would be of no use: I never asked my father for anything. They say I am a fool!' And poor Peter, in deep consciousness of his degradation, again buried his burning face between his knees.

'A fool!' repeated the little girl, and her blue eyes opened very wide. 'Oh, Peter, you surely are not that? Do not let any one think so. Go to your father, like a sensible boy, and tell him you are sorry for what happened—as you ought to be—and that you will promise for Snap that he shall not get into any more mischief. You know, Peter, you *can* promise that;' and again the bright eyes laughed gaily, while a dawning smile flitted over Peter's doleful features too. 'And now I can stay no longer, otherwise I shall be late for school; so good-by, Peter: do what I tell you, and be happy to-morrow.' And again the little one tripped away, turning again, and waving her hand until the bushes shut her out. But this time it was 'Good-by, Peter,' instead of 'Good-by, Snap.'

Peter remained lost in a world of wonder and perplexity at the new line of conduct proposed to him. Should he, could he follow it; had he any chance of being listened to? No, it could be of no use—he never could do it. Thus was he deciding, when again the sound of light footsteps made him turn his head, and in a moment the little girl stood breathless by his side, with her hand on her heart, to still its beating, but smiling all the time, as she waited impatiently for words. At last she exclaimed, 'Oh, I ran so fast! Just as I got to the top of the hill, I thought of one thing I wished to say; and I am so late; but I should tell you this: when you go to ask your father, Peter, do not hang your head, and look down as I have seen you do; maybe it is that makes him say you are like a fool; but look up in his face as if you trusted him, and were not afraid of him, or ashamed of what you asked for; and remember to say you are sorry, and promise for the future; and, that's all—remember now.' And before he could answer a word, she was again out of sight.

Her words just turned the scale; Peter manfully went through the ordeal, and succeeded; he even overheard his father say to his wife, as he turned away, 'That boy is not such a fool after all;' and he certainly looked a different being, sitting on the sunny bank with Snap by his side, on the following morning when his little counsellor came up.

And thus passed many a day—a short five minutes—giving food for thought, hope, and dreams for the rest of the twenty-four hours, to one whose mind had seldom strayed beyond the passing moment before: with habitual reserve, he never spoke of this acquaintance to any one: it was a treasure he could not bear to exhibit or share; indeed he had his own mysterious notions about it; and although not versed in fairy lore, he felt always a latent fear that something might break the spell; and when, in compassion to his poor chilled hands, the little girl brought him one day a pair of woollen mittens of her own knitting, and made him put them on, he carefully took them off in the evening when he was returning home, laying them by in a house six inches square, which he had employed himself during the day in building for them, in a hidden spot, with four well-fitting stones, and a flat one for the roof: there he always kept them when not on his hands—the secret was too precious to be carried over the threshold of a home occupied by any one else.

Each day, as spring advanced, the little girl's delight in the wild flowers grew more and more intense; now a garland of hawthorn, now a spray of honeysuckle, now a wreath of wild roses, called forth her admiration.

'Oh, are they not beautiful—beautiful!' she would exclaim.

'But they are so common; they are everywhere,' would be Peter's answer. 'I am always looking at them, yet I never noticed them before.'

'And are there not a thousand common, beautiful things, on every side of us, Peter, if we would only open our eyes. Thinking of them, and enjoying them, we need never feel lonely or gloomy. Do you remember that sorrowful day when you shut yourself up in misery from within and without, and all the sunshine going for nothing within a few steps of you, you had only to come over to the bright side, and all was well? Do you remember that, Peter? Well, there is a little sentence here that always reminds me of that day; see, here it is, "hope is the sunshine of the heart;" and pointing to the line as she found it out in one of her little books, she put it into Peter's hand. In a moment his brow grew scarlet, and he hung down his head; then remembering her advice, he looked up again, and with an effort at manliness, which showed the progress he had made, he ingenuously said, 'It is of no use; I cannot read: I never learned; no one ever taught me.'

Even before he spoke the little one guessed how it was, and she, too, had blushed deeply, painfully. But the sentence was hardly finished, when she hastened to exclaim, 'Oh, is that all; I was afraid it was—couldn't, or wouldn't—you shan't have that story to tell again. See, here is A, here is B; repeat them after me;' and as her musical ear caught the accidental rhyme, she laughed so joyously, echoing it again and again, that even Peter caught the infection, and joining in her mirth, they both laughed the little embarrassment away.

They went on with four or five letters; but then she closed the book, and more seriously said, 'Peter, this will never do; I have no more time; I must not loiter; and you must no longer stay in ignorance; you must ask your father to send you to school.'

It was now Peter's turn to open his eyes in unutterable astonishment; such a presumptuous thought had never once entered his head; he had never made any request of his father but one, and that under the prompting of superior intelligence; and now he could not even hope that he should be listened to again; in fact he even feared to mention such a boon.

But his little companion combated all his objections,

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and, his spirit already roused by the shame he had just endured, it was settled at last that if he found himself successful in learning the alphabet under her teaching in a few days, with that as his groundwork he would make the trial. His lesson was marked out for that day; she spared him a little book, and to their mutual delight, in three days more he was perfect in all the letters. This success gave him some confidence; and, summoning his whole stock of courage, he accosted his father the following morning with a request that he might be sent to school.

'To school, boy! for what?—to idle, is it?' said his father, stopping short, and eyeing him from head to foot.

'No, father,' replied Peter resolutely; 'it is to learn. Try me at anyrate. I know my letters now, and I would wish to get on.'

'Your letters! A great stretch indeed, for, let me see, nine years old.'

Poor Peter felt his heart swelling; but here his stepmother interposed—'And more shame for us to have him nine years in ignorance, if he was able to learn; and it *was* a great stretch for you, Peter, my little man, to learn your letters; you may well be proud of it; who knows but you may be a credit to us yet?'

Peter's look of grateful astonishment at the kind word went to both their hearts: his father patted him on the head, and told him it should be as he wished; and from that moment forward he seemed to enter on a new existence. He respected himself, and others soon learned to respect him also; while, in the new turn of feeling, every one tried to find some good quality in Peter never suspected before: his heart and his mind, both so long left in fallow, now were ready to yield a tenfold crop; and while he gained the regards of his playmates, his master, before many months, pronounced him one of the most painstaking and improving boys in the school.

What pride he would have felt in reporting his progress to his first little friend, as each day he went down the hill to their old place of meeting, and placing his four-footed or feathered charge under the guidance of Snap during the hours spent at school, loitered and watched in the vain hope of seeing her, if it were but for a moment. But she came not. After the first day when he related his triumph, and she shared in his joy, pouring a flood of courage and hope into his mind, he saw her no more; and the long summer waxed and waned, finding him still each morning on the same spot, returning ever with drooping head and disappointed heart. At last one day—it was late in autumn—joy of joy, he saw her coming slowly up the hill! Snap, with a quick cry, bounded to meet her, and for once Peter felt almost sorry that he should reach her first; but though she looked smiling and bright as ever—brighter even—she did not say one word in answer to all Peter's words of welcome, until she reached the little sunny spot where they were always used to sit; and even then she pressed her hand tightly on her side, as she had done on that long-ago day, and drew her breath quickly, though she had been walking very slow. 'Yes, it is a long time, Peter,' she said at last, in answer to all his questions—'a long time since I was even out, for I have been very ill; but to-day was so fine, that I was allowed once more to go and see a friend I love—that dear schoolmistress, for whom you have plucked so many nosegays.'

'No, indeed, they were not for her,' exclaimed Peter bluntly; 'they were always for yourself.' The little girl laughed one of her old blithe laughs; but then she put her hand to her side again, and Peter said quickly, as if to contradict his own thought, 'You are not sick now? sick people are always pale.'

She smiled somewhat sadly, and laid her hand on his. It was always a little hand, but now it looked so small and thin, that the blue veins showed themselves quite plainly through. Peter thought it prettier than ever; but still there was something in her look, and in the little action itself, that raised a choking feeling in his throat which prevented his saying one word. After a moment's silence, she arose, and taking a book out of her basket—it was her little Bible—she said, 'You will keep this for my sake, Peter, and read it often: I am so glad you can read it now. I cannot stay longer, lest I should catch fresh cold; but whether we meet soon again or never, you will still remember me; and remember, too, what I always told you—in everything that pains or troubles us there is some bright side.'

She looked upwards as she spoke, and there was a strange beauty in her face which awed and silenced Peter. He bowed his head between his knees, to hide his emotion: when he raised it again, she was gone.

From that day forth, though each morning found him at the trysting-place, it was more to read a little portion of the book she had given him than with any sanguine expectation of seeing her again. And always when he turned away from his long-searching gaze down the valley, he used to raise his eyes to the blue sky and fleecy clouds, and feel as if the true answer was there. And then he bethought him how he had never asked her name, where she came from, or where she was going, but watched for her as he did for the morning sun, and saw her even like that, passing on day after day, and never returning back; and thus at last she became so identified with bright and beautiful nature in his simple mind, that he almost doubted whether she had been a reality at all. He kept her precious gift, even as he had done the first one, in the little stone-house, now carefully stopped with moss and clay, to preserve it from damp. But notwithstanding all his precautions, he perceived a spot one day on the cover; and the fear of injury to it being even stronger than the fear of discovery, he brought it home, at what he thought a quiet hour, to air it by the fire. But Peter had not yet learned to estimate female curiosity: a little sister, who had become a favourite of his, from a slight fancied likeness to his early friend, was hovering near; and peeping over his shoulder to see what he had got, did what Peter, long as he had the book, had never thought of doing—she turned the leaves over to the title-page, and there discovered the giver's name.

'Jane Watson!' repeated she, first aloud, then slowly to herself—'Jane Watson! why, that was the name of Mrs Bonar's grandchild; that sweet little girl, that every one said was too lovely, too wise, and too good to stay in this world!'

'And is she in it now?' asked Peter nervously.

''Ah, no—they spoke too truly—she died last Christmas-day! When we gathered back to school, the best and fairest was gone. But why do you ask so anxiously, Peter? And where did you get this book? Did you ever know anything about her?'

Prepared as he had been, the certainty was almost too much for Peter, to find out all about her only to know that he had surely lost her. But then recalling her last words, and remembering how much there was connected with their brief acquaintance that could never be lost to him, he gave his best tribute to her memory in the effort with which he conquered his emotion; in the smile, even though it was a sad one, with which he answered his sister's still questioning looks, as he calmly said, 'Yes, Letty, I *was* so happy. I knew her once, and am happier still that she knew me.'

SUNDAY IN GLASGOW.

Thirty-nine abstainers accomplished a moral survey of the city of Glasgow on the 29th October, being the communion Sabbath. The object of the survey was to ascertain the number of whisky-shops open for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The survey was made between the hours of six and ten in the evening. The result is the fact, which we now advisedly publish, that *one thousand and ninety-seven public-houses were open!* If a baker were to open his shop, a posse of policemen would be sent to shut it; and if the offence were repeated, the baker would be dragged before the authorities, and severely fined. The

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day is too sacred to be desecrated by the sale of bread. But whisky, it appears, may be sold in a thousand shops on the Sabbath-day without profanation. The dignity of Sunday, it seems, requires that food should be withheld; but it is not at all marred by the sale of poison. The people may not buy what may do them good on Sunday, but may have a liberal supply of what must do them harm. Virtue must starve on the sacred day if it forgets to buy its loaf on the Saturday; but vice is better cared for—it receives its appropriate aliment on that day as on others. The occupations that clothe, lodge, and educate the nation, must cease one whole day in seven; but the occupation that covers the masses with rags, that doles to them as poison what the baker should have handed as food, that drives them out of comfortable homes into wretched warrens, that dooms their children to ignorance and beggary —this occupation never ceases in the city of Glasgow. The baker, the butcher, and the grocer must stop, but the publican never. Our legislators (we have much to thank them for) have carefully closed the wells of physical health on the Sabbath, and have, with a wisdom too deep for common minds to appreciate, thrown open the sluices of crime, pauperism, and disease. Railway travelling, though a tolerably good mode of Sabbath desecration, is a mere bagatelle compared with opening the whisky-shops on Sundays. Ten hundred and ninety-seven whisky-shops, containing ten customers each, is equal to a train with ten thousand nine hundred and seventy passengers! But the dram-shops could easily accommodate ten times the number.—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

THE HEDGEHOG.

Begging pardon of naturalists for such an accusation, I can't help saying that I think a great many fibs have been told about the hedgehog. In the first place, the old wives' fables about sucking cows, and so forth, were so horridly unbelievable, and yet so damaging to little hoggy's reputation with the vulgar, that the more erudite and more humane became his patrons and apologists, and made much more of him than he deserves. Dear old White of Selborne must have been taking a nap when he told us about hoggy's liking for plantain-roots. 'The manner,' says White, 'in which hedgehogs eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious: with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are very serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed.' Boy and man this passage tormented me many years, because I knew hoggy to be a bloodthirsty poacher, a regular knight-errant for attacking vipers, and a tyrant over all manner of mice and such small deer, and I thought it passing strange that he should take to cooling his copper with the roots of the old gentleman's plantains. However, the tastes of pigs and men are every now and then somewhat eccentric, so I left the matter *sub judice*, until chance solved the mystery. In a grass walk I saw some flattened plants of the common plantain withering and half dead; by the side of each I found the hole, bored, as White supposed, by the long upper mandible of the hoggy; but it was scarcely big enough to admit a lead pencil, and so round-and smooth, that I said directly to myself, 'Tis the burrow of a night-eating caterpillar:' I got a trowel, and in a trice the fellow was unearthed, and he afterwards turned to a ghost-moth, or yellow underwing, I can't say which, for both came out in one cage. The hedgehog is properly a nocturnal carnivorous animal; he prowls about at night, like an owl, looking after the nests of pheasants, partridges, corncraiks, and larks: he kills the old ones if he can, and sucks their eggs if he can't; now and then he overruns a rabbit; but his favourite dish is a snake or an adder—he catches these while dozing under cover, and suffering from repletion caused by four or five mice lying undigested in their stomachs, tail on, and it is then that desperate fights ensue: it is then that his armour stands hoggy in good stead: the deadly adder, infuriated at feeling hoggy's teeth griping her back, lashes her head against a skin less vulnerable than that once said to have been worn by a Mr Achilles. The pluck and power of both are tried to the utmost; but hoggy is almost sure to triumph in the end, and the adder, half devoured, is often found next morning by the countryman, who wonders 'how he come so mauled.' I take it that the spiny coat of the hedgehog is nature's defence against the poison fangs of his favourite prey.—*Letters of Rusticus.*

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

Oh weel I mind! The sun flung bricht
  Upon the wave his trembling flame;
The birds sang luve frae howe and heicht,
  And ane was by I daurna name.
The fields are mute, the sangsters flown,
  The leaves hae left the silent tree,
In haste awa the spring has stown,
  And my fause luve's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that gentle strain,
  Sae luved and lost; without regret
The wave in darkness sleeps again,
  And why maun I remember yet?
Oh gin that lesson I could wrest
  Frae thy cauld heart, thou darksome sea!
And whare suld I sae saftly rest,
  Sin' my fause luve's forgotten me?

L. R.

MORAL WITHOUT PHYSICAL COURAGE.

Lieutenant W—— was at the storming of Morne Fortunée in the West Indies. His behaviour on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach and plant the king's colours on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding-officer, then Lieutenant-Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him that, when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong, almost an insurmountable disposition to fall out; and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach, with the colours in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation; and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honour while it was still in his power.—*Dr Millingen's 'Mind and Matter.'*

THE ATMOSPHERE.

It is only the girdling and encircling air, which flows above and around all, that makes the 'whole world kin.' The carbonic acid, with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be spreading north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date-trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the mountains of the moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages; and lotus lilies have sucked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapour, snows that are lying on the tops of the Alps.—*British Quarterly.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 270. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849. Price 1½d.

RETURN OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.

Towards the end of last January, I was sitting in a shop in one of the principal streets of Cairo, watching, for want of better employment, the fluctuating stream of turbans and tarbooshes, that stretched on both hands as far as the eye could reach, when first a distant murmur, then a loud buzz of voices, and presently a shout, a roar, came rolling up the narrow thoroughfare. Some very gratifying intelligence was evidently passing from mouth to mouth. Buying and selling were suspended at once: the conclusion of many a bargain was adjourned: both dealers and customers rose to their feet. And now three men, mounted on dromedaries, made their appearance, moving swiftly down the street: I soon heard them announcing that the caravan of pilgrims from Mecca had arrived at Suez. As messengers of glad tidings, they had pushed on in order to bring letters from those who had survived the privations and dangers of the journey. Long after these men had passed on their way to the citadel, the greatest excitement and agitation continued. In a few hours most of the inhabitants of Cairo were to learn or infer the fate of relations or friends who had been absent for months, and who had either perished in the desert, or were returning, crowned with glory, and encircled by respect, to their homes.

Islamism boasts of many institutions admirably adapted for maintaining its character of unity; and the pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the chief among these. Every year, from every part of the Mohammedan world, a number of men, of all ranks and conditions, repair to the spot where the faith they profess took its rise, and amidst scenes, invested in their eyes with the most sacred associations, work themselves up into a state of enthusiastic devotion, to which perhaps they could never rise under ordinary circumstances. They must arrive at the Holy City in a frame of mind peculiarly susceptible of strong impressions. They have in general encountered great perils by land or sea during the journey: some of them have passed whole months in the horrid solitudes of the desert, exposed to hunger and thirst, fatigue and danger, and kept constantly in mind of the uncertainty of things here below by the deaths which must frequently occur amongst large bodies of men traversing those desolate regions, which no doubt seem to them to have been purposely thrown across the path of the pilgrim to test his zeal, and enhance the merit of his undertaking. Once at Mecca, everything contributes to enhance his enthusiasm; and the consciousness that he has earned the good-will of men—that he will be looked upon with respect and veneration in his own country when he returns—that his influence will be enlarged, and his station exalted—is perhaps equally active with the belief that he has deserved a place in Paradise, and an unlimited enjoyment of all those pleasures which are promised in a future state of existence to the true believer.

The annual dispersion of men with faith thus invigorated, over the Mohammedan world, must produce a powerful effect. If the pilgrimage were abolished, by general consent, the votaries of the prophet would soon diminish. The tribes and nations who, like the Bedouins, neglect this duty, are far less bigotted, far more indifferent, than those who practise it with unswerving constancy. But it does not seem that the pilgrims derive any considerable enlightenment from their travels. Their object is not to get rid of their prejudices, but to strengthen them. It is true they mingle trade with devotion, and contrive to amass worldly wealth whilst increasing their claims upon heaven. As traders, they come in contact with the inhabitants of the regions they traverse; nevertheless they seem to return home with more confused notions than ever of geography, history, and manners. All they care about is collecting marvellous stories, wherewith to astound their less adventurous countrymen.

When the hubbub had subsided, I entered into conversation with the shopkeeper on the subject of the pilgrimage, on which he had great pleasure in talking. As usual with Moslems, my friend avoided any allusion to the religious part of the procession, as not likely to interest me, and dwelt only on what may be called the secular view. He told me that the chief courier, whom I had seen pass, made a good thing of his trip; it being his privilege to bear the news to the pacha, and the great officers of the court, as well as to all people of position. Every visit he makes produces a present. As to the large packet of letters he carries addressed to minor people, he sells them at so much a hundred to any speculative men who may undertake to distribute them on the chance of a reward.

It is customary for the walls round the doorways and shop-fronts of the pilgrims who return in safety to be painted in bright colours with all sorts of fantastic figures, of flowers, animals, and even men, despite the prohibition of the prophet. It is common now to see steamboats among these representations, which are supposed to indicate the extraordinary objects witnessed by the returning traveller during his absence. There is a good deal of competition among the rude decorators, each seeming to vie with the other in producing the most fantastic and uncouth designs. They succeed at anyrate in giving a lively aspect to many of the streets.

Though many of the pilgrims leave their last camping-ground almost immediately on their arrival, and effect their entry at night, the great body wait till morning. I went out a little after sunrise, and found the streets already completely occupied by the procession. It was an animating scene. Immense crowds of people, in holiday

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costume, were pouring towards all the eastern gates; some merely as spectators, others to meet their long-expected friends or relatives. Every now and then numbers of men bearing flags, or a band of music energetically playing, would pass, on their way to greet some particular pilgrim; whilst the uninterrupted line of camels, bearing gaudy litters of every description, slowly made its way in an opposite direction. On issuing from the Gate of Victory, I obtained a splendid view over the country. To the left were suburbs and palm-groves, in front was the desert, to the right rose the Red Mountain and the precipitous sides of Mokattam. The procession, with which an immense number of banner-bearers mingled, had divided into three or four columns, each directing itself towards one of the gates; whilst the intermediate spaces, and the slopes of the mounds that rose here and there, were filled up by groups of men and women, many of them evidently on the look-out for some well-known face. It frequently happens that the returning pilgrim neglects to write, and therefore, unless positive information has been received to the contrary, his family always goes out to meet him. Disappointment often awaits it; and every now and then, as I proceeded, I could hear shrill shrieks of sorrow rising in various directions. The women, on receiving intelligence of the death of a relative, return with loud wailings towards the city, tearing their clothes, and exhibiting other signs of grief; in strange contrast with the boisterous merriment, the exuberant delight of others. It is a curious picture of human life, with all its bustle and all its vicissitudes; all its triumphs and all its disappointments, its splendours and its miseries, its joys and its anguish. The drums, and the tambourines, and the pipes, the singing and the shouting, in vain competed with the voice of lamentation, which ever and anon pierced the air, and told how many hearts were ready to break amidst that scene of gaiety and rejoicing!

There was little variety to be observed in the procession. After I had seen forty or fifty camels go by, every one that passed was a counterpart of one that had preceded. The litters, which often hold several people, are in general either square or arched, and supported on two large trunks made fast to the animal's sides. Some few of the wealthier people had *tachterwans* carried by two camels; one in front, the other behind. A great many women were to be observed peeping forth from these litters; which, as I have intimated, are commonly very gaudy, being covered with red, yellow, or blue cloth. Several of the pilgrims rode on asses, which were often stained with *henna*, as were indeed numbers of the camels, in order to show that they had been to Mecca.

I found the emír, or chief of the caravan, encamped at the Haswah, along with the escort of four hundred irregular Arnaout cavalry, sent by the pacha. The tents scattered here and there, the horses picketed close at hand, the long spears, ornamented near the top with great tufts of wool stuck up near them, the savage-looking Arnaouts lolling about, produced altogether a very picturesque effect. The Haswah is a place situated in the desert about a mile and a-half north-east of Cairo. Several fine ruined mausolea dot its surface; and in the distance may be seen, over the undulating ground, the summits of those still splendid buildings called the Tombs of the Caliphs. On a little mound near the emír's tent was the mahmal, some account of which I may as well give at once.

The mahmal is an emblem of sovereign power, a representative of the government of Egypt, which every year, therefore, is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Six hundred years ago, Sultan Saleh, surnamed The Light of Faith, married Fatmeh, a beautiful Circassian slave, who, on his death, and that of his son, succeeded in ascending the throne of Egypt, and reigned with great magnificence and glory. In order to add a new prestige to her name, she resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and for this purpose caused a litter of a new form to be constructed. Her journey was performed in safety, and she returned with a character of sanctity. To commemorate this event, every successive year she sent her empty litter with the caravan. Those who followed her upon the throne imitated her example; and at length the mahmal became a necessary adjunct to the pilgrimage. It is now esteemed quite a sacred object, and those who cannot visit the Kaäba itself are almost compensated by touching the mahmal on its return, and gazing at the representation of the holy place embroidered on its front.

A small company of the pacha's regular infantry were placed as a guard over the litter, which was covered with a rough cloth. It was nearly square, with a pyramidal top; and even when I saw it uncovered the next day, presented a very mean appearance. The frame was of common wood, and inside I saw an old box. With surprising toleration, the soldiers on guard allowed us to approach quite near, and even lifted up the cover that we might see the interior. I asked what the box contained, and received an evasive answer; but it was opened for us to look in. I could distinguish nothing but something like a carpet, possibly a piece of the *kiswah*, or covering of the Kaäba (with which the mahmal is often confounded by travellers), or perhaps the *bur'o*, or veil sent to hang before the door. The latter supposition is founded on a fact mentioned by the most correct writer on Egyptian manners —namely, that the custom of sending the veil originated with the same queen who instituted the ceremony of the mahmal, and that the people call it the veil of Our Lady Fatmeh. I am aware that the same writer states that the litter contains nothing; but when he went to see it, bigotry was very strong, and to look inside was out of the question. A French artist, who went with me, was allowed even to make a sketch of it. This was on the second day, when the outer covering was removed, and immense crowds were gathering round, and working themselves up into a state of religious enthusiasm.

There being nothing more to see, I returned slowly towards the city. On my way I observed a crowd collected round one of the ruined mausolea, and alighting, pushed my way in. I found that an old gentleman had selected with great good taste the splendid dome as a protection for his *hareem*; and the crowd around was composed of his friends and relatives, waiting with music and banners to conduct him in triumph to his home. Luckily the ladies were in the act of mounting their donkeys, and the old gentleman had bestridden his mule, before my presence, so great was the excitement, attracted any attention. I was then good-humouredly informed that I had committed an indiscretion, and requested to withdraw, which I did with divers apologies.

On entering the gate, I found the streets still crowded with spectators and the remnant of the procession. Every shop was shut, and on all possible places women and children were crowded to see the sight. Presently a tremendous din of drums and hautboys was heard approaching from behind, and an immense mass of excited Moslems came rushing in various directions; so that I was thrust up into a corner, and very nearly knocked down and trampled under foot. It turned out that a pilgrim of especial sanctity—a great sheik—was making his triumphal entry, surrounded by a huge band of bigots, waving broad red and green banners, shouting, and drumming, and piping. Every one seemed anxious to see this man pass; and the affluence of spectators was so great in the narrow crooked street, that the procession was compelled to stop at every few steps. This was the only occasion on which anything like the intolerance for which Moslems are so famous was exhibited. A single stone was flung at me, and struck me in the side; but several bystanders, who saw what happened, expressed their disapprobation of the action, whilst the followers of the sheik passed by in gloomy silence. I must not forget, however, that a furious little old woman attacked me with her tongue during the whole time the procession was defiling by, calling

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me a dog, a miscreant, a hog, a Jew, and a Christian; and at length worked herself up to such a pitch of fury, that she said she would strike me on the mouth, and took off her slippers to carry out the threat. Two good-natured dames hereupon interfered, and seizing hold of the old lady, who cursed and swore like Termagaunt, conjured me, 'by my head and eyes,' to get out of her clutches, for that she was a devil. I thanked them for their assistance, and taking their advice, began working my way along the street; but it was a long time before I ceased to hear the volley of imprecations that was sent over the heads of the crowd to my address.

I should have liked to be present at one of the feasts given by one of the returning pilgrims that night, listening to the wonderful stories he related, and to the sage commentaries of his guests, but this was out of the question. It is true that I received an invitation from my *donkey-boy*, who told me that all the 'respectable' Assinegos were going to gather at the house of one of the fraternity who had performed the pilgrimage; but this was rather intended as a compliment than anything else, and I was not tempted to disturb their humble festivities by my presence. I may mention that most of the pilgrims bring back a variety of relics as presents to their friends—such as bottles of water of a certain holy well called Zamzam, fragments of the kiswah, to be used as amulets, &c. A great number, as I have already mentioned, have attended to their commercial interests, and return with bales of Hejazi scarfs—sometimes bound round the head in lieu of an ordinary turban—and various Indian manufactures. Frankincense and kohl—a cosmetic used for painting the borders of the eyes, and thus imparting that lustre for which Oriental women are celebrated—form important articles of Arabian commerce.

The next morning I was again out early at the Haswah. Every position from which a view could be commanded was already occupied, especially the sides of the mounds that line the first portion of the road, the cemetery that extends beneath the walls in the direction of the Tombs of the Caliphs, and the house-tops of the suburb on the left. A heavy damp mist at first covered the country, and gave it a cheerless aspect. At the Haswah I found large crowds assembled round the mahmal, now uncovered. A considerable detachment of the pacha's regular infantry, in their slovenly white uniforms and red tarbooshes, was drawn up close by; whilst the Arnaout cavalry were either galloping up and down the plain, showing off their horsemanship, and brandishing their long quivering spears, or lying lazily about, waiting the order to march. A good deal of delay took place. Probably the emír thought it propitious to wait for the appearance of the sun from behind the veil of mist, which soon, indeed, impelled by a slight north wind, went rolling away towards the range of Mokattam. The dazzling desert, with its long majestic slopes; the promontories of cultivated land; the white palaces; the ruined tombs; the tapering palms; the domes, and minarets, and ramparts of the city; the giant walls of the distant citadel, with its enormous mosque, revealed themselves at once to the eye; whilst the flanks and gorges of the mountains remained long encumbered with gloomy clouds.

By the side of the sacred litter knelt a camel, which is looked upon with great respect by the people, on account of the following story:—Three years ago, it is said, the animal which bore the mahmal fell down in the desert, and died. This was an unexampled occurrence, and caused a mighty perplexity. The emír did not like to elevate one of the ordinary beasts of burden to the honourable post thus left vacant. A halt took place: but much time would have been spent in useless discussions, had not a wild camel suddenly appeared in the distance, hastening to put itself, of its own free-will, at the disposition of the emír! So remarkable a circumstance caused a deviation from the usual custom, according to which a fresh camel is chosen every time; and the fine animal I now witnessed—which had probably strayed from a Bedouin encampment—had already three times performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I may mention that the Arabs say—I believe without foundation—that seven mahmals, from seven sovereign princes, are yearly sent to the Holy City, and that there is always a race between the camels which shall first enter the temple. Fortune never fails to give the victory to the Egyptian.

The striking up simultaneously of a European and a native tune by two rival bands—the gathering of the escort, and the rush of the crowd to line the road—announced that the procession was about to commence. I hastened to return, and take up a position near the gate, from which I could obtain a view down the whole of the little defile by which the mahmal was to approach. The people seemed extremely anxious and excited, especially the women, and devotional exclamations resounded on all sides. At length the burnished instruments and glittering bayonets of the Nizam made their appearance, clearing their way through the agitated crowd, and the mahmal, swinging slowly from side to side with the step of the camel, followed close behind. As it advanced, the shouting became vehement and enthusiastic, and there was a general rush of those who occupied the foremost ranks to touch the sacred object. Most of those who could not get sufficiently near to lay their hands on the litter, raised them in the air, as if invoking a blessing.

Immediately behind the mahmal rode the Sheik-el-Gamel, or Sheik of the Camel, one of the remarkable characters of the procession. He seemed a man of about sixty years of age, strongly built, and covered with hair. A pair of drawers was his only article of clothing. His head was bare and bald, and he kept rolling it from side to side in a most painful manner. He accompanies the caravan during its whole journey; and from the time he leaves Cairo until he returns, never once ceases to revolve his head. What a state his brain must be in!

Next followed the emír and his attendants, on gorgeously-caparisoned horses; and then a group of camels, with bright-coloured saddles, decorated with flags. These, it was said, had, during successive years, been the bearers of the mahmal, and had been maintained by the government in idleness ever since. Then came a large band of native music, and the procession was closed by some five or six hundred irregular cavalry, mounted on rough-looking, but sturdy horses, and some armed with spears, others with firelocks. They were a wild-looking, uncouth set, and rode pell-mell, sometimes dashing in among the people, sometimes simulating a charge. As they crowded beneath the sombre arch of the Gate of Victory, whilst the vast crowd behind came precipitating itself from side to side to follow them, they imparted a very picturesque aspect to the scene.

Knowing that it would be useless to follow the procession of the mahmal through the narrow streets of the city, where it is slowly paraded, in order that the greatest possible number of people may behold and touch it, I determined to ride round the walls, and choose a good position at the citadel to see the finale of the ceremony. On my way, I noticed that the clouds were still hanging heavy and thick over the range of Mokattam: I never saw them assume so meteoric a character in Egypt. On all the rest of the scene, however, the sun shone brilliantly. After passing the Caliphs' Tombs, and the ruined suburbs in their neighbourhood, we entered by the gate leading to the citadel, and soon reached the lofty platform from which, it is said, the last of the Mamlooks took a leap to save his life. Here a kiosque, which was in course of construction for Mohammed Ali—then sinking under the illness which removed him from the government of Egypt—afforded a splendid view over the two large spaces that lie between the foot of the citadel and the town—the Rumeileh to the right, and the Karameidan to the left. These spaces are divided by a long row of low buildings

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and a gate. Over the first rises that magnificent structure the mosque of Sultan Hassan; whilst the second is surrounded by barracks and public stores. The innumerable minarets of the beehive-like city, with here and there a garden, stretched beyond; then came a broad plain of verdure, streaked by the silvery reaches of the Nile; and in the background, from their unbounded basement of desert, rose in calm grandeur, cleaving the placid bosom of the sky, those mystic monuments, those eternal enigmas, 'the star-pointing Pyramids!'

A rush of voices drew my attention to the great square of Rumeileh, into which, from fifty avenues, a countless multitude—a sea of all bright colours—came pouring. Presently the soldiers, the mahmal—the whole procession, closed by the irregular horse, that came galloping after, as if in pursuit, made its appearance. The Rumeileh was soon traversed, and in the Karameidan the Nizam formed a vast hollow square close at our feet. I now understood that Abbas Pacha, with all the grandees of Cairo, were sitting in a divan below, waiting to receive the mahmal. The spectacle that followed was curious. The people gathered round in vast crowds: the Arnaouts performed their evolutions in the vacant spaces, whilst the camel bearing the mahmal was introduced into the hollow square. The band now struck up the Polka! and to this profane tune did the camel, bearing the sacred litter, move seven times round, each time increasing its speed, until it came to a gallop. A tremendous cheer followed; and then the crowd began to disperse. Great numbers of people, however, followed the mahmal to the gate of the citadel, where I went to meet it. Here the covering, which is the sacred part, was taken off, in order to be conveyed to a small mosque, to be kept in safe custody until wanted at certain periods of the year, when it is paraded about at several religious festivals held in various parts of Egypt, and at length cut up and distributed as relics.

During the process of taking it to pieces, the French artist I have before mentioned made another sketch. It seems this was observed; for when the Sheik-el-Gamel passed us on his way home, the boy that led his camel called out to him, and said, 'This is the dog that was making a picture of the mahmal!' The sheik glanced at us, gave an extra roll of his head, and replied, 'It is no matter, my son; it is no matter.' And so ends my account of the great event—the Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

THE OLD WRITING-MASTER'S HEIRESS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

'Draw your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; lean heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand, you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jaques, finish your copy, and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Maitre Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy-faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a ricketty-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance and sharp careworn features seemed to tell that the vigour of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys, and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthen stove preparing bread soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired delicate-looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two thin slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping, some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and forks, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements, she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church, and the pupils of Maitre Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Louise, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little gray blouse disappeared. 'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou seest, Louise, I take as much pains to improve these little plebeians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillot's lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing-master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary in his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis XIV.; and *his* son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the Revolution brought the good Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and now lived in great poverty with his granddaughter. She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Thérèse—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Louise was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours' children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance that appeared to Louise very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of a treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him, as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her. This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Louise could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in His good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Louise with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Louise immediately warmed water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Louise.'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee, I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed.' Louise did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Louise,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by

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honest industry; but if your resources fail, then open this box, dispose of its contents, and they will bring you a sum of money. They are'—— But here his voice failed, his breathing became laboured, and pressing once more the hand of his beloved child, he expired just as the physician and the landlady entered the room. The former, seeing that all was over, immediately withdrew, and the latter busied herself in performing the last sad offices for the dead. As to poor Louise, she was stupified with grief; and it was not until the funeral was over, and she found herself alone, that she was able to rouse herself, and consider her situation.

The door opened, and her landlady, Madame Duval, entered. 'Well, Mademoiselle Louise,' she said, 'I am come to ask what you intend to do? Has your grandfather left any money?'

'No, madame, nothing but one five-franc piece and a few sous. But perhaps you will have the kindness to put me in the way of disposing of the furniture, which will, I hope, pay your rent and the other expenses?'

'It will hardly do that,' said the landlady, casting a scornful glance around. 'And then pray how are you to live?'

'I can work neatly, madame; and I hope you will kindly allow me to remain with you, while I try to procure employment.'

'Oh, if that's all you have to depend on,' cried the landlady, 'I promise you I cannot afford to keep you here. Why, child, in these hard times a young creature like you could not earn enough to keep you from starving, and then how am I to be paid for your lodging?'

'You need not fear, madame,' said Louise a little proudly, 'that I shall be a burden to you. Though dear grandpapa did not leave me money, he told me he left me a "treasure" in this tin box; but I am not to open it until I am really in want.'

'Oh, that alters the case,' said the woman. 'Of course, my dear Mademoiselle Louise, I shall be most happy to have you here; indeed I was only jesting when I spoke of sending you away. But won't you open the box now? I'm sure you must be anxious to see what it contains.'

'No, madame,' said Louise firmly; 'I must obey grandpapa's wishes, and not open it unless I fail to earn a livelihood by work.'

'As you please, my dear child; as you please,' replied Madame Duval. But she thought to herself, 'She is an oddity, like her old grandfather: I must humour her for the present, and keep her here, so that I shall secure my share of the treasure.'

In pursuance of this plan, the landlady lavished fond words and caresses on Louise: she invited her to eat with herself, and took care to provide some little delicacy for dinner. She disposed of the furniture to the best advantage; and after having satisfied all claims, presented Louise with three francs, saying—'See, my dear, how well it is for you to have an attached friend to manage your little affairs: if less carefully disposed of, your furniture would not have brought half the sum.'

Louise was a gentle, well-principled girl; but she was young, and the pernicious flattery and indulgence of her false friend soon produced an evil effect on her mind. She indeed fell speedily into idle habits. She procured some work from a neighbouring shop, but the remuneration was very small; and she often thought, as she held her needle with a listless hand—'How tiresome it is to work so long for a few sous: I really think I might open grandpapa's box, and enjoy what he has left me!'

It happened one day that Louise saw a very pretty bonnet in a milliner's window; it seemed as if it would exactly fit her, and she inquired the price. 'Fifteen francs,' the milliner said. 'Very cheap, indeed too cheap; but it would become mademoiselle so much, that she would let her have it at first cost.'

Louise looked and hesitated. Her conscience whispered, 'You have not got the money; and even if you had, fifteen francs could be better spent than in gratifying vanity.' 'But the bonnet is so pretty,' she thought again; 'and I can open grandpapa's box to-night, and then I shall be so rich, that fifteen francs will seem a trifle.' Conscience was silenced, though not satisfied; and Louise returned to the house of Madame Duval. They sat down to dinner; but the young girl felt so agitated that she could not eat.

'Madame,' she said at last, 'I think I will open the box to-night. You know I *have* tried to work, and could earn but little, and 'tis right that I should repay you for your kindness.'

At these words the landlady embraced her. 'Oh, my dear child,' she said, 'you know I love you so much, that I would gladly have you here without any payment. But come, where is the key? Let us look at your treasure.'

Louise produced the key, unlocked the box, and raised the cover. Madame Duval thrust in her eager hand, and drew forth—what?—a bundle of manuscripts carefully tied up. They were evidently written by juvenile hands, and looked, indeed, like schoolboys' copy-books. The landlady and Louise looked carefully through them, hoping they might contain bank-notes, or some paper of value; but when nothing of the kind appeared, the rage of Madame Duval knew no bounds. She accused M. Caillot and his granddaughter of being impostors, and even threatened the poor girl with being sent to prison.

Louise was quite stunned by her misfortune, and could scarcely find words to implore the compassion of her cruel landlady. At length, having exhausted her anger in various abusive epithets, Madame Duval stripped the poor child of everything she possessed, leaving her nothing but a few ragged garments to cover her, and then turned her out of doors, to seek a shelter where she could.

Night was fast approaching, and Louise found herself in a dreadful situation: sent at such an hour to wander, penniless and half naked, through the streets of Paris. When Madame Duval was closing the door, Louise ventured to ask her for the fatal tin box.

'No,' replied she, 'that may be worth a few sous, so I shall keep it; but if you wish for the trumpery papers in it, you may have them, as a precious *souvenir* of your thievish old grandfather.' So saying, the cruel woman threw her the carefully-tied-up manuscripts, and then shut the door.

The heart of Louise was humbled; she felt no inclination to return railing for railing. 'I have deserved this misfortune,' she thought; 'it comes as the just punishment of my idle selfishness. May God protect me, and enable me to act better in future!' After a short but fervent prayer, her mind felt calmed, and she bethought herself of the aged cousin of her grandfather, Madame Thérèse. 'I will go to her,' she said, 'and ask her to let me share her lodging; and perhaps, by working hard, I may contribute to her support as well as my own.' Holding her grandfather's papers carefully in her hand, she set out. The humble lodging of Madame Thérèse was situated in an obscure suburb, and Louise had some difficulty in finding it out. At length a good-natured shoemaker, living in the same street, directed her to the door, and the young girl knocked gently.

'Come in,' said a feeble voice. Louise entered.

The room was small, but very clean: a bed, covered with a white quilt, occupied one corner, and a cupboard another; at the side was a small earthen stove, in which a few sticks were burning, and two or three chairs and a table completed the furniture of the apartment. Madame Thérèse was seated on a low stool near the stove: her dress, though humble, was very clean, and her gray hair, drawn tightly under a muslin cap, gave a venerable air to her wrinkled features. She had been for many years so crippled by rheumatism, as to be unable to walk; but her hands being free from

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the disease, she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perished but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbours, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread, and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her own infirmities, and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting: indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised both at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessing of God, to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong; and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Thérèse: 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.'

She then set herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready, pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bed; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, slumbered peacefully till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madame Thérèse in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child!'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt?—I was always accustomed to attend dear grandpapa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to lock up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Thérèse then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop, where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily-dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered. Ready-made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment, and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a workwoman?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'If you can work well, and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you any one to recommend you?'

'Only my cousin with whom I live.

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Thérèse Caillot. She lives in a room, No. 27, Rue ——; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shopkeeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?'

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good-morning, madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

She recollected passing another warehouse of less splendid appearance in the next street, and thither she turned her steps. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the pavement was muddy. As Louise walked slowly on, she struck her foot against something that jingled; she stooped, and took up what looked like a lump of mud, but felt very heavy. Louise wiped it, and then perceived it was a purse. With some difficulty she opened the clasp, and found it contained twenty gold pieces. What a treasure! Her first feeling was joy; her second, 'This money is not mine; I must seek for the owner, and return it.' She then resolved to take it to Madame Thérèse, and be guided by her advice as to the best means of restoring it. Securing it carefully in the folds of her dress, she entered the second shop, and applied for work. She met with a similar refusal; and with a heavy heart was quitting the shop, when a few words spoken at the counter arrested her attention. An elderly gentleman was purchasing some gloves, and when the parcel was handed to him, he said, 'I fear, madame, I must be in your debt for these until to-morrow, for I have just been so careless as to lose my purse.'

'Ah, monsieur, what a pity! As to the gloves, don't mention them I pray; it will do to pay for them at any time. But how did monsieur lose his purse?'

'I can scarcely tell. I remember taking out my pocket-handkerchief in the street next to this, and probably drew my purse out with it; but I cannot be certain. It was rather a serious loss—twenty Napoleons.'

Louise advanced eagerly—'Monsieur,' she said, 'I believe I have found your purse;' and she handed him the one she had found.

'You are a very honest little girl,' said he; 'this is indeed my purse, which I never expected to see again. And now what shall I give you for finding it?'

'Thank you, monsieur; I do not expect anything.'

'That's no reason why you should not be rewarded. You look poor: tell me where you live?'

Louise replied that she lived with her cousin, an old woman, and was now seeking for work to support them both.

'Madame,' said the gentleman, turning to the mistress of the shop, 'will you, on my recommendation, supply this girl with work. I heard you refuse her just now, as you said she could give you no reference. I think we may both be assured of her honest principles.'

'Certainly, monsieur, I shall have much pleasure in trying her; and if she works well, I shall be able to supply her with pretty constant employment.'

'Now,' said the gentleman, turning to Louise, 'here are four Napoleons for you; they are only the just reward of your honesty. I leave Paris to-morrow with my family, and shall probably be absent for some months, otherwise I would ask my wife to call at your lodging; but on our return, I hope she will be able to see you. Here is a card with my name and address.'

Louise gratefully thanked the kind gentleman, who hastened from the shop; and she then took the materials for a shirt, promising to bring it back finished the next day. What joyful news she had on her return for Madame Thérèse, and how cheerfully did they partake together of their evening meal, to which a salad and a bit of cheese were added, to make a little feast!

Louise continued to work hard and steadily. Winter set in this year with unusual severity, and poor Madame Thérèse became quite disabled. Rheumatism attacked her hands as well as her feet, and rendered her quite unable to work. She suffered dreadful pain at night, which Louise sought tenderly to relieve by rubbing and chafing her limbs. The four Napoleons were gradually expended in providing medicines and nourishing food for the invalid. Taught by adversity, Louise learnt to forget herself, and was never more happy than when ministering to the wants of her aunt. Before the end of February, their money was all spent, and the earnings of Louise, always small, were farther

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diminished by the expense of candle-light, and the necessity of giving up much time to attending the invalid. To add to their trials, the young girl's own health began to fail. Loss of rest, constant sitting at her needle, and want of sufficient food, produced their usual effect. She became pale and thin, her breathing was quick, and her appetite failing.

Madame Thérèse became much alarmed about her. One day she remarked her frequently putting her hand on her side, and sighing as if in pain.

'My child,' said the old woman, 'the good gentleman whose purse you found is a physician. I am sure if he knew of your illness, he would do something for you. Will you, then, call at his house to-day, for indeed I feel uneasy about you?'

Louise felt reluctant to go. She feared it would look like begging from one who had already done much for her; but her aunt fearing that her health was seriously affected, managed to satisfy her scruples, and induced her to go.

Nothing but disappointment awaited them. Louise found the house shut up, and the old man who was left in charge of it told her the family were not expected home for two months. She returned sorrowfully to her lodging, and continued with Madame Thérèse to struggle against poverty and illness.

When Dr Leverrier, the loser of the purse, at length returned to Paris, he called to mind the poor little girl, and one day, accompanied by his wife, sought out the humble lodgings of Madame Thérèse. Ascending the dark, narrow staircase, they knocked at the door, and the voice of Madame Thérèse said 'Come in.' They entered. The room, though perfectly clean, looked almost bare; every little article of furniture had by degrees been parted with to meet the necessities of the poor inmates. Louise, whose weakness had considerably increased, was seated on a bundle of straw, which formed their only bed, and her wasted fingers were feebly endeavouring to finish some work which ought to have been returned the day before. So changed was her appearance, that Dr Leverrier could scarcely recognise her; but she knew him, and blushed deeply as she rose and said, 'Aunt, this is the kind gentleman who gave me the money.'

'I am sorry,' said Madame Leverrier, 'to see you look so poorly; but we are come now to do what we can to relieve you, and I hope, please God, you will soon be well.' She then entered into conversation with the old woman, while her husband inquired into Louise's state of health. He found she had no fixed disease, nothing which might not be removed by good food, fresh air, and freedom from toil. These he took care should be secured to her, by giving her aunt a sum of money sufficient for their present necessities, and promising to continue it until both the invalids should be restored.

They then took their leave, followed by the grateful blessings of Louise and her aunt. That evening Madame Leverrier sent them a comfortable bed and blankets, together with a warm gown and shawl for each. How comfortably they slept that night! and how fervently did they bless the goodness of God in sending them such friends!

Dr Leverrier continued frequently to visit them: he used to send Louise out to walk, and sometimes sat with her aunt during her absence. One day he asked the old lady to tell him all the particulars of their history, which she very willingly did. When she mentioned the manuscripts which M. Caillot had bequeathed to his granddaughter as a treasure, and which had proved so useless to her, he became greatly interested. He was a member of several scientific societies, and very fond of antiquarian research; it therefore occurred to him that the papers might possibly possess some value, and he asked anxiously to see them.

'You can have them, and welcome, monsieur,' said Madame Thérèse. 'Louise, poor child, was greatly attached to her grandfather, and for his sake she keeps them carefully locked up. I will open the cupboard and get them for you.'

Accordingly, she handed Dr Leverrier the bundle tied up with tape. He opened it, and found it to consist of several small parcels. One of them was labelled, 'The writing of his most gracious Majesty Louis XIV., in his eighth year, while instructed by me (Signed) L. Caillot.' Dated 1646. Another had a similar superscription, describing it as the writing of the dauphin, the amiable pupil of Fenelon, and grandson to Louis XIV. Then came the first attempts at penmanship of Louis XV. Then the first copy-book of the unhappy Louis XVI. And lastly, tied up and covered with peculiar care, the writing of the little 'Captive King,' Louis XVII. As we mentioned before, the office of writing-master to the royal family had been for many generations hereditary in that of M. Caillot, and these mementos of their princely pupils' progress had been carefully treasured by each of its representatives, and transmitted to his successor. They had all been well off, and therefore none of the family of Caillot had had any temptation to part with these precious relics until they descended to the grandfather of Louise, who yet, in the midst of his poverty, could not bring himself to sell them. He knew that, as antiquarian curiosities, they would fetch a high price, and therefore justly regarded them as forming a provision for Louise. The suddenness of his death prevented his explaining to her in what their value consisted, and, as we have seen, she remained ignorant of it for a long time.

'These are indeed treasures,' said the doctor: 'I know some persons who will gladly purchase them at a high rate. I have no doubt they will bring Louise several thousand francs.'

Just then the young girl entered. Her eye glanced at the rolls of paper spread out on the little deal table.

'Ah,' she said, 'poor grandpapa's manuscripts that he prized so highly! I have often wondered why he valued them so much.'

'Don't wonder any more, my good girl,' replied her friend. 'They are indeed most valuable; and I heartily congratulate you on your good fortune, which I hope and trust you will try to deserve.'

He then explained to her the nature of the papers; and when he mentioned the large sum which he expected they would sell for, Louise clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, dear aunt, at last I shall be able to make you comfortable!' Then turning to the doctor, 'Dear sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness!'

It was all she could say; the sudden emotion was too much for her; and Dr Leverrier took his leave, carrying the manuscripts with him, and promising to return as soon as possible.

Two days elapsed, and on the third morning, as Louise was preparing her aunt's breakfast, the doctor entered.

'Good-morning, my friends,' he said; 'I bring you good news. Louise,' he added smiling, 'how many thousand francs do you suppose yourself possessed of?'

'Dear sir, you are jesting! I cannot guess.'

'Well, I will tell you my adventures since we last met, and then you can judge. I have a particular friend, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and to him I took your manuscripts. He was in ecstasies. "They are invaluable," he said; "quite unique—worth any money! I am not very rich, and yet I would gladly give thirty thousand francs for them." I explained to him the circumstances connected with them, and told him that as I was acting for another, I considered it my duty to obtain the highest possible price for them. He quite agreed with me, and directed me to a brother antiquary of immense wealth, who, he said, would, he was sure, purchase them. Accordingly I took them to Monsieur Lemont (that is his name), and, as I expected, he was delighted with them. He finally offered to pay fifty thousand francs for them, which, considering it the full value for them, I agreed, in your

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name, to accept. I have lodged the sum (about L.2000) to your credit in the bank. It will produce you a yearly income of about three thousand francs, and you have now only to consider how to spend it to the best advantage.'

The first impulse of Louise was to kneel down and humbly thank God for his great goodness. She then affectionately embraced her aunt, and turning to Dr Leverrier, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you!' It was all she could say.

The doctor sat with them for some time, and when Louise became calm, proceeded to discuss her future plans. She was ready to be guided implicitly by him; and his advice was, that she and her aunt should immediately remove to some neat, quiet lodging in the outskirts of Paris, and when settled there, that Louise should apply herself to the cultivation of her mind, in order to become fitted for the new rank in which she was to move.

This judicious counsel was followed, and through the kind offices of the doctor and his lady, Louise and her aunt were speedily established in a nice lodging in the suburbs. The young girl's first care was to provide Madame Thérèse with everything necessary to her comfort; her second, to engage teachers and purchase books for herself. Her efforts at self-improvement were crowned with success. Being now exempt from bodily toil, her health became robust, and she acquired insensibly both polish of manner and refinement of appearance. No one who saw the neatly-dressed venerable old lady walking out, leaning on the arm of an elegant-looking girl, could have recognised Madame Thérèse and Louise as they appeared formerly. Dr Leverrier and his family continued to take the kindest interest in their welfare. He frequently invited them to his house, feeling sure that Louise was a safe and profitable companion for his daughters.

It happened one day that Louise and her aunt were taking an airing with Madame Leverrier. They stopped at a shop to make some purchases, and as they were coming out, an old woman accosted them, begging for alms. She was clothed in rags, and looked miserably poor. Madame Leverrier put a trifle in her hand, and was passing on, when she was surprised to see Louise stop and look eagerly at the beggar woman.

'Can it be!' said the young girl. 'Are you Madame Duval?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'that is my name; but, mademoiselle, how do you know me?'

'I knew you well at one time: have you forgotten Louise Caillot?'

The unhappy woman hid her face with her hands, and said, 'Have pity on me—I am justly punished!'

Louise hastily explained to her friends who it was; and Madame Leverrier having requested the shopkeeper to allow them the use of his parlour for a short time, they caused Madame Duval to come in and explain how she came to be so sadly reduced.

With many expressions of shame and humiliation, the unfortunate woman told them that, by a course of extravagance and idleness, she had gradually become poorer and poorer; until at length everything she possessed was seized for debt, and she was compelled to wander about begging. 'Then,' she said, 'when I found myself a homeless outcast, without a friend, I recollected my cruelty towards you, mademoiselle; and I felt that the just vengeance of God was pursuing me for my sin against an orphan. I thought of all you must have suffered, and I longed to know what had become of you. I am a miserable creature both in mind and body: can you forgive me?'

Louise burst into tears. 'Most freely I forgive you, madame,' she said, 'and will gladly do what I can to assist you.'

She then gave her some money, and having inquired where she lived, promised to send her further assistance. The poor woman seemed ready to embrace her feet with thankfulness, but Louise and her friends hastened away, overcome with various emotions. Louise and her aunt spent that evening at the house of their friends; and when Dr Leverrier came in, his wife told him their morning's adventure. He listened to it with much interest, and asked Louise what she wished to have done for her ancient enemy.

'I should like, sir,' she replied, 'to relieve her wants, and afford her the means of support.'

'Then you have no feeling of enmity towards her? Recollect how badly she treated you.'

The young girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him almost reproachfully. It was sufficient answer.

'You are right, my dear child,' said the doctor; 'I spoke only to try you. True greatness of spirit is shown in forgiving an injury, not in returning it; and after all, though she meant it not for good, Madame Duval has been the means of rendering you a real service; for the hard season of adversity you have passed through has been the blessed means of subduing what was evil in your heart, and conferring on you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."'

MACKAY'S 'WESTERN WORLD.'

Two books of travels in the United States have just come under our notice—one in three volumes by Mr Alexander Mackay,* the other a pocket volume by Mr Archibald Prentice. These works differ not less in external aspect than in the manner in which they are written. That of Mr Mackay consists chiefly of a series of disquisitions on social and political topics, united by a thread of personal narrative; while the small volume of Mr Prentice is a lively description of a tour, and scarcely aspires to be instructive. In the meanwhile, laying the last-mentioned book aside, we propose to confine our attention to Mr Mackay's 'Western World,' which, though tedious in many parts, is far from being without interest. The writer tells us in his preface that, from a residence of some time in the country, he has possessed better opportunities of drawing sound conclusions than travellers of an ordinary class; and as far as we can judge, his views are warranted by the actual and prospective state of society. He would, however, be a very dull person who could travel through the United States without having his sentiments roused on divers matters of social concern, or who would not be impressed with the national greatness that awaits our American brethren.

Mr Mackay begins his observations at Boston, and thence proceeds southwards; each place he visits being a peg whereon to hang a string of observations. New York suggests a disquisition on the commercial policy of the States. At present, a contest rages between the manufacturing and agricultural interests, in reference to free trade; but conversely to that which prevails in Britain. The American agriculturists and cotton growers desire freedom of import and export: the manufacturers alone desire protection; they fear the spindles and looms of Lancashire. What a pity to find such men as Mr Webster and Mr Clay advocating restrictions on trade! In spite of all odds, the free-traders are in the ascendant: the tariff bill of 1846 decided that custom-house duties should be taken only on a revenue basis. Yet that in effect tends to preserve monopoly, and a great modification of duties is contended for. While on this subject, our author refers to the vast injury which America could inflict on England. One is startled by a mere announcement of the fact. The internal peace and prosperity of Great Britain depend on the regular action of the cotton trade. Throw Lancashire and Lanarkshire idle, by stopping the supplies of cotton, and who will say what would be the consequences! For these supplies we are dependent on America. 'This is a dependence,' observes Mr Mackay, 'which

* The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1849.

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cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the supply of cotton, we are as much at the mercy of America as if we were starving, and to her alone we looked for food. She need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. True, it is as much her interest as ours to act differently; and so long as it continues so, no difficulty will be experienced. But a combination of circumstances may be supposed in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us an irrecoverable blow: a crisis might arise when, by momentarily crippling our industry, she might push in and deprive us of the markets of the world. And who, should the opportunity arise, will guarantee her forbearance? . . . It is the consciousness of this absolute dependence that induces many to look anxiously elsewhere for the supply of that for which we are now wholly beholden to a rival. The cultivation of cotton in India is no chimera; the time may come when we may find it our safety.' It should have been added, that the late opening of British ports to American corn is the best guarantee against the catastrophe which is feared.

In America all is activity and hopefulness. The possibility of doing great things, striking out new fields of enterprise, causes a universal restlessness. Repose is unknown. In this old country we are at almost every step governed by traditions: we are terrified to do anything which is not sanctioned by the usage of centuries. No man is listened to who has not attained to gray hairs; if he is bald, so much the better. We have another social peculiarity. Politics do not form a quite respectable subject. Criticism of state policy is a kind of half treason. No man is so estimable as he who candidly declares he neither understands nor cares for matters of government. In America all this is different. Old men have there little to say; young men take the upper hand; and politics are not only perfectly respectable, but commendable. 'The American,' says Mr Mackay, 'is from his earliest boyhood imited to politics, and disciplined in political discussion. The young blood of America exercises an immense influence over its destiny. Perhaps it would be better were it otherwise. Frequently are elections carried, in different localities, by the influence exerted on the voters by the active exertions of young men who have as yet no vote themselves. A minor may, and often does, make exciting party speeches, to an assembly composed of men, many of whom might individually be his grandfather.' We should be inclined to say that this is going a little too far. There is a good mid-way in everything.

With something to condemn in their hot political contests, we give the Americans credit for one thing, in which they are clearly our superiors. 'In America there is no volunteering one's services as a representative.' Suitable candidates are brought forward by committees of electors, and no others have a chance of success. Volunteer candidates are called 'stump orators,' and their pretensions are treated only with derision. How much better is this than the beggarly practice which prevails in Great Britain, where candidates condescend to the meanness of seeking votes, and not only so, but of paying for them also—in England by bribes of money, in Scotland by expectancies of situations!

Mr Mackay mentions that few things are more surprising in American society than the sway exerted by young unmarried ladies. With us, a Miss fills a very subordinate social position: she is nobody, and enjoys consideration only through her parents. In the States, 'the mother is invariably eclipsed by her daughters,' who issue invitations, and receive company, as if independent beings. The moment a lady submits to the matrimonial tie, she is laid on the shelf, and soon disappears from general society. 'Whilst the young ladies engross all attention to themselves, the married ones sit neglected in the corners, despite the superiority which they may sometimes possess both in personal charms and mental accomplishments.' Possibly the great demand for wives is the main cause of this social peculiarity. Our author speaks of the number of society meetings, at which young ladies assist nearly every night in the week. Dorcas societies are particular favourites, as they blend a bit of amusement and gossip with the obligations of charity. 'The ladies of a congregation, married and expectant—the latter generally predominating—meet in rotation at their respective houses at an early hour in the afternoon, sew away industriously by themselves until evening, when the young gentlemen are introduced with the tea and coffee: whereupon work is suspended, and a snug little party is the consequence, characterised by a good deal of flirtation, and closed by prayer: the young men afterwards escorting the young ladies home, and taking leave of them, to meet again next week under the same happy circumstances.' In general society, the conversation is said to be greatly made up of 'dreary commonplaces, jokes, and vapid compliments.' We would hazard the remark, that conversation cannot be more commonplace in America than it is in ninety-nine houses in a hundred throughout England—a talk of furniture, the weather, articles of eating and drinking, the Opera, the last picture exhibition, and the comparative lighting qualities of gas and candles.

Travelling in a railway car between Philadelphia and Baltimore, Mr Mackay witnesses the extent to which Americans carry their antipathy to the unfortunate coloured race. 'At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectably dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed could not have been more than 12½ per cent. of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was at all events cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By and by the conductor entered the car again, and, as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood.' Some coarse remarks followed from various persons in the car, commendatory of this odious expulsion. Shocked at what he had seen, our author proceeded to search out the unfortunate young man, whom he found seated in a bare wooden crib, along with about a dozen negroes, who, envious of his white tinge, 'rather rejoiced than otherwise at the treatment he had received.' Mr Mackay states, that on a late occasion the captain of a British steamer on Lake Ontario violently expelled a gentleman of colour from the dinner-table in the cabin, in concession to the prejudice of some Virginians who were present. For this illegal and audacious act he was very properly apprehended on a warrant at Kingston, and had to pay a heavy fine for his officiousness; 'his command being continued to him on condition of his not offending in a similar manner in future.' It is pleasant thus to see British law vindicating the rights of humanity irrespective of race or colour.

Slavery is visibly observed to be a blight wherever it rests. The slaveholding states are palpably retrograding; the non-slaveholding states are rapidly advancing. 'View it whichever way you will,' says Mr Mackay, 'whether as a crime or as a calamity, this institution in the United States invariably carries with it its own retribution. However indispensable it may be to the

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wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830, her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board states, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also of late years been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the confederation; but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her.' Were Virginia freed from slavery, it would become one of the most favourable fields of settlement for emigrants of a wealthy class. As it is, it is, like other slaveholding States, shunned by men of capital and enterprise.

Railways have been already constructed in the United States to the extent of 5700 miles, and 4000 miles are in course of construction. This far exceeds the aggregate length of railways in Great Britain; but the two systems can scarcely be compared. Our lines are generally double; constructed with great care; and are decorated with splendid station-houses and termini: great sums have also been paid for land; and the parliamentary expenses have been enormous. In America the cost of land has been comparatively trifling; the rails are usually of timber, shod with thin slips of iron; the station-houses are wooden booths; and the bridges are also of wood, on an inexpensive scale. By this studying of economy, the railway system has been pushed to great lengths in the States, vastly to the benefit of the more remote regions. When the country is more densely peopled, the lines will of course be improved. At present, although the rate of transit is only from 15 to 20 miles an hour, they answer the purpose of travellers, and make a return of from 5 to 8 per cent. to the shareholders. Much as we admire the elegance and even grandeur of some of our railway termini and other works, we wish, all circumstances considered, that plainer models had been adopted.

On the subject of the Mississippi valley and its productive powers we have some useful particulars. This valley, which is interlaced with 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, and will in time contain a population of a hundred and fifty millions, is capable of furnishing food for the whole of Europe. The soil is generally so fertile and easily cultivated, that a farmer is well remunerated if he gets sixpence a bushel for his wheat. Ten shillings may be assumed as the cost of producing a quarter of wheat in most portions of the prairie land of the valley; and if 20s. be added for cost of transit to England, grain of a fair description at 30s. a quarter may be looked for. At present, from the want of capital, and also from the demand on the spot by a new and growing population, large shipments of wheat cannot be made to Great Britain; but every year the capacity for export will increase, and we have no doubt that ultimately there will be an abundant influx of American wheat at the price stated. From the wheat-growing States on the Atlantic, grain will be exported at a considerable lower rate. Of course facts of this kind will be kept in remembrance by British farmers in renewing their engagements for land.

From Canada, wheat may be transported to Quebec or to New York at about equal rates, the cheaper line of transit, all things considered, being to Quebec. But there the preference ceases. The freight from New York to Liverpool is cheaper than from Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. So great is the disparity, says Mr Mackay, that he has known 7s. 6d. sterling asked at Montreal for every barrel of flour to be conveyed to Liverpool, whilst forty cents, or about 1s. 8d., was the ruling freight at New York. Curiously enough, this great difference, which is so injurious to the colonists, arises from nothing else than a wish on the part of Great Britain to benefit the colonies. According to the navigation laws, no vessel but one of British or colonial build can bring goods from a British colony to England; the object of the law being to keep our own trade to ourselves. On this account foreign vessels taking goods to Canada cannot reload with cargoes for England. If the shippers of Montreal had as much wheat on hand for England as would fill ten vessels, and ten empty American ships were lying at the quay, they could not employ them. They would require to wait until British-built vessels came in and were prepared to take the wheat on board; consequently these British-built vessels having a monopoly, would charge a comparatively high price for their services. Such is one of the effects of what are called 'the navigation laws,' for the abolition of which an effort is now about to be made in parliament. 'It frequently happens,' says Mr Mackay, 'that the quays both of Montreal and Quebec are overladen with produce waiting for exportation, but which remains for weeks on the open wharfs for want of sufficient tonnage to carry it to Europe. . . . It is of this monopoly, and its ruinous consequences, that the Canadian so loudly and so bitterly complains. Such, indeed, is sometimes the want of tonnage in the Canadian seaports, that produce forwarded to tide-water, with a view of being conveyed to Liverpool that season, is not unfrequently detained until the opening of navigation in the following year. The inconvenience of this is great, especially as wheat and flour are perishable commodities, and the exporter loses all the advantages which the English market may in the meantime have offered him. The remedy for this evil is obviously to throw the navigation of the St Lawrence open to the shipping of the world.' What a howl will this proposition raise among the shipowners of Glasgow and Liverpool!

The rapid transmission of news among us has been rather conspicuous since the electric telegraph was put in requisition; but in this department of affairs we are still outdone by our American brethren. 'For some time after the breaking out of the Mexican war, the anxiety to obtain news from the south was intense. There was then no electric telegraph south of Washington, the news had therefore to come to that city from New Orleans through the ordinary mail channels. The strife was between several Baltimore papers for the first use of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. The telegraph office was close to the post-office, both being more than a mile from the wharf, at which the mail steamer, after having ascended the Potomac from the Aquia Creek, stopped, and from which the mail bags had to be carried in a wagon to the post-office. The plan adopted by the papers to anticipate each other was this:—Each had an agent on board the steamer, whose duty it was, as she was ascending the river, to obtain all the information that was new, and put it in a succinct form for transmission by telegraph the moment it reached Washington. Having done so, he tied the manuscript to a short heavy stick, which he threw ashore as the boat was making the wharf. On shore each paper had two other agents, one a boy mounted on horseback, and the other a man on foot, ready to catch the stick to which the manuscript was attached the moment it reached the ground. As soon as he got hold of it, he handed it to the boy on horseback, who immediately set off with it at full gallop for the telegraph office. There were frequently five or six thus scrambling for precedence, and as they sometimes all got a good start, the race was a very exciting one. Crowds gathered every evening around the post-office and telegraph office, both to learn the news, and witness the result of the race. The first in secured the telegraph, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the news

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was known at Baltimore, forty miles off, and frequently before the mail was delivered, and it was known even at Washington itself. On an important occasion, one of the agents alluded to as being on board beat his competitors by an expert manœuvre. He managed, unperceived, to take a bow on board with him, with which, on the arrival of the boat, he shot his manuscript ashore, attached to an arrow, long before his rivals could throw the sticks ashore to which theirs was tied.'

Mr Mackay recommends emigration to the United States in the strongest possible terms, and expresses a surprise, in which we unite, that this country should be embarrassed with a redundant population—redundant in reference to existing means of support—while so great and glorious a field of settlement is open for all on such very easy terms. While society in Great Britain seems to be gradually pauperising—while 'what to do with our beggars' is becoming the most urgent of questions, it is pleasant to read the following passages in reference to a contrary state of things in America:—'The most important feature of American society, in connection with its physical condition, is, that competence is the lot of all. No matter to what this is attributable, whether to the extent and resources of the country, or to the nature of its institutions, or to both, such is the case, and one has not to be long in America to discover it. It is extremely seldom that the willing hand in America is in want of employment, whilst the hard-working man has not only a competency on which to live, but, if frugal, may soon save up sufficient to procure for himself in the West a position of still greater comfort and independence. There are paupers in America, but, fortunately, they are very few. They are generally confined to the large towns; nor need they subsist upon charity, if they had the energy to go into the rural districts and seek employment. This, however, is not applicable to the majority of them, who are aged and infirm. It may be laid down as a general rule, without qualification, that none are deprived of competency in America except such as are negligent, idle, or grossly improvident.' Truly, it has been said, America is the paradise of the working-man.

ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS OF POPULAR SPORTS.

Among the suburban outskirts of London city, long since swallowed up in the ceaseless progress that converts green fields into *brick-fields*, and brick-fields, with the old rural footpaths they have displaced, into paved streets and squares, some memento of former associations still survives, as a memorial of 'the country' that skirted in olden times the city's northern walls.

Clerkenwell Green still sounds as a strange memento of the days gone by, when its gentle pastures and green slopes lay along the 'River of Wells,' as the 'Fleet Ditch' was then termed, while beyond extended in grassy fields, or still greener morasses, Spitalfields, Moorfields, and Finsbury. Ben Jonson tells us of 'the archers of Finsbury, and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds;' and many a sly hit by the wits of James's Court at the Cockney rivalry of Robin Hood's feats, shows that these civic heroes were often sorely galled by lighter sharpshooters than the archers of Finsbury Fields.

Even so early as 1598, Stowe complains of 'the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the City, now almost clearly left off and forsaken;' and subsequent enactments of James I. proved altogether unavailing in preventing the total abandonment of 'the yard-long shaft,' which had proved the safety and honour of England on many a hard-fought field. Just beyond the old site of Moorgate, the Artillery Grounds still preserve a small area rescued from these old archery grounds, for civic feats of mimic war; but a recent chance discovery in the same neighbourhood carries us back to still older sports and pastimes of 'the London 'prentices' in these extra-mural fields.

In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House, as well as in various private London museums, specimens of ancient bone-skates may be seen, such as in early times, and even, it is believed, to a comparatively recent period, were used by the citizens of London in their favourite winter pastime on the ice. The Serpentine River of former days was an undrained marsh lying outside London wall, at the foot of the long slope by which the endless tide of Paddington and Highgate omnibuses now wend their way to the Angel at Islington. The winter rains accumulated here into a broad and shallow pond, which required no long continuance of frost to convert it into a safe and ample sheet of ice. Towards this the pleasure-seeking crowds of citizens might then be seen jostling one another as they pushed their way through the old Moorgate archway, each carrying in his hands a pair of homely skates, fashioned in most cases of the leg-bone of a horse, with a hole drilled from side to side at the one end, and into the end at the other—the latter probably to receive a peg by which more effectually to secure the cords that fastened it to the foot. These simple skates, dropped from time to time, and buried in the mud and soil, at first occasioned some little perplexity to the antiquaries of London when they revisited the light. It is not unlikely, indeed, that they may have often enough been found and tossed aside before, as mere musty bones, during the constant excavations in the City and its neighbourhood. But now that archæology has become a science with numerous students and devotees, the barest bone is often found worth picking; and since attention was first directed to the subject, about eight years ago, many such bone-skates have been dug up in various districts around London, and particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of the City.

The examples which we have seen of these rude specimens, illustrative of the antiquity and progressive improvement of one of the most popular and healthful recreations of our northern winters, were dug up, in the year 1839, in Moorfields, near Finsbury Circus, London. Though Moorfields—to use a familiar Cockney pun—are no more fields, the whole area having long since been built over, and laid out in streets and squares, beyond which miles of brick tenements and stone-paving extend between it and the open fields, the ground still exhibits, in the course of any excavations by which it is opened up, distinct evidences of its former character as a bog or marsh; and it will presently appear to what uses it was put so long as it retained this character.

Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' while confessing his inability to trace the introduction of skating into this country, refers to evidence of its existence in the thirteenth century; and adds an opinion, which few will be inclined to dispute, that 'probably the invention proceeded rather from necessity than the desire of amusement.' The rudeness of these bone-skates is such as seems to justify the antiquary in assigning to them a very early date: and a curious passage, which occurs in Fitz-Stephen's description of London, enables us to establish their identity with those used in that writer's own time—that is, in the reign of Henry II., 1151–1189. Fitz-Stephen, in describing the sports of the citizens of London, says—'When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice,' &c. After enumerating the various modes of sliding, he adds, 'Some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones—as the leg-bones of beasts—and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and those men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine!'

It is rare, indeed, that the antiquary discovers so distinct and unmistakeable a reference not only to the character and uses of a chance-found relic, but to the exact locality in which it has lain unheeded for nearly seven centuries.

In Bishop Percy's 'Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,' translated from the Icelandic language,* more than one refer-

* London, 1763.

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ence occurs to skating, as one among the most essential qualifications of a northern warrior. In 'Harold's Complaint' the hero thus enumerates his slighted worth:—'I know how to perform six exercises. I fight with courage, I keep a firm seat on horseback, I am skilled in swimming, *I glide along the ice on skates*, I excel in darting the lance, I am dexterous at the oar, and yet a Russian maid disdains me!'

In M. Mallet's 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc,'* a quotation is made from the 24th table of the 'Edda,' in which the following allusion to skating occurs:—'Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor? Thialfe answered, That in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one,' &c.

But a still more definite description of the ancient skate than that already referred to occurs in Olaus Magnus's 'History of the Nations of the West.' He speaks of it as being made of iron, or of the shank-bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet.

Mr C. Roach Smith, on showing examples of these bone-skates to the eminent northern antiquary Herr Worsaac of Copenhagen, was informed by him that similar examples had been found in Holland, in Scandinavia, and particularly in the southern part of Sweden. He referred him also to a very curious passage in one of the old Scandinavian mythological songs, in which it is said that *Oller* or Uller, god of the winter, runs on bones of animals over the ice.

It cannot surprise us to find such early and varied evidences of the practice of skating on the ice among the northern races of Europe, nor of their use of a skate so readily supplied as one of the least-valued spoils of the chase. It seems indeed surprising that a skate so very simple and easily accessible should not still remain in use among our juvenile population, with whom the more refined and complicated modern instrument of steel is sometimes a matter not readily obtained.

No allusion occurs, that we are aware of, among early Scottish writers to a similar practice among the natives of our northern region, though it cannot be doubted that there also skating was one of the winter pastimes of our ancestry from a very early period. Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the seventh book of the 'Æneid,' gives a most vigorous and picturesque description of the northern winter, in which he depicts both the aspect of nature and the influence of the season on man and beast; but no allusion occurs to such popular pastimes as those to which the earlier Scandinavian and Icelandic poets refer.

Most Scottish readers are familiar with Sir David Lindsay's lively satire on the obsequious courtiers of James V., which occurs in the 'Complaynt:'—

> 'Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
> Thay did solist his majestie,
> Sum gart him ravell at the rakket,
> Sum hartit him to the hurly-hakket,' &c.

The hurly-hakket, more correctly *hurly-haukie*, was a boy's game practised in James's time and later, on the slope of the Heading Hill, or ancient place of execution near Stirling Castle. Seated on the inverted bone of a cow's head, the youth descended this slope with thundering speed, to the wonder of quiet people, and his own no small delectation. On the Calton Hill near Edinburgh, the game was practised at the end of the last century with a horse's head; but the skull of the ruminant seems to have been the more normal vehicle, as the name *haukie* is simply the familiar appellation for a cow in Scotland.

It may readily be believed that as the bones of animals were among the early spoils of the chase, they would be adapted in a rude age to many uses for which the devices of modern ingenuity and civilisation have found other substitutes. Among the rude savages of the South Sea Islands, as well as among the Kamtchatkins and Esquimaux, the bones and horns of many animals are turned to account in the construction of their weapons and implements; and we frequently find among the contents of early British tumuli, evidence that our own barbarian ancestry applied them to the same useful purposes.

It was not, however, for objects essentially useful only, but also for the instruments used in games of chance and skill, that the bones of animals were found applicable by our rude forefathers. In Herr Worsaac's comparison of the 'Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark,' in the third volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, he refers to ancient draftsmen of bone, of a hemispherical shape, and with a hole in the flat bottom, which frequently occur in considerable quantities in Norwegian tumuli, and are also occasionally found in Ireland. They are believed to have formed the implements of gaming among the roving Norsemen, their form being designed to admit of their use on shipboard, so that they might not be liable to displacement by the rolling of the vessel.

Many allusions of our early dramatists also suffice to show that such games as nine-pins, loggats, skittles, and the like, were originally played with bones. The name of skittles is evidently derived, like the older term kayles, or kayle-pins, from the French *quille*, a pin. And to the latter game—of which Strutt gives an illustration, somewhat oddly derived from a missal of the fourteenth century—the more modern nine-pins are obviously traceable. Several of these games are enumerated in early English statutes against gaming, particularly in more than one of Henry VIII. And a game called *clash*, which appears to have been nearly identical with nine-pins, is specified in a similar statute so early as the reign of Edward IV.

'Loggats,' says Sir Thomas Hanmer, one of the early editors of Shakspeare, 'is the ancient name of a play or game, which is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the 33d statute of Henry VIII.; it is the same which is now called kittle-pins, in which the boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.'

In a rare old play of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled 'The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art,' a dunce is introduced, who boasts of his skill

> 'At skates, and the playing with a sheep's joynte.'

So, too, in the well-known scene with the gravedigger in Hamlet—

> 'That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. Hure's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it. *Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them?* Mine ache to think on't!'

These allusions place beyond doubt the use of bones in these popular games of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and so, too, we find a later dramatic writer of Charles II.'s reign, in a play called 'The Merry Milk-Maid of Islington,' making one of his characters address another thus—

> 'I'll cleave you from the skull to the twist, and make nine-skittles of thy bones!'

These latter illustrations may perhaps be considered as having a very slight connection with the subject of ancient bone-skates. They suffice, however, to show to how many uses, which have since been lost sight of, these waste articles of the chase and of the kitchen were applied in early, and even in comparatively recent times.

* 2 vols., London, 1770.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Drawing Salves and Strengthening Plasters.—People entertain some curious notions as to the properties of salves. We continually hear them talk of drawing salves. It might be possible, no doubt, to trace some of the old doctrines of medical men in these sayings, when what was called the humoral pathology was in vogue. I seldom pass many days without hearing that a particular ointment draws too much, or not sufficiently. The least that can be said of it is, that the phraseology is not good, and altogether indefinite, for the greater part of those who employ it scarcely know precisely what they wish to express. As to strength-

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ening plasters, I must confess my complete want of faith. To communicate strength by a pitch plaster is more easily said than done. I remember there was formerly a great cry for strengthening plasters at the Manchester Infirmary. Many old men and women would beg for them, as if a plaster was the greatest favour that could be conferred; and afterwards, when their plasters were worn out, they would endeavour, in the most ingenious way imaginable, to bring round the conversation to the subject of plasters, and end by requesting to have others, 'as the virtue,' they said, 'was gone out of the old ones.' It would be well if they could find any relief from their real ailments from such impotent means. As to what are called 'warming plasters,' more faith may be given to them, for these act more or less like blisters, being indeed composed of pitch plaster and blistering plaster, and to some extent, therefore, useful in cases where external irritants are necessary.

People Heavier after Death.—That a person weighs heavier when dead than when living, is one of the popular errors which one cannot well suppose to prevail amongst the better-informed part of society. The phrase *dead weight* has probably sprung up from this idea. Why a person should be heavier when he is dead is not very apparent, unless the principle of life is to be considered as one of levity, as phlogiston was supposed to be by the philosophers of a former day. The supporters of Stahl's celebrated doctrine of phlogiston believed that when a body was burnt, a principle, which they called *phlogiston*, escaped from it in the form of light and heat; but unfortunately for this view, it was found, when the products of combustion were carefully collected, that they weighed more than the body did previously. This would have been fatal to their doctrine, had not the idea been broached that phlogiston was a principle of levity, which, being removed, left the body heavier than before.

This was of course quite fallacious, and so would such an idea be with respect to life. One reason that a dead body is thought to be heavier than a living one is probably this, that in carrying a living person we have the centre of gravity adapted by the person carried to suit the convenience of the carrier, and maintained in a position as far as possible to fall within the base of his body. Again, the elasticity of the structures of the body, especially the cartilages, though not in reality diminishing the weight, gives an appearance of lightness, as we see in the beautiful movements of the stag, and this would seem to corroborate the notion of living creatures being lighter than dead ones. We have also phrases which would seem to imply that lightness was the concomitant of gentleness. How often we are admonished by the poets to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead!

Mother's Marks.—Of what are called 'mother's marks,' I may say a word or two. Everybody has heard of strawberries and cherries being represented on children's heads and backs, and people pretend that these appearances alter according to the season of the year, as the fruit may or may not be ripe. The question as to the origin of these marks appears at one time to have given rise to rather a warm controversy. A Dr Samuel Turner, in the eighteenth century, published a work on diseases of the skin, in which there was a dissertation on these congenital marks contained in the 12th chapter, and in which he attributed them to the influence of the mother's imagination. In answer to this part of the work, an anonymous publication appeared denouncing the idea as a vulgar error. However, Dr Turner, discovered the work to be written by a Dr James Augustus Blondel, and looking upon the reply as a direct attack upon himself, republished his views in an appendix to another work which he was then bringing out. Dr Blondel was not, however, to be set down in this manner, and again controverted these opinions. Dr Turner now began to consider his reputation seriously at stake, and supported his views by references from Skenkius, Hildanus, Horstius, and others who are fond of dealing in prodigies. Though it is evident that he had the worst of the discussion, the fourth edition of his work, which appeared in 1731, is said still to have contained the 12th chapter without alteration, and to be supported with a fierce-looking portrait of the author.

Proverbs.—There are two proverbial sayings which may be just alluded to, particularly as one of them has perhaps a somewhat injurious influence. We often hear people use the expression—'Stuff a cold, and starve a fever;' and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying, 'Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever;' that is, if you do not refrain from generous living during a cold, ten to one you will set up a fever in which you will have to abstain altogether. This is certainly a more sensible reading of it. The next proverb is, 'That twilight is the blind man's holiday.' At first it would seem a ridiculous saying, because if want of light is to excuse us from work, a blind man must have a perpetual holiday.

The proverb no doubt relates to the well-known fact, that a man with a cataract can see better in the twilight. This is very easily explained; for in the softened light called twilight, the pupil of the eye expands, and as the diseased lens which intercepts the light is chiefly opaque in the centre, it follows that the rays of light are in some degree admitted when the pupil is fully dilated.

Bones Brittle in Winter.—Accidents frequently happen in winter-time from the slippery state of the roads; but there is a general belief that the bones are more brittle in winter than at another time. In frosty weather, it is a common remark made to domestics to be careful in cleaning the windows, as the glass is brittle; and this certainly is the case, and for an obvious reason. The outside of the window is exposed to the cold frosty air, whilst the inside is warmed by the heated air of the room; hence the two sides are expanded in different ratios, and a slight accident is sufficient to break the pane; just as hot water, put suddenly into a cold glass, may crack the vessel; especially if it be so thick that the heat is not readily transmitted through it. Well, then, probably the notion about the brittleness of the human bones in winter is derived from the fact I have mentioned; but the animal heat does not differ in cold weather, except indeed on the surface of the body. Nor would there otherwise be any analogy in the cases. That the bones of *old* people are more brittle than those of the young, is quite true; but this is of course altogether a different question.

Of the Lock-Jaw.—Many people entertain a very singular idea of the complaint called lock-jaw. It is, I think, often supposed that the disease consists alone in the forcible closure of the jaw, and that the patient, being unable to get sustenance, dies from inanition. Some of these people, who consider themselves a little more ingenious than their neighbours, will suggest to you the extraction of a tooth as a remedy, which, they think, may not have presented itself to others. In reality, the stiffened state of the muscles of the jaw is only a part of a general condition of spasm, the origin of which is ill understood, notwithstanding the great attention which has been devoted to the subject, and the ability which has been directed to it. The body is sometimes bent back like a bow in a most frightful manner, and the hands and feet dreadfully distorted. As the complaint first shows itself about the muscles of the jaw, it may have acquired the name from this circumstance. Some non-professional people mistake dislocation of the jaw for lock-jaw. When the jaw is dislocated, it remains widely open, and the patient is unable to shut his mouth. One laughable case is related of a person singing very

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loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

Red Flannel.—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptian mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavoured to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogether profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its colour, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use *red* flannel?

Mussels.—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *musseled*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr Paris states. 'The mussel,' says he, 'is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.'*

Galvanic Rings.—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electrum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., says, 'the kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere crampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe.'†

'In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them.'‡ Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

'The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.'* It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

Heart.—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart, though it is common enough to talk of the *heart being in the right place*. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a *little* to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or *sternum*, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification, applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are, however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits. In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patulous.

Amongst this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a *narrow swallow*. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, whilst the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

Inward Fits.—Nurses often speak of *inward* fits. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fights*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed.† The nurses will shake their head, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

Means of Preventing Contagion.—I think it is often supposed that medical men are in the habit of carrying about them some drug which has a protective influence against the operation of contagion. If this were the case, it would be very proper that it should be made generally known. I remember, when I was very young,

* Paris on Diet, p. 163. 1836.
† Op. Cit. p. 87.
‡ Op. Cit. p. 62.

* Pettigrew, p. 62.
† Burns's Practice of Midwifery, p. 786. 1836.

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having a little bag of camphor stitched in my dress, to prevent fever during the time that it was prevalent. Some people will suppose that smoking is desirable. I have known ladies put lavender in their handkerchiefs if they thought they were going to run any risk. Most of the remedies used are of this class—namely, such as have a powerful odour. The celebrated Hahnemann, the author of the homœopathic doctrines, thought that belladonna had a protective influence against the scarlet fever. It was, however, to be given internally, of course in a very small dose—three grains dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, of which three drops were to be administered twice daily to a child under twelve months. The homœopathists assert that if it does not prevent the disease, it renders it mild.

The plan of carrying camphor bags reminds one of the old amulets and charms to which we have already given attention. I mentioned the importance of rings. In the Harleian manuscripts (according to Pettigrew, p. 67), is a letter from Lord Chancellor Hatton to Sir Thomas Smith, written at the time of an alarming epidemic. He writes thus:—'I am likewise bold to recommend my most humble duty to our dear mistress (Queen Elizabeth), by this letter and *ring*, which hath the virtue to expel infectious airs.... I trust, sir, when the virtue is known, it shall not be refused for its value.' Perhaps some one may bring out cholera rings—I daresay people would be found to buy them. The more ridiculous a remedy is, the better it often takes. However, medical men do not attach importance to these portable remedies, at least such as operate merely in giving out an odour without exercising any chemical influence on the atmosphere. I am not now alluding to such as chloride of lime, which is to be kept in the house. The subject of the prevention of contagion is much too vast and important to admit of cursory remark, and I shall content myself, therefore, with denying that medical men are in the habit of carrying about their persons remedies to prevent contagion.

Of Bile.—Just as I stated that the public use the word *scurvy* as a general term for diseases of the skin, so it is common to use the epithet *bilious* for a number of distinct affections. A person is in the habit of putting his stomach out of order, and declaring that he is very bilious; or another shall lay the flattering unction to his soul that some serious structural disease is all attributable to the bile. There is one common mistake made in respect to vomiting *bile*. Whenever bile is found in the ejected matter, it is at once concluded that it was owing to a redundance of bile that the sickness was created. This is, however, in most cases an error, for the bile is brought into the stomach from the first bowel (the duodenum) by the straining efforts of the patient, which cause a reflux or regurgitation of the bile in opposition to its natural route. Thus nothing is more common than to find bile ejected from the stomach in sea-sickness, even when the sufferer set out on his voyage in the full enjoyment of health.

Whilst engaged in writing out these brief memoranda of medical errors, I stumbled on a book on the subject, written by a Dr Jones, dated 1797, in which he places in the category of popular errors some which one would scarcely expect to meet with in such a connection. Thus he considers it as one of the errors to be refuted, 'that a physician just called to a patient ought, as soon as he comes down stairs, to inform the family of the name of the distemper.' Most medical men will agree with him that this is certainly an egregious error.

He also alludes to the absurdity of asking a physician questions at a dinner-table, which it is impossible for him to answer without a careful inquiry into the case of the querist. I shall not now, however, trespass longer on the attention of the reader, but conclude by again reminding him that if I have been led to mention many things of a very commonplace kind, I have been obliged to do so by the nature of the subject; and in respect to the style or manner in which this has been done, it appeared to me that common things would be best described in common and familiar language, and colloquial phrases would best embody the ideas with which they are generally connected.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE;

AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back-room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs Thompson and Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. 'You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point.'

'Well, sir?' impatiently interrupted the other.

'I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir.'

'Well?'

'Is it true?'

'Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;' and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

'Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands.'

'Then may I ask what is your business here?'

'I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?'

'Why do you ask the question?'

'Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit.'

The money-dealer stared.

'You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honoured by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?'

'Not I, my friend.'

'No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done.'

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

'Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my lad," replied you—"thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven-

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shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use: here it is, sir—here it is;' and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. 'In a few days I'll call again;' and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained L.30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The L.30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some L.200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

SNODGRASS THE INVENTOR.

The decease of a generally little known, but useful inventor, Neil Snodgrass, is noticed by the 'Glasgow Citizen' newspaper. This ingenious man, who has just died in his seventy-third year, appears to have begun his inventive career by applying steam to the purpose of heating public works, &c. Mr Snodgrass was also the inventor of the 'Scutcher,' or blowing machine, commonly called in cotton-mills the 'Devil,' by which an important saving in the raw material is effected, while the cotton is prepared in a much more uniform manner than could possibly be done by the hands. It is, however, in connection with the steam-engine that the name of Mr Neil Snodgrass chiefly deserves to live. Notwithstanding Watt's grand invention of the separate condenser, and the completion of his numerous other improvements, a mighty defect still existed at the very heart of the machine. How to render the piston of the steam-engine perfectly steam-tight, and yet capable of moving in the cylinder without enormous friction, was, in the early history of the invention, felt to be an insuperable difficulty. This difficulty would have been considerably lessened had it been possible to construct a perfectly true cylinder; but as no skill in workmanship could secure this necessary height of perfection, the only alternative remaining was to render the periphery of the piston elastic, so as to adapt itself to the inequalities of the surface against which it was to slide. To effect this object, the piston was constructed with an upper and lower flange, between which a mass of hemp was wound, which it was necessary to renew and tighten at frequent intervals, and to keep at all times profusely saturated with grease. In order to provide a substitute for this primitive and clumsy process, Mr Snodgrass passed many a night of anxious thought. Having in 1818, with the assistance of a number of master spinners who had profited by his inventions, built a mill of his own at Mile End, Glasgow, he commenced in 1823 to make experiments in packing the piston on an entirely new plan, and in 1824 his splendid invention of metallic packings was given gratuitously to the public. These packings consisted of segments of metal acted upon by springs pushed outward from the centre, and thus adapting themselves to the inequalities of surface unavoidable in the cylinder. This novel and beautiful invention of an elastic metal piston shared for a time the fate of many discoveries destined to revolutionise the world. It was ridiculed and discredited. After encountering some opposition, Mr Snodgrass prevailed upon the late Dr Stevenson to allow the experiment of the metallic packing to be tried in the Caledonian steamer, which was most successful. From that day up to the present time no other description of piston has been constructed. Its value is altogether incalculable. It is supposed that in the Clyde alone the saving it has effected in the mere article of tallow amounts to not less than L.20,000 per annum. The importance of the invention has been prodigiously increased by the introduction of the railway system, as the old pistons would have been totally inapplicable to the locomotive. Beyond the barren fame of the invention—and not always did he receive even that—his sole profit, if we except the premium that was awarded to him in 1825 by the Glasgow town council, from Coulter's mortification, consisted in his being employed to manufacture some fifty metallic packings at the rate of 5s. per inch of the diameter of the respective pistons. In the course of his long and laborious life he introduced a variety of minor improvements in machinery, many of which continue, we understand, in general use. Among these we may mention a new application of the Mendoza pulley and wheel for leading out the mule-spinning carriage; a new plan of skeleton bars for furnaces; and an apparatus for the prevention of smoke on the Argand principle. Mr Snodgrass also claimed to have anticipated Mr Dyer of Manchester by two or three years in the present arrangement of the tube roving frames, for which the latter obtained a patent by which he is said to have cleared L.50,000.

SONNET—RASH OPINIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
Giving to-day's opinions on the morrow
Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
Of butterflies—show many colours. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
A smile, which we account Love's sweetest essence;
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but as clouds may prove bright stars!*

* Earl Rosse's telescope proves that what were deemed nebulæ, are in reality clusters of stars.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In a certain town, a miserable wretch was lately brought before the magistrates charged with having cruelly beaten his jackass. The evidences for the prosecution were a gentleman and two gamekeepers. The gentleman saw the prisoner beat his jackass cruelly, and the two gamekeepers corroborated the fact. 'Now, man,' said the presiding magistrate, 'what have you to say for yourself?' 'Why, please your honour, I was in a hurry; the ass would not go, so I beat him; that's all, and he's used to it.' The magistrates were shocked: one of them made a touching speech on the cruelty and cowardice of ill-using poor dumb creatures—and the culprit was fined the full penalty. A gentleman then said to the man who had been fined, 'Why, John, I thought you had something to say touching cruelty to poor dumb animals?' 'Oh, sur, you means about them gins or steel traps; well, if I shall not get into harm by offending the bench, I will tell what I saw the same morning I was cotched wallopping my donkey. I was in —— wood, picking up a few sticks; 'twas just daylight; when I heard something cry and squeal; and I went up to the place not fur from the higher hedge of the wood, and saw a rabbit caught by the leg in a gin; a few yards further was a pheasant; and a little further a fox, which was trying to bite his own leg off, all caught in gins, and all alive: just at the moment I heard voices, and hid myself. When they two gamekeepers came up, one said, "Poorish luck to-night, only ten rabbits and four pheasants; but here is another rabbit and a pheasant." They then saw the fox: "We must bury that," says one to the other, "or there will be a row about it." They then knocked the fox on the head, bagged the rabbits, and pocketed the pheasants, and whilst they were earthing the fox, I stole away to my Neddy.' 'Now, gentlemen,' exclaimed the advocate, 'this is a strong case of cruelty, so many poor innocent creatures made to suffer torture so many hours. Gentlemen, ye have fined, and justly too, yon poor fellow for cruelty, now punish those two gamekeepers with severity for acts of most atrocious and barbarous cruelty.' The magistrates hem'd and haw'd, consulted among themselves, said there was no precedent, and left the hall.—*Plymouth Herald.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 271. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849. Price 1½d.

METAPHYSICS OF PARTY.

In all states where the popular voice is heard, there is a divarification of the people into parties. It seems to be an unavoidable consequence of deliberation on their part that a diversity of view arises, under which they commence pulling different ways. It usually depends on external circumstances which of the two sets gives the actual direction to affairs. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the entire population is divided into parties. It is only in extraordinary circumstances that even an approach is made to an involvement of the whole people in controversial politics. The actual partisans are usually but a handful on each side, while the great mass remains in the centre with a comparatively dull sense of what is going on, and little disposition to interfere, although liable to be to some extent affected towards one view or the other, according as arguments are successfully addressed to them, or circumstances arise to enforce their attention to public questions, to excite their prejudices, and to awaken their hopes and fears. It is this torpor of the mass which forms the great difficulty in democratic arrangements. In tranquil times they would rather not use their votes. In times of excitement, the use to be made of these votes depends almost entirely on the dexterity with which popular prejudices are addressed by unscrupulous members of the thinking handful; whence of course disappointments, despair of progress, patriotic heartbreak, and many consequent evils.

In that intelligent and active portion of a people which becomes inspired with party feelings, it is curious to study the various causes which determine particular predilections. What may be called the natural bases of partisanship are readily traceable. Some minds are from the cradle venerative of authority, and through life continue ready to submit to it, and to exert themselves for its support. Others are congenitally jealous of power, indisposed to yield to it, and eager to keep it in check. Here are the two great sources of loyalty and Jacobinism. Some minds look with a romantic tenderness on what is old; they love to wander back into the past, and regret whatever tends to produce a change in the ancient landmarks. Others, again, are all for the romance of the future. Change is to them a continual subject of hope. The present does not satisfy them; the past they despise. Here are the two great natural sources of conservative and reforming politics. Some minds, again, are intolerant of whatever is not clearly useful, expedient, and economical. Others regard such matters with indifference or with contempt. The former have a satisfaction in viewing the means of promoting the benefit of the community. The philanthropy of the latter never gets beyond the particular case of some friend, or dependent, or any individual casually brought under their attention. Here, it is equally evident, are the natural origins of the politico-economical reformer and his opposite. Now though there are three sets of characters brought here into contrast, they are all in general resolved into one set of persons. Jealousy of power, hopefulness of change, and love of the economical, are attributes usually found in one person, as the opposites also are, though perhaps not all found at the same time, as it is not always that there is occasion for the development of the whole set of feelings at once.

There are, however, secondary and modifying circumstances. Where the natural tendencies are not of a very resolute character, they will be much affected and biassed by parental authority and example, and the force of external circumstances generally. They will also, even in pretty strong cases, undergo a change in the course of advancing years. Thus he who begins with romantic feelings in favour of authority and antiquity, is often seen, as he grows soberer, and acquires more solid, as well as more extensive views, to pass wholly or partially into the opposite range of politics. He who began with ardent hopes of improvement from change, is often, in like manner, disenchanted in his middle or elderly life, and becomes fain to own that things which he once thought wrong may have an intermediate bastard utility not altogether to be despised, while as yet society is composed of a mixture of the civilised and savage. Then there is a set whose general determination is apt to be affected by whims, crotchets, or views of interest. Thus we sometimes see a neighbour range himself on the conservative side, not exactly because he primarily tends that way, but because the opposite system has awakened some antipathy in his nature. Popular causes, though often invested with a certain sublimity, are more generally liable to vulgar associations. The cant, the clangour, the dust and sweat attending them, are repulsive to a fastidious nature; while, on the other hand, the select few ranged in opposition appear gentlemanly, gallant, almost martyr-like. In this way many fine spirits are lost to great movements, both in politics and religion. A mind, too, which is in the main of liberal inclinations, may betake itself to the opposite banners because of something in its own position which brings it painfully into collision with authority. An arrogant father or master will sometimes send one of nature's conservatives to the camp of the enemy. A proud spirit, chafing in an unworthy situation, looked down upon by reputedly-superior classes, while conscious of that within which ought to annul all social distinctions, will often take the rebellious side in despite of the first intention of nature.

Among this class of causes there is obviously none more powerful than the selfish feelings. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that men are to any great

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extent bought by actual money or by prospects of advancement. The chances on both sides are much alike in these respects. Purchased partisanship was a feature of grosser ages, but scarcely of ours. People are now more liable to be gained or lost through their self-love and love of approbation. A man thinks he is of some value: if courted to the extent of his sense of this value, he will perhaps give his support; if neglected, he will be apt, out of pique, to go to the other side. A very small matter in the way of courtesy will often not merely obtain a vote, but determine a career of some importance to the public. It is not that there is a want of conscientiousness in such minds. They are merely irresolute in the midst of contending arguments, and liable to be taken to that side which shall place them on the most agreeable footing with themselves. Once let any petty circumstance decide the way which they are to take, and the personal feeling, 'This is *my* side,' will keep them as upon a line of rails through life, or till something equally petty shall occur to disgust them with their party.

All of these causes may be said to be alike natural, though all cannot be considered as alike respectable. Where one's line of politics is determined by innate tendencies of the mind, apart from all selfish considerations, the whole range of action which results, as far as bounded by rules of honour, is entitled to public respect. It is all that we have of the nature of a Divine voice speaking in the breasts of men. Therefore, no matter how inconvenient the dictates of this voice may appear, no matter to what consequences it may threaten to lead, it must be respectfully listened to and intreated. To call the ultra-loyal by any such appellation as Malignants, or the ultra-liberal by such a term as Destructives, is not to be approved of by those who are out of the heat of the strife. Let there be as much activity of counteraction by argument as possible; seek by all means to establish the supremacy of what you believe to be better doctrines—but spare the fellow-creature who acts under the resistless necessity of his own lights, believing him to be, in intention, as good as yourself.

When we come to consider the secondary or modifying circumstances, we feel of course more at liberty to assign degrees of merit and demerit. The mind which has been affected by educational influence, or yielded to the authority of others, even though these may have been persons generally entitled to reverence, cannot be considered as quite on the same moral platform with one which obeys great primitive impulses inherent in itself. Those who have changed their views with advancing years, alike true to the natural voice at the one time as the other, ought of course to be carefully distinguished from common renegades. The victims of crotchet and of petty feelings of self-love may be pitied, but we can never esteem them. They ought to have reflected on the great interests at stake, and not allowed themselves to be swayed by trivial considerations as to themselves. It is of importance to pass rigid judgment on such persons, because they often have from the rest of their character a high claim to respect. They may have, for instance, great talents. Common thinkers argue that because this is an able man, his word ought to go a great way. It is important to see that, while this would be true of an able man whose mind was clear to form sound conclusions, it is not true of one who has allowed himself to be carried out of his proper track by some romantic whimsey, some disgust at a successful rival, or some pique arising from his finding that his own estimate of himself was not admitted by the party to which he first seemed inclined to attach himself. It is one of the most distressing things in the world of politics to see a man who, from some such frivolous cause, has thrown himself into a false position. His energy and eloquence are hampered at every turn by his own secret convictions. He has to act, with affected cordiality, with those whom in his heart he despises. Should he have given himself to a failing cause, as very often happens, he is doomed to see his best talents expended in vain, to feel himself growing old without having accomplished anything, while inferior but better-directed men are reaping their due harvest of both profit and honour. These are amongst the moral suicides of the able men of the world. How powerfully do they warn us that we are not to be guided in any of the greater affairs of life by the selfhood, but by its opposite—a generous view of what is good for all!

It is difficult, or rather impossible, for some natures to maintain coolness in times of violent political excitement; but to many it may not be altogether useless to remind them that the most earnestly-cherished dogmas are liable to be followed by great disappointment. The French revolutionist sees his high aspirations for a rule by and for the people lead resistlessly to a despotism. The panic-struck conservative sees nothing follow from the changes which he vainly resisted, but a ridiculous falsification of his fears. If men would reflect how often the result has been different from that contemplated on either side, there would be on the one hand a soberer hope and a less intolerant feeling towards all thwarting influences, on the other a more cheerful trust in the course of Providence, even under what appear the most trying crises. Few politicians of any shade seem sufficiently aware of the character of that great central mass which has been already described as non-political. There, in reality, resides that which defeats alike the hopes of democratic and the fears of oligarchical parties. It is a mass which refuses to be democratised. It minds its own affairs, content with whatever rule may be over it, unless it be one which makes itself painfully felt indeed. Go beyond the capacity of change inherent in this mass, and you must come back again to where you were. Give it true cause of discontent, and it becomes an element of great danger, though one which cannot long remain in such an attitude. The great secret of successful rule is never to offend irremediably this true *squadrone volante* of parties, never to resist it beyond a certain point, and never to lose faith in it as a mass which can only be temporarily thrown out of its proper condition, as that which gives at once momentum and stability to the entire machine.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

Burnham Terrace has always enjoyed a reputation for gentility. It consists of ten houses, each let for the respectable sum of a hundred a year; and its lady inhabitants, of whom I am one, rather take a pride in seeing that everything is kept in high order about the place. No encouragement, for example, is given to peripatetic venders who bawl out the names of their articles; the slip of enclosed ground in front common to all the dwellers, is as neat as a hired gardener can make it; and the door-steps are hearthstoned freshly every morning. All things have gone right with Burnham Terrace except No. 10, the house at the northern corner. That corner house was for years an annoyance and a mystery.

No. 10 was the property of a lady called Miss Delany, and so was No. 8 and No. 9—a large mass of building worth three hundred a year; and at least as regards my house, No. 8, and that of Mrs Smith, No. 9, well-paid money. What kind of person the proprietrix was we had no means of forming a correct judgment. We never saw her, though we heard that she lived in some obscure out-of-the-way place in a most penurious, and, for a woman with three hundred a year, a very eccentric way. Her strange method of living was considered the less proper, on account of her having a brother a judge. The only shade of excuse ever offered for Miss Delany was, that No. 10 had on several occasions stood for a short time empty. It had so frequently changed inhabitants, that there seemed to be something unlucky about it; and yet it was as good a house as any in the row. This changeableness was not liked by the residents in the row generally. People take a

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grudge against a house which occasionally stands empty, and has not its windows and doorway cleaned regularly.

One morning, after cook had received my orders for the day, she paused as if she had something to communicate; and to my 'Well, Sally, what is it?' replied, 'Oh, ma'am, what do you think? A lady has come to live in No. 10! Her furniture came last night in a donkey-cart; and the milkman called with his milk this morning.'

'Furniture in a donkey-cart! Sally, you must be dreaming.'

'Not at all: No. 7's servant told me all about it. She saw a deal-table and a bed brought to the door; and the lady was there to take them in.'

'And who is the lady?'

'I hear it is Miss Delany herself, the landlady. But surely it cannot be her, as it would be so strange!'

Strange indeed, and not less strange than true. The intelligence spread, as if by electric telegraph, through all the houses in the terrace; and their organs of wonder were excited to a surprising degree. Several ladies suddenly bethought themselves of going to view the corner house; 'they had friends who were looking out for a residence of that kind in the suburbs.' Mrs Smith, my next-door neighbour, as much interested as the others, persuaded me to call at No. 10, just as we were passing for a morning walk; 'not from curiosity,' said she, 'but merely because I have friends, the Petworths, who are looking out.'

Mrs Smith's loud triple knock reverberated through the desolate mansion; and the door was opened by a young fair-haired girl, who preceded us through the house. She was a pretty modest creature, of about fourteen years of age, plainly dressed, but scrupulously clean. After we had mounted to the attics, and descended again, having visited every apartment except the dining-room, which opened from the hall, the little girl hesitated as we approached that room, and slightly colouring, asked if we desired to view that also? 'Yes, certainly we do,' peremptorily exclaimed Mrs Smith: 'it is of the first consequence,' winking to me, as much as to say, '*Now* we shall at last hunt out this shadow, and see if Miss Delany is flesh and blood.'

I must do myself the justice to say that I hesitated; but with the view of neutralising any abruptness Miss Smith might be guilty of, I followed her into a large front room—the dining-room of the house. There was a small bright fire in the grate, a strip of carpet placed where a rug usually is, and a wooden table and two chairs before it. A stump bedstead occupied one corner of the apartment, and nothing else was visible; for no doubt other necessaries were stowed away in the spacious closets on each side of the fireplace. Perfectly well-ordered and exquisitely clean were the simple arrangements, giving even a habitable appearance to that dingy bare apartment. The wooden table was covered with books and needle-work, and a female rose from beside it as we entered. She was a small, pale, middle-aged woman, clad in coarse stuff habiliments, her placid face surrounded by the close crimped border of a primitive Quaker cap; but it was one to arrest attention, from its peculiar sweetness of expression; while *lady*, in the best and truest acceptation of that often misused term, was stamped on this individual in unmistakeable characters.

'Have I the pleasure of addressing my landlady, Miss Delany?' said Mrs Smith advancing.

'I am Miss Delany,' quietly answered the little lady; 'and I presume that *I* am addressing one of the two ladies who have tenanted my two houses, Nos. 8 and 9, for many years?'

'You are perfectly right, Miss Delany,' rejoined Mrs Smith. 'I occupy No. 9, and I am glad to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with my landlady personally. Your little attendant has shown us over the house, which I wished to see on account of some friends of mine.'

Miss Delany kept her eyes steadily fixed on Mrs Smith, which somewhat disconcerted that voluble lady, during the latter part of this speech, and her voice sank in faint accents ere she concluded.

'This child is not my attendant, madam,' said Miss Delany, 'but my niece and companion; and it is fortunate for me that the ladies of Burnham Terrace have so many friends looking out for houses just now. I hope, amongst them, I may succeed in letting this: it has hitherto been unlucky; as they say corner houses often are,' added the speaker smilingly.

'I am sure, Miss Delany, I shall be happy to do all in my power to forward your letting it,' said Mrs Smith, 'if it were only on account of the high respect I bear for the public character of your brother the judge.'

I observed a singular expression flit over the listener's pallid countenance, but it was too transient to be studied by the mere looker-on; and Mrs Smith continued, 'But I hope you do not think of remaining here during the winter in this uncomfortable manner?' looking round as she spoke.

'We are not uncomfortable, madam,' was the quiet answer; 'and it is my intention to occupy my dwelling until I succeed in meeting with an eligible tenant.'

'Well, Miss Delany, if such is *really* your intention,' rejoined the hospitable Mrs Smith, 'I hope you will drop in and take a cup of tea in a friendly way at my house very often. I am sure we shall all be happy to add to the comforts of a lady like you, particularly for the sake of the learned judge, your excellent brother; and I hope this dear girl will come too. And what is your name, my child?' said Mrs Smith, meaning to be winning and familiar, as she turned towards the blushing niece.

'I am called Lily, ma'am,' answered the young girl, hanging down her lovely head.

'Lily! dear me, what an odd name!'

'Lilian Traher is my niece's name, madam,' interrupted Miss Delany gently. 'Those who love her have given her the pet one of Lily. Do you think this house likely to suit your friends, madam?' she added suddenly, causing Mrs Smith to start slightly. 'Perhaps you will let me know: it is of great moment to me, as my subsistence and that of this child entirely depends on its proceeds.'

'Oh, Miss Delany,' broke in Mrs Smith, determined now or never to penetrate this mystery, 'have you not a good clear L.200 a year from Nos. 8 and 9 *that we know of?* I am sure your rent is paid to the day: allow me to remark it is *very* peculiar—to say nothing more—your mode of living here—a lady like you, with a judge so distinguished for your brother: pray allow me to remonstrate.'

Miss Delany glided towards the room door, and held it open in her hand, as she mildly said, 'My morning hours, ladies, are valuable, being devoted to instructing my niece; therefore, will you permit me to plead my engagements, and not think me uncourteous for saying good-morning?'

We found ourselves on the terrace, gazing at each other, quite amazed at our easy dismissal, and ejaculating that it was strange—'passing strange.'

'If she is a miser,' quoth I, 'she is the sweetest and kindliest-looking one I ever imagined. I examined some of the books on the table when you were speaking, and their studies are apparently not those of crooked or illiberal minds: and that sweet young girl, too, how lovingly she watches her little aunt,' pursued I half to myself: 'no selfish, miserly being *could* have won her guileless affection. No, no; I can put two and two together as well as most people, Mrs Smith; and though there is a mystery here, it is nothing discreditable to Miss Delany, I am certain. She is perfectly a lady; and it is melancholy to see her thus—for so often as that unlucky house has been empty, what straits she must have been put to—for you know she plainly told us that she depended on the rent of it for daily bread.'

'Well, miss, all may be as you say,' said Mrs Smith. 'You are always on the charitable side: but I cannot

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make it out: living in an empty house to save a few shillings a week for a lodging!'

'A few shillings must be a great object to her,' answered I, 'when she has so little, and that little so uncertain: we must try all we can and be kind to her, poor thing!' But proffered civilities and attentions on the part of her neighbours were gratefully but decidedly declined by Miss Delany for herself. There was a large family of children in No. 7, and they had made acquaintance somehow with Lily, according to the freemasonry inherent in the young among themselves; and at the merry Christmas tide, so beseeching were their intreaties that she might be permitted to join their circle, it was not in human nature to refuse, much less in Miss Delany's. Then on Twelfth Night, all the little people assembled at my house, and I pleaded successfully for my favourite Lily, and she came too. Delicacy prevented my questioning the artless girl relative to her aunt, their mode of life, or any other information I might gain. But Mrs Smith's curiosity overcame such feelings, and she examined my pretty guest in a manner I quite disapproved of, though without elucidating aught that tended to throw light on the matter. Lily said that she had resided with Aunt Marjory for four years; in the same lodging for half that period at the Potter's cottage; and elsewhere in a secluded farmhouse. She had many brothers and sisters 'far far away,' she admitted, with tears standing in her large blue eyes—a father and mother too. She had never seen Uncle Delany, but she knew him by name very well; and she was—'Oh! *so* happy, and loved dear Aunt Marjory, oh! *so* much!'

Now all this amounted to 'nothing,' said the vexed questioner; 'And it does not tell us *what* Miss Delany does with her money. Are your papa and mamma rich, my dear?' said the persevering lady to Lily.

'Rich, ma'am; what is being rich?' simply demanded the little girl in reply.

'Why, keeping a carriage, and servants, and living in a large house to be sure, you stupid little soul!' exclaimed Mrs Smith laughing.

'Then, ma'am,' said Lily, 'father and mother are not rich, for they live in a small thatched cottage; but there are beautiful roses and eglantine round the old porch, and they only keep a wheelbarrow, and are their own servants.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. This was a complete sedative; and presently she whispered to me that Miss Delany's relatives were low people, notwithstanding she had a judge for her brother.

The first days of spring came, and still was the ticket to be seen at the corner house, and the friends of the Burnham Terrace ladies, it seemed, were difficult to please. I ventured occasionally to look in, for the ostensible purpose of leaving flowers and fruit, the products of my garden, for little Lilian; and Miss Delany seemed pleased and grateful, yet cold and distant in her bearing, on any attempts being made at further intimacy.

There were two factions in the row; one for, the other against, Miss Delany: the latter, and, it must be confessed, the largest and most influential, reviled her as a mean creature, or a mad woman. 'She *must* have done something,' said they, 'to disgrace herself, or the judge would not cast her off: it is a shame of her to keep that beautiful girl in the miserable manner she does. No wonder the house will not let; *she alone* is enough to give it a name for ill-luck!'

Miss Delany's friends, and they were few, spoke of her blameless life, resignation, and patience in the midst of privation and poverty; to say nothing of her devotion to the niece, who would reflect credit on any teacher. These friends also threw out hints that although Judge Delany's character and talents in his public capacity were so fully admitted, in private life he was not remarkable for amiability or benevolence.

Such a discussion as this was one evening going forward at a neighbour's house when I was present, when an elderly gentleman of the name of Colville, who had that evening arrived on a visit to our host, for the *real* purpose of house-hunting on behalf of a son about to marry and 'settle in life,' hearing the name of Delany repeatedly mentioned, asked if we were speaking of Judge Delany; and when an affirmative was given—a slight sketch also being thrown in relative to the occupant of No. 10—Mr Colville became interested in the conversation; and, to our amazement, on a non-admirer speaking disparagingly of the lady, he warmly advocated her cause.

'I happen,' said he, 'to know all about Marjory Delany and her affairs, and I tell you that she reflects credit on her sex.'

'Oh do tell us all about her!' eagerly exclaimed many voices, as a crowd gathered round the stranger. But the pleasant old gentleman smiled, rubbed his shining bald head, and only adding that it was not 'convenient' to say more just then, left us all with curiosity more excited and tantalised than ever. However, he managed to ask me privately every particular I knew concerning Miss Delany; and next day he went alone to No. 10; the ticket was taken down; the house was let to Mr Colville's son.

Miss Delany and Lilian disappeared as quietly and expeditiously as they came; and in due course of time Mr Peter Colville and his bride arrived to take possession. When the young couple settled down into the jog-trot routine of respectable married life, old Mr and Mrs Colville came to visit them for a few weeks; and then were tea-junketings and whist parties every evening at one or other of the neighbours' houses; and to return all this hospitality, young Mr and Mrs Colville gave an entertainment on quite a grand scale. We were collected round the supper-table, pleasant jokes passing, when some one alluded to the corner house, trusting the ill-luck had flown away, and the bride's presence turned the scale in its favour.

'Nay,' broke in old Mr Colville, 'if *that* were needed, it has been already done—purified—exorcised,' he continued, laughing heartily at his own conceit, 'from all evil influences.'

'How so?' we exclaimed.

'By the presence of Marjory Delany,' said he gravely; 'one for whom I bear a higher respect than for any woman I know; saving and excepting *you*, my dear,' turning with a kind smile to his comfortable-looking wife, who nodded to him cheerily in return. 'Marjory is about to be your neighbour again,' Mr Colville went on to say, addressing the company generally, 'for she has taken Burnham Beech Cottage!'

'Dear me!' said Mrs Smith, 'how can she manage that on L.100 a year, secure as it is *now*?'

'She has recovered her property, madam,' answered Mr Colville, 'after ten years' heroical endurance of privation and want. Yes, actual want, for the sake of others too.'

'Oh, do tell us her history, and why the judge disowns her!' cried many voices.

'I am not at liberty to enter into all the details,' said the old gentleman, 'but, for the sake of suffering innocence, thus much I will unfold:—Sixteen years ago, Marjory Delany's only sister, whom she tenderly loved, made an imprudent marriage, against the express advice and wishes of her brother, her natural guardian. The individual she united herself to was in a mercantile house; but within six years after his marriage with Marjory Delany's sister, he forfeited his situation through misconduct; and had it not been for the faithful affectionate sister, the unhappy man's ruin and that of his family would have been complete. She alone came forward to assist these perishing creatures; for Judge Delany not only was implacable towards *them*, but extended the same baneful feelings to *her*, on her refusal to disown the sister so fearfully punished for her imprudence through a husband's misdeeds. Silently she has borne reviling and contumely cast upon her by a harshly-judging world. But let it be a lesson to you all, my friends, for the future, never to prejudge others,

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but to learn both sides of a question fairly ere you form an opinion.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Mrs Smith, 'I do not see why poor Miss Delany should have been so *very* liberal, even in a Christian point of view—giving *all* her income away to these relatives, and leaving herself only an uncertain pittance, besides maintaining her niece.'

'Madam,' replied Mr Colville, 'all Miss Delany possessed in the world of her own were the three houses on this terrace left her by an uncle; her sister was penniless, and entirely dependent on her brother the judge. Ten years ago, Marjory Delany became bound to pay L.200 a year for a term of fourteen years, interest included, for her brother-in-law Mr Traher. The two houses in the terrace, Nos. 8 and 9, were therefore not at her disposal during that term; but not only did she sacrifice the income derived from them, but out of the scanty pittance reserved for herself she assisted her relatives, and, as you have seen, supported and educated one of the children. She has just been fortunate enough to obtain a release from her debt, which otherwise would have burdened her for the next four years.'

'God grant this excellent lady may long continue to enjoy her L.300 a year, nor ever want good tenants for her houses!' said I. 'But is Mr Traher unreclaimed, and does he eat the bread of idleness while this lone woman is making such noble sacrifices?'

'No, madam; I am happy to say he does not: he has seen the error of his ways, and labours even with his hands to aid in supporting his family. But be sure a good portion of Marjory's income, restored as it now is, will find its way to the poor outcasts, for she is a capital economist.'

In process of time Mrs Peter Colville and myself became extremely cordial, and she related to me some further particulars respecting Miss Delany, which her father-in-law had omitted—worthy, benevolent man, not liking to speak of his own good deeds. He had been a partner in the mercantile house where Mr Traher was employed; and when it was discovered that this young man had defrauded them to the amount of some thousands, Mr Scrape, the senior partner, determined that the law should take its course; and transportation, perhaps worse, seemed inevitable. Fortunate it was that the matter *could* be hushed up; and the prayers and intreaties of Marjory Delany prevailed, and softened even the obdurate heart of Mr Scrape. She became bound, as already told, securing the property to the firm until the debt was liquidated. Often had the worthy Mr Colville wished to lessen this burden, but his wishes were overruled; and it was only on Mr Scrape's retirement, and the introduction of Mr Peter as junior partner, that his father found himself at liberty to indulge the dictates of his heart. His visit to our neighbourhood decided the point at once; and if he had been interested in Miss Delany and her affairs before, he became doubly so now. The debt was immediately cancelled—the corner house taken; and I may here as well remark, it has been the luckiest house in the row ever since—a lovely family, prosperity and happiness, having entirely dispelled the dark shadows haunting it heretofore.

About two years after Miss Delany had been settled at Burnham Beech Cottage, another fair niece being added to her circle, one of the sweet Lily's sisters, she learned the sudden decease of the judge; and gossip being rife respecting his affairs, it was soon known that he had left half his fortune to public institutions, but the other half to his sister Marjory; thus making her amends in death for his cruel conduct during life.

It were almost needless to add how gratefully Miss Delany disbursed the remainder of her bond to the firm of Colville and Son. Two of her nephews, the young Trahers, were received into its employment, and are thriving steady youths.

As to the dear Marjory herself, she goes on her way in quiet usefulness, though her two beautiful nieces attract so many visitors to Burnham Beech Cottage, that her retirement is invaded oftener perhaps than she would choose. Her visits are restricted to the corner house, and Mr and Mrs Peter Colville are her most intimate and valued associates; for my part I hope the lesson we have all received at Burnham Terrace will be a warning not only to ourselves, but to many others, to suspend their judgments of their neighbours.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The recent experiments with regard to the submarine electric telegraph should be more generally known than they are, for they may be said to be the rudimentary efforts at realising one of the grandest conceptions of the age—a power of instantaneous communication to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The experiments, which took place on the channel at Dover, were attended by many gentlemen of science, desirous to witness the results. The arrangements and plan of operations were under the direction of Mr Walker, the superintendent of the electric telegraph on the South-Eastern Railway; and one of this company's steamers was commissioned to assist in carrying out the undertaking. The principal object of the experiments was not to carry a telegraphic wire across the Channel, but simply to prove, on a sufficiently great scale, the practicability of such a system of communication with the continent. To this end, there was placed on the deck of the steamer a sufficient length of prepared wire; it being considered that if the telegraphic intercourse proved to be perfect through that wire when submerged in the water, there existed no *à priori* reason for doubting that the same result would follow even though the wire were prolonged to the opposite coast. Unfortunately, the weather proved most unfavourable to the experiments as intended to have been performed by aid of the steamer. The wind rose in the night; and continuing to blow smartly on the morning of the day fixed, the swell became so great, that it was not thought possible to conduct the experiments on their original plan. The steamer was to have steamed out to sea for about two miles, 'paying out' the wire in her progress, and then to have been hove to, so as to give her passengers the opportunity, as she lay embosomed in the still waters, of a little conversation with the busy metropolis. The ruffled state of the sea set aside this project, since it was feared that the roll of the steamer would endanger the safety of the wire, and that telegraphic intercourse would have been in another way rendered impracticable, in consequence of the unsteadiness of the indicator-needles. The wire, however, was transferred from the steamer to a small boat, and by that means a length of upwards of two miles was submerged in the sea along the mouth of the harbour, and at the side of the pier. One extremity of this sunken coil was then put in metallic union with the wire, the end of which was in London, and the other extremity was connected to the electro-telegraphic converser placed on the deck of the steamer lying in the harbour. A sand galvanic battery of six dozen plates, weakly charged, in the usual manner, with dilute acid and water, was then placed in connection with the wire through which it was to send the mysterious agent of the telegraphic tongue, and all things were now ready to solve the problem of submarine intercommunication. It was about noon when all the arrangements were completed: the communication was then made; and instantly, in the far-distant London station, the clatter of the electric alarum informed the chairman of the company that the experiment was crowned with perfect success. Messages of congratulation were passed up and down with complete facility, the fact of more than two miles of the conveying medium being buried in

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the depths of the sea, exercising not the least influence upon the freedom and rapidity of the conversation. A continued correspondence was then kept up between the steamer and the stations of London, Ashford, and Tunbridge, which was continued with perfect success at intervals for three or four hours, messages of various import being interchanged between the steamer and all those stations. The bells at the electric-telegraph offices at Tunbridge and London Bridge were vehemently rung by the operators on board the steamer; and the various signals and interlocutory manœuvres peculiar to the conversers on these instruments were gone through with as much ease by means of the submarine wire as with the ordinary wires disposed by the rail-side on land. The exact total length of the submerged wire was 3600 yards. Before dark — the experimental trials having been continued a sufficient time to demonstrate the success of the investigation— the submerged wire was wound up, and drawn in again, and was found not to have sustained the least injury, the assembly of scientific gentlemen separating with the conviction that, so far as these experiments went, the practicability of a telegraphic communication between England and France had been completely established.

Bearing in memory that water is a good conductor of electricity, and that consequently the perfect insulation of the telegraphic wires cannot be effected unless by surrounding them with some non-conducting material, it will be readily conceived that here must be the chief difficulty of submarine communication. In conveying the wires of the electric telegraph through tunnels, much practical inconvenience has arisen from the same cause, the damp continually carrying away a portion of the current from the wire into the earth. In addition to this annoyance, the sulphurous acid and steam rising from the locomotives produce a chemical action on the wires, which materially interferes with their usefulness. To meet these objections, various plans have been devised of more or less ingenuity: some have recommended covering the wires with woollen yarn, varnish, &c.; and it has been proposed to convey them in tubes of earthenware, perforated with four or five holes lengthways, according to the number of wires proposed to be employed. Mr Walker, of the railway in question, had the defects in existing wires presented to him constantly in a most disagreeable manner. Despatches from the continent being now almost entirely transmitted by electric telegraph to the morning papers, the messages became next to useless to the editors, unless passed up very quickly, and the wires in the tunnels were only too often in a very refractory condition. He accordingly put himself in communication with the manager of the gutta-percha manufactory at Streatham, and suggested to him the adoption of a metallic wire well coated with this singular substance. In a few days the wire was supplied, and patented; and shortly afterwards was put to a practical test in one of the tunnels with the most complete success. Subsequently it was introduced into the Shakspeare, Abbot's Cliff, and Martello tunnels; and at the present time all despatches to and from the metropolis are made by the instrumentality of this wire.

The defective insulation of the wires, against which this new wire has so successfully provided, has been the only serious practical difficulty in working the electric telegraph. It may be thought, however, that sufficient time has not yet been given to put the capabilities of the improvement to a proper test. Mr Walker says, 'I have had specimens of this wire buried in the earth in a damp place for more than a year. It is sound and good still. Specimens have been immersed in sea-water for three or four months, and are unaffected.' It has been suggested also, that perhaps, in process of time, the continued action of sea-water, with its combinations of the chlorides and iodides, may destroy the powers of this coating of vegetable substance for insulation; but much weight is not to be attached to the conjecture, since gutta-percha has exhibited, in all the investigations to which it has been submitted, a marked indifference to the operation of the most powerful chemical reagents. Its insulating properties are indeed altogether peculiar, and far surpass those possessed by any other substance with which we are acquainted; and this, together with the facility with which it is manipulated and applied to the wire, renders it in all respects a most valuable application for the purposes of electric intercourse. Professor Faraday has instituted an important series of experiments upon this substance, and these have shown that insulation effected by its means is one of the most perfect known to philosophy.

Mr Walker proposes the following as the plan he would suggest for uniting England with France by the electric cord. Between each port—say Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne—he would lay down two or three wires. These wires would be run out in different tracks across the Channel; and by this means, and by not making the communication dependent at either port upon a single wire, the probabilities would be greatly against their being all broken or damaged on the same day. In the event of one of the wires being injured or broken, notice of the accident would be instantly given by the refusal of the wire to act; the spare wires would now come into activity, and little or no delay would take place. Meanwhile one of the South-Eastern Company's steamers would fish up the damaged wire until the seat of the injury was discovered; when its repair would be the work of probably a very little time, and all would go on as before. So confident does Mr Foster, the patentee of the wire, feel as to ultimate success, that he has signified his willingness to provide the gutta-percha necessary for coating a wire of sufficient length to stretch across the Channel, whenever the directors of the railway consent to supply the wire.

It cannot be denied that difficulties of a formidable kind threaten the invention. One is the danger of the fracture of the wire: it may be caught by the fluke of a ship's anchor, as she is endeavouring to ride out a stiff gale, and thus dragged away and broken. Then, again, it is to be remembered that the lower regions of the waters are only unvisited by fish when their depth is far greater than that of the Channel, and these monsters of the deep might happen to take a fancy to the long body of the wire, and by a single effort of their powerful jaws, snap it in twain—perhaps in the very middle of an important official despatch! It may be said, however, that the wire would shortly become so covered with sand as to be secure from these casualties, or from the last; and in portions of its length, undoubtedly, this would be the case. But across the depths and uneven hollows of the bottom, the wire would still lie fully exposed to this danger. The proposed remedy has been already discussed: it being to lay down two or three separate wires, by which means the amount of the risk to the intercommunication is considerably lessened. A serious cause of inconvenience may also be found to arise from accidental injuries to the coating of the wires, which, though slight in themselves, might expose a portion of the metallic surface to the conducting medium around, when the practical working of the wire would be almost as effectually interfered with as if it had been cut across with some sharp instrument. Add to these the suggestion that the gutta-percha may in process of time undergo chemical transformation, and we have probably enumerated the most formidable of the obstacles which the submarine telegraph is likely to meet with. The history of a thousand inventions in modern times presents us with practical difficulties more formidable in their kind and amount than any or all of these, so that a good hope may be cherished that these too will in time give way before the persevering energies of our enlightened age.

It is satisfactory to be able to point to an example of submarine electric intercommunication, which has hitherto answered every reasonable expectation: this is the wire from Gosport to the dockyard. It consists

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simply of one line, requiring no other wire to complete the circuit, the water answering as the conducting medium. The wire, surrounded by a rope, in which it is imbedded, was simply allowed to drop into the water, and sink to the bottom. Telegraphic communications are constantly flying through this submerged wire, and hitherto with complete success.

The newspapers are continually telling their readers, or quote the tales from other sources, that such an international communication is being undertaken by this and that inventor, but nothing seems to come of it. It is not long since we were assured that some inventors in the metropolis were about to connect Dover and Calais with the electric wire, and to establish a printing electric telegraph at each port. At the close of the last year permission was actually given to a civil-engineer, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to effect a communication between Holyhead and Dublin by means of a submarine electric telegraph. The wires were, or are, to be connected with the lines of railway radiating from the Irish metropolis, and with the Chester and Holyhead Railway. Official assistance is promised to aid in carrying out this undertaking, which is undoubtedly one of great and momentous interest. Since the publication of the experiments narrated in this paper, a monster scheme has been propounded for connecting America with England by these magic-working wires; but until something on a smaller scale has been accomplished, it will be prudent to waive the consideration of a project which is calculated for the time when electric intercommunication, with all its difficulties, shall be a resolved problem.

Ardently, indeed, may the time be wished for when, as one of our wise men has said, 'the earth may be girdled with a sentence in a few moments;' and when, to every civilised nation, a common tongue and a common medium of speech will be given. What new and rapid evolutions of truth may not be expected, what advancement in arts and sciences, what progress in civilisation, when this hour a discovery will be made, and the next will see its knowledge scattered to the 'ends of the earth!' 'Knowledge,' in the words of the sacred writer, 'shall be increased;' and the warring, contending, opposing, and wide-scattered members of the human family shall begin to feel for the first time the reality of the existence of the family relationship. If it is in the order of Supreme Providence that such results should flow even from the humble instrumentality of a copper cord, may that time soon come!

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

The histories of places and of local things, when executed with industry and taste, are often both amusing and instructive, from the number of curious matters which they bring out. A history of the High School of Edinburgh, by one of the clergymen of the city, is of this character.* Without any great pretension, it forms a most agreeable narration, embodying what we might call the life of a very distinguished seminary, together with many interesting traits of the persons connected with it, pupils as well as masters, and conducing not a little to illustrate the progress of education.

It now appears for the first time that the High School of Edinburgh is descended from one of those conventual schools which formed the chief seminaries of secular learning in the middle ages: it was originally the school taught by the Augustine monks of Holyrood Abbey; and the first mention of it as the school of the city occurs so late as 1519. It was not till after the Reformation that it had entirely shaken off this early connection, and fallen under the entire control of the municipality. In those days it was settled in a building at the bottom of Blackfriars' Wynd, which had been successively occupied by Archbishop and Cardinal Beaton. In 1578 it was removed to a new building in the garden of the Blackfriars' Monastery, where it remained, though latterly under a renovated fabric, till 1829. It was there that Scott, Brougham, Francis Horner, and many other eminent men of our age, imbibed the first draughts of polite learning. How many a brave soldier and good civilian in all parts of the world must remember with pleasure the days of happy youthful excitement long ago spent in 'the *Yards!*'

The purpose of a grammar-school of former times was strictly limited to the teaching of the Latin language. Greek was unknown in such seminaries till a comparatively late period. For a long time, even writing was not taught in the High School. The methods appear to have been far from inviting. For one thing, a pupil, after the first six months, was obliged to speak in Latin, under penalty of a fine. He had to learn the grammar in a Latin book. Thus, by a curious pedagogic absurdity, he was presumed from the first to know that which he professedly came to learn. The doctrines of his faith were also imparted to him in a Latin catechism, which, to complete the solecism of the business, he had to repeat each Sunday in church before an illiterate congregation.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, corrupted by the barbarisms of the recent civil wars, and partaking of the general lawlessness of society, the boys were addicted to armed rebellion against their masters—chiefly, it would appear, in order to secure that allowance of holidays which they thought their due. In September 1595, being denied a week's vacation by the magistrates, 'a number of them, "gentilmenis bairnis," entered into a compact to revenge this supposed encroachment. Accordingly, having provided themselves with firearms and swords, they went, in the dead of night, and took possession of the school-house. On the following morning, when Rollock [the head master] made his appearance, he soon understood that his pupils were there, but that they had another object in view than the prosecution of their studies. The doors were not only shut against him, but every means of access being completely blocked up, and strongly guarded from within, all attempts to storm the garrison were found impracticable, and endeavours, oft repeated, to effect a reconciliation, proved unavailing. At length it was deemed expedient to call in the aid of the municipal power. John Macmoran, one of the magistrates, immediately came to the High School at the head of a party to force an entrance. When he and the city officers appeared in the *Yards*, or playground, the scholars became perfectly outrageous, and renewed remonstrances were quite fruitless. The boys unequivocally showed that they would not be dispossessed with impunity, and they dared any one at his peril to approach. To the point likely to be first attacked they were observed to throng in a highly excited state; while each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son to the chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring-out; and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates steadily to persevere in defence of those rights which he doubtless conceived immemorial usage had fairly established. He took his stand at a window overlooking one of the entrances, whence he distinctly saw every movement of those without. Macmoran, never dreading that such hostile threats would be carried into execution, boldly persisted in urging his officers to force the door with a long beam, which, as a battering-ram, they were plying with all their might. The bailie had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a shot in the forehead, from Sinclair's pistol, laid him dead on the spot. The anxious spectators of the scene were panic-struck, and the mournful tidings cast a gloom over the town.

'Early on the following day the Town-Council held

* History of the High School of Edinburgh. By the Rev. William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1849.

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an extraordinary meeting, and gave expression to their deep regret on account of this distressing occurrence, by which they had been deprived of a much-respected colleague, and the city of an active magistrate. The provost, two of the bailies, the convener of the trades, and seven councillors, were deputed to proceed to Fife, personally to communicate the sad intelligence to the king, who was then at Falkland, his favourite hunting palace.

'After two months' imprisonment, seven of the scholars, who were apprehended along with Sinclair, submitted their case to the Privy-Council. In their memorial, they assert their innocence in the most positive terms; complain of being closely shut up with abandoned characters in a damp prison, at the imminent peril of their lives; that, as most of the petitioners were sons either of barons or landed proprietors, they did not consider themselves amenable to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, besides, being parties, could not sit as unbiassed judges; and humbly intreated his majesty to name an assize, of whom the majority should be peers of the realm. Their request was complied with. What actually took place at the trial, however, is not now known, as the record of the Justiciary Court of that period is unfortunately lost; but Sinclair and the others were soon liberated.

'Here perhaps we may be pardoned for cursorily noticing a tradition, which bears indeed the marks of probability, that a boy of the name of Campbell, implicated in this barring-out, apprehensive of the result, fled alone to the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left behind him a generation of Campbells, isolated, as it were, amidst a nation of Macleods. One of these, a great-grandson of the rioter, hospitably received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in the year 1746, and was very kind to him. Some other boys, the sons of Highland chieftains, were engaged in the affray, which proves that the Highland proprietors of that period could not have been so illiterate as it is generally supposed they were.'

We have heard that poor Macmoran's skull was long after dug up in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and recognised by the small hole through which the fatal bullet had entered. His house still exists in the Lawnmarket, a stately mansion, saying not a little for the affluence and comfort of the first class of merchants in Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the remunerations of the masters appear to have been on a moderate scale. The head master, Hercules Rollock, a man of distinguished learning, and famous for his many compositions in Latin poetry, is found complaining of the insufficiency of his salary of L.50 Scots (being L.4, 3s. 4d. sterling), in as far as the fees were ill-paid by the boys; wherefore the magistrates agreed to his stipend being doubled. In 1598, these gentlemen fixed a scale of fees and salaries for all the masters, which will be understood by the modern reader, if he divides by twelve for sterling money: 'George Hastie, the first regent, was to have quarterly from each scholar 13s. 4d.; Patrick Peacock, the second regent, was to have the same sum; John Balfour, the third regent, had 15s.; and Alexander Hume, the fourth or principal, 20s. Besides this, the Principal was to be acknowledged by every boy at the school, "of ane quarterlie dewtie of xld." The teachers received *salaries* from the town: the first and second regents had twenty pounds, the third had forty marks, and the head master had two hundred marks yearly.'

There was, however, an irregular source of income, which has continued to be a feature of Scottish schools almost down to the present day. 'On the 20th of January 1660, the Town-Council appointed "intimation to be made to the doctors of the Grammar-School that the casualty called the *bleis silver* be delayed till the first day of March next." This was a gratuity presented to teachers by their scholars at Candlemas, when the pupil that gave most was pronounced *king*. The designation appears to have originated from the Scottish word *bleis*, signifying anything that makes a *blaze*; it being conjectured, with great probability, that the money was "first contributed for this purpose at *Candlemas*, a season when fires and lights were anciently kindled."' [To make good this conjecture, we recollect that at our first school, in a primitive part of the country, the boys always employed a part of the holiday in making what they called a *Candlemas bleeze*, generally setting on fire some field of dry gorse or *whins* in the neighbourhood of the town.] 'In addition to the customary quarterly fees, the masters deemed themselves entitled to a gift in the beginning of February, and this was named a "Candlemas offering." The practice existed in most of the public schools till a comparatively recent period. Candlemas was a holiday; but the children, in their best attire, and usually accompanied by their parents, repaired to the school, and after a short while was spent in the delivery of appropriate orations, the proper business of the forenoon commenced. The roll of the school was solemnly called over, and each boy, as his name was announced, went forward and presented an offering, first to the rector, and next to his own master. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee no notice was taken of it, but when it amounted to that sum, the rector exclaimed, *Vivat*; to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*; for a higher sum, *Floreat ter*; for a guinea and upwards, *Gloriat!* Each announcement was the precursor of an amount of cheering commensurate with the value of the "offering." When the business was over, the rector rose, and in an audible voice declared the *victor*, by mentioning the name of the highest donor. This, it must be confessed, was a very disingenuous practice, for the most meritorious scholars might be the least able so to distinguish themselves. There was usually an eager competition for the honour of *king*. It has been averred in regard to a provincial school, on an occasion similar to that to which reference has been made, that a boy put down a guinea to insure the enviable distinction of being *king* for the day, when the father of a rival scholar gave his son a guinea to add to the first "offering;" whereupon an alternate advance of a guinea each took place, till one had actually laid down twenty-four, and the other twenty-five guineas! Again and again did the Town-Council of Edinburgh issue injunctions to the teachers, to prevent "all craving and resaving of any *bleis sylver* or *bent sylver* of thair bairnis and scholares, exceptand four penneis at ane tyme allanerlie." In days of old, when many of our houses boasted no better floors than the bare earth, it was customary to lay down rushes or bent to keep the feet warm and dry, as well as to give a more comfortable appearance. At the close of the sixteenth century and commencement of the seventeenth, during the summer season the pupils had leave to go and cut bent for the school. As in these excursions the young bent collectors "oftentimes fell a-wrestling with hooks in their hands, and sometimes wronged themselves, other times their neighbours," it was resolved that the boys should have their accustomed "liberty" or holiday, and likewise that every scholar should present the customary gratuity to the master on the first Monday of May, and on the "first Mondays of June and July, which is commonly called the bent-silver play, with which money the master is to buy bent, or other things needful for the school." Happily all such exactions are now unknown; and at four regular periods in the course of each session the teachers receive from their pupils a fixed fee, which is regarded as a fair remuneration for their professional labour.'

Early in the last century, a person of considerable literary celebrity became connected with the High School of Edinburgh in a humble capacity. 'David Malloch, who about this time filled the situation of janitor in this seminary, distinguished himself in after-life. Dr Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says that Malloch or Mallet, from the penury of his parents, was

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glad to accept such a humble appointment. We were inclined to question the accuracy of the statement, as his biographer mentions that the memoir was drawn up chiefly from hearsay testimony. Observing, however, that the election of a janitor was not at that period recorded in the minutes of the corporation, it occurred to us that the vouchers in the city chamberlain's custody might probably throw some light on the point. The disputed question was speedily put at rest by the production of Malloch's holograph receipt, dated February 2, 1718, for *sixteen shillings and eightpence sterling*, being his full salary for the preceding half-year. That was the exact period he held the office. The janitorship, it should be borne in mind, was not esteemed a post unsuitable to the age, or beneath the dignity, of a junior academic. In the university the same situation was repeatedly filled by students. . . . Malloch was afterwards tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he made the tour of Europe. He subsequently settled in London, where he altered his name to Mallet. In reference to this change it was tauntingly said of him that he was called *Malloch* by his relations, *Mallet* by his friends, and *Moloch* by his enemies. His first publication was the beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," which was followed by several other works, which secured for him considerable celebrity. With Pope, and Thomson, and a host of literary characters, he was on intimate terms.'

A pleasant personal anecdote is recorded of a Mr Matheson, who was obliged to retire from the headmastership in 1768, on account of bad health, but who afterwards recovered by taking abundant exercise in the open air. Under a mask of oddity, his conduct exhibited the clearest wisdom; and we, whose life is one exclusively of mental activity, can candidly say that we have often felt the *wish* to do as he did. 'In his summer peregrinations, he has frequently been known to spend several hours with any ditcher whom he found busy at his humble calling; and at his departure, gave the rustic some gratuity for the loan of his pickaxe. The temptation was too great, he also confessed, to pass a barn where the thrasher was at work, without intreating that he might be indulged for a little with the use of his flail. In winter, when he could not go much abroad, he was in the habit of repairing to the shop of Mr Auchenleck, a well-known cutler, where he would amuse himself in driving the large wheel. One day, when thus employed, a medical student from the sister isle happened to call, and, in the course of conversation, talked boastingly of the attainments of his countrymen in classical lore. Auchenleck patiently listened till a supposed stigma was attempted to be thrown upon Scotland. Firing at this, and wishing to confound as well as convince his loquacious customer that his averments were most erroneous, he adroitly observed that even some of his own workmen were by no means deficient. Having said this, he singled out Mr Matheson, who, in a quiet corner, at his voluntary task, had been all the while doomed to have his ear grated by this voluble pseudo-scholar, who held *quantity* at defiance. Matheson came forth, and to the utter confusion of the stranger, convinced him that learning was not exclusively the product of his native soil; and from the spirited lecture of the *ci-devant* rector, the Irishman was soon made fully aware that his censure was premature and unmerited.'

Our amiable author touches lightly on the severities formerly practised in grammar-schools, and in this among the rest. It might have been curious, as a contrast to the present more rational and humane methods, to have given a few traits of the severities of Nicol, which, we have been assured, were not much short of the atrocities of the Inquisition. Strange to say, in private life, this teacher was warm-hearted and genial. He seems to have entirely gained the affections of Robert Burns, who wrote, on the occasion of Nicol's *house-heating*, his popular song, 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.' Even Dr Adam maintained no small rigour. We have heard that at one of the examinations of the school, late in the life of this eminent man, he was honoured by the presence of several distinguished persons, his former pupils, including the president of one of the supreme courts of the country. It was getting dark, but, in the ardour of his examinations, the venerable rector heeded not the circumstance. Some one at length whispered to the judge, 'Would it not be well to give Dr Adam a hint that it was time to conclude and dismiss?' '*I!*' cried his lordship with a shrug which involved a thousand recollections; 'what, *I* presume to interfere with the master! Oh no, indeed.' The last words of Adam on his deathbed are striking and affecting—'It grows dark, boys—you may go.'

SUMMER AT NICE.

Among the fair spots my memory loves to revisit—and they are not a few—Nice is the dearest. Almost every one seems to know Nice, and to know it is to love it. It is never mentioned without some affectionate adjective, nor, as I fancy, without a brightening of the speaker's eye, as if in sympathetic remembrance of that ever-smiling sky, and of the Mediterranean flashing joyously beneath.

Nice has no ruins, churches, or galleries of art to invite the tourist: it has only its sheltered situation, simple beauty, and delicious climate; but with these it needs no other riches. I would remark, however, that its climate is decidedly unsuited for those whose lungs are actually diseased. The clear air and sharp sea-breezes prove very irritating to consumptive invalids. But where the patient suffers merely from general debility, stomach complaints, bronchial delicacy, or great susceptibility of cold in the humid climate of England, Nice is the place to invigorate him, and make him literally a new being. I never was aware of the buoyant pleasure of life until I lived in Nice—I mean the mere animal enjoyment of *existence*—and now I look back upon those bright winters as the halcyon days of a calm beauty never to be forgotten. Think of never venturing out in November, December, or January without a parasol to shade one from the glare of sunshine, and sitting for hours, almost in summer clothing, on the ruins of the old castle which surmounts the hill behind the harbour, with the Mediterranean spread out at your feet as far as the eye can reach, so calm, so deeply blue—still deeper in colour than the sky that looks down lovingly upon it, as if protecting and watching the fishing-boats, whose white sails are like sea-birds in the distance! It is impossible not to feel better in mind and body when living amid beauty, and impossible not to feel, with Wordsworth—

> 'A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused;
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky.'

But this is the Nice that everybody knows—the Nice of the tourist, the painter, the poet, and the English absentee. It is *my* hint to speak of it in summer, when it is usually considered by such visitors to be no more inhabitable than if it were seated in the very heart of the Great Sahara. Towards the end of April, or of May at the farthest, the place is deserted; the season is over, and the town is left to summer heat and solitude. The mountains which shelter it from the northern blasts, and consequently make it so desirable a residence in winter, now render it an oven; and in fact it would be utterly insupportable were it not for the sea-breeze. As a general rule, the English and all other foreigners take to flight at the approach of this season; but some few families, influenced by various motives, stand their ground. One summer we were among that number, for we wished to spend a second winter there; and the distance to any very cool summer quarters was great enough

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to decide us to brave the heat where we were. However, we would not venture on this again, for the temperature was really more than sufficient to undo all the good the previous winter had effected. Northern constitutions are certainly not the better for four months' frying, with a shake of mosquitoes, and an extra hiss now and then, occasioned by the sirocco bellows. Now, however, that the physical inconvenience is over, memory spreads before my delighted eye nothing to mar the fairest possible picture of an Italian summer in all its indolent luxury. The fire-flies dancing through the nights of June, the shining lizards, and the mosquitoes themselves, seemed to be the only living things unresigned to spend their time in the 'dolce far niente,' the delights of which state are so totally unappreciable by those who have never felt warmer summers than our own. There was a novelty in our first southern summer which was not without its charms, in spite of the drawbacks. Rising at four or five, bathing in the transparent water, if the sun was not already too hot, taking a short walk in shady green lanes, eating fresh cherries as we went along (and peculiarly sweet they seemed at that early hour), coming home before six to an early breakfast, then dreaming through the day, dining chiefly on fruit, passing an hour or two in a siesta, breathing a little more freely as the evening drew on, reviving sufficiently to dress and go out about nine o'clock, strolling on the sea-shore, dreaming again while gazing at the calm, silvery moon riding peacefully in that summer sky, and nevertheless flinging down a shower of almost golden light into the rippling waves beneath; then home again, and, looking out of the open window, feeling more awake than we had done since the morning—for the sea-breeze was now cool (almost sharp sometimes)—and the moon and its showers of light in the water more beautiful than ever. This, continued day after day, may seem a monotonous routine; but it is not so; and I defy the veriest despiser of day-dreaming to pass a summer in Italy and escape the infection of the climate.

But we are sometimes roused by a storm. Indeed a thunder-storm is by no means unfrequent during the summer months at Nice. In July we had three or four, and one I remember very vividly. It began at eight o'clock one evening, after a day or two of intolerable oppressiveness. We heard the first peal of thunder with delight: it approached nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashed, as it seemed, without a moment's intermission; then the rain began to fall. It first rebounded off the hard-baked ground, which soon, however, yielded, and drank in with eagerness the refreshing shower. It ceased: the thunder roared more savagely, the house shook to its foundations, the lightning filled the room, as, in spite of the jalousies, it came in at the four large windows, and was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There we sat for hours, some admiring, some terrified, all silent and awe-stricken. The lightning at length ceased to come in ordinary flashes; it appeared at the windows a broad thin sheet of light. The effect was most beautiful, as it illumined every object in the room for a few seconds at a time. Some of our party would not go to bed on account of the iron rods which supported the mosquito curtains; so we all sat up for company's sake. Suddenly we were alarmed by a rushing noise without: it was not the thunder, but was distinctly heard *with* the thunder. We rushed to the windows, threw back the jalousies, and saw the wonderful finale of the storm. Beneath our windows was the dry bed of a torrent, supplied abundantly in winter by the mountain streams, but long dry, and used, on account of its smooth clean stones, as a bleach-green by a number of neighbouring laundresses. Now, however, there rushed along its bed an impetuous river, carrying along with it logs of wood, quantities of hay, straw, charcoal, &c. which it had pillaged as it swept along the cottages of the mountaineers. The lightning was flashing on it the while, now and then seeming to convert it into a river of blood. It was a fearful, yet a grand sight. I was rivetted to the spot, and did not leave it until at length the storm, which had now lasted five hours, gradually subsided; the clouds rolled away, and the moon, in all her gentle beauty, shone down upon the rushing torrent, and by her peaceful smiles wooed the discordant elements into harmony.

So much for the *physique* of Nice in the summer; but the *morale* is hardly so picturesque. I felt an interest, however, in one of the peasant girls, called Madeleine Bonnet. It is no harm to tell her name; for she could not read, even if she should see it written here. Her father was a working silversmith in Genoa, and when he died, his widow and children removed to Nice, where they had relations. They tried to support themselves by a little farm; but this did not succeed. The boys were too young, and the two girls, who were the eldest of the family, resolved to go into service. Marie, the eldest, soon found a situation in a Nizzard family; but Madeleine was ambitious, and determined to go only into an English ménage. She offered herself to us, and we found her appearance very prepossessing. She wore the becoming costume of the Nice peasantry—the graceful cappeline, and the black velvet ribbon round her glossy dark-brown hair. Her complexion was the clear olive of Italy, and her eyes had the lustre of that passionate climate, but beautified in their expression by the long black lashes, which hung over them with a mournful air I cannot describe. As she was well recommended by the hotel-keeper, we resolved to try her. She did not profess much knowledge; but her great willingness to learn soon made her a favourite, even with the cross old cook, and with our own English servants. This peaceful state of things in the kitchen did not last long, however. The old cook soon brought grievous charges against Madeleine, who, she said, stole the charcoal, and ought to be dismissed instantly. We could not readily acquiesce in this; especially as we found, on farther inquiry, that on no other head but that of charcoal was her honesty impeached. We could have imagined a girl of eighteen being tempted by cakes, or articles of dress; but what could she do with charcoal? It seemed nonsense. However, week after week the cook persisted in her allegations, and the matter must be investigated. Madeleine was called, and the charge made. She blushed scarlet, and did not attempt to deny its truth. 'It is a pity, Madeleine,' I said, 'that you have acted so, for we must lose confidence in you henceforth.'

This seemed to give her courage, and she answered, 'Ah, signorina, you think I would steal anything now! You are mistaken: I would rather starve than steal for myself; but, signorina, I have a mother, and she is very poor, and my little brothers are too young to work for her. She finds that she can make a very good trade by selling roasted chestnuts in the street; but it requires a great deal of charcoal to roast them all day long, and she grudged to buy it when she wanted food for the children, and I have sometimes given her a little.'

Though I felt that the poor girl's temptation had been strong, I thought it right to say, 'Yet, Madeleine, it was *stealing* when you gave away what was not yours to give.'

Her eyes flashed indignantly: her ideas of morality were evidently different: her heart swelled, and with tears she answered me—'Ah, signorina, you who have a mother whom you dearly love, to speak so to me! You are rich, and I am very poor; but if you and your mother were as poor as I and mine, you would help her in any way you could, especially if you had plenty to eat, as I have with you: and if you knew that she had a scanty meal at home, you *would*, signorina'—she added with energy, seeing me about to reply—'you would have done what I did.' She paused, and begged pardon for her vehemence, but not for the theft, which it was clear gave her conscience no uncomfortable qualms. I never felt more puzzled for a reply. I wished to show Madeleine that she had acted wrong;

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nevertheless the conference ended here; and ended, strange to say, by interesting us all more deeply than ever in the impenitent culprit.

Towards the end of June, Madeleine came to me one day in great sorrow, saying that she must leave us, for that it was now the season to work at the factory—winding the silk from off the pods of the silkworms—that she would much rather stay with us, as the work is very bad for the health; not that it is laborious, but because the room in which the women sit is heated to a most distressing degree by the caldrons of boiling water in which the worms are immersed, and out of which they are taken, one by one, by the winders. The wages are very high to the good winders, and they are, in consequence, willing to endure the boiling temperature. We offered Madeleine equal wages, as we did not wish to lose her; but the master of the factory said that if she refused to work that summer, he would not employ her in future—for she was one of his best winders, and he could not afford to do without her—so she went. One day we went to see the factory: the winding of the silk was very curious: those accustomed to the work have acquired such delicacy of touch, that as they wind, they separate, with unerring precision, the silk of one worm into eighteen or twenty different degrees of fineness, and that without ever using the eye.

The work in which Madeleine was engaged soon made a very marked alteration in her appearance. From a robust, rosy-faced girl, she became in a little time thin and pale. The heat of a Nice summer would suffice to fade the roses on her cheek; but when, added to that, she had to live all day in a room steaming with caldrons of boiling water—kept boiling by fires below—it was no wonder that she looked three or four years older in the course of as many months. We often met her when taking our evening stroll along the shore. When the autumn approached, I asked her one evening when she meant to come back to us. She looked very much puzzled, and at last it came out that she hoped it would be unnecessary for her to go into service again. She was, in short, going to be married. But how was this? I must hear the story. It appeared that she had a Cousin Antonio, whose parents lived in Genoa, and to whom she had been in a manner betrothed almost from childhood. He was a baker; and when Madeleine and her family left Genoa for Nice, he had left it for Antibes, where he had a promise of employment as foreman to some wealthy baker. He was most anxious that Madeleine should marry him then, and accompany him to Antibes; but she 'was not ready,' she said.

'Why not ready, Madeleine?'

'Well, signorina, I must tell you the truth. We were very poor just then, after burying my father; and my mother could have given me no clothes worth mentioning, and so I could not think of marrying; for it is our custom here, when a young man marries, that his mother shall examine beforehand all the linen and clothes of his intended wife; and I could not submit to be mocked and called a poor wretch by Antonio's mother and sisters, who are much better off than I am, and who, to tell the truth, would be glad to have something to bring against me to Antonio.'

'But, Madeleine, your poverty would be nothing against you with your lover. I suppose you told him why you wished to wait?'

'Oh no, signorina! If I had, he is so generous he would have bought me everything I asked; but I wished to earn my clothes, and not to be scoffed at by my mother and sisters-in-law.'

'I admire your spirit. But was Antonio satisfied to wait?'

'Oh, he ought to have been satisfied; but he was angry with me certainly, and made me cry a great deal. But he was good again before I saw him for the last time.'

'And have you never heard from him since he has been at Antibes?'

'Only once, for I cannot read; but of course, if he was ill, I should have heard from somebody. Ill news always travels. But I shall soon see him, and never part again,' she said earnestly. 'It was a long, long separation—almost two years. I did not know what I was undertaking when I refused to go at once with him to Antibes; but now it is nearly over, and we shall be happy all our lives together.'

I could scarcely share in the young girl's simple faith, and could not help saying, 'He may be well, Madeleine, but it seems very negligent to have left you a year without some message. Can he be growing careless or forgetful?'

'Forgetful!' she repeated after me with an arch smile and shake of her head, no doubt pitying me for my ignorance and scepticism as to her lover's character, but noway affected further by my doubts; and then she added, 'You know not, lady, how long Antonio and Madeleine have loved. There never was a time in their memory when aught was dearer to them than each other.'

I could scarcely share her trustfulness; yet I thought she might have good reasons for it, and I sincerely hoped so, and would not add a word to diminish her joy. But as she went away, I said, 'Well, Madeleine, we shall be here again for the winter; and if you be in Nice, and disengaged, you can have your old place if you choose.' Shortly after this we left Nice for a few weeks, making various excursions along the coast. On our return, my first care was to inquire after Madeleine. Her old mother came in answer to the message I had sent for her daughter. The poor old woman seemed quite overwhelmed at the conclusion of her daughter's lifelong betrothment. I cannot say that I was surprised, though I was indeed grieved, at what she told me. She had accompanied Madeleine to Antibes shortly after we left Nice. They had found Antonio alive and well, and prosperous—but married to the only daughter of the wealthy baker whose foreman he had been, but who was now dead, and to whose business and riches his son-in-law succeeded.

Madeleine was completely stunned by this intelligence; it was not, *could* not be, she thought; nor would she believe it until the faithless Antonio's own lips had left her no room for further incredulity. Broken-hearted, she returned with her mother to Nice; and sick of the world, at the age of nineteen she lost no time in gaining admission to a convent, and I saw her no more.

TURNING THE PENNY.

It is a common thing to hear wonder expressed at the great increase of street beggars. Is this really wonderful? A few extra pence will flood with candidates for work the meanest and dirtiest trades in the country, and why should we be surprised to find the same effect produced upon beggary by our virtuous generosity? We are said in statistics to give away, in the copper and small silver line, not much less than L.1,500,000 per annum; and if to this is added the summing-up of the begging-books, in whole and half-sovereigns, crowns and half-crowns, we shall have a most tempting total of revenue for destitution. Even the refuge offered by the workhouse and nightly shelters is found to aggravate the social disorder. A nomade population has been fostered in the bosom of a settled community. To the 'workus,' as a permanent retreat, beggars have the most determined objection. Nor is this surprising. There is a charm in rags, dirt, halfpence, and gin, associated with freedom, which greatly transcends all the elegancies of the Union. Let us run over a few of the more recent cases, and inquire what it is our pensioners do in return for our bounty, and how they employ themselves abroad, instead of stagnating in the workhouse.

Could any one show a more marked disregard of all propriety of conduct than Ann Brady, who, though arrived at the mature ungirlish age of thirty-six, made

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her unwilling appearance at the late Middlesex Sessions? Ann was accused of having turned the penny as a street beggar on every available occasion these fourteen years back. Not much good was said of Ann. Her accusers describe her as 'one of the most incorrigible begging vagrants who had ever been heard of. For years she had led a begging, drunken, and vagabond life; and the court would be astonished to hear that, at the instance of the Mendicity Society alone, she had been committed for various terms of imprisonment as many as forty-nine times! A kind-hearted magistrate, thinking to get her to abandon begging, had supplied her with money to set up a fruit-stall; but the whole of that money she had spent on drink. Whenever let loose from prison, she began begging in the old way; and with the first money she procured, she got regularly drunk in the nearest public-house. When last taken up, she kicked and knocked about terribly, and could not be brought to the station-house till she was tied on a stretcher. It was of no use doing anything for this woman, your worship. When good people got her a comfortable situation, she stole out of the house to beg; her favourite place of resort being the Park. And then she soon got herself into trouble. Since 1834, she had spent, put it all together, five years in prison.' In vindication of her rights, Ann said, 'It was a very hard case that the police would not leave her alone—it was enough to kill her.' Verdict of the court, 'six months.' Will the honourable bench of magistrates kindly explain what is to be the use of this fresh incarceration, beyond giving Ann a keener relish for begging and dram-drinking?

Much about the same time, up is brought to the police-office, Guildhall, 'a well-known impostor, Michael Leary,' charged with being a confirmed beggar, who carried on business by simulating a most dreadful pain in his back. Michael, it was alleged, lived on that back of his. 'The prisoner,' so sayeth the reporter, 'who was allowed to be in the anteroom, instead of being locked up in the cells, continued groaning all the time, declaring that he was dying from rheumatic pains; and when helped into the court, he redoubled his cries, "Oh my back, my back!" and clung to the railings of the dock, in which position he continued moaning at times, and to all appearance suffering great pain, while the evidence was taken down.' No. 267 of the city police gives evidence—'That about eight o'clock the previous evening he was on duty in Holborn, when he observed the prisoner walk from house to house begging, always appearing to complain of his back; after which he went into several public-houses, and obtained a quartern of gin, which he drank, and at last became rather intoxicated. Next he went into a coffee-shop, but did not get anything; and on his coming out, he took him into custody.' Michael denies being drunk, pleads ill health, and only begs because he cannot work. The magistrate tells him that wont do: 'You are too well known to make me believe you were ill at all; and it's all sham now.' 'Hope you will send me to the hospital, sir, where I may get some relief to my aching back.' 'I shall send you somewhere else before you go there, and that is to prison for fourteen days, on bread and water.' The prisoner, unpitied, was then carried out by No. 267; loudly protesting, however, that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, and that he should certainly die under that terrible pain in his back!

Some people will laugh at this, and tell you that Michael Leary was doubtless an impostor, all his protestations about his back notwithstanding. But who demoralised Michael? That is the question. Wasn't it good folks who believed all the rigmarole story of the back, and gave him halfpence out of pure soul-struck compassion? To be sure it was; and it is these good folks, with their credulity and their charity, that make beggars abound. Take another example. The other day, 'Thomas Henchcliffe, a thick-set, powerful young fellow, was placed at the bar of the Worship Street police-office, charged with being a begging impostor. A constable of the A division said he was on duty that morning in the City Road, when he saw the prisoner knock at a great number of doors in succession, and clamorously solicit charity, upon the ground of his being in great distress, and that he had sustained some very serious injury in his arm, which was suspended in a sling, and appeared to be crippled. Witness was dressed in plain clothes, for the more ready detection of offenders; and the prisoner, after leaving the last door he had applied at, at once made up to him, and in a canting whine commenced a harrowing detail of his real or assumed misfortunes, which would have no doubt been successful in the extraction of money from any casual passenger, but which instantly stopped upon the witness seizing him by the collar, and, pointing out his mistake, telling him he should take him to the station. He then asked him what he had been doing at the houses he had knocked at? and the prisoner, without the slightest prevarication, answered, "Begging." "And what is the matter with your arm?" said the witness. "Oh, nothing at all!" said the prisoner. "Then what do you put it into a sling for?" "Why, you see," said he, "when I went about with my arm not suspended and wrapped up in this way, I found that I could get nothing out of anybody, as the people I asked for assistance immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, you are a strong young man, and ought to get a living by work;' and then went off without dropping a penny; so I put my arm into a sling as it is now, because I found that those who did so got more money!"' —Sentence, a month's imprisonment, with hard labour in the House of Correction.

But the professed beggar resorts to many other shams besides malingering. He is a shipwrecked mariner, a workman out of work, a burned-out tradesman, an unfortunate actor on his way home to his friends, a distressed foreigner, and, generally speaking, he has a wife and family. In London, there appear to be places where beggars can be accommodated with 'properties' of all sorts, dying infants included. 'At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Branch said that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history, and her means of livelihood, and in answer to his questions, she replied, "Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone, I know not what to do." "But," observed Mr Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burthened with her." "Oh, dear sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay 9d. a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so, I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!" In another room in the house Mr Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning for their next attacks upon the public. In a regular wareroom in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widows' weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c. adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a profession.'

Going about with certificates of character is a very effective method of operating on the compassionate. On a former occasion we referred to a case related to us by a party concerned, and it will still bear a few more particulars. Some five or six years ago, a man who carried on a small trade as a tinsmith in a country town in England, was one night burnt out of house and home. A great misfortune for the poor man! Not at all. It was the best thing he ever experienced that burning. He became a fit object for the philanthropists; and all very proper, if they had acted with considerate caution. In his destitution,

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the homeless tinsmith was sought out by a gentleman whom we shall call Mr Meanwell, and furnished with a subscription-paper, headed by a true and particular account of the fire and its consequences—wife and family houseless, stock in trade gone, contributions would be thankfully received, &c. Armed with this commission of botheration, off went the ruined tinsmith on his travels, destined never more to take hammer in hand. First, he made a round of the town. In one day he pocketed eight pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence of the remarkably good coin of these realms. With this neat sum jingling in his pocket, his hand dipping down among sovereigns and shillings—pleasant feeling!—a new light dawned on the forlorn tinsmith. He had a realisation of the vast powers of a subscription-paper. It beat tin-beating all to nothing. Formerly, he had toiled weeks and weeks, and not made as much as he had now done in one day. Work was all nonsense. Next day, at the begging again. Three pounds eleven, all equally good money, rewarded his persevering industry, independently of expressions of commiseration which did not count. The impetus towards mendicancy was now altogether irresistible. To go back to the tin trade would be clearly a running in the face of destiny. Missus being of a similar way of thinking, it was soon arranged to carry on the new and lucrative profession. Having exhausted all possibilities of cash within the immediate sphere of the conflagration, the burnt-out tinsmith and his wife, a 'decent-looking woman in a black bonnet,' went away on an excursion through the provinces. And from that excursion they have never returned, and never will. Occasionally they are heard of on their peregrinations, picking up a sovereign here and a half-crown there, all through the virtue of that wonderful subscription-paper. 'It is the worst thing I ever did in my life,' said Mr Meanwell to us, 'giving that unlucky certificate of character, with my own name down for a guinea at the top of it. It is a warning to me how I do anything of the sort again.'

When once a man has experienced the benefits of begging—the very great ease of the thing, its superiority in point of money-returns to downright hard work—you could not convince that man that labour was more honourable and more profitable. All your philosophy about the dignity of independent labour would be thrown away on him. The Liverpool papers give us a very pretty case of a genteel incurable in the begging line. 'Thomas Holland was yesterday committed to prison for one month, on a charge of street begging. It seems he has pursued his avocation to a considerable and very profitable extent, as the circumstances we are about to relate will prove. We learn that his committal was the consequence of his having importuned, amongst others, the stipendiary magistrate himself. For some time the delinquent has been in respectable lodgings kept by a widow, who has also several other lodgers, clerks in the customhouse and mercantile establishments in the town. From the time he went to these lodgings there has always been some mystery as to his means or pursuits; and all that seems to have been known of him by his landlady was, that he represented himself as a respectable decayed tradesman come to reside in Liverpool. He was always a complete epicure in his diet, and unsparing in procuring for himself all the choice edibles which the most fastidious taste could desire. To breakfast he uniformly had his broiled chop or steak, and was most particular as to the quality of his tea and coffee, always procuring the best of each, and having it prepared for him in the best possible manner. In this respect he was exceedingly hard to please. In his other meals he was equally hospitable to himself, and on all occasions his appetite was perfectly astonishing to the inmates of the house. As regards the other bodily comforts of life he was equally particular. During the time he remained in the house he would sit before a huge fire, which he always insisted should be kept up, his feet being comforted by extra carpets and rugs, and his legs wrapped up in blankets. Indeed, in all his arrangements he seemed to be exceedingly well acquainted with the means of personal comfort, and did not fail to make the most of them. He seldom turned out of the house until eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning, except on Saturday, when he was always ready for his breakfast by eight o'clock, and uniformly anxious to go out soon, as if he had urgent business on that day. He was very fidgetty if his meals were not always ready at the moment he wanted them, and would on these occasions tell his landlady that she could always look after the young men's wants, but because he was "a poor old gentleman, he must be neglected." He had latterly become so tedious, that she gave him notice to quit; but he declined to receive it, observing, "What a wicked woman you are to ask me to leave; it is not convenient for me to leave, and I shall not leave!" He was always very prompt in the payment of his board, and until his committal, the landlady had not the remotest idea that he was obtaining his livelihood by begging. This was only found out by his unaccountable absence from home for a few days. At the time of his committal his larder was well stocked for the following week.' Of course, since his liberation, Mr Holland has resumed business, and the world will most likely hear of him by and by.

'Punch,' that philosopher by contraries, has recently parodied Burns's 'Jolly Beggars' with considerable success, at least in the spirit of one of the songs. Among the company, met at midnight for a characteristic jollification, there is the Serious Poor Young Man, in a threadbare black coat, white cravat, and excessively bad hat. This is the sentimental strain he contributes:—

'A lazy humbug I was born,
To earn my bread I held it scorn,
And found it far a better plan
To act the Serious Poor Young Man.

Sing hey the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing ho the Serious Poor Young Man!
There's not a scamp in all our clan,
Can match the Serious Poor Young Man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or sticks of sealing-wax, I stand,
"Soft Tommies'" hearts I thus trepan,
The decent Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act:
And let the law do what it can
Agin the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing hey,' &c.

A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

Among recent instances of the dispersion of our sheets in quarters where it was not anticipated they would penetrate, one of a peculiarly gratifying nature has come to our knowledge, and we trust to be excused for drawing attention to it as a fact interesting in literature.

It may be generally known that during the last twelve months we have been engaged in preparing and issuing a new edition of the 'Information for the People,' a work of which seventy thousand copies had been previously disposed of, and which now, in its improved form, has attained a circulation of forty-five thousand copies. Some time ago, we had occasion to notice that the work had been reprinted, without our concurrence being asked, in the United States, and also formed the basis and model of a work, 'Instruction pour le Peuple,' issued in Paris. The circumstance now attracting our attention is the translation of the work into Welsh, and its issue in parts in a form very similar to that of the English original. For this commercial adventure of a Welsh bookseller, Robert Edwards of Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire, we had not been altogether unprepared; for to his application for casts of our wood-engravings to insert in his letter-press we had given

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some attention—of course making no charge for these illustrations, and only too happy to aid so far in what appeared to be a meritorious and hazardous enterprise.

The first part of this remarkable translation is now before us; and on the front of the blue cover appears the following title:—'Cyfieithiad o Addysg Chambers I'r Bobl, can Ebenezer Thomas, "Eben Fardd." Cynnwysiad—Seryddiaeth, Daearddaeth.' The two latter words signify Astronomy and Geology, such being the contents of the part. At the foot of the title are the words 'Pris Chwe' Cheiniog,' which means price sixpence—a charge double that of the original; but, we should infer, barely sufficient to repay the outlay on the undertaking. The translator, Ebenezer Thomas, or Eben the Bard, is a person of no mean celebrity in Wales. A correspondent, who calls him the 'Shakspeare or Burns of the Principality,' forwards the following notice of the bard and his present literary effort from the 'Amserau,' a popular Welsh newspaper:—

'Eben the Bard has already immortalised his name as a poet. Here we meet with him in the character of translator, and his abilities as such are equal to those which distinguish him as a poet. It must be absolutely superfluous to attempt saying anything by way of recommendation to the work he has now translated. What necessity is there for writing a panegyric on the sun? And why should the value of knowledge require to be made a subject of laudation? The treasure of miscellaneous instruction contained in the work of Chambers is beyond all price [Thank you, Mr Critic!], and there are thousands in England, Scotland, and elsewhere who have been drawing from this store for several years past. The "Information for the People" is now brought within the Welshman's reach in his native tongue, so that he likewise may participate in the same privilege and pleasure. The first part is highly interesting: it leads the reader to contemplate the wonderful works of God in the heavens and earth. It offers a vast amount of instruction, more valuable than much silver or gold! The language is chaste, elegant, and intelligible. The translator is in every respect worthy of the author. The paper and printing are good—an honour to the Pwllheli printing establishment. Surely such a work as this will meet with a hearty welcome and extensive circulation.'

Mr Edwards, in undertaking his costly speculation, seems to have found it necessary to bespeak the favourable consideration and assistance of a number of distinguished Welsh divines, who obligingly furnished him with their testimonies to the general utility of the work. These certificates of character, as they may be called, are printed in Welsh inside the cover, and may be supposed to carry with them a due degree of weight among the ancient Cymry. A few passages, translated, may be given, for the sake of showing that the clergy of the Principality are fully alive to the value of general secular knowledge within the range of their professional duties. The Rev. Isaac Jenkins, St David's College, says—'Such a work is greatly needed in the Welsh language; and as one who loves his country, and desires the improvement of its inhabitants in all useful knowledge, I can do no less than wish that every facility may be given for placing this excellent work before them. The undertaking is arduous and weighty; but I hope that sufficient sympathy and co-operation will be manifested so as to encourage the publisher. Failure in such an attempt would be a great dishonour to our nation, as well as give room for further reproach from our neighbours.' The Rev. Arthur Jones, D. D., Bangor, observes—'I am surprised and delighted that there is a prospect of the Welsh acquiring the elements of knowledge necessary to all men and women. The work in question will enrich our nation; and as it will gradually reach every neighbourhood, all, both old and young, even children, by practising economy, may possess the treasures it contains; and by it may cultivate their abilities in a very high degree.' The following, from the Rev. Lewis Edwards, M. A., at Balla, is still more pointed:—'I am exceedingly glad to find that "Chambers's Information for the People" is to be translated. Works such as this are what the Welsh require, not to the exclusion of religious, but in addition to all the theological works already in circulation amongst them.'*

The last sentiment in the above conveys what has all along been a prevailing principle in the production of these sheets: they are not intended to exclude religious culture from the general concerns of life, but to impart what is properly additional to religion. Whether the diffusion of the 'Information' in Welsh will be as serviceable as is indulgently supposed, we have no means of judging. That any necessity should have existed for the translation, is exceedingly to be lamented. Not even the gratification of seeing the work in this new character can lessen the pain of knowing that a large section of the people still use a language—ancient and copious, no doubt, but calculated, we fear, to retard their social progress. That until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Celtic tongue, in its varieties of Gaelic, Welsh, Irish, and Manx, should be employed as a vernacular, is matter not less of surprise than of national discredit. Who has been to blame for this scandal—the civil government, the church, or the people? Perhaps all three. No thought appears to have been bestowed on the fact, that large masses of the population were isolated from general progress on account of their inability to speak English. And for this neglect, with other circumstances of misusage, how conspicuously has the nation at large suffered! One thing, however, must be said for the Welsh, that under all the disadvantages of a local tongue, they have not languished as a people, nor become burdensome to their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. Failings they have, but a disposition to live by begging is not among the number. A plodding race they are, and, as respects a living literature, they go very far ahead of their Celtic brethren in Scotland or Ireland. The very circumstance of their attempting the enterprise which has suggested these remarks, is significant of an energy of character which we should in vain look for in the Highlands, where Celtic newspapers and periodicals have never met with that degree of encouragement necessary for their permanent establishment.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The newspapers give the following copy of a letter just received by Mr John Clark, yeoman of Timsbury, near Romsey, Hants. The writer—William Battin—was formerly shepherd in Mr Clark's employ, and emigrated to New Zealand about six years since. The simple, unadorned narrative of New Zealand life, which the letter furnishes us with, will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

New Plymouth, New Zealand, *April* 30, 1848.

I think that I can now say that the settlement is likely to do well, as the government have purchased from the natives every mile of rich ground, and the settlers that have been so long deprived of their land are now allowed to choose land from the district. The whole of Taranakie is well supplied with springs and fine rivers of good water; plenty of fish and wild ducks. The greatest produce of the land hitherto has been wheat, of which we have very excellent sorts. The finest wheat that can be sold is L.8 per load; barley, 6s. per bushel; oats, 6s.; potatoes L.2 per ton. The settlement has been very low, and the settlers in general badly off; but even then the labouring-classes were much better off than the labouring-classes in England. But now, thank God, we have got the boot on the other leg, and every settler has plenty; in none but the miserable huts of drunkards can the inmates say they ever know a banyan day. It is just five years two months and ten days since I landed here, and have been

* In the original—'Da iawn gennyf weled bod "Chambers's Information for the People," i gael ei gyfieithu; Llyfrau fel hyn sydd eisiau ar y *Cymry*—nid i gau allan Grefydd, ond yn *ychwanegol* at yr holl Lyfrau duwinyddol sydd eisioes yn ein iaith.'

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just three years and twenty days independent on my own free land; and if John and Thomas had come with me, they might have been just as well off, and for three years have been lords of splendid harvests. I have moved from Pokeokepa, and am now at Pegrikurik. I have a large two-storey house, with eight rooms, convenient for every purpose. I have the best garden in the place, containing two acres, and rise everything to an amazing size. I have the largest and most convenient barn in the settlement. I have this year about 400 bushels of wheat, a few of barley and maize. I raise yearly about 50 tons of potatoes, very large, and about 1000 tons of Swedes, and about 300 cabbages from 10 to 40 lbs. each, and a great quantity of fruit and flowers and other vegetables in abundance. I have also ten good hogs, and often twenty. Bacon, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, fish, and such-like, very plentiful. I have firewood enough to last my house a century, and burn on the land thousands of loads to disencumber. Two bushels of seed wheat to the acre is the regular go; the fern land produces thirty bushels to the acre; and the bush land in general about fifty. Mine is all timber land, and my place will bear inspection by any person. In May is the best season to sow wheat, and might be continued till August, and harvest in January and February.

The winters here are very much like a cold wet summer in England. I have only three times seen ice as thick as common window-glass, no snow, and very little white frost. This is, I think, the finest climate in the whole world; neither myself nor one of my family have ever known a day's illness since we left England. I am now forty-eight years two months and a few days old. I appear twenty years younger to look on than when I left. My eldest son William is about to purchase for himself 200 acres of land, entirely by his own savings. Here is a chance for every one. The natives are beginning to raise wheat in abundance, and have several mills to grind corn in several parts of the country at their own expense; they have (the greatest part of them) embraced Christianity, and are become very civilised.

The missionary stations are about forty miles apart, and many of them quite in the desert, amongst the natives only, and have to travel and preach twenty miles each way; and it is surprising how the minds of the most savage tribe—those that have been making war—are now beginning to be very humble. Those about us are very civil and honest. They work just land enough to keep them: it is not one acre out of 1,000,000. There wants now, in this district of Taranakie, 100,000 emigrants. People starving in England, and millions of rich, willing land here useless — such easy-working land, that any man can throw out twenty sacks of potatoes in one day. The town of New Plymouth is situated by the sea-side, and is laid out in straight streets, two miles long, and one mile across, with a belt at the back, side, and ends, containing a large new hospital, many small farms, and much waste land. The town at present is but scattering—most of the houses built of timber. The church is built of stone, about three times the size of that at Timsbury. The Wesleyan chapel is built of stone; also a strong unoccupied prison built of stone. Here is no clay fit for brickmaking, but plenty of stone of all sorts and sizes. Along the beach, the river runs over amazing beds of pebbles for many miles. Freshwater eels are often caught, ten, twelve, and twenty lbs. each. The settlers are scattered out wide. At the Omri there is a church built with timber, and a Primitive chapel. Sabbath schools are kept on, as in England. Wild fowls are plentiful, and it is every one's own fault if they do not sleep on beds of down. Half a mile in front of the sea the land is sandy, bearing saving crops; further in it is black mould—no stones. Oxen want no grass; horses want no shoes; one share point will last six months. Beneath the black mould it is brown earth—wants subsoiling.

The timber and big bush is cut down in a rough way, lying six months, when the fire burns all up clean, except logs and stumps. The wheat is sown and scraped in, in a rough and light manner, and without grubbing. A crop of fifty bushels to the acre is pretty sure. It is not a very good country at present for sheep, although here is no fly or maggot, and sheep fatten fast, and some have good fleece. All cattle here are in good condition. Cattle here increase fast, as no calves are killed, and ship-loads arrive from New Holland. All that will may have cows, and at the cattle station there are about 300. Here is some horses, but the work is mostly done by oxen. The hours for labouring-men are from seven till five. The price for thrashing is 8s. per quarter. There are four thrashing-machines here; but the slow pace of the oxen, and reckoning all hire, brings the price to 12s. the quarter. Corn thrashes better than in England. Men might earn very high wages, but very few can get their heads off their downy pillows till the sun is three hours in the sky. Thank God! I can rise most mornings to salute the opening dawn. Almost every one has land, and is half independent. There are no soldiers; but we have a police of about twenty men, drilled to the musket like soldiers. There are no natives more than about three miles inland, except when wandering about, which is common.

Here is no manner of wild beasts, no serpents or reptile; no manner of vermin but rats; no thorns or thistles. You might travel barefoot, lie down and sleep in any part of the wilderness, without the least danger. Amongst the thousands of birds, I have never seen one like one I saw in England, except hawks. The small green parrot, with red heads, are the only birds that hurt the corn. Amongst the many sorts of wood, I have never seen one sort like any I ever saw in England: it is astonishing the size and height of the timber. The hen bark is nearly as good and equal to oak for tanning. In many places is found red, white, yellow, brown, and black ochre, very soft and fine, and fit for making paint. The mines are not yet worked, and the Cornish miners have all left for other settlements, being useless here. In sinking a well, close to a town, was found some metal, and tried by Mr Woods, a goldsmith, and proved to be hard silver. No chalk or limestone is yet discovered in Taranakie. Money has for a long time been scarce, and most of the business is done by barter. Flour is sold by the dozen pounds, and it is 1s. 6d. per dozen for the best, and 1s. 4d. for seconds; it has been as high as 6s. per dozen. Many ship-loads of flour is sent to Auckland and Port Nicholson, where it fetches about double the price. The highest price for butter of good quality is 1s. per lb.; inferior 10d. Pork, best quality, at dear shops, 3d. per lb.; other shops, 2d. I and many others kill our own. All clothing is about double the price as in England, also iron work. Millers, shopkeepers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, are making their fortunes, and I have no room myself to complain. I hope every kind gentleman in England will try and get my nephew William Battin sent to New Plymouth, Berkshire, and ship for New Plymouth. The wheat is cut after the Cornish fashion, with large ewing hooks, and I my own-self can cut and bind a full acre in a day of stout wheat. He need not bring any reap hooks. Here are four breweries, and hops have sold at 10s. per lb. I have not spent one penny on any kind of spirits, or at a public-house, for more than four years, thank God. I and my children are safe and happy as larks. It is not certain whether the Topo mountain is burning now or not, but it is certain that a river of boiling water issues from it, wherein much cooking is done. There is no smell or bad taste from it. Topo is the native name of the mountain. The district of Taranakie is fifty miles across, and is the native name of the mountain from whence the district takes its name. There are wild pigs by legions, half fat. As the climate is good, and soil rich, very little art is required for farming. Holloway and his family is left, and gone to New South Wales, but writes to Gibbons to say he is coming back, for there is no place like Taranakie. Here in the summer the singing-flies charm the country. I have seen some of the cannibal ovens; they are pits about 6 feet square, and 2½ feet deep, and contain about three cart-loads of stones, which, when heated, cooked two or three large bodies at a time. All that is totally done away with now. Bees are increasing fast; I have six stocks at present, and intend keeping forty standing stocks. Bees gather the whole year, and can take the honey at any time; they gather about 5 lbs. of honey a month throughout the year: honey and wax is about the same quality as that of Hampshire: honey is selling at 2s. per lb., and wax at 5s. Two mills are said to be finished in a month, one having two water-wheels driving three pair of stones, the other with one, driving two pair. The price of sawing timber is reduced from 20s. to 10s. per 100 feet—300 feet a day's work for a pair of sawyers. Sawyers and shoemakers have been making money rapidly. Carpenters' wages have risen from 5s. to 6s. per day. At the commencement of the settlement, very few thought of anything but extravagant living, fine dressing, and the grog-shops; but when the Company's high prices were over, they were forced to alter, and get land for a living, and the money that had been thrown

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away as with a shovel was then wanted. I worked out eight acres of land at earning 10s. a day. I have an entire free estate, sufficient for every comfort in life; and if John and Thomas could but once see what I have gained by coming to New Zealand, what chain could hold them in England?

It is said that emigration is going on, and I hope it is true, and hope that my nephew will pluck up courage and come; I should be pretty sure to meet him when he and his family lands; but if I should not, he must inquire for 'Goshen House' or 'Noah's Ark.'

The sands here are proved to be the best of iron, and Mr Price is about to erect a foundry. Ships are now taking loads of potatoes to Sydney, where the wholesale price is now L.8 per ton. Earthquakes are not felt often; I have felt but two heavy shocks for two years. It appears there have been two great earthquakes, as the land in some places is broken in pieces: one appears to have been 2000 years ago; the other must have been in very ancient days.

I cannot learn by any of the most ancient natives that there was ever anything like dearth or famine in this isle. There have been eruptions at the big mountains, and millions of tons of stones and massy rocks are thrown out, either by fire or water.

The postage of letters from England is 8d.; if to Sydney or Adelaide first, it is 11d.

Public-house licences till ten o'clock, L.30; and twelve o'clock, L.40 a year. Only two shops of that kind in this place. My eldest daughter has been married some months. The natives are all married by the missionaries, and the old-fashioned way of knocking their heads together is done away with.

There have been wars in different parts of the island, and some soldiers and settlers killed; but it is in peace now, and we have never had any wars, although we have once been threatened by the natives of the Topo tribe. The natives of this place prepared, as well as us, to attack them; all we could muster was eight pieces of cannon, some guns, and twenty muskets. The news soon reached Port Nicholson; the government brig happened to be there, which sailed immediately with a supply of arms and ammunition for us. A native went to spy, and in a month returned, saying a young man, a sort of prince, had shot himself playing with his gun: the whole tribe went to bury and bewail him; meantime a missionary found his way to them, telling them the white people meant them no harm, and if they did go, it was likely their heads would be taken off and sent to England to be made sport of. Not liking these thoughts, they thanked the missionary, and returned to Topo, leaving us in peace; however, a part of the same tribe have since made war with the settlers and soldiers at Zougancsie, but being beaten, are again returned to Topo.

Here there is no turnip-fly, but the grasshoppers are very destructive to all late-sown crops.

This settlement of New Plymouth has been for some time like an infant without a friend: it seemed like no man's land, belonging to neither government nor company; but since his excellency Governor Grey has visited, and seeing it a paradise, and a good corn and cattle district, although no harbour for shipping, he is very desirous to put and encourage it forward; and, with the good industry of the settlers, this will be the best settlement in the south. The summers are not so hot as in England; the weather has been very fine this last twelve months; the thunder here is little, and very mild and gentle.—From your well-wisher,

WILLIAM BATTIN.

'SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR.'

It seems generally to escape observation that the fourth commandment as effectually enjoins *work* during the six days of the week as it does *rest* on the seventh. This double meaning is alluded to as follows in the Cape Literary Magazine. 'It is asked somewhere in the Talmud—"The wealthy of many countries, whereby are they deserving of becoming rich?" Samuel, the son of Yosi, replies, "Because they honour the Sabbath." Samuel, the son of Yosi, if I might presume to put another construction upon thy answer, I would say, "Because they keep the *fourth* commandment." Let not the idle vagabond, who rests on the Sabbath and on the *six days also*, upbraid the Lord and say, "I keep the Sabbath holy, and yet am poor." Poor thou art, poor thou wilt be, and poor thou deservest to be; for though thou keep the Sabbath never so holy, unless thou work six days out of the seven, thou breakest the fourth commandment, and canst never attain to wealth, to health, and to happiness. This is the doctrine which I proclaim, and maintain, upon Scriptural authority; and if that suffices not, go to yonder bloated, gouty coxcomb, who, upon a bed of down, feels his foot in a lake of fire; the mere moving of his footstool is a volcano to him, and the ringing of the bell by his physician's footman is an earthquake. Had he kept the commandment, not only on the seventh, but on the six days, he might have thrown physic to the dogs, and left me to seek another illustration of my moral.'

BEN AND LOCH LOMOND.

STILL sleeps Loch Lomond by her mountain side,
And still within her bosom's placid deep,
The image of her lord her waters keep,
In all the freshness of a first love's pride.
Grief hath not seared them, time cannot divide,
Youth hath not fled: as beautiful are they,
As when the morning of creation's day
Saw them first joined, a bridegroom and a bride.

Nature, unchanged, still meets the gazer's eye;
The hills are still as dark, the skies as blue,
But vainly fancy wouldst thou now descry
The waving tartan's many-coloured hue;
Vainly wouldst listen for the pibroch's cry;
Man and his works: these things have passed by. F. F.

TEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item indeed in the *pabulum* of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter, or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him perhaps two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skilful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines; particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of any native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.—*Durbin's Observations on Europe.*

RE-VACCINATION.

1*st*, Every individual is susceptible of vaccination; 2*d*, Re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; 3*d*, The system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; 4*th*, Vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; 5*th*, Re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; 6*th*, The third vaccination is inert; 7*th*, The system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small-pox, without re-vaccination; 8*th*, Re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; 9*th*, Those who disregard vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; 10*th*, If every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.—*Substance of a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 272. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1849. Price 1½d.

MUSIC OF THE WILD.

Processions of the fairies long ago were always accompanied by the sounds of music:

'Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large
And bog-reed struck the ear.'
—*Ballad of Tamlane, Border Minstrelsy.*

The bridles of the elfin steeds were also heard to ring, as the troops, seen or unseen, dashed past the alarmed mortal. It is just possible that there may have been a natural foundation for this feature of the fairy superstition, as has been proved to be the case with many other once-supposed supernatural things. There is at least a class of natural sounds, of a somewhat obscure character, which appear not unlikely to have been mistaken in a superstitious age for fairy music. We have been assured, though only on hearsay authority, that a few years ago the people of a small district in Roxburghshire were kept in a state of excitement for several days by sounds, as of music, wandering over the country, for which no one could account, though all heard it. In 1840, some moaning sounds in the Ochil Hills in Perthshire, attracted scientific attention, on the occasion of an earthquake taking place at Comrie, a few miles off. The sounds may have been occasioned by earthquakes in both cases. It has indeed been remarked as probable that the Ochil Hills anciently acquired their name from sounds connected with the Comrie earthquakes, which are of notable frequency, being heard amongst them; for the Gaelic word for moaning, howling, wailing, is *ochain* or *ochail*.*

There is a fine descriptive passage in one of James Hogg's poems—

'That undefined and mingled hum,
Voice of the desert, never dumb.'

Many must have observed this indescribable sound, as they rested quietly and listened in lonely situations. It seems the very shadow of absolute silence. The author of the 'Journal of a Naturalist' apparently alludes to it when he speaks of the 'purely rural, little noticed, and indeed local occurrence, called by the country people *humming in the air*,' as annually to be heard in the sultry forenoons of July in one or two fields near his dwelling. 'It is generally,' he says, 'in some spacious open spot that this murmuring first arrests our attention. As we move onward, the sound becomes fainter, and by degrees is no longer audible.' He thinks it must be owing to swarms of bees elevated to such a distance in the air as to be invisible. Another writer demurs to this explanation; 'for,' says he, 'it so happens that in the bosom of a thick wood, where there is a space partially opened, though still a very narrow and confined spot, in days precisely such as he describes them—that is, sultry, and in the middle of summer, when the air is calm—I have often paused to listen to a similar aërial humming, appearing to result from some unseen power close at hand, which for several years I hesitated not to attribute to insects; an opinion I felt compelled, though reluctantly, to give up, since, after the most diligent search, I could never detect the presence of any collected body sufficiently numerous to account for the effect.'*

Humboldt, in his Personal Narrative, speaks of subterranean noises, like those of an organ, heard towards sunrise by those who sleep upon the granite rocks on the banks of the Orinoco. This will recall to the reader the celebrated statue of Memnon in Egypt, which at sunrise emitted musical sounds—a fact attested by so many respectable writers of antiquity, that there seems no good reason to doubt it. A frozen bay described by Mr Head (brother of Sir Francis) in his 'Forest Scenes' presented similar phenomena. After speaking of the loud noises produced by the cracking of the ice, he goes on to say—'A dreary undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came, or whither it went, and whether aërial or subterranean; sometimes like low moaning, and then swelling into a deep-toned note, as produced by some Æolian instrument—it being in real fact, and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned in the bosom of the deep.' He found this recur whenever the temperature fell very suddenly. It seems a phenomenon nearly allied to what the Welsh and Scotch call the *soughing* of the wind. The writer already quoted by his initials E. S. says—'On turning to a map of Cheshire, it will be seen that from within a short distance eastward of Macclesfield, a range of hills extends in an irregular curve to the north-west, forming a sort of concave screen, somewhat abruptly terminating over the comparatively level plains of this part of the county. In different parts of these, as well as in more elevated spots, at the various distances of from four to six miles or more, at certain seasons of the year, usually in the early part of spring, when the wind is easterly, and nearly calm on the flats, a hollow moaning sound is heard, familiarly termed the "soughing of the wind," and evidently proceeding from this elevated range, which, I should add, is intersected with numberless ravines or valleys; and I have no doubt that when the atmosphere is in that precise state best adapted for receiving and transmitting undulations of air, a breeze, not perceptible in the flat country, gently sweeps from the summits of the hills, and acts the part of a blower

* Proceedings of Geological Society, No. 91, 1842.

* 'E. S.' in Jameson's Journal, March 1830.

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on the sinuosities and hollows, or cloughs, as they are called, which thus respond to the draught of air like enormous organ-pipes, and become for the time wind-instruments on a gigantic scale.'

We take leave to borrow another beautifully-related observation from this writer:—'In the autumn of 1828,' says he, 'when on a tour through Les Hautes Pyrenées, I formed one of a party, quitting Bagneres de Luchon at midnight, with an intention of reaching the heights of the Porte de Venasque, one of the wildest and most romantic boundaries between the French and Spanish frontier, from the summit of which the spectator looks at once upon the inaccessible ridges of the Maladetta, the most lofty point of the Pyrenean range. After winding our way through the deep woods and ravines, constantly ascending above the valley of Luchon, we gained the Hospice about two in the morning; and after remaining there a short time, proceeded with the first blush of dawn to encounter the very steep gorge terminating in the pass itself, a narrow vertical fissure through a massive wall of perpendicular rock. It is not my intention to detail the features of the magnificent scene which burst upon our view as we emerged from this splendid portal, and stood upon Spanish ground—neither to describe the feelings of awe which rivetted us to the spot, as we gazed, in speechless admiration, on the lone, desolate, and (if the term may be applied to a mountain) the ghastly form of the appropriately-named *Maladetta*. I allude to it solely for the purpose of observing that we were most forcibly struck with a dull, low, moaning, Æolian sound, which alone broke upon the deathly silence, evidently proceeding from the body of this mighty mass, though we in vain attempted to connect it with any particular spot, or assign an adequate cause for these solemn strains. The air was perfectly calm. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere clear to that extraordinary degree conceivable only by those who are familiar with the elevated regions of southern climates. So clear and pure, indeed, that at noon a bright star which had attracted our notice throughout the gray of the morning still remained visible in the zenith. By the naked eye, therefore, and still more with the assistance of a telescope, any waterfalls of sufficient magnitude would have been distinguishable on a front base, and exposed before us; but not a stream was to be detected, and the bed of what gave evident tokens of being occasionally a strong torrent, intersecting the valley at its foot, was then nearly dry. I will not presume to assert that the sun's rays, though at the moment impinging in all their glory on every point and peak of the snowy heights, had any share in vibrating these mountain chords; but on a subsequent visit, a few days afterwards, when I went alone to explore this wild scenery, and at the same hour stood on the same spot, I listened in vain for the moaning sounds: the air was equally calm; but the sun was hidden by clouds, and a cap of dense mist hung over the greater portion of the mountain.'

There is no small difficulty in accounting for such sounds. They may be connected with changes of temperature; but how? Sometimes they may be produced at a great distance, but rendered audible by a form of the ground favourable for the collection of the rays of sound, so to speak. The wind is doubtless the instrument in many instances. Earthquakes, as we have seen, are another source of uncommon sounds, though how these should be produced in such circumstances we cannot say. Amidst this difficulty, it is satisfactory to refer to one class of such sounds for which an explanation has been attained.

On the east coast of the Bay of Suez, about three hours from Tor in Sinai, there is a sandstone ridge, at one part of which, where it is about 150 feet high, there is a steep acclivity named Nakuh, having much loose sand laid against it, the produce of the upper part of the hill. When the traveller ascends this sandy cliff, his ears are saluted with a sound which at first resembles the tone of an Æolian harp, then that of a humming-top, and finally becomes so loud, that the earth seems to shake. After many speculations about the cause of this phenomenon, the matter was set at rest by the distinguished naturalist Ehrenberg. 'He ascended from the base of the hill, over its cover of sand, to the summit, where he observed the sand continually renewed by the weathering of the rock; and convinced himself that the motion of the sand was the cause of the sound. Every step he and his companion took caused a partial sound, occasioned by the sand thus set in motion, and differing only in continuance and intensity from that heard afterwards, when the continued ascent had set loose a greater quantity of sand. Beginning with a soft rustling, it passed gradually into a murmuring, then into a humming noise, and at length into a threatening of such violence, that it could only be compared with a distant cannonade, had it been more continued and uniform. As the sand gradually settled again, the noise also gradually ceased.'* Mr James Prinsep, who also inquired into these sounds, states that the effect is produced by 'a reduplication of impulse, setting air in vibration in a focus of echo.' It is, in short, a phenomenon in acoustics.

There is a similar marvel at Reg-Ruwan, about forty miles north of Cabool, towards Hindoo Koosh, and near the base of the mountains. To quote the description of Sir Alexander Burness:—'Two ridges of hills, detached from the rest, run in and meet each other. At the point of junction, and where the slope of the hills is at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the height nearly 400 feet, a sheet of sand, as pure as that on the seashore, is spread from the top to the bottom, to a breadth of about 100 yards. When this sand is set in motion by a body of people sliding down it, a sound is emitted. On the first trial we distinctly heard two loud hollow sounds, such as would be produced by a large drum. On two subsequent trials we heard nothing, so that perhaps the sand requires to be settled and at rest for some space of time before the effect can be produced. The inhabitants have a belief that the sounds are only heard on Friday; nor then, unless by the special permission of the saint of Reg-Ruwan, who is interred close to the spot. The locality of the sand is remarkable, as there is no other in the neighbourhood. Reg-Ruwan faces the south, but the wind of Purwan (bád i Purwan), which blows strongly from the north for the greater part of the year, probably deposits it by an eddy. Near the strip of sand there is a strong echo; and the same conformation of surface which occasions this is doubtless connected with the sound of the moving sand.'

An explanation being supplied in this case, we may hope to see all mysteries of the same kind in time cleared up.

FROM THE PIECE TO THE PATTERN.

Passing through a couple of green gates at the bottom of a narrow street in the outskirts of Manchester, and very near the terminus of the North-Western Railway, we are at Hoyle's printworks in Mayfield, which is equivalent to saying that we have entered upon a scene displaying some of the finest and most scientific processes connected with the preparation of cotton for human apparel. 'Hoyle's prints' has become a household name, known alike to the wearer of the most exquisite and delicate of patterns, and to her who, whether for a tidy apron, or for a work-a-day dress, or for a Sunday gown, can pick out the genuine 'Hoyle's' out of a dozen imitators, with unerring accuracy. Although that forms by no means the sole description of article produced by this immense firm, yet the name is generally associated with the idea of some homely, useful, and cheerful lilac-patterned dress. The peculiar excellency of the establishment is un-

* Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. Jan. 1830.

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doubtedly this simple, unobtrusive, but indelible class of patterns, or 'style;' and as the demand for patterns of this sort has become as regular as the demand for apparel itself, continuing unaltered by the smiles of fashion or the frowns of caprice, it is probably correct to found upon the fortunate discovery of this dye the splendid reputation of these extensive works.

Mayfield is a little town of itself, and the various buildings, works, and reservoirs occupy no inconsiderable space in this portion of the City of Steam—the title being nowhere so well earned as here, where, from the open roofs of the dye-houses, torrents of steam soar up into the air. Upon the territory of the firm, in fact, a considerable number of cottages, for the workmen and their families, cluster together; and we were gratified to enter a capital school, well filled with boys and girls, the children of this print-village, so to write. The entrance is effected under a handsome clock-tower, forming at its base the porter's lodge. Crossing an open area, the visitor's attention is first caught by the large water-reservoirs placed on the boundaries of the premises. These are filters on a great scale: the plan is peculiar to these works. A great essential in securing a good and brilliant dye is to get water as free from iron and lime as possible. For this purpose sulphuric acid is often intentionally added, in small quantities, to precipitate the lime. The same end is effected in this instance by conveying all the water used in the establishment, by an aqueduct, from the engine-pump to the highest of the reservoirs, and there adding to it the refuse from some of the dye-vats. By this means all the iron and lime are deposited, and the water, descending through several beds of sand, &c. in the different filters, at length enters the reservoir, from whence it is drawn for the use of the dye-house.

Having now fairly entered the busy spot, we must proceed according to order, and to that end must first enter that portion of the works which is called the White Room, from the circumstance that the bleached 'pieces' are first brought to this place, to be submitted to one or two inspections, &c. before proceeding to the print-room and dye-house. In one division of this place was the examiner—her duty being to see that no knotty portions exist in the cloth, removing them with a scissors of peculiar form. We were amused at the rapidity and methodism with which the woman, by an alternate glance of the eye to one and to the other edge of the cloth, instantly detecting the least imperfection, removing it, and, machine-like, going on as before, pushing yard after yard over the board in front of her. In the next room were a number of females, seated in different portions of it, with a large number of pieces of the cloth before them, plying their needles in sewing them together at an extraordinary rate, and with a peculiarity of knack only to be learned by long experience. Fifteen pieces is the average number sewn together at their ends, making on the whole, if we reckon each piece at about 30 yards long, a length of cotton cloth of about 450 yards! The pieces are then folded up, and conveyed to a third department in this building. If the reader would be at the pains to examine the edges of the calico as thus folded, he would find them very uneven, many probably bent in, and creased. Unless these creases were removed, it would be next to impossible to print a dress evenly, and in all parts alike. The means of removal is very simple, but peculiar. A powerful and athletic man lays hold of the cloth, and standing before a stone placed at a particular angle, whirls the cloth in the air, and strikes it with a peculiar twist upon the edge of the stone. After beating the edges thus for a few times, they will be found, on examination, to be all smooth, and every crease taken out. One active fellow told us he could despatch 600 of these compound pieces as his day's work. The calico is yet in folds, and retains a certain amount of dust and fine 'flue,' which must be removed before it can be fitted to receive the pattern. The reader must therefore accompany us, as, following the steps of our companions, we entered a very dusty and bustling apartment. Four or five curious machines were here arranged, and, in connection with the steam-engine shafts, were in rapid action. The end of the folded calico was taken up, and partly rolled upon a wooden roller. On the machine being set in motion, the cloth was wound up on this roller, at each end of which were heavy weights, by which means the roll acquired almost the solidity of wood; and in its passage it had to cross a couple of bars of iron, grooved diagonally, for the purpose of taking out any remaining creases, and also over a circular system of brushes, which revolve with great rapidity, and sweep every lightly-adherent particle from off the face of the fabric. The whole process is effected with a degree of rapidity which much surprises the uninitiated in the marvels of mechanism; and that which was formerly a slow, imperfect, and tedious process, is now effected in the space of a very few minutes with the utmost rapidity and certainty of result.

The roll of cloth is hurried to the print-room: thither let us accompany it. This is a beautiful new building, of considerable size, and some elegance of appearance. It forms a distinct division of the works, and its wonderful mechanisms are actuated by a distinct motive power from those of other portions of this extensive establishment. Ascending a short flight of steps, our ears already greeted by the tumultuous moving sounds which vibrated through the half-open door, we entered, and had displayed before us such a stirring prospect as we have rarely beheld. On the left-hand side, looking down the room, were eighteen or twenty of those beautiful inventions, the cylinder-printing machines, all in full work. We beheld our cloth-companion carried to the back of one, partly unwound, the machine set in action, and lo! it rises from the iron bosom of the apparatus a printed fabric: it passes through the ceiling, and we think it lost for ever to view, when, at the other side of the room, see the same piece descends, hot and dry, and, as one might think, ready for use, but not nearly so yet. Conceive of eighteen machines all performing the same evolutions; of eighteen fabrics entering them without spot or wrinkle, emerging covered with figures, spots, and marks of various hues and designs; of their again soaring up out of sight, and once more descending in smooth folds on the other side, and an imperfect idea of the singular scene before us may present itself. As the machines before us are, without question, *the* most important mechanisms in the whole of this interesting manufacturing process, they deserve to be fully understood; and that, we believe, may be very easily accomplished by a little attentive consideration of the following analysis of one of the most modern of them. There is, then, an upright framework of cast-iron, within the two sides of which the printing apparatus is contained; externally to it is the gear which connects the rollers, &c. with the shafting running under the floor; in the centre of the frame is a series of rollers, the most important of which is a copper cylinder, the lower side of which dips into a trough containing the colouring paste; at the back of the machine is the rolled cloth preparatory to printing; and rising from its front, the same cloth is seen imprinted with the peculiar device, and resting on an endless web of Mackintosh fabric, enters the room above by a longitudinal slit in the ceiling. To trace the cloth in its proper progress, we will commence with it behind. Unwinding from the roller, it makes a slight descent, and then enters into the machine between an under copper cylinder, the surface of which is engraved with the pattern—the under part of it dipping into the colour-trough, receives its charge of colour by that means—and an upper roller of wood, the surface of which is covered by the Mackintosh web: these

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rollers being tightly screwed together, exercise great compression upon the cloth as it passes between them, and *force* it to take up every vestige of colour from the depressions in the surface of the cylinder. Appearing in the front, it is now found to have taken an accurate impression of the design on the copper, and its further stages of progress will come presently under our notice. At the side of the room are a number of vices, at which the machine attendants will be frequently seen at work, smoothing and straightening a long steel blade, like—if we may venture to draw the comparison—what ladies call, we believe, a 'busk;' a kind of iron substitute for the whalebone in stays. Reader, without that simple blade, all this costly mechanism would be utterly valueless, at least for printing purposes: that is the *doctor*. If the copper cylinder were allowed to dip into the colour, and then to be pressed against the tissue, the result would be, that a homogeneous broad band of the colour would remain on the fabric. What is wanted is, to remove all the colour from the surface of the engraved metal, yet to leave all the engraved portions charged with colour. Manifestly no ordinary wiper would or could effect this end. The smooth sharp edge of the doctor does it completely. The blade receives an alternate lateral motion by a crank; and resting, as it does, at a certain angle upon the surface of the cylinder, it smoothly scrapes away every particle of surface-colour in the most admirable manner. It is said to have received its odd name from the expression of surprise of a workman, who, seeing the inventor, after many trials of other methods of getting rid of surface-colour, take up a long-bladed knife, and, to his astonishment, finding it answer the purpose excellently, ejaculated, 'You have *doctored* it now, sir!' Each machine has two of these ferreous medical attendants: one—the one in question—is called the 'colour-doctor;' the other, which is placed in front of the cylinder, and is intended to free it from any cotton filaments which may have got upon it during the passage of the fabric over it, has the more congenial appellation of the '*lint*-doctor.'

Having, as we trust, made the construction of the single-colour cylinder-printing machine sufficiently clear, we shall now be able to comprehend, without difficulty, that yet more remarkable, and, at first sight, highly-complicated machine, which prints *five*, or even *six* colours, at the same time! If the reader can imagine that, instead of passing over one cylinder, the cloth passes in succession over one, two, three, or more, each dipping in troughs containing different colours, and each furnished of course with the doctor, he will have all the essentials before him of the compound machine. As may well be imagined, the paramount difficulty here is so to engrave the different patterns on each cylinder as that each spot of colour shall drop into its right place; and no ordinary exercise of ingenuity and patience is called for in the adjustment of the machine in the first instance. It is a beautiful spectacle when seen at work. You behold the smooth band of cloth enter in snowy purity, you watch it swiftly passing in a zig-zag direction over a number of cylinders, each charged with different colours, and each kept clean by its busy 'doctors,' until at length it comes out covered with a pretty pattern, in which five or six colours glitter with most attractive brilliancy. The metamorphosis is as rapid as it is complete, from the unsullied piece of calico to the almost perfected pattern dress.

Stepping across to the opposite side of the room, we see, as we have said, the printed cloth come streaming down at a great rate; and, curious to say, it is laid in *regular folds* by machinery! It passes between a pair of wooden rollers placed at the end of a long swinging frame of iron; and this frame being made to swing to and fro by a crank, it directs the cloth passing between the rollers into similar folds, thus disposing what would otherwise be inevitably a confused heap of calico, requiring the constant supervision of one man to prevent its getting all over the floor, into smooth and even folds, in which form it lies, without irregularity, and can be easily removed by an attendant when the whole piece is printed. There are, it is true, minor ingenuities, but we delight to mark them as indicative of the pervasion of a system of refined mechanism even to the most trifling particulars. We have thus seen, as far as this room is concerned, the beginning and the end of the piece. Ascending up stairs, we shall be able to see the intermediate process of 'drying.' A few yards, and we are in a tropical climate! A blast of hot, suffocative air strikes the face, fills the clothes, and makes the skin tingle all over, and a few minutes must elapse before the impulse to plunge back again into the comparatively cold air of the room below can be fairly mastered. *Then* the heat ceases to be unpleasant—at least it was so with us. The evolution of this heat is due to the immense range of steam apparatus which fills the room from one end to the other. It consists of tall upright frames of cast-iron, to which are attached a number of flat iron cylinders filled with steam. The printed cloth, rising through the floor, is made to lie flat on a series of these hot chests, over which it is drawn; until, descending again on the other side, it is found to be quite hot and dry, and passes once more through the floor to the folding apparatus.

A very singular and interesting machine calls us to stop before finally quitting the printing-room. The men call it the 'gas-blue machine.' As we had the privilege of witnessing the erection and first working of one of these ingenious machines, we shall briefly describe it. Up to the point where the cloth enters the machine, its arrangements are precisely those of the ordinary cylinder-print engines. Just, however, above the colour-doctor, a horizontal pipe, perforated with many holes, lies close to the revolving cylinder; this pipe is in connection with a gas-supply pipe, and by its means gas is blown on to the cylinder charged with colour just before the latter comes in contact with the cloth. In front of the machine is a flat box, glazed like a picture frame: immediately that the cloth leaves the copper cylinder, it enters between two tight lips of caoutchouc into this box, and may be seen through the glass moving upwards into a chest above, where it is rolled up—not passing into the drying-room, as in other cases. By ample pipes connected with a gas-meter, this flat box and the larger trunk are kept filled with an atmosphere of gas—the ordinary carburetted hydrogen of the streets—which, escaping in small quantities, renders its presence very perceptible to the senses of the bystander. At the top of the larger chest is an escape-valve, by which the gas is allowed at intervals to flow into the external air, to give place for a fresh quantity. This machine, which has been patented by Mr Woodcroft, is intended to produce a most beautiful and indelible blue colour on the print. The paste is of a peculiar kind, undergoing a certain decomposition when brought into contact with coal gas, and the result being the production of a very fine and lasting blue. The exact chemical processes which are concerned in this singular machine are not permitted to be divulged. It is very singular to see it at work, and to behold through the pane of glass the cloth, erst so fair and pale, deepening into a rich blue as it passes slowly upwards through the gaseous atmosphere, with the appearance at the same time of some pretty simple pattern on it. We believe that this invention, which is quite recent, has already proved a most valuable aid to the resources of the calico printer.

The rate at which the cylinder-printing machines execute their task is surprising when looked at in the aggregate. Some machines will actually print a mile of calico in an hour! or, to make it more intelligible to some of our fairer readers, each machine will print *three cotton dresses* in a minute! Supposing that fifteen of the machines in this room were to work uninterruptedly for only ten hours each day, and for six days in the week, they would be able to print cotton dresses in one such week for *one hundred and sixty-two thousand ladies!* How many, then, in a year! We believe the actual number of *miles* of calico printed by this eminent firm *alone* in a single year exceeds ten thousand, more than sufficient to measure the diameter of our planet with! The whole of the machines in this large apartment require the undivided energies of a couple of the most beautiful steam-engines

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we have ever seen—on the locomotive principle—high-pressure boilers, and horizontal cylinders, each engine being estimated at twenty-five horse power. The engine-room was itself a miracle of neatness, nay, even of elegance: but we have more pressing claims on our attention.

A man comes, and taking up a heap of the folded prints, starts off for another department. Following hard in his wake, we entered the 'ageing-room'—such is really its odd-sounding title. The print is then handed over to a number of boys, who, taking the one end of it, hang it in folds upon hooks placed at short intervals apart. In this way the whole of an extensive room was converted, as it were, into a great laundry, the windows at the sides being all open, to permit a free current of air to pass through the entire space. On examining the pattern upon some pieces which have ended their stay, it is found to have undergone a considerable change of hue, from a pale fawn to a sort of rust colour. This is due to the action of the air upon the mordant—in this case usually a salt of iron. The intention of the ageing process is to produce a chemical decomposition upon the substance of the mordant, so as to induce its deposition upon the surface of the cloth in the form of an insoluble sub-salt, the better to endure the future operations to which the fabric is about to be exposed. Some care is necessary in this apparently simple process to effect the equable decomposition of the mordant all over the surface of the cloth; and we were assured by a practical man that occasionally the passage of the air across the fabric may be noted by the deeper colour of the outer folds, and the paler hue of the inner. The cloth takes four days to become, in dyers' language, properly 'aged.'

Accompany us now, gentle reader, to a region of mists, and rising damps, and fogs, on whose warm wet wings is the odour of madder and other dyes, to a place where dim spectres are to be seen wheeling about barrow-loads of reeking dresses; where the sharpest sight cannot for a while see a yard before the eyes; where there is such a dashing about of scalding water, such a clattering of deep-mouthed mechanism, and such a din and terrible sensation in the air, as if something were going awfully wrong, that you may be glad your companionship does not stretch beyond this page. Such is the 'beck' or dye-house into which we have now entered. A pile of calico from the ageing-room is cast at our feet; before us is a long wooden cistern, three parts filled with water, which is kept boiling by the influx of steam at the bottom. Just above it, and placed horizontally along it, with a bearing on each end of the cistern, is a wince or frame of wooden bars, which is made to revolve by machinery. Into the cistern are put a gallon or two of the manure from cattle. The cloth is then put in, and one end being laid over the wince, the latter being also set in motion, the cloth is seen to be wound over from one side to the other of the cistern, of course producing in its rapid progress no ordinary amount of splashing about. This, which is called, in the not over-refined language of the dye-house, 'the dunging process,' is twice repeated. It is a most curious fact that, until lately, no rational explanation of this operation could be offered, nor was any substitute for the manure discovered. Even now the *modus operandi* is by no means clear. It appears certain that the manure owes its efficacy to its phosphates of soda and of lime, which appear to act in a peculiar manner, so as to remove the superfluous portions of the mordant from the cloth; and what is called 'dung substitute,' consisting of these two ingredients, is now largely employed in its place: we must mention, however, that it is a patent article. The cloth is then taken to another part of this busy place, and is washed by a similar wince and cistern, containing pure hot water, and is by this means freed from all impurities contracted during the last processes. It is thence removed to the 'dye-beck:' this is an apparatus in all respects similar to the last—consisting of a revolving wince and cistern, which in this instance is filled with a boiling decoction of the dye, such as madder; and after whirling and splashing about in this hot fluid for a couple of hours, the cloth is then removed. It has now lost its snowy whiteness, and has assumed a deep red hue, verging on purple; and a pattern can scarcely be detected on it, for the whole surface appears almost uniformly coloured. But excepting in the mordanted parts—that is, in the pattern which has been printed with a paste of 'mordant'—all this colour is fugitive: in these a true chemical union has taken place between the colour and the mordant, and the colouring matter has been deposited in the fibres of the cloth in the form of an insoluble precipitate; consequently no future washing can get it out, for the colour is, as it were, *locked in* within the fine tubes which compose the structure of the fabric; hence, indeed, the origin of the term *mordant*, or *biter-in*. Much might be said, and a vast amount of interesting matter could be adduced, upon the philosophy of dyeing, but it would swell this article to a most unreasonable length to introduce it. The grand principle has been just stated, and is easily extended to other instances; while for a variety of interesting chemical phenomena exhibited in the different processes, the reader may be referred to any of the valuable works on 'Applied Chemistry.'

The superfluous colour has now to be washed out, and a most singular machine is called upon to fulfil that office. The appropriate title for this immense washing-engine is the 'dash-wheel.' Along one side of a separate house, which might be termed the laundry, five or six of these dash-wheels are placed. They consist of large circular boxes, seven or eight feet in diameter, the interior of which is divided by boards into four compartments, with a large round hole looking into each of these divisions. These wheels are placed upon transverse axes, which are in connection with moving gear, and cause the whole frame to revolve round and round. The cloth is put into one of these compartments, a jet of pure water is allowed to flow into the interior of the machine near its centre, and the whole is then set in motion. The cloth is thus dashed about with considerable violence, while all the time a copious current of pure water flows over it; and when taken out, it is found to have lost a large portion, though not all, of its superfluous colour. It is taken back to the dye-house, and washed in a dilute solution of chloride of lime: this is called 'clearing.' The dash-wheel once more receives it, and now it is fit for apparel as far as colour goes. But it is reeking with water. This is expelled by a most ingenious contrivance called a hydro-extractor, or patent drying-machine. The dripping folds are put into a hollow circular wheel with a perforated margin; by means of speed-cones this is made to revolve with a gradually-accelerated motion until its revolutions reach a frightful rapidity. On stopping it, after a few minutes, it is found that the centrifugal force has made every particle of water fly from the cloth, and it is almost as dry as tinder! The cloth is then passed between two wooden rollers, revolving in a trough filled with starch: it goes up what is called a 'Jacob's ladder,' an endless band with shelves on it, into the steam-drying room. In this place is a large apparatus consisting of a number of cylinders filled with steam, under and over which the piece is wound, until it comes out smooth and dry. It is then folded, put in a hydraulic press, and tied, and the impatient horse in the dashing-cart outside receiving his load, carries it from Mayfield to the railway, and the railway scatters the wonderful production to the very ends of the earth.

This is, however, but a sketch of the processes concerned in the production of the very simplest patterns: cloth which receives patterns containing four or five colours, often goes through twenty or thirty different operations before it is finished, the number, complexity, and variety of which makes it a matter of astonishment that the articles can be produced and sold under anything but a most extravagant price. The copper cylinders on which the pattern is engraved are stored up in a separate apartment of considerable size, said to contain cylinders to the value of L.60,000! Adjoining it is also a long and even elegant room, in which the designers and girl-engravers work. The works comprise a vast number of other departments, such as pumping, workshops, tool-repairing, smithies, madder-grinding, &c. the most vitally-

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important of which is the extensive and beautifully-fitted-up chemical laboratory, where various experiments are conducted by a scientific chemist, and where all the dyes are prepared. This place contains a number of admirable machines for grinding, evaporating, mixing colours, &c. which it would be vain to attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that it is the very *heart* of the whole manufacture, and upon the skill practically manifested here depends the entire success of the vast establishment. To give the reader a concluding idea as to the immensity of these works, it may be stated that they produce in a single year cotton dresses for a million and a-half of human beings!

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

One evening at our club we had the satisfaction of hearing Captain Marmaduke Smith relate an adventure in which he had been concerned in Spain, and which I shall try to give as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator. The reader is aware, for he has already made the captain's acquaintance, that he was somewhat of an oddity, and his story on this occasion was suggested by a hot discussion among us on the subject of patriotism.

'Don't tell me of patriotism,' said the captain: 'I have seen such queer exhibitions of the article in my day, that I am pretty well tired of hearing anything more about it. I could give you a story of Spanish patriotism that would astonish you; however, it's no use talking of the affair.'

'The story—let us have the captain's story by all means,' replied several voices. 'Come, captain, begin.'

'Well, well, if I must, I must, though I would rather have the matter forgotten. You of course all know that I am not exactly an Englishman?'

'Indeed! We always thought'——

'Never mind; I shall explain. My father was a Scotsman, my mother was an Irishwoman, and I was born in Gibraltar; so that you see I am an Anglo-Scoto-Irish Spaniard—a nondescript animal—though I hope not the worse subject of her Majesty, God bless her! By my father, who was a mariner at Gibraltar, I was sent to England for my education; and in consequence of my great merit—ahem!—a commission was easily got for me in the army. Well, that is a good while ago now. I served in the Peninsula, and was promoted—mark you, *not* by brevet. The Peninsula, you will observe, was a sort of native country to me—I spoke Spanish as fast as English. During one of the lulls in the campaign of 1811 I got leave of absence in order to visit Gibraltar. My father and only parent was lying dangerously ill, and requested my presence. Before I got to Gibraltar, he had died, leaving me his sole heir, which was a great consolation. When I came to look into his property, I found that it included a handsome schooner, the "Blue-Eyed Maid," which lay in the harbour, loaded with a capital cargo of printed cotton goods. The craft was waiting for a skipper, and none could be had. An idea struck me—"Why not turn skipper myself for the occasion?" The voyage was designed to be only as far as Bilboa—a regular smuggling transaction. I need hardly tell you, for all the world knows it, that Gibraltar is useful to us chiefly as a smuggling depôt. The Spaniards want our goods; their government will not let them buy them in a regular way; and we, kind creatures, let them have them without giving any trouble to the customhouse. Now, here was a fine opportunity for me distinguishing myself as a contrabandista. My leave of absence having yet some time to run, I determined on taking the command myself; for although I had every proper confidence in Bill Jenkins the mate, yet knowing the weakness of human nature, and especially of smuggling human nature in such cases, I judged it might be as well to be my own cashier. On Christmas eve everything was ready for a start; the anchor was atrip, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the south-west, which promised, if it did but last, a swift and pleasant run. I had just reached the bottom of the flight of rock steps leading to the signal station, where I had been to take a last look at the weather, when I was accosted by an old, odd, withered-looking gentleman—his hair and beard white as snow, and dressed in an old-fashioned grandee suit of velvet, with a short cloak over his shoulders, and a Spanish cocked-hat and feather on his head. He had a letter from a well-known merchant of Gibraltar, recommending him as a safe, trustworthy gentleman. His object, he explained, was to procure a passage in the "Blue-Eyed Maid" to Bilboa, then in the occupation of the French. As our rendezvous was a little to the south of the mouth of the Ebro, I had no difficulty in acceding, for a "consideration," to his request. An hour afterwards, we were on board, and I had an opportunity of more closely observing our new companion. He seemed a stunted, dried-up specimen of grandee pedigree and arrogance. He could not be less, judging from his palsied limbs, tremulous shrill voice, and shrunken features, than eighty years of age. His eyes, too, were filmy and dull, except when anything occurred to rouse him—an allusion to the French especially—and then a fire would glare out of the old decaying sockets—whether of heaven or the other place this story will best tell—enough to scorch one. He looked at such times for all the world like an Egyptian mummy animated by a fiend from the bottomless pit.

'We were soon under weigh, and cracking along at a spanking rate. The old Don kept very quiet, giving little or no trouble, except that some one or other of us was continually tumbling over him; for the restless creature would totter about the deck all day and nearly all night, muttering to himself, and every now and then irreverently flapping down on his knees. This conduct at last greatly scandalised Bill Jenkins, who argued that a man who threw out such an enormous number of that sort of signals must have an uncommon queer cargo to run; and Bill darkly hinted that if extra bad weather should come on, or any out-of-the-way mishap occur, he should know who to thank for it. Nothing, however, happened contrariwise till we were within a hundred miles of our destination, when, just as day broke, the look-out hand reported a strange sail on the weather-beam. All eyes and the only glass on board were immediately turned in the direction of the stranger, who finally proved to be a French war corvette. Bill Jenkins glanced at me, and then at the Spaniard, as much as to say, I told you what would come of having that precious rascal on board; and then made preparations to hoist every stitch of canvas the schooner could carry. But spite of all our exertions, the corvette gained rapidly upon us, and the prospect of a French prison became momentarily more and more distinct, and apparently inevitable. Our grandee seemed struck with utter madness: he stormed, raved, gesticulated, and execrated the advancing ship with a fury scarcely human! As something more to the purpose, we were preparing, with sorrowful hearts, to throw over the best and heaviest of the cargo, in order to lighten the schooner, when Jenkins, who had gone up with the glass to the foretop, sung out—"Avast heaving there; here comes a customer for the Frenchman—hurra!" We all ran to the side, and gazed to where Bill's arm pointed; and there, sure enough, about four miles a-head—the wind was right on our beam—was a British ship of war, just rounding a headland, and coming on like a race-horse. Up went our ensign—we had hitherto modestly concealed it—in a brace of shakes; we crowed out three lusty cheers, and fired our two little brass popguns, as valiant as turkey-cocks, at the corvette. As soon as the Frenchman perceived his new friend, he luffed up into the wind, and seemed for a few minutes doubtful whether to show fight or a clean pair of heels. The British vessel was the "Scorpion" sloop

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of war, and about a fair match for the gentleman who had so nearly snapped up my father's son and his inheritance of marketable sundries. But the Frenchman finally made up his mind for a tussle. In little more than ten minutes the "Scorpion" swept close by us, and we were hailed from the quarter-deck with, "What schooner's that?" "The Blue-Eyed Maid of London," was the prompt reply. "Heave to, and wait here till our return," was the as quick rejoinder. "Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Bill Jenkins, at the same time respectfully touching his hat, and adding in a lower voice, "We'll see you smothered first!" In those days, gentlemen, merchant vessels were by no means desirous of too intimate an acquaintance with his majesty's cruisers. They had a pestilent way of carrying off the best hands, and both skippers and sailors, like the sheep in the story-book, used to make ugly comparisons between the wolves and the shepherds: so we kept on under as much sail as the sticks would bear. The appearance of the British cruiser had changed the delirious rage of the Spaniard into the wildest joy; and when the fight, of which we had a capital view at a pleasant and rapidly-increasing distance — a circumstance, let me tell you, which adds wonderfully to the agreeableness of such glorious spectacles—indeed, to tell the honest truth, I doubt if they are ever thoroughly enjoyed in any other manner'——

'I always understood,' interrupted a thin, squeaky voice, struggling through the smoke from a corner of the room; 'I always understood that warriors delight in battle.'

'Did you, Tape?' rejoined Captain Smith: 'then your innocence has been shamefully imposed upon. A great pleasure *over* a battle *may* be; but ball-favours in actual course of distribution are anything but pleasant to the two-legged targets expectant. He who thinks otherwise, you may depend upon it never played at the game. But to return to my story. The Spaniard, I was saying, capered like a maniac—which in truth he was, and that's the best thing, you'll admit presently, can be said of him—at every mishap that befell the Frenchman's spars or rigging-gear; and when, after both ships had been some time hull down, Bill Jenkins announced from the mizzen-truck, with a roar like a small hurricane, that the tricolor was struck, he fairly yelled with delight, and was so overcome with joy that he fainted away, and had to be carried below. A man must have lived in Spain in those days to know to what a pitch national animosity can be carried; and this Senor Cortina, to add to his aversion for the French as the invaders of his country, had suffered, I afterwards learned, personal wrong and violence at their hands. His château, after a foolish resistance, had been sacked and burned, and his daughter ill-treated by the savage soldiery. After a few hours' repose he was again on deck, ejaculating as before; and by what I could piece out from detached sentences I now and then overheard, I believed him to be imploring strength and help for the accomplishment of some great and awful duty which he had made a vow to perform.

'Nothing further occurred till we made the entrance of the Ebro, where we stood on and off for a couple of days and nights. At last our signals were answered, and we made a successful run of the entire cargo. As soon as I had pocketed the cash, I paid the crew liberally, and despatched the schooner back to Gibraltar, intending to join my regiment over land. I lingered a few days at the *podesta*, where my late passenger had put up, and became, in consequence, an actor in the affair which followed.

'One day, after a late dinner, I told Senor Cortina who I was, and the occupation I usually followed. His dull old eyes flashed with joy, and having first pressed a considerable present on my acceptance, and hinted that he wished to confer privately with me in the morning, he retired to his chamber. The sight and feel of the money effected a decided change for the better in my opinion of the old gentleman's rabid patriotism, and I began to think somewhat highly of one who evinced such touching gratitude towards an ally. The next morning I was summoned immediately after breakfast to his apartment, where he sat as cold, stern, and rigid as an iron image. All his flightiness was gone, and he was as solemn as a judge. His first sentence was a stunner! "I want you, Mr Smith, to convey a message to an officer of the garrison of Bilboa." "Bilboa?" says I, almost lifted off my feet with surprise. "Yes," he replied, cool as a cucumber—"Bilboa. The service is, I am aware, dangerous; but the reward shall be ample." This was to the point, and sensible. "What is the officer's name, senor?" "Colonel Delisle," he replied, naming one of the most active and successful officers in King Joseph's service. He was, I had before heard, a Spaniard born, though he now bore a French name; that, I believe, of his wife. You must know, gentlemen, that many Spaniards, through dislike of the old corrupt system of government, which, they said, had ruined the country, joined the intrusive monarch, as he was called, in hopes of establishing through him a more enlightened rule. They were called Afrancesados, and were more bitterly hated by the "patriots" than were the French themselves. "Colonel Delisle!" I exclaimed; "why, what on earth can *you* have to say to him?" "He is my son," was the reply. I was dumbfounded. "Yes," resumed the old man, his cold, hard eye glittering like a serpent's, "Colonel Delisle is my son; and as I feel that I have not many weeks, perhaps not many days, to live, I wish to see him once more ere I die. I wish you to convey this message to him. I cannot enter Bilboa myself, for a price is set upon my capture. You are used to such enterprises; and, as I said, the reward shall be ample. This ring," he added, taking an old family affair from his finger, "will accredit your message." Well, I at last consented to undertake the commission, and immediately set about my preparations. They were completed in about an hour; and in the afternoon of the same day I arrived safely at Bilboa, distant about eleven miles from where we were stopping. I soon succeeded in procuring an interview with the colonel, a fine soldierly-looking man, and at once imparted my message. He was greatly agitated, and pressed me with a hundred questions, which I answered or evaded as well as I could. Finally, he agreed, though with much hesitation, to meet his father, for whom he seemed to entertain a strong affection, a few miles without the town on the following day. From his inquiries concerning his sister, I gathered that he was ignorant of the burning and sacking of his paternal mansion, and I left him in happy ignorance on the subject.

'I got safely back to Senor Cortina; and when I informed him of the result, a flash as of demoniac joy lighted up his withered features, and fading in an instant, left them paler, stonier than before. I could not comprehend his strange expression of face; but the faintest suspicion of his motives never crossed my mind. It was arranged that I should meet the colonel, and conduct him to a small farmhouse, about half a mile distant from the place of rendezvous, where the senor would be in waiting.

'Evening was rapidly closing in as I next day reached the appointed spot. I gave the concerted signal, and a tall figure immediately emerged from the concealment of a large clump of stunted fir-trees: it was the colonel! He expressed surprise at not seeing his father; but, satisfied with my explanation, agreed at once to proceed to the farmhouse. We set off at a smart pace, and were just entering a narrow sort of gorge leading through some intervening hills, when thirty or forty muskets were suddenly presented at us by a number of men who seemed literally to start out of the ground. The colonel glared fiercely for an instant in my face; and muttering "Accursed traitor!" sprang wildly up the declivity. The attempt was useless: he was instantly seized. Our arms were pinioned; and having first searched and stripped us of all the money and valuable

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we had about us, we were placed in the centre of the party, and marched off at a brisk pace. After about three hours' smart walking, we arrived at the head-quarters of the guerilla party into whose hands we had fallen. It was a wild-looking spot, encircled on all sides by bare and rugged hills. The night was cold, dark, and stormy, and the only objects we could discern were several stacks of piled muskets, baggage and horse-furniture scattered here and there, and a rude portable table, near which was placed a number of equally rude camp-stools. Not a word was spoken; and the only sounds we heard for a space, I should think, of more than twenty minutes, were what I took to be signal whistles replied to at greater and lesser distances. At the end of that time men wrapped in cloaks stalked, silently as shadows, into the space in front of us, and seated themselves in grim silence near the table or trestled boards. I counted fifteen of them, when a whistle louder and shriller than any that had preceded it announced the arrival of the chief of the pleasant party. He took his seat in the centre of them. Pine torches were then lighted, at which the grim gentlemen kindled their cigars, and business commenced in very dangerous earnest.

"Who and what are you?" said the chief, addressing me in a voice as rough as a nutmeg-grater. I informed him. The explanation was satisfactory, for he immediately said, "You are free." I started with joyful surprise, and was just about to claim restitution of my stolen property, when I was silenced by a peremptory, "Who is your companion?" This was a poser; but as I had anticipated some inquiry of the sort, I answered pretty readily that he was a gentleman living in Bilboa, with whom I had some pecuniary transactions; and that we were proceeding to a neighbouring farmhouse to settle matters when we were arrested. For the truth of which statement, I added, one Senor Cortina, who was still no doubt waiting there for us, would readily vouch.

'A meaning smile, as I uttered the senor's name, gleamed over the rugged features of the chief, and was reflected on the countenances of his companions. Puzzled and alarmed, I stopped abruptly, and held my peace.

"Is this fellow's story true?" said the president of the court, addressing the colonel.

'The colonel was silent for a few seconds, and then said, "Yes; I am a peaceable and loyal inhabitant of Bilboa."

"Does any one know him?" said the chief, looking around inquiringly. "We must have no mistake in this business." There was a long and anxious pause; but no one answered.

"I am sorry for it," muttered the president, as if speaking to himself; "but it must be done." He then whispered one of his companions, who instantly rose, and quickly disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

'A painful silence ensued. The colonel's countenance was dark and troubled, and I am pretty sure he partly guessed what was coming. At last two figures approached the circle. They were the guerilla officer returning to his seat, accompanied by Senor Cortina! I could scarcely believe my eyes, and trembled in every joint of my body. The old man looked harder, colder, stonier than ever; but as his eye fell upon his son, the same fierce gleam I had before so frequently noticed flashed from his eyes, and his features worked with convulsive passion. The fit lasted but a moment, and he was calm again. The chief had risen at his approach, and his manner, as he invited the senor to be seated, indicated both respect and compassion. The old man declined the proffered seat, and remained erect, motionless, and rigid.

"Is the prisoner the man whom we seek?" asked the president in a nervous, agitated whisper.

"Yes," replied Senor Cortina, in a distinct, but somewhat hurried voice and manner, like a man repeating a lesson he has long conned over, and is anxious to be done with. "He is Colonel Delisle, as he calls himself, in the usurper's service. His real name is Cortina: he is my son, and a Spaniard by blood and birth. He is one of the most active foes of his suffering countrymen. I was on my way to England with my daughter, who, you may have heard"—— The old man paused, and again the expression of insane hate and fury flitted across his features. Recovering himself, he proceeded, but more hurriedly even than before, "She died at Gibraltar, and I returned here with that worthy man (pointing to me), in order to atone by this sacrifice for the crime of having given birth to a traitor."

'A deathlike silence followed. The stern countenances of the members of this rude court of military justice, as seen by the fitful glare of the torches, assumed a gloomier and more savagely-sinister aspect as the old man spoke; but not a word or gesture of comment followed. Senor Cortina, upon a gesture from the president, was led away.

"You hear, Colonel Delisle?" said the chief, as soon as he supposed the father was out of hearing.

"I do," replied the victim, mastering, as well as he could, the frightful emotion which the old man's denunciation had excited. "I do, and perceive that I am hopelessly entrapped into the power of remorseless ruffians by that mistaken, much-to-be-pitied old man, whom may God forgive, as I do! I ask not for mercy from such as you; indeed I know it would be bootless to do so; but I tell you to your teeth that my love and devotion to Spain are as strong and pure as yours can be. I sought to liberate her—with foreign help, 'tis true, for how else could it be done?—from the vilest tyranny that ever debased and ruined a gallant nation; you fight to restore her, also by foreign aid, to thraldom of both soul and body. You are impatient: well, then, your sentence—and be brief!"

'It was soon passed—death without delay.

"Do you wish for a priest?" said the chief.

'An impatient gesture of refusal was the only answer. Half-a-dozen musketeers, at a signal from one of the officers, stepped forth from the ranks behind us: the colonel drew himself fiercely up, and looked them sternly and steadily in the face: the chief waved me away: the words, "Make ready, present, fire!" were rapidly given: the death-shots rang sharply on the silence of the night; and the colonel fell stone-dead on the greensward. A soldier tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and bade me follow him. I mechanically obeyed, and soon found myself on the high road, where my guide, having first generously restored me three of the many gold pieces I had been robbed of, left me. I was so knocked up, so bewildered by what I had witnessed, that I sought shelter and repose in the first house I came to; and it was not till the fourth day after the colonel's execution that I arrived at my old lodgings. I was there informed that Senor Cortina had returned, bringing with him his son's body, which was interred in a neighbouring burying-ground, and that the old man had since passed most of his time there. I waited several hours for him, as I had not yet touched the reward, which, although I wished to Heaven I had never earned, still, as the mischief was done, I felt a natural desire to receive: but finding he did not arrive, and feeling anxious to be gone, I proceeded to the churchyard in search of him. As I approached, I saw him kneeling, with his back towards me, by the side of a new-made grave, at the head of which was a wooden crucifix. I called to him, at first gently, then louder: receiving no answer, I went up, tapped him on the back, and found that he was dead! The unnatural furor which had preyed on him had at length quenched the last spark of life. He was a victim to his own vengeful passions!'

'What a horrible transaction altogether!' said one of the party.

'Yes,' said the captain in conclusion, 'it was an affair I shall never forget, although I do try to banish it from recollection. It was, however, after all, only one of

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thousands of cases of family desolation and murder that occurred during the Peninsular war. Gentlemen, good-night!'

THE MYSTERY OF IRELAND.

Ireland is a mystery to all mankind. Amidst the mazes of its erratic course, there is but one thing to which it is constant—disaffection to England. Let the government be severe or mild, partial or impartial, let the English feed its starving millions, or hesitate about even so small a grant as fifty thousand pounds, Ireland hates England all the same. One could almost suppose that it keeps itself wretched, only to be an annoyance to England in the way of throwing discredit upon it. In no other way can we account for that strange conduct of the sister island which seems so nearly to transform into an expression of real design the celebrated illustration of the national grammar—'*I will fall, and nobody shall help me.*'

Amongst the many attempts that have been made to explain the mystery, we wonder that nobody has ever suggested the idea that offended self-love is the chief thing at the bottom of it. There is a self-love in nations and in provincial groups of people, as well as in individuals. Enter any little town, and on coming into intimate conversation with the people, you will find them to have some sense of its importance—its church celebrated for this, its schools for that, uncommon ale brewed in it, some of the cleverest men at the bar natives of it, and so forth. In any small provincial nationality, this feeling is usually very intense: their slumping their distinct name and character with any greater body of people they always look upon as a kind of favour which ought to be handsomely acknowledged. It requires some nice management on the part of the great mass to keep them sweet—at least till new and superior feelings have come to supersede or regulate those originally manifested. It is very much the same case, indeed, as that of having relations in a somewhat lower social grade, and who have but a limited acquaintance with the ways of the world. All must have felt how difficult it is, with the best feelings, to keep on a perfectly amicable footing with such persons. No common observance of polite rules will serve, for they do not know them, and cannot measure their force. No scrupulous abstinence from every positive ground of offence will do. The composed and easy familiarity which suits with equals will not answer here. There is a restless jealousy of slight to be overcome, an uneasy sense of inferiority to be soothed and lulled asleep. Without something, therefore, like a violent good-will, and expressions which in another case would appear exaggerated, it is scarcely possible to keep things right. The matter may be said to resolve itself into the well-known maxim, that the first requisite for our standing well with any one is to put him at ease with himself. Now nationalities may be so circumstanced with respect to others, as to be uneasy on the score of self-love. It may be a childish feeling, but for the time they cannot help it. Ireland is, we think, in this predicament. It is just at that point in civilisation when such puerilities have a force. Scotland, being geographically connected with England, and having had the grace of sending a king to take rule in the larger country, had less to overcome at the first, and her superior civilisation has quickly done the rest. But Ireland is still thrilling with the poor-relation jealousy, and, strange as the case may seem, we suspect that little else is required to account for the extraordinary state of that unhappy country.

If such be a true view of the case, the required remedy would appear to be simpler than has been generally supposed. England must set herself, with what zeal she may, to smooth down the ruffled plumes of her unfortunate sister. As there is a cheap defence of nations, so there may be a cheap cure for some of their maladies. Kind words would go farther than money, for they inflict no sense of obligation. Some expressions tending to soothe the self-esteem of Ireland with regard to her political status are called for. A royal visit would be a grand stroke of policy. We are not even sure but that it would be worth while to encounter the chance of some inconveniences, in order to obtain the obvious benefits of a national council of some kind seated in Dublin, at least to deliberate, if not to legislate, on Irish public business. Say it were a mere toy, yet we know that toys have their effect; and there may be cases in which no higher influence would be of avail. Anyhow, whatever may be the particular measures to be taken, they must certainly, if we are right in our premises, be of the kind here indicated. We can imagine some great minister taking up such a policy, and, by a few dexterous measures, putting all to rights. It was by such generous yet simple means that the Scottish Celts were gained over to be the friends of the English government in the middle of the last century.

THE BICÊTRE IN 1792.*

It was in the latter end of 1792 that Pinel, who had been appointed some time before medical superintendent of the Bicêtre, urgently applied for permission from the authorities to abolish the use of the irons with which the lunatics were then loaded. Unsuccessful, but resolved to gain his object, he repeated his complaints with redoubled ardour before the Commune of Paris, and demanded the reform of this barbarous system.

'Citizen,' replied one of the members of the Commune, 'to-morrow I will pay you and the Bicêtre a visit. But wo to you if you deceive us, and are concealing the enemies of the people amongst your madmen!'

The member of the Commune who spoke thus was Couthon. The next day he arrived at the Bicêtre.

Couthon was himself perhaps as strange a sight as that which he had come to see. Deprived of the use of both his legs, he was always carried about on men's shoulders; and thus mounted and deformed, he, with a soft and feminine voice, pronounced sentences of death; for death was the only logic at that moment. Couthon wished to see, and personally to question, the lunatics one after another. He was conducted to their quarter of the building; but to all his questions he received but insults and sanguinary addresses, and heard nothing amidst the confused cries and mad howling but the chilling clank of the chains reverberating through the disgustingly dirty and damp vaults. Soon fatigued by the monotony of the spectacle and the futility of his inquiries, Couthon turned round to Pinel, and said, 'Ah, citizen, are not you yourself mad to think of unchaining such animals?'

'Citizen,' replied the other, 'I am convinced that these lunatics have become so unmanageable solely because they are deprived of air and liberty, and I venture to hope a great deal from a thoroughly different method.'

'Well, then, do what you like with them; I give them up to you. But I fear you will fall a victim to your presumption.'

Now master of his actions, Pinel commenced the next day his enterprise, the real difficulties of which he had never for a moment disguised to himself. He contemplated liberating about fifty raving madmen without danger to the more peaceable inmates. He decided to unchain but twelve as a first experiment. The only precaution he judged necessary to adopt was to prepare an equal number of waistcoats—those made of stout linen, with long sleeves, and fastened at the back, by means of which it is easy to prevent a lunatic doing serious mischief.

* From the account of Dr Scipion Pinel, son of the humane and scientific physician of that name.

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The first whom Pinel addressed was the oldest in this scene of misery. He was an English captain; his history was unknown; and he had been confined there for forty years. He was considered the most ferocious of all. His keepers even approached him with caution; for in a fit of violence he had struck one of the servants with his chains, and killed him on the spot. He was more harshly treated than the others, and this severity and complete abandonment only tended still more to exasperate his naturally violent temper.

Pinel entered his cell alone, and addressed him calmly. 'Captain,' said he, 'if I take off your chains, and give you liberty to walk up and down the yard, will you promise me to be reasonable, and to injure no one?'

'I will promise you; but you are making game of me. They are all too much afraid of me, even you yourself.'

'No, indeed, I am not afraid,' replied Pinel; 'for I have six men outside to make you respect me: but believe my word; confide in me, and be docile. I intend to liberate you, if you will put on this linen waistcoat in place of your heavy chains.'

The captain willingly agreed to all they required of him, only shrugging his shoulders, and never uttering a word. In a few minutes his irons were completely loosened, and the doctor and his assistants retired, leaving the door of his cell open.

Several times he stood up, but sank down again: he had been in a sitting posture for such a length of time, that he had almost lost the use of his limbs. However, at the end of a quarter of an hour he succeeded in preserving his equilibrium; and from the depth of his dark cell he advanced, tottering towards the door. His first movement was to look up at the heavens, and to cry out in ecstacy, 'How beautiful!' During the whole day he never ceased running up and down the stairs, always exclaiming, 'How beautiful! How delightful!' In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, slept tranquilly on a good bed which had been provided for him in the meantime, and during the following two years which he spent at the Bicêtre he never again had a violent fit; he even made himself useful, exercising a certain authority over the other lunatics, governing them after his fashion, and establishing himself as a kind of superintendent.

His neighbour in captivity was not less worthy of pity. He was an old French officer, who had been in chains for the past thirty years, having been afflicted with one of those terrible religious monomanias of which we even now-a-days see such frequent examples. Of weak understanding and lively imagination, he conceived himself destined by God for the *baptism of blood*—that is to say, to kill his fellow-creatures, in order to save them from hell, and to send them straight to heaven, there to enjoy the felicity of the blessed! This horrible idea was the cause of his committing a frightful crime. He commenced his homicidal mission by plunging a dagger into the heart of his own child. He was declared insane, confined for life in the Bicêtre, and had been afflicted for years with this revolting madness. Calmness at length returned, but without reason: he sat on a stone silent and immovable, resembling an emaciated spectre of remorse. His limbs were still loaded with the same irons as when first he was confined, but which he had no longer strength to lift. They were left on him as much from habit as from the remembrance of his crime. His case was hopeless. Dr Pinel had him carried to a bed in the infirmary; his legs, however, were so stiff and contracted, that all attempts to bend them failed. In this state he lived a few months longer, and then died, without being aware of his release.

The third presented a strange contrast. He was a man in the prime of life, with sparkling eyes; his bearing haughty, and gestures dramatic. In his youth he had been a literary character. He was gentle, witty, and had a brilliant imagination. He composed romances, full of love, expressed in impassioned language. He wrote unceasingly; and in order to devote himself with greater ardour to his favourite compositions, he ended by locking himself up in his room, often passing the day without food, and the night without sleep. To complete all, an unfortunate passion added to his excitement: he fell in love with the daughter of one of his neighbours. She, however, soon grew tired of the poor author, was inconstant to him, and did not even allow him the consolation of a doubt. During a whole year the anguish of the poor dreamer was the more bitter from concealment. At length, one fine day he saw the absurdity of his despair, and passing from one extreme to the other, gave himself up to every kind of excess. His reason fled, and taken to the Bicêtre in a raging fit, he remained confined for twelve years in the dark cell where Pinel found him flinging about his chains with violence. This madman was more turbulent than dangerous, and, incapable of understanding the good intended to him, it was necessary to employ force to loosen his irons. Once he felt himself at liberty, he commenced running round and round the courtyard, until his breath failing, he fell down quite exhausted. This excitement continued for some weeks, but unaccompanied by violence, as formerly. The kindness shown to him by the doctor, and the especial interest he took in this invalid, soon restored him to reason. Unfortunately he was permitted to leave the asylum and return to the world, then in such a state of agitation: he joined the political factions of the day with all the vehemence of his passions, and was beheaded on the 8th Thermidor.

Pinel entered the fourth cell. It was that of Chevingé, whose liberation was one of the most memorable events of that day.

Chevingé had been a soldier of the French Guard, and had only one fault—that of drunkenness. But once the wine mounted into his head, he grew quarrelsome, violent, and most dangerous, from his prodigious strength. Frequent excesses caused his dismissal from his corps, and he soon squandered his scanty resources. At length shame and misery plunged him in despair, and his mind became affected. He imagined that he had become a general, and fought all who did not acknowledge his rank. It was at the termination of a mad scene of this kind that he was brought to the Bicêtre in a state of fury. He had been chained for ten years, and with stronger fetters than his companions, for he had often succeeded in breaking his chains by the mere force of his hands. Once, in particular, when by this means he had obtained a few moments of liberty, he defied all the keepers together to force him to return to his cell, and only did so after compelling them to pass under his uplifted leg. This inconceivable act of prowess he performed on the eight men who were trying to master him. From henceforth his strength became a proverb at the Bicêtre. By repeatedly visiting him, Pinel discovered that good dispositions lay hidden beneath violence of character, constantly kept excited by cruel treatment. On one occasion he promised to ameliorate his condition, and this promise alone had greatly tranquillised him. Pinel now ventured to announce to him that he should no longer be forced to wear his chains. 'And to prove that I have confidence in you,' added he, 'and that I consider you to be a man capable of doing good, you shall assist me in releasing those unfortunate individuals who do not possess their reason like you. If you conduct yourself properly, as I have cause to hope you will, I shall then take you into my service, and you shall not leave me.'

Never in the mind of man was there seen so sudden or complete a change: the keepers themselves were forced to respect Chevingé from his conduct. No sooner was he unchained, than he became docile, attentive, watching every movement of Pinel, so as to execute his orders dexterously and promptly, addressing words of kindness and reason to those lunatics with whom he had been on a level but a few hours previously, but in whose presence he now felt the full dignity of liberty.

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This man, who had been unhumanised by his chains during the best years of his life, and who doubtless would have dragged on this agonizing existence for a considerable length of time, became at once a model of good conduct and gratitude. Frequently in those perilous times he saved Pinel's life; and one day, amongst others, rescued him from a band of ruffians, who were dragging him off *à la lanterne*, as an elector of 1789. During a threatened famine, he every morning left the Bicêtre, and never returned without provisions, which at that moment were unpurchaseable even for gold. The remainder of his life was but one continued act of devotion to his liberator.

Next room to Chevingé, three unfortunate soldiers had been in chains for years, without any one knowing the cause of this rigour. They were generally quiet and inoffensive, speaking only to each other, and that in a language unintelligible to the rest of the prisoners. They had, however, been granted the only privilege which they seemed capable of appreciating—that of being always together in the same cell. When they became aware of a change in their usual mode of treatment, they suspected it to proceed from unfriendly motives, and violently opposed the loosening of their irons. When liberated, they would not leave their prison. Either from grief or want of understanding, these unhappy creatures were insensible to the liberty now offered to them.

After them came a singular personage, one of those men whose malady is the more difficult of cure, from its being 'a fixed idea,' occasioned by excessive pride. He was an old clergyman, who thought himself Christ. His exterior corresponded to the vanity of his belief: his gait was measured and solemn; his smile sweet, yet severe, forbade the least familiarity; everything, even to the arrangement of his hair, which hung down in long curls on each side of his pale, resigned, and expressive countenance, gave him a singular resemblance to the beautiful head of our Saviour. If they tried to perplex him, and said, 'If thou art Him whom thou pretendest: in short, if thou art God, break thy chains and liberate thyself!' He immediately, with pride and dignity, replied, 'In vain shalt thou tempt thy Lord!' The sublimity of human arrogance in derangement!

The life of this man was a complete romance, in which religious enthusiasm played the first part. He had made pilgrimages on foot to Cologne and Rome, and had then embarked for America, where, among the savages, he risked his life in the hope of converting them to the true faith. But all these travels, all these voyages, had the melancholy effect of turning his ruling idea into a monomania. On his return to France, he publicly announced himself as Him whose gospel he had been preaching far and wide. Seized and brought before the archbishop of Paris, he was shut up in the Bicêtre as a lunatic, his hands and feet were loaded with heavy irons, and for twelve years he bore with singular patience this long martyrdom and the incessant sarcasms to which he was exposed.

Argument with such minds is useless; they neither can nor will understand it. Pinel, therefore, never attempted to reason with him; he unchained him in silence, and loudly commanded that every one for the future should imitate his reserve, and never address a single word to this poor lunatic. This line of conduct, which was rigorously observed, produced an effect on this self-conceited man far more powerful than the irons and the dungeon. He felt himself humbled by this isolation, this total abandonment, in the full enjoyment of his liberty. At length, after much hesitation, he began to mix with the other invalids. From that time forward he visibly improved, and in less than a year was sufficiently recovered to acknowledge the folly of his former ideas, and to leave the Bicêtre. * *

Fifty lunatics were in this manner released from their chains in the space of a few days. Amongst them were individuals from every rank of life, and from every country. Hence the great amelioration in the treatment of insane patients, which, until then, had been looked on as impracticable, or at least fraught with the utmost danger.

PRENTICE'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr Prentice's small volume, 'A Tour in the United States,' to which we referred in a previous number, presents the unvarnished account of a rapid run, for the sake of health and recreation, in the summer of 1848. The author, who had for some years been connected with the press in Manchester, sailed from Liverpool in the Hibernia steamer, May 13, his friend Mr Brooks accompanying him on the voyage and subsequent journey. A few passages here and there from the 'Tour' may amuse our readers.

On arriving at New York in splendid summer weather, 'with the delightfully cool temperature of only 75 degrees in the shade,' the tourists were struck with the liveliness and beauty of the scene. The spectacle of the noble bay, crowded with ships and steamers, was in the highest degree picturesque and exciting. A lady, 'who had kept the deck in all weathers, said the scene was worth coming across the Atlantic to see, even though the spectator should turn home again without landing.' The beauty of the more retired part of the city was still more unexpected. 'The better class of houses are of white marble, or the light-gray siennite granite. All this, and the absence of smoke, give an exceeding lively air to the whole aspect of the city. We have nothing to match it in that respect in the old country. We have been much struck also with the great number of good dwelling-houses in proportion to the population. There are *miles* of streets in which there is not a house worth less than 500 dollars, or L.100, per annum, and many of them worth three or four times that amount.' The tourists went to the Astor House, a hotel consisting of an immense pile of buildings, enclosing a court-yard like the quadrangle of an Oxford college; the house accommodates 400 inmates, and 150 sat down to table. Dinner most luxurious; strawberries with iced cream for dessert. Ice is an article of great consumption here. 'At table, your tumbler is supplied from a great jug one-fourth filled with lumps of ice; we have found a tumbler of milk with a piece of ice in it a great luxury after breakfast and tea.

'Any one can see at a glance that New York is destined to be one of the largest and wealthiest cities in the world. When evacuated by the British in 1783, it contained about 25,000 inhabitants; the number is now about 500,000. Although always crowded with loitering immigrants, the wages of common labour are about 50 per cent. more than they are in England, and the price of food is one-third less. It is true that rent, clothes, and coals are 50 per cent. higher; but where a man has scarcely earned more than has kept him in food, the change by coming here is decidedly to his advantage, always premising that he brings the kind of labour which is in demand. If the labourer has earned 3s. a day in England, he will earn 4s. 6d. here. Let us compare his relative position in the one country and the other. At home, his food has cost him 12s. a week, and his rent, clothes, and coals, 6s., absorbing all his wages. Let him live in the same style here, and he will pay 8s. for his food, and 9s. for his rent, clothes, and coals, leaving him 10s. a week of clear savings. The misfortune is, that whisky is only 1s. a gallon—very wretched stuff no doubt; not at all the "real Glenlivet"—but men get drunk upon it for a trifle, and either die, or half-starve, or seek refuge in the almshouse. There is encouragement for sober and industrious men. Irish labourers save a few pounds, enter into some small street-trading, ultimately take a store of one kind or another, and their sons become respectable merchants—a process which we never observe in Manchester.'

Talking of Manchester suggests a comparison between it and New York as to churches. The population

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is about the same in both; but while Manchester has 114, New York is provided with 215 places of worship; and 'the various sects live in comparative amity one with another.' We wish as much could be said of any large English or Scotch town. The tourists go from New York to Philadelphia, which has 150 churches, also 'a much larger proportion to the population than we have in Manchester.' The churches in America are furnished and decorated with much taste and a great regard to comfort. The pews are usually of the finer polished woods. From Philadelphia they proceed to Baltimore and Washington; then on towards the valley of the Mississippi, by following the course of the Potomac to the Alleghany ridge. The scenery on the Potomac was rich and pleasing: road across the Alleghanies very bad: jolting in the stage dreadful: all pains compensated by the comforts of a magnificent hotel at Pittsburg: views around the town very fine: take steam down the Ohio to Cincinnati. Prentice grows almost poetical in descending the Belle Rivière, as the French truly named it. 'Constantly winding, every quarter of a mile presents a new form of beauty. At one place we have steep hills on each side, clothed with trees growing as if they never could grow old; at another the ends of ridges, with magnificent monarchs of the forest filling the hollows between them; at another the high banks receding half a mile or a mile on each side, presenting a combination of lawns and trees such as might be expected around an English nobleman's seat; at another islands of surpassing beauty; at another vineyards and orchards; and at every opening clearings which indicate the cultivation that is going on behind. I grudged every moment spent at the breakfast, dinner, or tea-table. I spent hours alone at the highest elevation, where the steersman, perched aloft for a good long look-out, steered the long light steamer through its tortuous course; and after the brief twilight, I felt as one might feel after listening a whole day to the grandest and most beautiful strains of music, sorry that it was over, yet fatigued with the very intensity of pleasure enjoyed. The next day was Sunday, and we enjoyed the same succession of splendid pictures; and I thought of the time when, fresh from the Creator's hand, the earth was seen rejoicing in its loveliness. And then the sunset! It was worth while to cross the great Atlantic for that sight alone. We were in a bend of the river, seemingly completely land-locked. When the sun went down behind the western bank, a deep shade was thrown on the trees on that side, while those on the opposite bank were of a brighter and livelier hue; and then the shadow went upwards from the bottom of the deep slope, and upwards, with a distinctly-marked line, till that bank was also in the shade. And then the bright white clouds—as white as snow—began to change to all manner of bright colours, the orange predominating, in a gorgeousness of which the imitative art could convey no idea; and all this splendour was reflected by the little inland lake—not perfectly, for that would have been a repetition, but reflected from a liquid surface slightly in motion, the colour becoming more golden, till there lay before us "a living sheet of molten gold." Early next morning we found the vessel lying in-shore in a fog so dense, that we could not see ten yards on each side—strange contrast to the scene of the preceding night! . . . The sun soon dispelled the fog, and then the river was before us again in all its glory, widening, and its high banks receding—the white houses, and villages, and small cities increasing in number as we went onwards. In the afternoon of Monday we arrived at Cincinnati.'

From this thriving town the tourists proceed to Louisville, near which is the state prison of Indiana; an establishment worthy of inspection, for it has the merit of being more than self-supporting. 'It contains only 125 prisoners, the whole number of persons under sentence in a population of 800,000! They are set to work in yards and workshops as coopers, joiners, blacksmiths, &c.; and provisions are so cheap, that the sale of the produce of their labour yields a profit to the State of L.1600 a year, after deducting all the expense of their maintenance, including the salaries of their officers. They are not permitted to converse together while at work, and are locked up in separate cells during the night. Some are working in brick-fields outside the walls, and do not attempt to escape.' To something of this sort our jails must ultimately come: the principle of giving dainty lodgings in palaces is exploded.

The tourists afterwards go by railway up the vale of the Little Miami towards Lake Erie. The country, though very partially reclaimed, was beautiful. In this the upper part of the state of Ohio, easily to be reached through Canada, there is a favourable field for emigrants with a capital of a few hundred pounds. 'In this beautiful part of the country,' says Mr Prentice, 'I found that land, having the rich alluvial soil all in a state of cultivation, and the woodlands partially cleared, with a good substantial farmhouse, and the necessary farm offices, might be had at from L.7 to L.8 an acre. A well-informed farmer was in the train with us, who said, "If a young man comes on uncleared land, he is completely worn out before he has his work done, and dies when he should be beginning to enjoy himself; but he escapes almost all the hardships if he begins with a good bit of cleared land, and has a house to go into, and a shed to put his cattle into." I asked him what an English farmer could do who should bring L.1000 into such a country. "Do!" he said: "why, he could buy and stock a farm of a hundred acres of capital land, and live like a gentleman." Land partially cleared can frequently be had very cheap. It may sell for ten or twenty times more than it originally cost the clearing purchaser, and would be much cheaper than the forest land at 5s. an acre. The tendency is still westward. A farmer has four or five sons, and he desires that each should have a farm of his own. He sells his 80 acre lot for a sum which will enable him to purchase 500 acres farther west; and there, with 100 acres for each son, he says, "Now, lads, clear away!" He has been the pioneer into the forest west of the Ohio, and is quite ready to become the pioneer west of the Wabash. His sons will have the same migratory spirit. As their sons grow up, each father will sell his 100 acres, that he may purchase 500 west of the Illinois or the northern branch of the Mississippi. Thus can the English farmers always find small lots, purchaseable at a rate cheap in comparison with the cost of clearing land, with a dwelling-house and cattle-sheds all ready; and thus he may avoid the fever and ague, which are almost certain to attack the northern Europeans who venture to break ground in the dank forest or swampy prairie.' Capitalists, he adds, may here lend money on good mortgages at 8 per cent. interest, payable half yearly. 'We have hundreds of tradesmen in our towns who cannot continue in business without the fear of losing all, and who have not accumulated sufficient money to retire upon. A man of such a class in England cannot live upon the interest of L.1000; but here, for L.200 he could purchase and stock a little farm of twenty-five acres, which would enable him to keep a horse and cow, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and supply his family with every article of food, while his L.800 at interest would give him an income of L.64 a year. He could even have his own sugar from his own maple-trees to sweeten his cup and preserve the peaches from his own fruit-trees; and almost all he would need to buy, besides clothes, would be tea, which may be had, of good quality, at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. a pound. Still farther west he could have 10 per cent. interest for his money.'

Sandusky is the point of embarkation on Lake Erie, and the tourists steamed thence to Buffalo. A view of some of the finer parts of Canada leads to the reflection that a settler in that country may be as successful as in the United States, 'as far as individual exertions go; but the man in the States profits not only by his own activity, but by the activity of all around him. His farm is not only improved by his own labour and skill,

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but it is increased in value by the rapidly-increasing populousness of the district in which it is placed.' So says every traveller. Canada is retarded in every effort at advance by the perplexing regulations of the colonial office, as well as traditional usages; and on that account alone, even with a prejudice in favour of British institutions and manners, we should, if emigrating, decidedly prefer the United States.

The tourists visit Toronto, see Niagara, and thence go on to Montreal by water. The descent is somewhat hazardous. 'At Kingston we left the lake-boat, and went on board an iron steamer, admirably constructed for the rather hazardous navigation of the rapids on the St Lawrence. We were soon amongst the "Thousand Islands;" and here, as at most places much praised, I was somewhat disappointed. The islands were flat, and the wood was stunted and thin. The scenery was little better than we see in England when a river has overflown its banks, leaving only the hedgerows and little hillocks visible above the water. But the islands became larger, rose more abruptly from the river, and increased in magnitude, till, instead of a wide lake studded with islands, we had an endless succession of canals cut in the solid rock—now straight, now curved; now wide, now narrow; now running in a strong torrent, now placid as the surface of a mirror. It was not until very recently that the steamboats went through from Kingston to Montreal, the navigation of the rapids being considered too hazardous; and the passengers were thrice landed, and thrice had to proceed portions of the way by stage-coaches. Now the vessels go right through; for although the mighty stream flows with extreme rapidity, there is a great depth of water, and little real danger if the steersmen do their arduous duties faithfully. The passage down one of these rapids is rather an exciting scene. Although the rocks are far down in the depth of the river, the surface is agitated like the face of the sea in a brisk gale. Through the high waves the ship dashes bravely. The danger is only from careless steering; but one feels that the slightest blunder would dash the ship to pieces on the rocks that line the rapids on each side. There is life and excitement in the scene; and we, who had been much urged to take a voyage on the sluggish and muddy Mississippi, rejoiced that we had chosen rather to intrust ourselves on this magnificent and impetuous outlet to the great inland fresh-water seas. At Lachine our noble steamer stopped all night, the rapids between that place and Montreal being too hazardous to be passed except in broad daylight. Many of our passengers took the railway thence to the city, a fine steamer having been lost in the strongest of the currents only a few days before, in consequence of coming upon an unperceived raft of wood, and the passengers rescued with difficulty. We thought there might be safety in the additional vigilance that would be exercised after an accident, and we were rewarded by the sight of a beautiful and highly-exciting scene. While carried downwards at an alarming velocity—rocks rising up at each side, in the middle, now here, now there, often as if we were inevitably upon them, till a sudden twitch of the wheel changed our course—we enjoyed a sight not to be forgotten. There were six men at the wheel on the forepart of the deck, and their muscular strength was constantly in full requisition. I know not which was finest, the look downwards to the raging stream, or upwards to the eagle glances of the Indian pilot and his assistants, whose looks betokened their deep sense of the great responsibility they had undertaken. When we were safely through the greatest *chute*, we again breathed freely.'

Mr Prentice returns from Canada to the States by way of Saratoga, a northern watering-place, resorted to by the wealthy from all parts of the Union. The water, which is gaseous, and 'tastes pleasantly sharp, like the soda-water of our shops,' has a wonderful effect on the languid visitors from the south. After a few days' use of the water, they improve surprisingly in health. 'The eye begins to recover its brilliancy, then the yellow tinge gradually leaves the complexion; in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, activity and cheerfulness are restored, and then the patients are able to take a tour to Champlain, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara, and the great lakes, before their return to the relaxing heats of the south. This tour becomes an annual necessity, and with many of the planters an annual luxury. We were told of one gentleman who, bringing his family with him, spends L.8000 sterling every season in pursuit of health in the country, and amusement in the great towns; and of two others who each spend L.2000 in their northern trip.'

On the 6th of August the tourists arrived in the Mersey by the Niagara steamer, which kept its time to a minute. From the time of leaving Boston, ten days and a-half had elapsed; and deducting twelve hours spent at Halifax, exactly ten days were occupied in crossing the Atlantic—distance 2950 miles. 'In 1818,' says Mr Prentice in conclusion, 'I was the same time in making the voyage from Glasgow to Liverpool.'

THE PET LIZARD.

It is a saying as old as Sterne that 'the heart must have something to love.' Go into a convent, you will perhaps see the solitary nun cherishing a pair of canaries, and watching their domestic labours of feeding and rearing their young. It has been said of state prisoners shut up in the most horrible dungeons—such as, thanks to the progress of civilisation, are now never used, but only *shown* as relics of barbarity—that they have beguiled their heavy hours by taming and feeding those most noxious of vermin, rats and mice. I have read of a missionary at the Cape of Good Hope who had a puff-adder in his room as a pet and rat-catcher. They tell also of a gentleman who watched day after day in his solitude a spider, which had won his heart by showing so great a predilection for his sweet music, as always to descend by a long silken shining thread, and remaining so suspended above the piano until its sounds ceased. For my own part, I had a much-valued and dearly-beloved relative who once petted a lizard. Of this friend and his lizard I wish chiefly to speak; not only to illustrate further the fact, that 'the heart must have something to love,' but also to let those who may read these lines become acquainted with this harmless and interesting companion of man in the East. There is not a house or a wall which has not its *Tic-tic-kie*, so called from the chucking sound they emit, or *Chesp Khellie*—literally, hide-and-seek player; and these no one thinks of disturbing or molesting.

The friend above alluded to had met with a severe bereavement; and from being a cheerful, social man, he became gloomy and retired, chiefly occupied in his library. One day, as he was rummaging amongst his books, and making some new arrangements, he, fortunately for himself, fell in with two little beautifully-smooth round eggs. No bird could enter *there*, nor was there a nest to be seen. They could not be snake's eggs, for they were not larger than a white dry pea; so what unknown creature could have deposited them on the boards of the book-shelf behind the Bible?

An old venerable *khansamah*, or steward, who was referred to, immediately pronounced them to be lizard's eggs; and when this was known, they were carefully deposited in dry sand, and a watchful eye was kept over them, keeping the glass covered with a perforated paper. One of the eggs was unproductive, but from the other there came forth a little slim, brown, active creature, which was shifted into a clean abode, and daily fed with flies and small insects, until it grew as large as a man's finger; and Mr K——, knowing how tame it was, and how attached the Tic-tic-kie is to his old haunts, at last allowed his foundling to leave his prison.

As good-luck would have it, he was let loose upon the toilet-table, and always remained behind the glass, creeping out and in into one of the empty drawers, and

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literally playing bo-peep when an insect was offered by the kind hand which nursed him. When the wall-shades were lit at night, each containing a tumbler made for the purpose, half-filled with water, and the rest pure oil of the cocoa-nut floating on the top, in which blazed a wick of white cotton, the lizard would leap upon the wall, and the bright round circle of light thrown by the mouth of the shade was its favourite restingplace. Its little prominent jet-black eyes were indeed two sparklers; and wo to the moth or insect which ventured into the magic circle, or came under the fascination of those eyes! The agile lizard immediately became as if transfixed; then, by imperceptibly gradual paces and evolutions of its body, it advanced until the last deadly jump was given, and then its victim was firmly held between two toothless, but never-relaxing little jaws. And so the hunt went on, to Mr K——'s great delight; the game being most abundant on a damp night, when the flying white ants, grasshoppers, and moths swarm, particularly in the sultry weather of August and September.

So months and days flew by, and the rational and irrational friends lived on in undisturbed harmony, until, as Mr K—— was gazing with uplifted eyes on the wall one night, a light-coloured, almost white lizard made its appearance! He having studied only his own pet, knew little of the genus besides, so he could not account for the change his lizard seemed to have undergone; but in a little he was undeceived, for out crept his own pet also, first gazing cautiously, then appearing ruffled, and at last angry at the intruder. They exchanged fierce glances, wagged their tails, and defied each other, till at last the deadly leap was given, with a slight *creak-creek*, and oh, horror! Mr K——'s protégé had his tail bitten off; and *he* had the agony of seeing it wriggling and trembling in the mouth of its assailant! The brown lizard fell stunned to the ground, and lay almost lifeless at Mr K——'s feet; and his white enemy, having been frightened by the commotion in the room, dropped the little worthless tail, and took himself off, and was never again seen within the limits of the library.

Mr K——'s pet, however, came soon to himself, and kept as usual to his wall, glass, and drawer; and was watched, if possible, with more than the usual interest. In a few days, to Mr K——'s surprise and satisfaction, the mutilated tail was seen to grow: it waxed bigger and bigger daily, and, what was more strange, a little deformed side-tail was seen sprouting at the root of the old stump. Jackey's tails were shown to all Mr K——'s wondering and sympathising visitors, who, like many others, had never troubled their heads about such trifles, until the old khansamah enlightened them anew, by stating 'that Tic-tic-kies were of various shades; that the males, when they intruded upon each other's sporting-ground, or met in their courting season, generally fought and attacked each other; and that in these battles the tail was frequently seized and bitten off, and as frequently grew again, as the claws and feet of spiders and lobsters do; and that he, the khansamah, had now and then, but *not often*, seen a lizard with a double tail.'

I may as well observe, before this is concluded, that the subject of our discussion has a very curiously-made foot, as the impressions which it occasionally leaves on the damp panes of window-glasses show. The foot, with four little toes, has the power of making a vacuum, and has the appearance of a file, or the sucker of the Remora fish; so it is enabled to hold on, even when it walks over a steep wall, polished glass, or with its head downwards, like the flies crawling over the ceiling of a room. The body or feet of a lizard would seem to emit something corrosive or irritating; for when it happens, as is sometimes the case, to run over the face of a person asleep, the skin is found in the morning to be blistered or excoriated. The tail of the lizard has a ring-streaked appearance, and, as has already been related, grows readily when by accident broken off.

Rearing and tending the Tic-tic-kie proved certainly to Mr K—— what searching and looking for the fern blossom would be to a melancholic mind—a récipé for the blue devils. It beguiled many sad hours, and cheered a drooping heart.

EARLY PRINTING IN CHINA.

According to a German antiquary, the idea of printing from types was suggested to the mind of Faust by his seeing the footprints of a horse in the soft mud of a road by the side of which he was walking. He went home cogitating on the circumstance, and from that day printing was discovered.

Whatever value may attach to this tradition, much of it would disappear in the fact, that it does not record a first discovery. The East, which has proved to be the birthplace of so many of our arts, also originated printing. Klaproth states, in his 'History of the Mariner's Compass,' that the first use of stereotype, or solid wooden blocks in printing, dates from the tenth century of the present era. 'Under the reign,' he writes, 'of Mingtsong, in the second of the years Tchang-hing (932), the ministers Fong-tao and Li-yu proposed to the Academy Koue-tseu-kien to review the nine king, or canonical books, and to have them engraved upon blocks of wood, that they might be printed and sold. The emperor adopted the advice; but it was only in the second of the years Kouang-chun (952) that the engraving of the blocks was completed. They were then distributed and circulated in all the cantons of the empire.'

This author further observes that the art thus practised in China might have been known in Europe 150 years prior to its discovery by the Germans, if Europeans had been able to read and translate the Persian historians, as the Chinese method of printing is clearly explained in the Djemma'a-et-tewarikh by Rachid-Eddin, who finished this immense work about the year 1310.

It has, however, been shown, in a communication made to the French Academy, that the art of printing was known to the Chinese at a period still more remote; and had Europeans been at that time in correspondence with the Celestial Empire, we should not now have to deplore the loss of manuscript books by early classic authors; their multiplication by printing would have secured the survival of at least a few. However imperfect the process might have been in its origin (before the 6th century), the master-works of Greek and Roman literature—some of which are now irreparably lost—might have been reproduced at comparatively small cost. That the antiquity rests upon good ground, appears from the 39th volume of the 'Chinese Encyclopædia.' We there read—'The eighth day of the twelfth month of the thirteenth year of the reign of Wen-ti, founder of the Souï dynasty (593), it was ordered by a decree to collect the worn-out drawings and inedited texts, and to engrave them on wood, and publish them. This was,' continues the work quoted, 'the commencement of printing upon wooden blocks.' This fact is confirmed by other Chinese writings; and the art, we are informed, grew much into use under Thang, 618 to 907; made still greater progress during the five lesser dynasties, 907 to 960; and reached its perfection and greatest development in 960–1278. It is considered probable that the art was known even before 593, as the block-printing was *then* ordered by the emperor: had it been altogether a new invention, something would have been said about its origin and author.

About the year 175 the Chinese began to cut inscriptions on stone, to preserve the purity of certain texts which had been corrupted by the errors of copyists. The six canonical books were inscribed in this way on slabs; the literary scribe wrote the characters in red, which were afterwards cut in by skilful artists. These slabs were placed outside the college gates, so that the learned might compare and correct their manuscript copies of the six books. These tablets were copied and

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recopied as they decayed by age, and sometimes in three different sets of characters, to each of which students were allowed one year's study, and at the end of three years, were expected to read them all fluently. About 904, engraving on stone in the inverse sense was introduced, so as to print white on a black ground.

In 993 the Emperor Thai-tsong issued a decree, ordering that all the manuscripts recovered from those persons into whose hands they had fallen after being stolen from the royal tombs, should be engraved and reproduced in printing. These, we are told, were printed by hand, without being soiled by ink.

Between 1041 and 1048 the method of printing by movable types was introduced. The account is interesting:—'In the period King-li, one of the people, a blacksmith named Pi-ching, invented another manner of printing with *ho-pan*, or tablets formed of movable types.' The name is still retained in the imperial printing-offices at Pekin. The ingenious blacksmith's method is thus described:—'He took of a fine and glutinous earth, which he formed into plates, and engraved on them the characters most in use. Each character was a type. These he burnt in the fire, to harden them, and then placed them upon a table of sheet-iron, coated with a fusible gum composed of resin, wax, and lime. When he wished to print, he took a frame of iron, divided interiorly and perpendicularly by strips of the same metal (Chinese is read vertically); and having laid it on the sheet coated with gum, inserted the types, placing them one close against the other. Each frame, when filled, formed a tablet. This was brought near the fire, to make the gum melt, after which a level piece of wood was pressed forcibly on the surface of the types, and pushed them down into the gum, by which means they became firm and even as a stone.'

There is so much in this account that would answer for a description of the present mode of printing, as further to exemplify the perfect state in which the art originated. Compared with others, there was but little feeling of the way in reducing it to practice; an important fact, when we consider the object—transmission of thought. Pi-ching's method, we learn, was very expeditious when a large number of impressions was required. On such occasions two forms were worked, one being inked while the impression was taken from the other. It is the custom in China to print but two pages at once, and on one side of the paper only; the sheets are then folded for binding, and the blank sides either left open or pasted together. Duplicates of many of the characters were kept wrapped in paper, and twenty of those most in request. When a new character was wanted, it was immediately prepared on the spot, and the inventor showed the advantage of clay over wood; there was neither grain nor porosity, with a greater facility of separation from the gum when required for distribution.

At Pi-ching's death, all this apparatus was carefully preserved by his successors; printing, however, went on in the old way, the reason being, that the Chinese has not, as other languages, an alphabet made up of a few characters with which all sorts of books may be printed, but a separate type is wanted for every word; and as the language is divided into classes of 106 sounds, so 106 cases (part of the furniture of a printing-office) would be required, each one to contain a prodigious number of types, thus rendering the mechanical task of composing and distributing one of enormous difficulty and labour. It was easier and cheaper to follow the usual method. This was, to write the text on a sheet of paper, which, being pasted on a wooden tablet, all the blank spaces were cut away, and the writing left in relief. In this way printing in China was carried on for a number of years, either by blocks of wood, or plates of stereotyped copper.

In 1662 the Emperor Khang-hi, on the representations of European missionaries, ordered that 250,000 movable types should be cut in copper. With these the Kou-kin-thou-chou, a collection of ancient and modern works, was printed in 8000 octavo volumes, of which a considerable number have found their way to Europe, and are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris. This work is a beautiful specimen of Chinese typography: it comprises treatises on music, a history of the language and of foreign nations known to the Celestials. Some of the works issued from the imperial press at Pekin are so fine and beautiful, that the emperor named them Tsiu-tchin, or collected pearls. An interesting fact occurs with regard to the casting of types. In Europe, the steel punches and copper matrices required for the purpose involve a considerable outlay, and are liable to deteriorate by rust. The Chinese obviate this double inconvenience by making the punches of a very hard fine-grained wood, at a cost, for each type, from one farthing to a halfpenny. With these the matrices are struck in porcelain clay, baked in an oven, in which the type metal is melted. Judging from the specimens of printing, there is no more difficulty in 'justifying' the matrices thus produced than those of other material.

In 1773 the enlightened Emperor Khien-long decreed that 10,412 of the most important Chinese works should be engraved on wood, for printing in the usual way. Kin-kien, a member of the finance ministry, drew up a report, illustrated by plans and models, setting forth the expense of so large a quantity of wood-engraving, and recommending movable types. The minister's advice was followed; and from that day printing with movable types has made steady progress in China, and superseded the old method of block-printing. It was formerly the custom to defer all the corrections until after the printing; this also has been broken through, and the printers of the 'central flowery land' now adopt the more sensible European method of correcting before going to press.

Remote as is the antiquity thus assigned to printing, a French writer, Monsieur Paravey, shows it to be still more ancient. According to his statements, the Chinese only did on paper what had been done ages before on cotton by the Assyrians and Indo-Persians.

THE EXPELLED LACEWORKERS OF CALAIS.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the Revolution in France, February 1848, a large number of English operatives at Calais, Rouen, and other places were expelled from the country under circumstances of great injustice and indignity. At Calais, where about a thousand persons, chiefly from Nottingham, had been for some years settled in connection with the lace trade, the cry of *à bas les Anglais* was particularly violent, and personal injury was only averted by the timely interference of the English consul. Unwilling to return to England, where their profession was overcrowded, the unfortunate laceworkers sent a memorial to Lord Palmerston, desiring to obtain passages to one of the English colonies, and preferring, if a choice were permitted, to go to South Australia. In three days an answer was returned by his lordship, and a government commissioner arrived to make the requisite inquiries. He was immediately succeeded by Mr Cooper, a gentleman from the office of her Majesty's Land and Emigration Commissioners, who instituted diligent scrutiny into the characters and circumstances of the memorialists, and then arranged for their passage to England, preparatory to emigration for these colonies. On their arrival in London, they learned that a benevolent committee was sitting daily at the Mansion-House, under the auspices of Lord Ashley, and engaged in getting up a generous subscription, to which the town of Nottingham contributed from L.300 to L.400 for the relief of those who were hourly compelled to return to England from the French territory. The objections of the commissioners to send lacemakers and their families to a young colony like South Australia were compromised by an allowance of L.5 per head from the subscription fund, and an engagement to provide a good outfit. The details were then arranged, and the 'Harpley' being appointed, a detachment of the emigrants embarked, and soon the poop of the ship, to use our informant's words, was 'transformed into a haberdasher's shop,' from which everything necessary was

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gratuitously and unsparingly supplied to those who were in need; Mr Cooper being charged with Lord Ashley's princely commands to let the unfortunate want for nothing. Mr Commissioner Wood visited them at Gravesend previous to their departure, and addressed to them an admirable speech, full of kindness and encouragement, assuring them they were proceeding to a land where honesty and industry seldom failed to find their proper reward.

We notice all this for the purpose of mentioning that intelligence has been received in England of the safe arrival of the Harpley with the detachment of emigrants on board. The vessel came to an anchorage at Adelaide on the 30th of August, having occupied the interval from the 12th of May on the voyage. Referring to the arrival of the Harpley, the South Australian 'Register' of September 6 observes:—'The only instance of death among the adults in the course of the voyage was an aged and ailing man (in his sixty-seventh year), who was unwilling to be separated from his family, and to whom the commissioner humanely granted a free passage. He died in traversing the Bay of Biscay; the only instance of mortality besides being a delicate infant of three months old. During the passage the ship only sighted the Cape Verd Islands and St Paul's. The passengers, who were scarcely becalmed on the Line, suffered little from heat in the tropics, and as little from cold in the southern hemisphere, 39½ degrees south being the most southerly latitude the vessel attained. There was no case of serious illness during the greater part of the passage, and 256 souls have arrived in excellent health, in a remarkably clean and well-commanded ship, manned by a fine crew. During the passage Mr Spencer, the surgeon-superintendent, read prayers every Sabbath, when the weather permitted. We have seen in the hands of the refugee emigrants some of the certificates granted by employers and municipal officers in France, and they speak well for the character of the people, who, we hope, will find they have exchanged the inhospitable treatment of the French for a hearty welcome in a British colony. Theirs is an instance calling for especial sympathy and spirited exertion on behalf of the colonists, and we shall much mistake if the newly-arrived do not in their case confirm the assurance, that any honest men and women who venture to South Australia with their offspring will be likely to find the right hand of fellowship extended towards them in a land of plenty.' Other detachments of the Anglo-French laceworkers have, we believe, gone to Port Philip and Sydney.

DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.

It is a fact worthy of consideration, that the only railway in Ireland which is fully remunerating the proprietors is the line from Dublin to Kingstown, six miles in length, which was made in the midst of ignorance as to the now existing light of railway engineering, and which actually cost over a quarter of a million of money, or at least double the rate per mile for which it could be now completed. And how was this? Simply that this line was an accommodation to the inhabitants of Dublin—first, for pleasure, and ultimately for daily intercourse; and that this accommodation was given at a tolerably moderate rate of charge, and with a wondrous saving of time. We have before us some strange records and statistics concerning this railway. From the first, we find that Mr James Pim and his colleagues were set down as a set of mad, jobbing Quakers, for thinking of such a scheme, and that a certain lord mayor of the city actually protested against the undertaking, on the grounds that her Majesty's loyal subjects would be in danger of losing their lives, or at least their sight, 'from the starting of horses on the Rock Road, and the red-hot dust that would issue from the engine.' And we ourselves knew more than one respectable old gentleman who prided himself to his death on the fact that he never travelled by the 'vile railway.' These are some of our records. From our statistics, we find great facts of the advantages to the public. The houses along the line have actually increased one hundredfold; the number of passengers carried yearly have more than doubled from the commencement; and in 1847 a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum was made at the half-yearly meeting. In order clearly to understand what the increasing traffic on this little line is, we may state that, in 1840, 1,280,761 passengers were carried; in 1847, 2,303,910; showing an increase of 1,023,149.—*The Advocate, an Irish newspaper.*

EVENING SOLACE.

[From 'Poems by Currer Bell,' lately published.]

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in rosy riot fly,
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the Past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not wo;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
The tale of others' sufferings seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for the time to be,
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness;
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to Heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

JOHN HOME, AUTHOR OF 'DOUGLAS,' IN THE '45.

John Home, with many others, took up arms to oppose Prince Charles and his Highlanders. A band of volunteers, consisting of students and others, inhabitants of Edinburgh, was quickly raised, and in this corps he was chosen lieutenant. In that capacity he waited on General Hawley, who commanded the cavalry, requesting permission for the volunteers to march with the king's troops to Falkirk, where the rebel army lay, which the general readily granted. This is mentioned by himself in his 'History of the Rebellion.' But it was not collegians and burghers of Edinburgh city, nor even the king's troops, that were able to stand against the fury of the bold Highlanders. Prince Charles swept everything before him, and at the battle of Falkirk the royalist army, with the volunteers, was completely routed. General Hawley fled from the field, and with his scattered force betook himself to the old palace of Linlithgow, from which, it is said, he was driven in scorn by the spirited matron, the keeper of the palace, who to his face upbraided him with running away. John Home was supposed to have fallen in the battle. He was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, and, along with Barrow and Bartlet, his fellow-collegians, was sent captive to the castle of Doune, in Perthshire, from which they contrived to make their escape in the following manner:—During the night, when the prisoners were not very rigidly watched, they tied their bedclothes together, and by the precarious line thus formed, descended one after another from the window of the prison. Barrow, his favourite companion, was the last to commit himself to the rope, which gave way with him, and he was precipitated to the earth, and very seriously injured. John Home, stout and able, took Barrow on his back, as did each of his companions by turns, until they reached a place of safety.—*New Monthly.*

PUNCTUATION.

Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 273. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849. Price 1½d.

CONVERSATION, NOT DISCOURSE.

A Frenchman remarked of a gentleman in company, in whom he could not discover any other quality susceptible of a compliment, that he had 'a great talent for silence.' This, under an equivocal appearance, *is* a compliment, for to possess the self-control required for the holding of one's tongue is no unimportant gift. It is well to be able to talk; but it is also well to be able to listen. Without this there can be no conversation; there only can be discourse, which in company must ever be a bore.

Some persons do occasionally allow others to speak, without those other people deriving much benefit from the concession. It is the fault of many of my friends, nay, I know whole families affected by the peculiarity, only to pause while another speaks, and then to go on with their own stream of ideas, saying nothing apropos to what they have heard but 'yes' or 'indeed,' pronounced probably in a way which implies that they have not taken in a single idea from what was said. It is only an advanced stage of the disease, when no pause is allowed except on the merest compulsion, and nothing is heard in the circle of company but one ceaseless rattle of the hailstorm of loquacity from one person. Such discourse is sometimes not bad in itself; but this is nothing to the purpose. Though it be replete with intelligence and cleverness, it is not the less a pest if it precludes others from uttering their sentiments—if, in short, it prevents conversation. In general, however, loquacity is not attended by either brilliancy or any more solid quality. It is almost invariably full of repetition—repetition of words, repetition of sentences, repetition of ideas—one principle ruling with the discourser, that he must be saying something in order to keep 'possession of the house.' We are usually condemned, in the company of such a person, not merely to keep our own good things to ourselves, and to lose all the benefits of the excitement derivable from conversation, but to hear things said ill, and at great length, which we could have said twenty times better ourselves, if we had thought them worth saying at all.

There is a point of view in which 'discoursing' may be regarded, somewhat different from that in which we usually see it regarded, and of no less importance. This is as respects the moral destiny of the discourser himself. He shuts himself out from learning anything in the society of his fellow-creatures. He goes from Dan to Beersheba, and *makes* all barren. A friend and contributor has stated this so clearly and practically, that we give it as a good illustration, both of the tyranny of the talker and the sufferings of the talkee.

'Having, from position and the direction of my studies,' says he, 'acquired a sort of character as a *cicerone* in my native city, I am frequently honoured by the introduction of strangers to my attentions and good offices. I always do gladly what I can for their gratification, seldom failing to invite them to my house, besides conducting them to whatever public objects are worth seeing. It may sound oddly, but it is a fact, that only a small portion of these strangers allow themselves to be instructed or informed by anything I have to tell them. It is what I might almost describe as the general case, that my new acquaintance is far more eager to tell me what he knows of other places and things, than to listen to what I have to tell him of the places and things now under his actual attention. He may have started at the beginning with a declaration of his satisfaction in being introduced to one possessed of so much of the local intelligence which is useful to a stranger; but it is all the same. He begins to talk—he continues to talk—he ends talking. I may have, at the most, been able to arrest him for a minute before a particular object, while I recounted what I knew about it, or pointed out its most notable beauties. But even during such intervals, it was evident that he bridled in his struggling muse with pain, and waited with impatience till he could with decency cut me short, in order that he might launch once more into his own nobler strain—possibly a detail or discussion of something ten thousand miles away from the object of his visit, and which might have been quite as well detailed or discussed at any other time. Is not this a strange anomaly in human conduct? Yet I assure you it is what I am continually meeting with. Certainly one out of every three men and women who professedly come to get the benefit of my ciceroneship, goes away without properly hearing one word I have to say; and all from being so much more disposed to be speakers than listeners. What is very provoking, I sometimes hear of such persons telling the introducing friend afterwards that they did not wonder at my having such a repute in my particular walk; they had found my conversation so instructive; as if they had done nothing but listen to me all the time we were together.

'Some time ago I had a lady sent to me with a strong recommendation, and I lost no time in bringing her before some of the best company I could command. Our party was small, but it comprehended two or three extremely clever agreeable persons—persons, too, who were "lions" in their own way. What was the result? The stranger began with a string of commonplace talk before she had sat down. Ere three minutes had elapsed, I exchanged a look with my wife, implying our common sense of the genus she belonged to. Our prophetic souls were justified. There was no end to the lady's chat. If I contrived, now and then, to get a remark thrown in, she waited till it was done, and then went on without reference to it, as if it had made no impres-

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sion upon her mind. My clever friends were kept in silence the whole evening. At last our visitor departed in the highest spirits, as if she had accomplished some great mission. And so she had. She had succeeded in keeping up a talk for three hours, to her own infinite satisfaction. I only felt how great a drawback it was from her triumph that she had failed entirely to benefit by her accidental rencontre with two or three of the most intelligent and reflecting persons of our age—men with whom she might never meet again. In exchange for this, and for the local information of an interesting kind which was at her command, and which might have been of considerable use to her during the remainder of her stay in our city, she had obtained—what?—only the pleasure of hearing her own tongue rain off insipid chat about nothings and nobodies for three hours together.

'I write this in sober earnest, as an account of facts which fell under my observation. Be it for you to philosophise the subject. I would only add, that this incontrollable spirit of talk strikes me as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a human being, seeing that it almost precludes all receipt of instruction. Such a mind may see new things, but it can get none by hearing. One great channel of intelligence is shut up. Such a person, I conceive, might go over the world, and come back nearly as ignorant as at the outset; while a much duller person, who could listen, would return laden with a prodigious stock of information.'

To this we can add an amusing experience of our own, the hero of which is a literary man of some note. We were both at a party in London a few years ago, where General Miller, who had recently returned with many laurels from South America, was the principal lion present. My friend came up against me in the crowded drawing-room.

'Do not stop me,' said he, glaring anxiously around: 'I *must* see him: I have been promised an introduction, and I feel the interview to be a necessity.'

'Whom do you mean?' we inquired.

'Why, Miller—that prodigious fellow, who can tell a South American bullet by the feel! It is worth a thousand pounds to me to know such a man: don't stop me;' and catching a glimpse of the general talking with our hostess, who had promised to introduce him, he bore gallantly up through the crowd. Being curious to witness the introduction, we followed at his heels. The cabalistic words were pronounced, the bows exchanged, and our friend drew himself up.

'General Miller,' said he, 'I am overjoyed to make your acquaintance. I consider this, in fact, a remarkable moment in my life, and a moment from which henceforward I—hem—shall date my proudest thoughts!'

'Upon my word, sir, you are very'——

'Not at all. That land which was the field of your exploits has haunted me like a passion; and an introduction to one so thoroughly conversant with her arcana, and whose history is so inextricably interwoven with her fate, must unquestionably be a matter of the very highest interest to me. You must often have meditated on the chance which robbed Portugal of the honour of discovering America'——

'Sir, I do not'——

'Frankly, I stand corrected. I was wrong to say "chance;" for it was really the perfidy of John II., as you were about to observe, which drove the Genoese pilot into the arms of Spain. Think of three large crazy boats—for you know they could not be called ships—for such an expedition, and a cost of not more than L.4000! Think of the position of the gallant Colon, when his despairing crew broke at length into open mutiny! Well, sir, the fragment of a tree with red berries, floating on that desert ocean, was like the olive branch brought by the dove into the ark; and then came that ever memorable tenth of October'——

'But, sir'——

'Old style—I was going to say old style (thank you)—when the new world was for the first time trod by European foot. Columbus fancied that he was among the Indian isles, and that China and Japan were not far off: hence the name of West Indies still retained by his first discoveries. Amerigo Vespucci came later into the field (with Ojeda's expedition, you know), and gave his *own* name to the entire continent! Think of that! The reason was, that Amerigo was not a mere commander: he was an author—he wrote a book. Eh, general? He! he! he!'

'Sir, I must really'——

'Oh, I was only in jest. It was undoubtedly a usurpation of the right of Columbus. Well, sir, the Portuguese now followed in the track of the Spaniards, and discovered Brazil; then came the abandonment of Columbus by the capricious tyrants whose reign his genius had rendered illustrious: he was carried in chains to Spain, and afterwards permitted, as a favour conferred upon his old age, to endeavour to find a passage to India by the way of America, and, while looking for a strait into the Pacific, to discover an important part of the mainland. Now'——

'But really, sir, all this'——

'Is introductory (thank you)—merely introductory. The colony planted originally by Columbus in Hispaniola made the natives virtually slaves, and then thinned their numbers with fire and sword to such purpose, that in fifteen years the population had decreased from a million to 60,000. This was partly made up, however—for the mines could not be worked for want of labourers—by the importation from the continent of 40,000 new slaves. And now we come to the conquest of New Spain by Cortes, and that of Peru by Pizarro in'——

'Good sir'——

'I know all that. These Mexicans and Peruvians *were* really civilised nations, whereas the other Americans were in a state of innocent savagism. Cortes, notwithstanding, marched his handful of Spaniards to the capital of a vast and populous country, took possession of the person of the Emperor Montezuma, loaded him with chains, and burned his son and the chief officers of his army alive. His atrocities at length roused the indignation sufficiently to overpower the cowardice of the natives; and surrounding his little force, they compelled him, with much slaughter, to retreat. On obtaining reinforcements, however, he returned, captured the city of Mexico, and with it subdued the liberties of the entire country. The success of Pizarro at Caxamalca was equally wonderful. He got hold of the Inca; held him to ransom for a roomful of gold, and this being duly paid, put him to death, and rendered all Peru a Spanish province. When this was done'——

'Once for all, sir, I beg you to excuse me!'

'And with good cause. The modern history of South America is your own, and it would come more gracefully from your lips. But it now waxes late, and I must be satisfied for the present with this delightful and profitable conversation. Believe me, I shall not readily forget so rich a treat, so valuable an intercommunion!' Our friend bowed respectfully; and General Miller, shaking him by the hand with great alacrity, dived in an instant to the farther end of the room.

'Well,' said we, 'how do you like him?'

'He is a prodigious fellow! I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds!' For months after, he expatiated upon the honour and advantage he had enjoyed, and we were told that he proposed to the booksellers a 'Continuation of Robertson's History of America,' on the strength of his intercommunion with the patriot-general.

We remember another interview of a less gratifying nature, in which the interlocutors, who had been especially introduced, were *both* talkers. When this is the case, it is no amicable ride-and-tie affair, but a headlong race, in which the runners grapple as they fly. On the occasion referred to, it was curious to observe how

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closely the opinions they formed of each other coincided. 'He is a sensible man,' said one; 'he talks well, nobody better; but, hang it, he talks too *much!* I could not get in a word edgeways the whole time.' The other, on being asked how he liked his new friend, replied candidly that he liked him much—very much indeed. 'But he has one fault,' added he: 'so absorbing a passion for hearing his own voice, that he will listen to nobody else. I do not think, moderately speaking, I was able to utter a dozen words from first to last!'

These are examples of 'discoursers,' 'outpourers,' 'monopolisers,' call them what you will. Living solecisms they are in themselves, wretched nuisances to others. Our correspondent calls on us to philosophise on the subject. We are not disposed to do so; but we may remark that the foundation of the evil appears to us to be a kind of intemperance. The fault is found very frequently in literary men of intense activity of brain, and whose writings are rather effusions of telling words than of solid ideas. They engross conversation under the same incontrollable thirst of excitement which drives other men to drams and opium. It is for this reason that the conversation of a set of simply well-educated men of moderate talents is often found more agreeable than that of a set of clever writers or celebrated orators.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

The insatiable thirst for gold which distinguished the early Spanish conquerors of South America, is still a characteristic of many of their descendants, who form part of a nomadic population that frequent the immense and scantily-peopled regions lying between the United States and the fertile provinces of northern Mexico. The three great branches of the commerce of the country here find a host of lawless representatives. The hunters are the most active supporters of the trade in skins and furs; that in leather and cattle is followed by the *vaqueros;* while that in precious metals falls to the lot of the *gambusinos*, or gold-seekers. The work of a recent traveller presents us with some particulars concerning the habits and precarious mode of life of the latter, which, in the highest degree adventurous, are comparatively but little known.

Under the denomination of gambusinos is included a host of vagabond miners, practical metallurgists, who seem endowed with a marvellous instinct for the discovery of veins of gold, more abundant in the north than in any other part of the States. Without capital to carry on subterranean excavations, they are obliged to content themselves with skimming the surface. Their wonderful tact is assisted by certain general indications. The matrix of the mineral is almost always composed of quartz rocks, which in some spaces are scattered for leagues over the scorched soil in irregular projecting masses called *crestones*. The gambusino never travels without his *barreta*, a pointed iron bar. By the aid of this instrument he detaches portions of the rock, which he afterwards submits to the action of a violent fire, and continues or abandons his labour in accordance with the quantity of mineral they contain. Sometimes a fragment breaks off glittering with grains of gold; the solitary explorer then labours with redoubled energy, and forgets all his privations while following the vein, which he pursues until it penetrates too deeply into the earth. He then sells the mine to any one able to buy it, and, like the American squatter, removes without regret to a new field of labour. The same instinct leads the gambusinos to explore the rivers for gold dust; this is, if possible, a more dangerous and exciting occupation than the other. They follow the rivers and torrents to their sources in the mountains, meeting frequently in their adventurous journeys with the Indians, who are vigilant competitors in the same occupation, and kill the intruders without mercy. Sometimes, by diverting a stream, they discover a vein of metal which repays them for all their fatigues, sufferings, and privations; and on their return, laden with booty, whole families, excited by the promise of wealth, set out to brave the dangers of the wilderness in search of the El Dorado. In some instances the greatest discoveries are made when least expected, at times of such a nature as to rival the wonders of fairy tales. Enormous lumps of gold have been found in the dead ashes of the camp fire, or among the shapeless blocks of stone that strew the surface of the soil; some have been seen by casual adventurers of a dazzling brightness, a certain indication of mineral wealth. According to calculations, one-fourth part of the gold annually exported by Mexico is collected by the labours of the gambusinos.

The head-quarters of the gold-seekers are two villages, Bacuache and Nacoma, situated at opposite sides of the mountain-chain washed by the two branches of the river Uris. They are separated by an arid desert of many leagues in extent from other civilised communities, and the inhabitants of one village regard the others with mortal enmity, and take every opportunity to cut off parties or individuals whom they encounter while exploring the mountain. Desirous of making himself acquainted with the locality, which presents many interesting geological features, and with the people, the writer of the narrative about to be given set out with a guide to visit them. During the first day's journey, the latter held on his way seemingly unconscious of the presence of a companion; but at nightfall he reined up his horse, saying, as he seized the other's bridle, 'What can be better? Here we have water for ourselves, grass for our horses, plenty of wood, and, above all, in these blue-flowered lianas we have a sovereign remedy against serpent bites. Do you not admire,' he added, while unsaddling the horses, 'how Providence has always placed the remedy by the side of the danger? Wherever you see the lianas, it is a sign that rattlesnakes are in abundance. Do you see that bird yonder like a pheasant flying round and round above us, and that black one, about the size of a pigeon? They are the two most formidable enemies of the snakes, and they are endowed with an admirable instinct for their destruction. Their presence here proves what I said—that these places are infested with serpents.'

'Then why stop here?' inquired the traveller, whom we shall now leave to narrate his own tale.

'Because,' replied Anastasio the guide, 'we shall find the same inconvenience everywhere, without being certain of the same advantages.'

So saying, he threw the two heavy saddles on the ground, and spreading the sheepskins on one side, requested me to lie down while he prepared supper. After the meal, while stretched on my temporary bed with a saddle for a pillow, I asked my companion whether he had ever been to Bacuache. He smiled at what he considered the simplicity of the question, and replied that every one went at least once in his life.

'And were you not tempted to become a gold-seeker?' I inquired.

To which he rejoined in a melancholy tone, 'No; it is sometimes a horrible trade, and my apprenticeship to it disgusted me for ever.'

At my request Anastasio proceeded:—'I was scarcely fifteen years old—now I am thirty-five—when my father, who was an enterprising gambusino, heard of a valuable *plant* of gold, and took me and my two brothers to go and search it. The accounts given by my father's informant, who accompanied us, had so inflamed our imaginations, that we lost no time on the way. At the end of the sixth day we reached the last settlement on the borders of the desert, where we each contributed something towards paying for a mass before continuing our journey. The plant of which we were in quest was on the edge of a small stream, but before reaching it, we had to cross the hot sandy plains where not a drop of water was to be met with. One evening we were dying of thirst, with only a single gourd full of water left among five. So great was our suffering, that at last we began to fight for possession of the gourd. In the heat of the struggle a blow with a knife

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was struck, and my father fell stabbed by the hand of his friend. At the sight of the blood streaming from the wound, my elder brother inflicted summary vengeance upon the assailant. We gathered round our father, who, in the agony occasioned by his wound, begged vehemently for water. I rushed to the gourd, but, alas! all its contents had been lost by being upset in our quarrel! The night came on, during which our parent's intreaties for water, growing fainter and fainter, were the only sounds that disturbed the awful silence of the desert. We wandered about like madmen, without knowing what to do to comfort him: there was nothing around us but bare sand. At last my father's moanings ceased—he was dead! I wept by his side till the sun rose, when in the sand, reddened by the blood that had flowed from the wound, we saw the glitter of gold. But I need not tell you, senor, that not one of us would touch it. We consulted together: he who could have guided us to the plant was dead, and we were compelled to retrace our steps, after burying the dead body of our father, but leaving the other to bleach upon the sand. That is the reason why I have disliked the trade of gold-seeker ever since.'

'And what became of your brothers?' I asked, as Anastasio came to a pause.

'The eldest, like myself, determined not to be a gambusino; but Pedro, the next to me, kept on; I daresay we shall find him at Bacuache.'

After two days of further travel we reached the savage valley in which Bacuache is situated; small parties of men, reckless and brutal in appearance, were washing gold in the beds of the rapid streams that ran down the mountain. To Anastasio's inquiry for his brother, they replied by pointing to a torrent on the opposite side of the valley. We rode to the place indicated, where, on climbing the slope, we found a man up to his waist in the stream, busily engaged in constructing a dam, by piling stones one on the other. It was Pedro. A cordial, and even solemn recognition took place between the brothers, who had not seen each other for some years. Pedro invited us to take up our quarters in his hut, informing us at the same time that we ran considerable risk, as the gambusinos of Nacoma were at open war with those of Bacuache. I alighted, and seated myself on the bank of the torrent, as the gold-seeker still continued to work at the dam, and questioned him as to the cause of his wish to divert the stream.

'Senor,' replied Pedro, 'from the fall that you see up yonder to this place, there is not a pebble or grain of sand in the brook that has not been through my hands: the result is beyond my hopes, and that is why I began the dam, now almost finished.' This answer left me as far as ever from the object of my inquiry; and Pedro continued, at the same time taking a lump of gold about the size of a nut, with the edges sharp and unworn, from a leathern bag concealed beneath his shirt: 'Listen,' he said: 'what would you think of the plant you were searching, if you found such a specimen as this?'

'That the vein was not far off,' I rejoined; 'since there has not been time for the lump to become worn by friction.'

'True,' was the reply; 'and the slope about here is the place where it came from.'

'But are you not afraid of being attacked by those who may envy you your good fortune?'

'I am prepared for it,' answered the gambusino; 'but do not fear it. From my infancy I have been accustomed to the dangers of my profession. I have learned prudence as well as daring, and hid away in safety a considerable part of my booty. In case of misfortune, I shall reveal the hidingplace to my brother Anastasio. Do not think, senor, that it is cupidity that urges me on, in thus risking my life so frequently in our scorching deserts: I only obey an invincible instinct. I am like the torrent destined to carry down and scatter gold in the plains.'

While speaking, the gambusino had kept on working at the dam, and the bed of the stream was now nearly dry. Believing himself near the source of the gold, he plunged his two hands into the soft soil, and brought up a quantity of clayey gravel, which he washed carefully in a large wooden bowl provided for the purpose. No signs of gold were visible, until, after repeated trials, a few minute grains glistened in the sediment. These the gold-seeker collected, placing them in a small piece of reed, and stopping the ends with wax. He then went twenty paces lower down the stream, where the first handfuls of soil contained several lumps of gold. Here was an indication that the vein lay somewhere between the two places where the earth had been taken up for washing. Sure of the locality, the gambusino seized his pike and drove it vigorously into the bank, where it struck against a rock. After repeated blows, a piece of the hard stone was knocked off, which he examined with a perfectly immovable countenance. At last, placing a finger upon his lip, as though to recommend me to silence, he put on an appearance of disappointment, while depositing the fragment of quartz in one of the pockets of his vest; he then kicked down the stones of which the dam was constructed, the water again leaped along in its original course, and hid all traces of his labours.

With the same disappointed air he then invited me to follow him to his cabin, whither Anastasio had already preceded us. No sooner, however, had we entered and closed the door, than Pedro immediately changed his demeanour, which had been assumed to deceive any lurking spies without, and cried joyfully, as he tossed the piece of stone to his brother, 'You were right, Anastasio; the past has done nothing for me yet, but what ought to be the future of the owner of a vein like that! Still more gold,' he added with enthusiasm, 'which will see the light, and pass from hand to hand.'

After Anastasio had expressed his admiration and astonishment at the beauty of the specimen, delicately lined in every direction with threads of gold, the labours of the eventful day ceased, and we all retired to rest. I had been asleep for some hours, when a sudden glare of light and a confused shouting awoke me. I started up. On the opposite side of the valley a tall pine-tree was wrapped in flames, from the trunk below to the topmost branches. A number of men were running wildly about in the light of the raging fire, shouting, 'Nacoma, Nacoma!' Anastasio and Pedro were already armed, and prepared to join in repelling what was supposed to be an attack of the people from the village on the opposite side of the mountain. My guide took the opportunity to represent to his brother the dangers of the perilous trade he had chosen, and to persuade him to abandon it. But shaking his head, Pedro replied with an emphatic 'Never!' and pointing to a dark corner of the hut, showed me his partner lying wounded on a low bed.

'To abandon him now,' he said, 'would be to kill him. A few days more will decide his fate. I count upon your generosity, senor: you will stay and protect him while we go on the scout. Should I not return, dig up the earth under that bed, and you will find the store of gold which I have collected on this plant. There is enough to give my poor associate Christian burial, and to be of good service to you in addition. It is a secret which I have never intrusted to any human being, but it would be a pity that it should not see the day and circulate.'

The gambusino turned to leave the hut with Anastasio, but checked himself, as he made a remark which revealed more of his singular character. 'In case you fear taking charge of such an inheritance, by reason of the attempts that might be made to deprive you of it, scatter it rather than leave it buried; for once out of the earth, gold is made for man's profit—such is the will of Providence.'

At these words the brothers left the hut with cutlasses in their hands. I sat for some time musing on my strange position, and listening for the sounds of strife, which I doubted not would soon disturb the silence. Pedro and my guide, however, were not long absent. The alarm was a false one. The fire, now scarcely perceptible, had been kindled by a poor maniac, in triumph over the death of two of the gold-seekers, who, he fancied, had waylaid and murdered his only son. At the end of six days I left Bacuache with Anastasio, glad to quit a

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district where no law was respected but that of the strongest. Some time afterwards, I heard that Pedro, faithful to his vocation, and the extraordinary impulses by which he was actuated, had sold the rich vein at whose discovery I was present, and betaken himself once more to the perilous occupation of gold-seeking—scaling the rugged heights, and penetrating deeper into the savage ravines of the range, with a perseverance and energy that were to cease only in one of the numerous fatalities incident to his adventurous profession. I was much impressed by the sincerity with which he regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence for the discovery of gold that would otherwise have remained hidden; and have preserved this record of my acquaintance with him as an extraordinary instance of apparently disinterested, though mistaken character, in a country where treachery and violence have long been the principal social elements.

A DAY IN THE SALT DISTRICTS.

'Are you for Northwich?' was my inquiry on leaving the train at the Chelford station of the North-Western Railway, addressed to the driver of an uncommonly smart omnibus, painted in vermilion and white, and horsed with a capital pair of animals, whose appearance was eloquent of good fare, good grooming, and a considerate whip. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; and jumping up, I was soon seated by his side, and on my way to the saliferous regions of the 'wiches,' as the Cheshire folk call them. An hour's ride through smiling fields, along a road whose borders glittered with wayside flowers of every kind and hue, now overhung with far-extending branches, now mounting up a gentle hill, and creeping across a green common, now descending, and threading the depths of a miniature forest, where rank vegetation marked the quiet course of a shallow, but silent river, brought us to Knutsford. This is an old-fashioned, but clean and wholesome-looking town, consisting of a few streets, a church, a large jail, and a factory or two. Changing horses at a tavern, a little in front of which was an angel on a great sign, employed in the unangelic office of squeezing two bunches of grapes, while further on up the street—which was full of inns and taverns—gleamed the more terrific representation of St George dealing summarily with one of the *Sauri*, we were again on our way to our destination. Three-quarters of an hour more brought us in sight of Northwich, whose hazy atmosphere, polluted by the smoke of a number of large chimneys, marks its position before it can be actually descried by the traveller. Approaching nearer, the tall shafts of the salt-mines, with their engine-houses of bright-red brick, at the upper part of which the half-beam of the labouring steam-engine may be seen in ceaseless motion, dragging up to the light of day the secret treasures of the earth, assure us that we have actually entered the salt district, the exploration of which was the special object of our visit. Dismounting from the florid vehicle, and unpocketing an introductory letter to a resident friend, I was soon put in the way of getting together all the information I was in quest of upon this important trade and manufacture. Being kindly received by the proprietor of one or two extensive mines of rock-salt, I was escorted by him to a very large and old salt-mine in full work, and taking a guide with me, I prepared to descend with him in a salt bucket. But before taking the reader down with us, a remark must be made upon the aspect and character of the salt regions.

If we ascend any elevation in this neighbourhood, commanding a prospect of any extent, it is impossible not to be struck with the level aspect of the land in every direction, interrupted, however, occasionally by a few insignificant hills, which are in some places isolated, while in others they form determinate lines dividing the country into sections. In the most southern of these salt is found almost exclusively, being confined to the valleys of the Weaver River and those of its tributary streams. This section of the Cheshire plain is remarkable for the disposition of its hills, which are so arranged as to form a basin of considerable extent at its inner borders, but narrowing as it approaches the sea. The river Weaver, at first an insignificant stream, but enlarged by subsequent additions, and by the hand of man, into a navigable current, has its course through the central portion of this basin. Standing in this position, and looking on so large a tract of land, whose level surface is only broken for some distance by woody knolls, it requires but a small effort of the imagination to carry back the mind to the time when curling waters occupied the space now adorned with woods, green pastures, and yellow cornfields, and enlivened by gentlemen's country-seats, and labourers' cottages, or nearer at hand by the busy, steaming, smoking town of Northwich itself.

The pit's mouth, however, is no place for a reverie, as every minute brings up great loads of rock-salt, which are seized by a couple of half-naked brawny men, and cast into carts, waiting to be filled. Nor, indeed, did I and my companion look very imaginative persons, as with rusty old hats, the manufacture of some long bygone period, and miners' jackets, all grimy with earth-stains, and other suitable apparel, we got into the bucket, and began to descend into the mine. Going down is a far more unpleasant sensation than that of ascending; and as by and by we got lower and lower, until we lost the daylight, and sank by jerks, which told us we were at the mercy of the panting iron giant above, down and down into the still, cold, and dark pit, a strange unearthly feeling crept over us, which was not altogether dissipated by the jerk of the bucket upon the solid floor at the bottom of the pit. We both jumped out, and trod with uncertain steps the dry rock-salt under our feet. All seemed impenetrable darkness, save for the twinkling of a few miners' candles here and there. My guide, more accustomed to the transition, was soon able to see as well as in daylight, but my eyes refused their office for at least ten minutes, after which most objects became tolerably visible, and were increasingly so to the end of my stay in these subterranean regions. As the period of my visit was in the middle of summer, and on a warm, sunny day, the impression as to temperature was that of cold. The air, however, was very dry, and as there was no perceptible current, the coldness was not disagreeable. Miners were busily engaged in all parts of the mine. Some were labouring with the 'pick,' detaching masses of rock-salt from the roof or sides of the galleries; others were loading trucks with the salt; and others were rushing at a great rate with the trucks to and from the mouth of the shaft. Vistas, lit up with here and there a candle, stretched away in every direction from this point, and conveyed a strong impression as to the extent of the mine, which was increased by the impossibility of assigning any bounds to it by the eye. As the guide preceded me, and lighted up the way by a feeble tallow candle, giving me another for my own course, it was easy to imagine that we were treading the pearly streets of some enchanter's hall, as at every step flashes of broken light gleamed from the floor or glanced from the sparry roof. The sight was indeed a curious one. At every twenty-five yards a great square pillar of glittering gems many yards in diameter upheld the roof, looking in the dim light of the abyss more like the work of giants than the results of the labours of men. Add to this the spectral appearance of men naked to the waist, hurrying to and fro, and the dancing lights on every side, and some conception of the singularity of the scene may be formed. After walking for some distance over an uneven, and oftentimes slippery pavement, we reached the extremity of one gallery. Here the guide proceeded to show the operation of blasting; and charging a drift-hole with mining powder, and calling out 'Fire!' as a signal to the

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rest of the miners, he fired the train, while I remained at a respectful distance. A muffled report followed, and re-echoed in a strange manner along the galleries, while a considerable mass of the mineral was torn up, and more was so loosened as to be removed without excessive toil by the pickaxe. It was easy to trace the extent of the loosened portion by striking it with an iron rod, when it gave forth a hollow sound, the unshaken rock sounding as firm as though it were stone, and being, indeed, almost as hard. Mounting up heaps of broken rock to the roof of the mine, a most curious appearance presented itself. On the dark yellow surface of the rock-salt thus seen in a horizontal section, it was easy to discover a large number of different figures marked out in white. These were quite distinct from the marks of the miners' tools, and a close inspection showed that they were really in-grain markings. The figures formed assume different characters: some approach the circular, others are many-sided, and others form different mathematical figures. It is very difficult to explain the origin of these appearances. They consist of masses of impure rock-salt, surrounded by a narrow boundary line of the purest white salt. Occasionally the cross sections of such markings are visible in the sides of the mine. The aspect of the salt in the mine is more that of smoky quartz than anything else. It is far from being that clear transparent substance which appears to be the general idea formed of it. Often it is mixed with clay, or it is coloured of a dark-yellow or brown, or coral red. Sometimes it is met with pure white, and as pellucid as the clearest glass, being, indeed, of a whiter lustre than most crystal; and the guide said that masses of this kind were generally found in the immediate vicinity of masses of gravel or rock. They are generally kept for visitors. Leading the way to a cask of the salt jewels, he presented me with two or three fine specimens, in which the cubical form of the salt-crystal was admirably illustrated, and which, I was told, would serve hereafter as weather-glasses, the least humidity in the air being indicated by their surfaces. Never was a subterranean cavern so perfectly dry as this: no stalactites hung from the roof, no pools lay on the floor; so much, in fact, is this the case, that the miners are often somewhat harassed by the *dust*, and the truckway in many parts of the mine looked not unlike a macadamised road on a dry summer day. The temperature of the mine ranges from 45 to 50 degrees, and is pretty constant between these points summer and winter alike. In the excessively sultry weather of some years, owing to imperfect ventilation, the men suffer from impure air, and become painfully drowsy; but at all other periods they have excellent health, and consider their occupation a most salubrious one. We now returned to the shaft, and were slowly drawn up; and being more at our ease now, the nature of the strata perforated became an interesting occupation for our minds while ascending. The shaft is about 300 feet deep. We reached the surface at length in safety, and removing our underground apparel, were refreshed with a good wash in fair water.

The geology of these mines may be shortly mentioned. There are two beds of rock-salt—an upper and an inferior. These beds are both horizontally placed on their different levels. For a long time the existence of a lower bed was unknown: it was at length discovered by some adventurous persons who determined to go deeper, and were rewarded with the discovery of this the greatest deposit of the two. In fact the existence of salt in this form at all was only discovered by accident in boring for a coal-mine a century and a-half ago. The lower bed being found on its discovery to be of superior quality, the working of the upper was immediately abandoned, and it has lain unworked ever since. It is a remarkable fact, that the middle portion of this inferior bed is more free from foreign ingredients than the upper or the lower portions of the same bed. The thickness is variable. Until lately, it had never been entirely perforated. The friend who accompanied me stated that this had now been done to the depth of seventy feet, and that below the bottom bed clay and salt were found in alternate layers, the thickness of which varied from three inches to seven feet. Ascending toward the surface, above the lower bed, a stratum of indurated clay occurs, tinged variously, and as hard as stone: it is about thirty or thirty-five feet thick. Then comes the upper bed of rock-salt: this is from sixty to ninety feet in thickness. Above it are layers of clay and marl tinged red, brown, and blue, to the thickness of 120 feet, covered with the vegetable soil composing the surface. These beds of salt lie in a direction from north-east to south-west; their length is doubtful, but has been conjectured at from a mile and a-half to two miles. The breadth is more satisfactorily ascertained, as mines have been sunk on each side just beyond its boundaries. From these data it is probable that the transverse breadth of the salt-beds is not more than from 1000 to 1400 yards. It has been observed by one well acquainted with the district of which he wrote, that these beds appear to thin off in a direction from the sea, being thicker at the ends next the sea. It is remarkable that, so far as our knowledge extends, no organic remains have been discovered in any of the strata covering them, or in the fossil salt itself. The hills in the vicinity are sandstone rock. One of these, at some distance, called Alderley Edge, a very romantic spot, and a great resort of pic-nic parties, is a very curious one, containing fragments of stones rounded by attrition, and pieces of various ores—of lead, copper, cobalt, &c. The rocks which furnished the clay of the alluvial soil must either be at a great distance, or have been swept away under the footsteps of advancing years. The mines are sixteen in number. The celebrated Marston mine is one of great extent and antiquity, extending for many acres under ground. This mine has occasionally, on the visits of great personages, been illuminated, when it is said to present a spectacle more dazzling to the eye, and more attractive to the imagination, than can easily be conceived. A very strange occurrence took place in one of these mines, which is worth recording. The floor in a particular portion of it had long been suspected to be hollow, from the sound emitted when it was struck. Some persons at length determined to perforate it, and with a chisel and hammer they soon effected their object, when up burst through the hole a jet of *inflammable gas*, which took fire, and streamed up in a gigantic flame to the roof of the mine, full sixteen feet. The visitors were of course greatly alarmed, and made precipitate efforts to extinguish the blaze: this was at length effected, and the hole has been carefully stopped up ever since. It is singular that in America a similar occurrence took place in boring for salt; and it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for the production of this gas in such positions.

The total export of rock-salt is about from 60,000 to 70,000 tons a year; but if in full work, each mine is capable of affording a supply of 10,000 tons yearly; and the mass is so large, that this quantity might be mined for many years without materially diminishing the amount. Rock-salt is almost exclusively exported, a very small portion being retained for home use. The great mass is composed of pure crystals of common salt, or chloride of sodium, with clay, oxide of iron, traces of sulphate of lime, and magnesia. In a thousand parts, about fourteen would be different impurities. Sometimes a spring bursts into one of the pits, and its certain destruction is the consequence: the water dissolves away the pillars, the roof loses its support, and falls in, and the superincumbent soil follows, leaving a great hollow on the surface. Within sight of the mine from which we had just emerged was the scene of such a catastrophe; the deep gulf and crumbling walls of what had been an engine-house, with the manifest desolation of the spot, were the sad indications of a calamity which had involved some loss of life and a large loss of property.

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Although very often confounded, a salt-mine and a salt-work are two entirely separate and distinct things. Having seen salt supplied by the hand of nature, I felt desirous of witnessing the preparation of the same article by the art of man. Our route lay across the river Weaver, the passage of which is effected by a curious serpentine embankment, terminating at the foot of the mound on which the works, together with a number of others, were situated. On entering, we were conducted to the evaporating-house. This is a room of 100 feet in breadth, but upwards of 2000 feet in length, so that the men working at the farthest end look quite diminutive when seen from the door. It is covered by a wooden roof, contrived in a peculiar manner to facilitate the escape of the steam from the salt-pans. The appearance it presents, with its clouds of white vapour and multitudes of half-clad men stirring and shovelling about the boiling brine, can scarcely be conceived. The heat of the house is excessive, though the abundant moisture of the air prevents its becoming annoying. The salt-pans are shallow vessels of iron, 80 feet in length, 20 in breadth, and about a foot and a-half in depth, thus exposing an enormous evaporating surface. The reader may form his ideas as to the size of the shed, by being informed that it contained seventeen of these spacious caldrons, each separated from the other by an interval of three or four feet, which formed the pathway for the removal of the salt. The pans are fed by pipes connected with the brine-reservoir, the supply being regulated by the amount of evaporation. The heat is supplied by four or five furnaces, the fires of which play under each pan, while all the many flues from this vast house terminate in a couple of tall chimneys at the side. On looking into the pans, they are seen to be in many instances partly filled with a white granular substance lying at the bottom, while a film of the same is continually forming at the top, and sinking downwards. Many of the pans, again, are seen to be bubbling and boiling with considerable vehemence, whilst in others the process goes on slowly. It is by this means that the various descriptions of salt are manufactured. The finest or lump salt is prepared by very quick boiling, and the pans are frequently raked about; it is then taken up in a shovel, and poured into wooden troughs perforated at the bottom, out of which the brine runs; when sufficiently dry, the salt is carried into the stoving-room to be stoved, after which it is fit for sale. Common salt is procured by a slower process of boiling: after the first set-off, when it is heated to the boiling-point of brine (225 degrees Fahrenheit), in order to precipitate some of its impurities—such as carbonate of lime and oxide of iron, which adhere with surprising tenacity to the bottom of the vessels, requiring even to be removed occasionally with the pickaxe—it is cast up in heaps by the side of the pans, and is 'drawn' every other day. Fishery salt is made in a slower manner still, the brine being only heated to 100 degrees Fahrenheit; but it is the strongest salt of all. A curious variety is called 'Sunday Salt;' it is large-grained, well-crystallised, and is formed by slackening the fires between Saturday and Monday. The men amuse themselves occasionally by making little ships of twigs, and immersing them in these solutions, and they soon become incrusted with the most brilliant white crystals. Thus the whole secret of the manufacture of these very different-looking varieties depends on the temperature at which the brine is evaporated.

By the side of this immense shed is a second, and beyond it a third, each containing a large number of pans, some of which were in full work, while others were unused. The stove-room between them is heated by the flues of the various furnaces; the floor of this room is covered with sheet-iron. At another portion of the building was the store-room, in which the salt is stored previous to shipment. It was calculated that this room would hold at least 10,000 tons of salt. The average production of these works alone is about 1000 tons a week, or upwards of 50,000 tons annually; an amount nearly equal to that of the whole sixteen rock-salt mines. The brine-spring, the ever-flowing source of this enormous amount of salt, is fortunately situated at a distant part of the works, and is drawn by a couple of pumps driven by a steam-engine. The brine is by this means pumped up into the reservoir, which is of considerable dimensions, formed of clay, and lined with bricks. It is as nearly as possible a saturated solution of salt; a crystal of salt not being dissolved by it when placed in the liquid, and an egg, which is the simple hydrometer in common use, lying high and dry upon its surface. It is conveyed hence by pipes to different parts of the works, the flow being regulated by a proper mechanical contrivance. It has been estimated that every pint contains about six ounces of salt. There is generally a small proportion of saline and earthy impurities present in it, but by proper care in the manufacture, these can be almost perfectly removed. There is nothing mysterious in these springs. They are formed, without doubt, simply by springs of water, originally fresh, permeating a vast bed of rock-salt, thus becoming saturated, and then rising to within a certain distance from the surface. Brine-springs have been wrought in these districts for a great length of time; they are mentioned in Doomsday-Book; and old Camden says that there was a sort of brine-well in this neighbourhood, with a stair about it, down which half-naked men went to draw the brine in leathern buckets, and then carried it to the wich-houses.

One of the most curious circumstances elicited by my visit remains to be mentioned. My road back led me by the side of other salt-works, and surprise was created by the number of chimneys which were grievously out of the perpendicular. One very large one was actually held up by a long chain, and raked as much as the spars of any fast-sailing clipper ever built. The ground, too, in various places had given way, and the road passed close by a land-slip of some size. The scene bore a faint resemblance to a territory shaken by an earthquake. Following up the inquiry, it was found that the embankment we had crossed was continually and steadily sinking; that a lake of some acres of surface had appeared only within a space of thirty or forty years; that under its waters were the sites of former salt-works; and a stump of a log was pointed out to us as the only relic of a cottage which was now buried in the waters: all these were evidences of a gradual subsidence of land of a very singular kind. An intelligent inhabitant assured us that a once favourite summer's walk of his lay through a deep part of what was now a lake. He stated also that many salt-works near this spot had been obliged to be removed to a distance, while those which were formerly far from the water became washed by it; and the water continuing (apparently) to rise, they were repeatedly compelled to raise their furnaces; and he doubted not that in three or four years they would be compelled to remove altogether. As far as could be ascertained, the rate of subsidence was about one foot in each year, or rather more. The inhabitants of the town are well aware of the fact, but the sinking goes on so slowly, as to give them no alarm. Many of the houses are screwed and bolted together to keep them secure. There is no doubt that this interesting, though destructive phenomenon is entirely due to the brine-springs; the immense quantity of salt annually removed by the water leaves a space which is filled by the subsidence of the superincumbent soil, and this sinking below the river's level, is immediately covered with water on the surface. If these salt-works continue to be prosecuted with their present vigour, the time will come when the busy Northwich will have found a grave beneath the waters of the Weaver; but this time will not be seen by the present, nor probably by the next generation. The entire produce of the Cheshire salt district is estimated at 400,000 tons a year, or four-fifths of the entire pro-

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duce of Great Britain. An equally pleasant ride back, and a rapid hour's whirl at the tail of the iron horse, terminated our day in the salt districts by conveying us home.

ROBESPIERRE.

MONSTER as Robespierre is stamped in the judgment of mankind, there can be no good reason why his life should not be written. It has been undertaken by Mr G. H. Lewes,* and executed with spirit and fidelity, but within limits which we suspect will be generally felt as too narrow for the subject. It appears that Robespierre was probably descended from an Irish immigrant of the sixteenth century: Mr Lewes conjectures that he may have been a person named Robert Spiers. Prince Charles Stuart planted a freemason lodge at Arras in 1744, and 'confided the presidency of it to his old friend, Robespierre's father.' Of the early days of our hero no anecdotes have been preserved. It is made plain, however, that he was distinguished at school, and was looked upon at Arras as a young man of talent, both in the exercise of his profession as a barrister, and in the cultivation of literature. The philosophical ideas of Rousseau—the original equality of all mankind, the foundation of society in a contract made by all for the good of all, and the sole foundation of property being the expenditure of labour upon it—these formed the favourite dogmas of Robespierre, and were at the bottom of much of his political conduct. Mr Lewes remarks pertinently on one of them:—'This contract is altogether illusory: no one's consent was ever asked or given. . . . The time will come when society will be a contract—when government will be made by all for the good of all; but Rousseau should have placed his ideal in the future instead of in the past.' Robespierre also participated in the religious ideas of Rousseau, which were at once heterodox and intolerant. This is a curious and unexpected feature in the great Terrorist. He was at every period of his career distinguished from the bulk of his fellows by a sincere and earnest theism; and this, indeed, was partly the cause of his ruin.

Mr Lewes takes, we think, in the main, the right view of the character of Robespierre. He was not naturally a sanguinary man (he resigned his situation as judge in the criminal court at Arras, from disgust at having to condemn a murderer to death)—he was only a fanatic, who, having once set out in the advocacy of an idea which he thought of consummate importance to the whole public, scrupled at no minor immediate sacrifices for its realisation, though these might infer much bloodshed. One of the most remarkable acts of his early obscure days, was to take up the cause of certain peasants against the injustice of the bishop-ruler of the town, notwithstanding that the bishop had been his own patron. In this sacrifice of his own feelings, and incurring a possible stigma for the sake of a principle, we see, Mr Lewes thinks, the germ of a fanatic. Robespierre had tolerably clear perceptions of right and justice; his deficiency lay in those affections which soften the hard affairs of human life.

In the States-General and Constituent Assembly he was at first, as is generally known, overlooked as an insignificant person, his mean spare figure, pinched countenance, and reserved manner, being of course much against him. By industry in cultivating his oratorical talents, and by a rigid adherence to his own idea of the public good, he gradually acquired importance. One observes, nevertheless, on a careful examination of the history of the Revolution, that Robespierre was wanting on almost all the signal occasions. The secret of this was his timidity. Strange to say, the man who floated upon the top of revolutionary violence for so considerable a time, was a coward! He only could make an appearance when, through the operations of others, things had become decided in a particular course. The glory of Robespierre is that which is essential to all fanaticism—his disinterestedness and incorruptibility. He lived in the garret room of an obscure carpenter, giving out of his salary of eighteen francs a day as a representative one-fourth to his sister, another to his mistress, and living frugally on the remainder, sometimes positively at a loss for decent clothes. His ultimate scheme of life was to marry one of the carpenter's daughters, and retire to live obscurely in the country. But Mr Lewes justly remarks that money is not the only corruption that avails with public men. 'The voluptuous soul of Mirabeau was not more *avide* of pleasure than the vain ambitious soul of Robespierre was of applause. . . . I accuse him of having flattered the mob, which flattered him; of having shaped his convictions so as to gain the applause of men whom he should have ruled and enlightened. . . . I accuse him of having uttered language which in his heart he knew was false, and that at a time when such language was translated into bloody acts.' Here we are not quite sure that Mr Lewes is right. Vanity, doubtless, had great sway with Robespierre; but any specimens of his oratory given in this work express only such sentiments regarding the people as might be presumed to flow from the man's convictions, as these are represented to us by Mr Lewes himself. We suspect that the fanaticism accounts for all, or nearly all.

The British public is, we believe, little acquainted with the oratory of Robespierre. It seems to us as in general very far above mediocrity. In connection with the above remarks, we may adduce a specimen in which he says no more in favour of the people than may fairly be supposed to have been sincere:—'The mass of the nation,' said he, 'is good, and worthy of liberty; its real wish is always the wish of justice, and the expression of general interest. A particular corporation may be corrupted, however imposing the name which decorated it, as you may poison stagnant water; but you cannot corrupt the whole nation, for the same reason that you cannot poison the ocean. The people, that immense and laborious class—the people, I say, are not open to those causes of depravation which affect the so-called superior classes. The interest of the weak is justice. It is for them that humane and impartial laws are a necessary safeguard. The people know neither idleness nor ambition, which are the two most fruitful sources of our evils and our vices. The people are nearer to nature, and less depraved, precisely because they have not received that false education which, under despotic governments, is a perpetual lesson of falsehood, of baseness, and of servitude. Compare courtiers with artisans, who in this respect are found at the two extremes of the scale. Witness our whole Revolution, every epoch of which is marked by the courage, by the disinterestedness, by the moderation, and by the generosity of the people; and by the cowardice, by the treachery, by the perjury, and by the venality of those who would raise themselves above them. Vile egotists and infamous conspirators feign to believe nothing of the kind. They obstinately continue to calumniate the people, and to degrade them. Not content with having enriched themselves by their spoils, they look upon that day as a fortunate one in which they may bathe themselves in the blood of the people. They assemble the satellites of foreign tyrants against the people; they render divine honours to assassins; they have on their side power, treasures, force, arms; the people has only its misery and celestial justice! It is this great cause we have to plead before the face of the universe!'

As to his dispositions at a cool moment with regard to the shedding of blood—'The news,' said he, 'having been brought to Athens that some citizens at Argos had been doomed to death, the people ran to the temple, and prayed to the gods to turn aside the

* The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. Lewes, author of 'Ranthorpe,' the 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

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Argives from such cruel and fatal thoughts. I am about to pray, not the gods, but the legislators, who should be interpreters of those eternal laws which the Deity has implanted in the human heart, to efface from the code of the French those laws of blood which command *judicial murders*; and which our feelings and the new constitution alike repel. I will prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust; secondly, that it has no tendency to repress crimes; and thirdly, that it multiplies offences much more than it diminishes them. Before society is formed, and law established, if I am attacked by an assassin or a robber, I must kill him, or be killed myself; but in civilised society, when the power of all is concentrated against one alone, what principle, either of justice or necessity, can authorise the punishment of death? The conqueror who kills his prisoner in cold blood is justly stigmatised as a barbarian. A grown man, who murders a child whom he can disarm and punish, appears a monster. An accused person whom the law has condemned, is neither more nor less than a vanquished and powerless enemy. He is more at your mercy than a child before a grown man. In the eyes of justice and mercy, therefore, these death-scenes, which are got up with so much solemnity, *are nothing less than base assassinations*; solemn crimes committed not by individuals, but by entire nations, and of which every individual must bear the responsibility. The punishment of death is necessary, say the partisans of ancient barbarity. Without it there can be no adequate security against crime. Who tells you so? Have you really estimated the springs which move the human heart? Learn to how many things does the catalogue of human woes tell you that death is a relief. The love of life yields to pride, the most injurious of all passions which destroy the heart. It is often sought after as a cessation from pain by the lover, the bankrupt, and the drunkard. The punishment, which is really overwhelming, is opprobrium—the general expression of public execration. No one seeks *it* as a refuge from the ills of life. When the legislator can strike the guilty in so many ways, merciful, yet terrible, bloodless, yet efficacious, why should he ever recur to the hazard of a public execution? The legislator who prefers death to the milder chastisements within his power, outrages every feeling, and brutalises the minds of the people. Such a legislator resembles the cruel preceptor who, by the frequent use of punishment, degrades and hardens the mind of his pupil. Listen to the voice of justice and of reason. It tells us that human judgments are never certain enough for society to condemn a man to death; those who condemn him being men, and subject to error. If you had imagined the most perfect judicial procedure, if you had found judges the most honest and the most enlightened, there would still always remain some place for error. Wherefore will you, then, interdict all means of repairing your error? Of what use are sterile regrets, illusory reparations, which you accord to a vain shadow, to the insensible remains of your victim? They are the sad witnesses of the barbarous temerity of your penal laws. To take away from man the possibility of his expiating his misdeed by his repentance, or by acts of virtue, is pitilessly to close against him all return to virtue, to his self-esteem; and to hasten him to the tomb, covered with the stain of his recent crime, which is in my eyes the most horrible refinement of cruelty.'

It is the mark of weak writers and ordinary thinkers to take but one self-consistent view of any human character. Human nature is in reality remarkable for nothing so much as its inconsistencies. Men change with circumstances, and even independently of them. It ought not, therefore, to be exceedingly surprising to find that this man, who acquired by public acts the reputation of an inhuman monster, was beloved in the family where he lodged, and by many other persons, and that nearly the whole strain of his conduct as a politician could be interpreted into a kind of philanthropy prosecuted under difficulties. Mr Lewes tells a whimsical anecdote, which may help in its own way to illustrate the character of the man.

'There is now living,' says our author, 'in Paris, a certain M. Legrand, who boasts of his acquaintance with Robespierre, whom he regards as "the best abused man" of his acquaintance. To him Robespierre was a "very amiable man in society." He only thinks of him in that light. The Reign of Terror is a sort of nightmare—he no longer thinks of it. The "incorruptible" to him is no fierce demagogue hounding on the passions of an excited nation—no vain pedagogue, striving by words of reason to calm those passions—but a pleasant, amiable, gentlemanly fellow enough, whom he delights to remember. There is one story he always tells; and I regret that I must spoil it in the telling, wherein so much depends upon the gesture, and the quiet senile tone of voice; but such as it is, it will, I think, amuse the reader:—"Je me rappelle qu'une fois étant chez la famille Lebas .... où il allait très souvent .... j'entends du bruit sur l'escalier. 'Tiens!' me suis-je écrié. 'Je parie que c'est ce farceur de Robespierre .... car il était très gai .... en société (this epithet of *farceur* is very piquant!) Effectivement c'était lui. Il entre dans le salon .... je m'approche de lui, et je lui dis: 'Citoyen tu sais .... ou tu dois savoir .... que M. Legrand, un parent à moi—eh bien! il est *condamné*, et demain matin .... (here a very significant gesture imitative of the guillotine completes the sentence) .... Un homme, citoyen, dont l'innocence m'est prouvé! dont je réponds comme de moi-même! .... Et la vie d'un innocent, citoyen, c'est quelquechose—quoi!' Alors il me répond: 'Voyons, voyons, votre affaire' .... (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre!) Je lui conta la chose; alors il me demande: 'A quelle heure ton ami doit-il mourir?' .... (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre.) .... 'Citoyen,' que je lui réponds, 'c'est à neuf heures précises!'—'A neuf heures! c'est facheux! car tu sais que je travaille tard; ainsi comme je me couche tard, je me lève tard. Je crains que je ne serais pas levé en tempe de sauver votre ami .... mais nous verrons, nous verrons!' .... (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre.) After a short pause, he continues: 'Il parait .... que M. de Robespierre avait *beaucoup* travaillé cette nuit: car mon pauvre ami!' .... (Here again the guillotining gesture.) 'C'est égal! Je suis sur que s'il n'avait pas tant travaillé, il aurait sauvé mon pauvre ami .... car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre.'"

It is interesting and satisfactory to observe the progress of truth in even such a case as that of Robespierre. The exigency which drove into sanguinary measures a man who naturally started at the very idea of judicial death, also caused his character to be regarded by his fellow-creatures as something beyond nature. By and by, terror and rage cool down, and our sense of the naturalness of all things is pleased to find that Robespierre was, after all, nothing more or less than a man.

TWO AFFAIRS OF HONOUR.

The duel is by far the most curious relic of barbarism that has come down to modern times. In the dark ages it was simply the law of the strong, afterwards modified and harmonised by the forms and pageants of chivalry. But so far from passing away with other mediæval customs, in the first eighteen years of the reign of the 'good Henri Quatre' the lives of 4000 gentlemen of France were sacrificed to the Moloch which men fantastically called Honour; and in the time of Louis XIII., we are told by Lord Herbert that at Paris the question asked by acquaintances in the morning was not, 'What is the news?' but, 'Who fought yesterday?'

Now that this hideous absurdity seems, in England at least, to be passing fairly out of fashion, one is surprised to think how men, in any tolerably enlightened age, could have been such fools or cowards as to submit

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to a law so tyrannical and irrational. It is easy to conceive that a bully, confident in his brute nerves, dexterous aim, or practised swordsmanship, might desire to employ these advantages in revenging himself upon his enemy; but the odd thing is, that the enemy, possessing perhaps neither nerve, dexterity, nor practice, should have felt himself compelled, in defiance both of the law and the Gospel, to 'go out' at the command of the other, and allow himself to be slaughtered like a calf! We all remember the story of 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' when he determined to be 'chose' a member of Brooks's, and the nervous shrinking and prevarication of admirals, generals, lords, and commoners, when the bully marched into the club-room, and inquired of each in turn who it was that had blackballed him? 'Is it you, sur, who has been after blackballing an Irish jontleman —a jontleman both by father and mother—and a jontleman—(a general laugh)—a jontleman, I say (in a voice of thunder), *who never missed his man?*' Not one would own the grave offence; and Fitzgerald, calling for a bottle of champagne, sat coolly down to enjoy himself, remarking that 'he knew he was chose—that he was sure the blackballing was all a mistake!'

But now that men have at length thrown off the bondage of bullyism, or at least are in the act of doing so, we cannot shut our eyes upon the fact, that there is one class of the community which will suffer by the change: this is the class of dramatic authors. To say nothing of the duel itself being a stock incident in the modern comedy, the laws of 'honour' are among the principal moral agents of the piece. The revolution in manners, therefore, now in progress, will here be productive of some embarrassment, and in conjunction with the melancholy deprivation of highwaymen, and by and by of Scotch marriages, will perhaps eventually drive the dramatists into a new field. If these gentlemen, however, read as industriously as they write, there would be no occasion to despair for some time to come, at least in the case of the melodrama. They would learn that their Terrific Combats have grown nauseous, not from repetition of the fact, but of the manner; and they would discover in the duelling customs of foreign countries enough of novelty to enable them to make the hair of their audience stand on end for years to come. To prove this, we shall now present them with a recital of two affairs of honour, one occurring in Africa, and the other in Asia; and we choose these examples the rather that most writers on the duel deny the existence of the practice in Eastern countries.

Our first scene is laid in Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, lying between the deserts of Dongola and Darfur, and stretching away southwards into the *terra incognita* of the continent. The Dongolavi are the wealthiest tribe in the country, and are distinguished from the other inhabitants by wearing long shirts with wide sleeves, and a small white cap, with a shawl of the same colour wrapped round it in the manner of a Turkish turban. The married women are swathed in the folds of an ample cotton cloth, the end of which hangs gracefully over one shoulder; their eyelids are adorned with powdered antimony, and their noses, fingers, wrists, and ankles, with rings of copper or silver; and their woolly hair is arranged, with infinite labour, in hundreds of small curls, which they are so afraid of disarranging, that they frequently sleep on a couch with a hollow to admit the coiffure.

These Dongolavi belles, it may be supposed, are objects of considerable interest to the men; although this does not prevent them from being employed in the drudgery of servants, such as plaiting straw-mats, making wicker-baskets, so closely interlaced, as to be used for milk vessels, and even tanning leather, while the lords of the creation look gravely on smoking their pipes. But when the labours of the day are ended, then come the compensations of the women. The sound of the tarabaka, a drum beaten by the hand, calls the inhabitants to a blazing fire, lighted here and there before the houses; where the men, with their glittering wives, sit down in a circle, and all begin to sing in chorus. Presently there bounds into the circle an unmarried girl, who performs a dance to the measure of the tune, marked by the beating of hands. At this moment all her labours are forgotten. She is constitutionally merry and thoughtless, but now she is wild with delight; and although her hard work had probably lasted without intermission from early morning, all symptoms of weariness disappear, and in the course of the dance she performs feats of muscular strength, though moving her feet but little, such as in England we only see on the stage. The movements are at first slow, but increase gradually in rapidity, till, as an eye-witness remarks, you can hardly persuade yourself that you are actually looking on a human being, and not on a thing of springs and wires. When she has danced herself out, she retires, and another takes her place; and so on till the whole girlhood of the party is satisfied, which rarely takes place before midnight.

When one of these dancers has particularly distinguished herself, she is called back by the spectators, as is the fashion in Europe, to receive their plaudits; and here, as a special honour, she is made to stand forth, while a sword is flourished over her head. This ceremony is performed by her admirer; but alas! it sometimes happens in Kordofan, as elsewhere, that she has more than one; and thus are introduced into the happy party jealousies and heartburnings, to be followed on the morrow by blows and blood. Let us suppose that a quarrel has occurred. Let us raise our curtain upon the fateful morning which is to determine it. Let us see whether there is not something novel as well as striking (without a pun) in the settlement of an African affair of honour.

The season is the beginning of spring, and the place one of the islands of the desert which form the country of Kordofan. The first shower has fallen; and nature, burnt up for months before to a cinder, has assumed, as if by magic, her livery of verdure and flowers. The grass rises to such a height, that in the fields people are aware of the approach of a passenger more by sound than sight. Creeping plants wind up the loftiest trees, and fling their gay streamers in triumph from the summit. Innumerable birds flutter through the groves, and fill the air with melody; butterflies and other insects vie with them in variety and gorgeousness of hue; and plants equally countless, and as brilliant, breathe forth so powerful a perfume, that the traveller of the desert is aware of his nearing the oasis before it comes in view, and feels a sort of intoxication steal over his senses as he seems to inhale

'Sabean odours from the spicy shore.'

On the present occasion the village is pouring forth its crowd to a common centre at some little distance; and while an astonished ostrich is seen here and there spurring off, 'like a horseman that travels in haste,' the antelopes and giraffes browsing in the plain wait for a moment to gaze on the cavalcade before bounding out of its way.

The first arrivals are chiefly women, blazing in all the finery of rings, bracelets, and anklets; and adorned, besides, with strings of beads of Bohemian glass round their heads and necks, and with small round plates of gold depending upon their foreheads. Then come the men, armed with sword and dagger, the sheaths sometimes ornamented with agates, and the handles of massive silver. On their back is a large oval shield, and in a leathern quiver hanging from their shoulders a supply of spears or javelins. Some slaves carry an *angareb*, used both as a bedstead and sofa, and covered with beautifully-variegated matting. This is set down among the trees, in a place affording sufficient shade, and yet spacious enough to hold the company. Among this company there is one young girl who seems to assume some airs of mingled modesty and importance. She is the distinguished dancer of the evening before, and is now the object of unusual attention, having been

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raised by love and genius from domestic into public life. Among the men are the two duellists, as yet unarmed, and wholly uncovered, except by a cloth round the loins. Their dark skins, laboriously polished with various oils, shine like patent leather; and a novice in the spectacle that is to ensue would shrink at the idea that this beautiful surface is presently to be broken with wounds and dabbled with blood.

All is now ready. The duellists stand confronting each other, with only the narrow angoreb between them; and their weapons are put into their hands. What weapon? Pistol—spear—javelin? No: a whip! But it is no joke this whip, but a solid thong of the hide of the hippopotamus. Their friends endeavour for the last time to shake their resolution, to explain, and pacify: but all is in vain. How could it be otherwise when the lady of their love is standing by, when her reputation, as well as their own, hangs upon the issue, when her eyes are fixed upon their faces, and ready to detect the first symptom of a faltering heart? The young men are firm; and as the signal is at length given, one of them, who has the first fire, discharges his terrible whip upon the naked back of the other, with a force which makes the blood spout, and tears off the skin in a ribbon. A shout of applause rises from the spectators, for the youth has borne the lash without shrinking; and in his turn he now whirls the thong round his head, and makes it descend upon his rival between the shoulders. The result is the same; and, warming in the glorious game, the floggers ply their whips fiercer and faster, neither of them making the slightest attempt to elude the blow, but, on the contrary, disposing their bodies so as to receive its full benefit—for that is the Dongolavian point of honour. And so goes on the combat of force and endurance, till the bodies of both are one mass of exposed flesh, fringed with long strips of skin, and the blood pouring down their limbs, and forming a pool round their feet. Not the slightest expression of pain has been uttered by either party: but at length the strength of one of them fails; he is faint with the loss of blood, and unable, through fatigue, to return blow for blow; and, with an effort of perhaps still more courage than he has yet exhibited, he throws down his whip. This terminates the duel; the two combatants shake hands; and the spectators rend the air with their plaudits, and crowd around to congratulate them on their reconciliation. The lacerated backs are washed with cold water; plentiful draughts of merissa (a kind of beer) are quaffed by the whole assembly, and the cavalcade return to the village—in time no doubt for the evening dance.

Such is a Dongolavi duel; and any one may see that it requires infinitely more true courage to go through with it creditably than the sword or pistol combats of Europe. If Fighting Fitzgerald, on refusing to leave the room at Brooks's, had been offered this alternative, he would have made very few steps from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and we have a strong suspicion that he would never have been seen again in that quarter of the town in his life. But independently of the picturesque of the affair, which we trust we have made manifest, we would impress upon the dramatists the great moral lesson of which it is the direct and natural vehicle. It was a magnificent idea to place whips in the hands of the boy-men who settle their disputes by means of single combat; and without putting the government to the expense even of a thong, to make them leave the field with well-scourged backs, that would be sore and stiff, we will warrant you, for a month to come.

We must now turn to our second tableau, a duel decided with swords, but in a field of battle, so original, and, literally, so unearthly, that we wonder how the idea could have entered into people's heads at all. The affair came off on the borders of Sinde and Beloochistan, where the two countries are at odds with each other which is which. A feud had raged there for some time between two considerable tribes, to the great effusion of blood and destruction of crops and flocks; and at length a khan, or chief, of the name of Buckree, addressed a letter to another called Fungus, proposing that the affair should be decided once for all by a personal encounter between them. Buckree, be it understood, was a Jack Ram, and Fungus a Bungoolzuddock—for these are the euphonious names of the two warring tribes to which the gentlemen severally belonged. Fungus accepted the cartel without hesitation, and a day and place were appointed.

In ordinary circumstances, the Beloochi women, who are somewhat of the plainest, are regarded by their lords as inferior animals, and are suffered unnoticed to get through the drudgery of the house as they think fit; but in any extraordinary exigence, such as a duel or a foray, they are taken into council, and their opinions listened to with singular respect. In fact it is only such exigencies that rouse the male sex at all, for at other times they do nothing but smoke, drink, sleep, and fatten. Accordingly, there was on the present occasion a great fluttering about the houses of the two chiefs of full petticoats and blue mantles, which, with trousers and kerchief, form the costume of the Beloochi fair. There were also the seyuds of the two families, holy men wearing green mantles and red beards, and acting as physicians and father confessors in one. With the assistance of these advisers the affair was arranged; and when the day came, the whole population of the country-side might have been seen crowding to a grove of tamarind-trees in the plains of Nowsharra. From all points of the compass the Beloochis came scudding along on their wild shelties, to which the rider presents a remarkable contrast. Small, meagre, and unkempt, but swift and hardy almost beyond belief, the horse looks unworthy of the large and muscular personage he bears, whose dark complexion, aquiline nose, large and expressive eyes, and long hair falling in bushy ringlets over his shoulders, appears to some to bespeak a Jewish origin. He wears an immense turban twisted round his head, and a short-waisted, tight-fitting body, and sleeves of white cloth, with a vast petticoat. This strange figure is armed to the teeth with sword, shield, matchlock, poniard, and other weapons, and loaded with belts, powder-flasks, ball-pouches, and numerous other military appendages, embroidered in coloured silk, and adorned with fringes and tassels. A numerous concourse of this kind must form a striking sight; but at present they are varied with groups of women in their out-of-door's mantle, covering them like a shroud from head to foot, and wayfaring seyuds and armed fakirs well mounted and equipped. The tamarind grove was already crowded with spectators, and the tom-tom or drum, cymbals, and guitar, were heard from the midst. A group of dancing-girls, the unfailing accompaniment of every spectacle in this part of the country, were close at hand, and numerous camels and horses picketted around filled up the picture.

The two combatants at length appeared, each with an escort of his clan; and besides being large and heavy men, appeared loaded with arms to an extent which threatened to impede their motions. But this is not the case, for there are no swordsmen in Asia more expert; and their weapons are so exquisitely keen, that a Beloochi will fling upon the air a leaf of tissue paper, and sever it in two before it reaches the ground. Such were the swords that were to decide the feud—but not on *terra firma!* Two lofty tamarind-trees that were within a slight distance of each other were selected, and a long thick rope was fastened to the upper branches of each, and the other end firmly knotted round the waists of the two combatants. They were then drawn up, each to his own tree, till their toes were four feet from the ground, and the ropes were then made fast. Thus they hung for a while, balancing their weight, adjusting their large shields, and trying their terrible swords upon the air, till the signal was given.

At that moment some assistants below, catching them by the feet, drew them back as far as they could

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reach, and then gave them an impetus forward. Onward flew the warriors towards each other, and a crash and a clang told of their meeting. But the collision was only instantaneous; for having struck, they finished their swing, and then returned, back to back, but struggling desperately to whirl round, that they might either strike or defend themselves. And so this truly Terrific Combat went on, encouraged by the beating of the drum, the clash of the cymbals, the screaming of the women, the shouts of the men; and the aërial pace of the warriors accelerated by the furious pulls and pushes of their anxious clan. Their great shields served for some time for a defence; but as their motions became more irregular, from their own maddening efforts and the enthusiasm of their friends, their bodies were more frequently exposed to the blows, till their white garments were at length dyed with blood, which rained down in showers upon the heads of those below. It seems scarcely credible, but this singular duel actually lasted *three hours;* and it was only terminated by one of the combatants being thrown within the guard of the other, and entirely disabling him by a thrust through his right arm.

This decided the victory, as was instantly acknowledged by all parties; the chiefs were lowered to the ground, and clasped each other as friends to their bloody bosoms; and the tom-tom, the cymbals, the guitar, the dancing-girls, the fakirs, the Beloochi women, and the Beloochi men, celebrated the result with a prolonged noise which rang through the tamarind grove, and startled the lonely flock-keepers at the most distant boundaries of the plains of Nowsharra.

And what more, oh concocters of the melodrama? Only this—for we do not relate a fiction, but a fact—that Buckree espoused a sister of Fungus, and that peace was restored in the two tribes. Down with the curtain!

ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.*

'The nobles and gentlemen of England, Ireland, and Scotland,' says Mr Burke in his preface to these anecdotes, 'have a capacity and chivalry of soul, and a daring spirit of adventure, which must make *some of them at least* heroes of marvellous transactions at every time, whether their course of life confines them to their stately mansions, and their unrivalled senate at home, or whether it leads them to foreign travel or to fields of war.' The qualifying words we have printed in italics cripple this peroration, but it is incurably lamed by what follows: 'and we submit that such is the case by the attestation of these volumes.' The volumes attest nothing more than what the rational reader would believe if the work had never seen the light at all, that in the aristocracy there are good and bad, mean and heroical, just as in other classes.

As a literary performance, we cannot say anything in praise of the work, and indeed the author seems rarely to have aimed at much more than a plain statement of facts. The exceptions are a few legends, in which preternatural machinery is introduced as originating real events; but in general the anecdote is given in a brief business-like manner, and frequently terminated in the style of a peerage, with the names, marriages, and deaths of the descendants. This adds in some cases to the value of the work, but does not render more readable a book of miscellaneous anecdotes, where the thread of interest is broken almost in every page, and where the readers of the Lounger's Commonplace Book and other similar collections will not find a great deal that is new and original.

With all these deductions, nevertheless, the book has its value, and may be dipped into from time to time with advantage, both by the genealogist and the mere seeker of amusement. To the latter of these readers we shall offer some favourable specimens of the sort of entertainment he may expect.

It is repeated by everybody that 'truth is stranger than fiction;' but on perusing some of these pages we are more struck by the fact, that there is a sternness about truth which makes fiction shrink and wither. Who does not remember the story of that damsel of low degree who was wooed and won by an obscure stranger, and who, on being taken home to her future dwelling, found it a palace? This palace was Burleigh, the magnificent mansion of the Cecils; the mysterious bridegroom was the late Marquis of Exeter; and the astonished girl was a farmer's daughter, afterwards the mother of the present marquis. Poets and novelists have revelled in this charming story, and dwelt with sympathetic delight upon the bewilderment of the lovely bride subsiding into true and lasting happiness. But this is fiction adorning fact—for, alas! the romance had a very different termination. 'Her ladyship, unaccustomed to the exalted sphere in which she moved, chilled by its formalities, and depressed in her own esteem, survived a few years only her extraordinary elevation, and sank into an early grave—a memorable example of the insufficiency of rank and fortune to secure happiness.'

In skimming the first volume, we are arrested next by an incident of a different kind, occurring in the life of Lady Catherine Thynne, who was married to an old gentleman, Sir Walter Long of Drayton. When the old husband was on his deathbed, he exacted a solemn pledge from his young wife that she would remain faithful to his memory; but her ladyship forgot her obligation, and gave her hand eventually to Sir Edward Young. When the marriage procession returned from the church, and the new bridegroom was leading his lady into the parlour, the portrait of old Sir Walter Long, which hung above the door, fell suddenly down upon the shoulder of the bride, and cracked itself against the floor! 'This,' says Aubrey, 'made her ladyship reflect upon her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes.' It was indeed a capital hit of posthumous jealousy.

Here is another promise better kept. Mr Hastings, the legitimate heir of the earldom of Huntingdon, while residing with the earl as his domestic chaplain, 'became enamoured of a pretty chambermaid called Betsy Warner, then living in the family, and to her he promised solemnly that she should be his wife, as soon as he got possession of the living of Great and Little Leke. In the ebbs and flows of human life, and its shifting concerns, early acquaintances are soon separated and forgotten. Thirty years had elapsed. Mr Hastings, meantime, had married and lost his wife, and gained a second living—that of Great and Little Leke. One day the venerable old pastor was surprised by the appearance of a strange postchaise-and-four driving rapidly up the avenue to the parsonage-house. An elderly gentlewoman alighted from it, and Miss Warner was ushered into his venerable presence. After an interval of surprise and recognition, she proceeded to tell him "that she had come to claim the fulfilment of his promise; that he had long since made the acquisition of fortune on which his obligation of performance depended; and that on her part she had never, by the slightest indiscretion, swerved from an engagement which she considered sacred from the first moment." The result was, that the reverend gentleman having duly satisfied himself by diligent inquiry concerning his betrothed's conduct and character, which was found to have been strictly correct, the bans were formally announced in the church by himself, and the parties married accordingly.' The old gentleman was not ambitious. He assumed the title of earl for a while; but disliking litigation, he gave himself no trouble about it, being loth, as he said himself, to make his wife Betsy Countess of Huntingdon.

Mr Burke tells in a few sentences the story of Lady Drogheda and Wycherly the dramatist, already familiar,

* B. J. Barnard Burke, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1849.

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we presume, to many of our readers. The Countess of Drogheda—a young, rich, and beautiful widow, eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—was one day, in the year 1679, in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge inquiring for the 'Plain Dealer.' The author happened to be present, and the bookseller good-naturedly presented him to her ladyship as the real Plain Dealer. This casual meeting led to an acquaintance, and soon after the poet and the countess were married. The poor lady died soon after her marriage, settling her whole property upon Wycherly; but the will was litigated, and the extravagance of the dramatist landed him in prison, where he lay for several years. When in his eightieth year, however, and just eleven days before his death, he married another young woman with a fortune of L.1500. A considerable portion of this he contrived to spend, leaving her with the remainder the very judicious advice, 'not to take an old man for her second husband.'

It has not been a very uncommon thing, it appears, for lady-aristocrats to marry beneath their rank. Frances, a daughter of Viscount Bindon, 'descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's son in London.' The husband died, and left her a young, beautiful, and rich widow. She thereupon encouraged the addresses of Sir George Rodney; but on the appearance of the Earl of Hertford in the field, she jilted Sir George, and married the peer. The deserted lover followed the earl and countess to Amesbury, where, after sending her some despairing verses written in his own blood, he fell upon his sword, and slew himself. After the earl's decease, she might have been Duchess of Lennox; but the fair heroine's success had opened out such vast prospects for her ambition, that she could be satisfied with nothing less than royalty, and actually spread her nets to catch the king. The king, however, would not be caught, and she died Countess of Hertford in 1639. An amusing anecdote of her is given by an old writer:—

'When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that: but if the earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist; for when he found her in these exaltations, to take her down he would say, "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?" which would damp the wings of her spirit, and make her look after her feet, as well as gaudy plumes.'

A more interesting heroine is Mary, Countess of Orkney. This lady was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs to her cousin, the first Marquis of Thomond. Soon after the birth of her first child, the nurse, who seems to have watched with curiosity, and not without suspicion, the proceedings of 'a dumbie,' saw the young mother creep cautiously towards the cradle of her child, as if her brain was busy with some deep design. Presently she took a large stone from under her shawl, and raised it up in both hands. The woman, who had expected nothing so dreadful as this, was paralysed with horror. She could not move—she could not scream; and the next instant down came the stone. It fell on the floor, however, not on the cradle; and when the child started, and awoke screaming, the countess fell on her knees in a transport of joy, her experiment having proved that her infant possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.

Let us instance one more lady, and then turn from the fascinations of the sex. Elizabeth Spencer, wife of Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, was the greatest heiress of the time of James I. Her father was Sir John Spencer, lord-mayor of London, who left a fortune estimated at from L.300,000 to L.800,000—an almost boundless treasure in those days. On the inheritance falling to him through his wife, Lord Compton went out of his wits for joy; but recovering after a time, he received the following letter from her ladyship, which is given as affording a pretty complete, though perhaps exaggerated, picture of the woman of fashion and fortune of that day:—

'My Sweet Life—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me.... I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of L.2600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have L.600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. My desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse L.2000, and L.200, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have L.6000 to buy me jewels, and L.4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit—as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you.... So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me L.2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance.'

An old English squire of the same reign is equally interesting. Mr Hastings was of high rank and good estate in Dorsetshire; but he built himself a lodge in the New Forest, Hampshire, and shut himself up there for life with his horses and dogs. 'He had enclosed with his own labour a vast paddock, which he called his park, and which he kept well stocked with deer and rabbits, with fish-ponds of his own making. He had also contrived a narrow bowling-green behind this enclosure, where he played by himself, chalking up for parties, as if he had any. In the same place he had

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also a banqueting-room, built like a booth in a fair, where he entertained some of the poaching peasantry; for although he was a ranger, he was reasonable, and if they made him presents, he took no more notice.' His best room was full of the implements and spoils of the chase; and his bedroom and parlour were lumbered with numerous litters of kittens and puppies. His talk was of the genealogy of cats and dogs, of hawks' bills, rings, and birds' eggs, which last he kept in great numbers in the crowns of hats. After the example of his patron and master, King James I., he devoted a room in his house to devotion—that is to say, to a pulpit and desk, the only use of which he made was as a safe deposit for salted meats and seasoned pies. 'The troubles of the times disturbed him not; for he had forgotten the king, and the court had forgotten him;' and at length, in 1650, he died peacefully at the age of ninety-nine.

The following amusing anecdote is told of the late Earl of Dudley's habit of thinking aloud:—'Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend, upon the occasion of some great fête, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the county were of course well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who, being tired, had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low, but distinctly-audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed, "Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he wont think it necessary to ask me to dinner; for I sha'n't accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good-will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends.'

SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

THE following succinct account of the educational system in America was given at the November soirée of the Lancashire School Association by Mr Walter Ferguson:—

A feature which strikes every visitor is the general intelligence of the Americans. Except in one or two of the largest cities, and that chiefly among the imported population, there is no class to be found answering to our masses of unskilled labourers in town and country, whose wants and enjoyments are for the most part those of the lower animals, and their power to contribute to the wellbeing of themselves, their families, and the state, little differing in kind or degree from that of brutes or machines. The degree of elevation of the mass of the populace above this level varies in different states in remarkable proportion to the quantity and quality of popular education—according as the common schools of the state are best and most extensive, and have been so the longest time. The states may be classed, in an educational point of view, in three divisions. The first comprises New England and New York; the second, the far states of the west; and the third, the slave states of the south and south-west. Pennsylvania and New Jersey, geographically speaking, would belong to the first division, but their educational status is scarcely such as to entitle them to a place in it.

The five old New England States, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, are by far the most interesting portion of the new world; and it is questionable if in either hemisphere a community of equal size can be found which exhibits such a model of moral and physical wellbeing as the commonwealth of Massachusetts. These states are a striking instance of the vast preponderance of moral over physical elements in the prosperity of states. In spite of the disadvantages of soil and climate under which its people labour, they are better off and happier, and their prosperity rests on a surer foundation, than that of the states more favoured by nature. The New England States, with New York which adjoins them, are about the twelfth of the surface of the Union, but contain one-fourth of its population, and probably much more than half its wealth. This is the part of the country in which popular education is most widely diffused, and of the best quality. Each state has its own system: that of Massachusetts, which has afforded a model to the other New England States, and which has been recently adopted by the state of New York, with some important modifications, is the most celebrated. It is the fruit of a series of enactments extending from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present day. Connecticut passed a law for the establishment of schools in 1650, and the other New England States provided at various times for the universal instruction of their youth, in what still stands in the statute book of Massachusetts as the minimum of teaching in her schools—namely, 'Reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, and good behaviour.' Previously to the year 1847, there had been no medium of communication between the different common schools of the state, but each was supported by its own district, and followed its own system of education, the legislature interfering no further than to exact the penalties for neglect of the school laws. In that year, however, a Board of Education was appointed, to which Mr Horace Mann was nominated secretary, to collect and diffuse information, and to devise and recommend improvements. It was clothed with no power but that of enforcing returns, its functions being to act on the local school committees by persuasion alone, and to lead them to improvement by the light which its yearly reports afforded them on the subject.

The Massachusetts system, as it at present subsists, may be thus described:—Its means are derived from local taxes, aided by a school fund, dispensed by the state. This fund arises from old sales of state property, and claims for military service, &c. allowed to the state by the United States government. It amounts at present to 750,000 dollars, and its increase is limited to a million. But the chief support of the schools is from local taxes, which are raised by every town as, and along with, its municipal taxes for general purposes. The expenses may be thus divided:—1*st*, The parent provides books, stationery, &c.; 2*d*, The district provides school-houses, furniture, and apparatus; 3*d*, The town provides salaries of teachers; and for this purpose, and providing fuel, must raise a tax of at least 1½ dollar for every child in the town between the ages of four and sixteen. Towns, according to their population, must maintain schools of different grades, and for longer or shorter portions of the year, provided that each town raise not less than the above amount for each child, to be expended as above. School districts, or territorial subdivisions of the towns, when formed by the towns, and authorised by a note of the town for this purpose, may elect their own district officers, raise money for building and repairing school-houses, and providing apparatus and libraries. Every inhabitant who has any voice in public affairs is recognised in the administration and benefits of the system. Every child, white or coloured, is entitled, as a right, to all the privileges of the schools and library of the district. The executive of the system comprises three grades of officers, which, beginning with the lowest, are—1*st*, The Prudential Committee for districts; 2*d*, The Town School Committee for towns; and 3*d*, The Board of Education for the state.—1*st*, The Prudential Committee consists of one member for each district, when the town is divided into districts. They are chosen by the legal voters of the town, or by those of the district, as the town may decide. Each member superintends a district, of which he must be a resident. His business is to engage

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the teacher, to provide fuel, see that the school-house is in good repair, and attend generally to such matters of management as the Town Committee may depute to him; 2*d*, The Town School Committee, which may consist of three, five, or seven persons, is chosen annually to superintend all the schools of the town: its functions are the apportioning of school money among the schools or districts; examining and licensing teachers; monthly visitation of the schools; regulation of text-books; and presentation of a written report annually to the town, respecting their own proceedings, and the condition and improvement of the schools: a copy of this document must be forwarded to the secretary of state of the commonwealth, which he refers to the Board of Education, as part of the returns which, as above-described, that Board is empowered to collect; 3*d*, The Board, which is the head of the system, consists of the governor and lieutenant-governor of the commonwealth, *ex-officiis*, and eight persons appointed by the governor and council. They appoint their own secretary, who receives a salary of 1500 dollars, and the members are reimbursed their expenses.

In 1845, the amount raised by tax in the different towns ranged from the legal minimum of 1½ dollar for each child, to 7 dollars 64 cents. Boston, the capital, stands third on the list; it raised 124,968 dollars, or about L.25,000, being at the rate of 6¾ dollars for each child. The amount expended by the whole state in the same year was about L.170,000, of which L.115,000 was raised by tax. The average time of the schools being in operation was 7½ months. The aggregate of scholars of all ages was 149,189 in summer, and 169,977 in winter, or about 2 in every 9 of the whole population. These children were taught by 2523 male teachers, assisted by about twice as many females, who are almost universally employed in America to teach the girls and younger boys. The report for 1845 complains much of irregular attendance, as shown by the marked difference of numbers in summer and in winter; and it appears from a closer calculation, founded on the full population returns of the state, and the admirable school statistics published by the Board of Education, that, allowing for the members attending private schools, about 1 in 3 of all the children in the state, who ought to be found in the public schools, was permanently absent from them. This, and other evils which the light thrown on the subject by the operations of the Board enables the public to detect, have since been met by prompt remedial measures, which, I believe, have much abated, and promise to remove them.

The average of salaries paid to male teachers was L.77 a year. To the female assistants, L.30. When I mention that the city of Boston pays its head-masters salaries of L.300, and some as much as L.400, it must be obvious that some of the country teachers must be very inadequately remunerated. The Board is turning its attention to the remedy of this important evil. After referring to the systems of education established in Connecticut and Rhode Island, Mr Ferguson said that the school system of the state of New York dated only from 1812, and its present development was the fruit of recent legislation. It is for the most part modelled on that of the New England States, but with important modifications. It is made a separate department of the state, and has at its head a state superintendent. There are also superintendents of counties and of towns elected by the people. Its financial system includes contributions from a state fund of half a million sterling proportioned to local exertion; and it differs from the systems of New England in deriving a part of its support from a rate levied on the parents of the pupils, but assessed from the district at large in cases of poverty. It provides the most approved normal-school education for its teachers; and has in every district a district library, containing already upwards of a million of volumes, which are free to all the children of the state. Of the schools of New York city, which cost annually about L.50,000, I can say, from personal observation, that they are in all respects most creditable. Its inhabitants wisely remunerate their teachers so liberally, that private schools cannot compete with them, and are being abandoned by their best teachers. Even stationery and books are furnished by the city, and children of all classes may be found side by side on their benches. I never saw children anywhere who appeared to be better taught. A free college has also been established to receive such pupils from the common schools as may earn that privilege by their proficiency, at which they may be carried, at the public expense, through the gradations of a complete university education.

Of the western states it is difficult to indicate anything; for what is true of those wonderful countries to-day, is false to-morrow. Ohio has established a system of common schools which is said to be efficient. That of Michigan appears to be inferior to few of the eastern systems in its arrangements and results. The nucleus of a general fund has been provided by the general government for all the western states, by setting aside a thirty-sixth part of the land in each for the support of schools.

The state of education in the slave states appears from a return of the number of white males in each state above twenty-one years of age who could not read and write, taken from the census of 1840, to have been at that time generally backward as compared with the western states, and greatly behind that of the first group. Connecticut occupies the highest place in the return; North Carolina the lowest. He did not, however, place much confidence in the accuracy of this document. The educational aspect of the United States is, on the whole, cheering to the philanthropist. The evil influences which have been, and which are at work in that great country, and which make her enemies jeer, and her friends blush, are rifest in the least-educated parts of the country, and will no doubt be altogether obliterated by education.

RIGHT OF LABOUR.

On the question now agitated, whether the state ought to provide labour for all claiming to be employed, the following remarkably sound and practical speech was lately made before the French National Assembly by Marius André, an operative, and deputy of the Var:—

'Citizen Representatives—However great may be the talents of those who appear on this tribune—however eloquent their words—they can only give you their individual opinion on the questions which are before the Assembly. I have no eloquence to bring you; but allow me, at least, to offer you my opinion. Labour is the subject of debate, and perhaps you will be glad to have on that subject the opinion of a working-man. Citizens, I think the Republic ought *not* to allow the providing of labour to be imposed on it as a duty; for in doing so she will create for herself an immense and permanent danger; since the working-men all over France would leave their present employments on the slightest pretext; either from insufficiency of wages, or from pure conceit, and crowd into Paris, or at least into the principal manufacturing towns, which already overflow with operatives. Suppose an operative to be dissatisfied with his master, or suppose he thinks himself not properly appreciated: "Very well," says he, "I will go and find work elsewhere—the country owes me work, and therefore it *must* give me work;" and so he sets off for Paris. What will the Republic do with all these operatives thus flocking to the capital? Will it give every one of them the labour of his trade? Will it give the shoemaker shoes to make? Will it give the watchmaker watches to make? No; it will give them all spade-work—that is, a pretext for doing nothing. It will make these men lose the taste for real work; and when the taste is once gone, it never comes back again. If you want an example of the fatal effects which the right to have work provided for them has already had on the operative population, listen to this: An employer in Paris had eighty operatives at work when the national workshops were first opened; and his men were earning, on an average, four francs a day (this is equal in value to five shillings a day in England for a poor man). When the national workshops were opened, the greater part of these operatives left their master's work: for what advantage? you will ask me. To earn in the national workshops just half what they earned with their master! I am aware that in this number one-half were driven to it by the threats of the other half; but at all events it is a fact, that of eighty workmen wanted at that very time by the master, and to whom he was willing to pay four francs a day, eight only resisted the intimidation, and were obliged to shut themselves up, that they might work without being persecuted. The rest, or at least the leaders, preferred earning two francs a day for doing *nothing*, to getting four by *working industriously*. It may be an unpleasant thing to say, but I repeat it, the taste for labour is much sooner lost than acquired; and it is for that very reason that it has pleased Providence to cherish that taste in us by a feeling of necessity: it is necessity that makes the good workman,

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just as it is good conduct which makes him successful. If I declare myself against the right in question, I do so, gentlemen, as a question of prudence, and not because I do not sympathise with the operatives. I ought not to be obliged to remind you of it, but I believe I speak, if not in the name of the operatives in general, at least in the name of a very large number of them; for the majority of those who have chosen me from among their number to be their deputy, think just as I do. As for the state having a duty imposed upon it by nature to find work for operatives, as far as its power extends, and even to make some extraordinary exertions when the circumstances are extraordinary, there can be no doubt of that; but between saying this, and saying that the operatives have a right to exact labour from the state, there's an absolute gulf. What a number of things a father thinks it his duty to do for his children! yet the children ought not to claim these things of their father as a right. You will tell me that nature has infused into the hearts of parents sentiments which induce them to perform these duties almost unconsciously; well, what nature could not put into the hearts of employers, is supplied in another way, by making it their interest. There is no sort of comparison between the work which is done by the operatives who love and esteem their master, and what is done by those who have cause to feel differently towards him. I am in the same way of opinion that it is an imperious duty in the state to give food to its children; but at the same time I am bound to observe that the exercise of this duty, which can still less be contested than the duty of giving work, would, nevertheless, lead to very unpleasant consequences if you proclaimed it as a right. In the quarter where I live, when they began to make a list of those who were in want, the number first announced was 40; in a few days it was found there were 72; and soon after, when a third list was made, there were 111. God forbid that I should seem to be bringing forward an argument here for refusing succour to those who are *really* in want! No; I merely desired to show to what an extent the state was committing itself when, instead of confining itself to assisting those who were *absolutely in want*, it gave them the right to *exact* this assistance. Gentlemen, I think I may confine myself to these few words: if I were at the head of a shop or manufactory, I should give you the same reasons for my opinion; but then you might fairly consider them as interested reasons. Well, then, I who am speaking to you am no master: I am myself an operative, who have passed all my life in labour, and I come to tell you that *those who seek for labour in good earnest, hardly ever fail of obtaining it.* When that *does* happen, and not before, then it is the duty of the state to interfere; and in such a case it is too much the interest of the state to do so, for any one to suppose that it will fail in its duty. It is with the labour of my own hands that I have obtained the means of educating my family respectably; I have therefore a right to speak as I do; and I declare that on every occasion, if I have had a comrade who was industrious and economical, I have never found that he wanted work more than myself. I shall vote, therefore, against operatives having the power of exacting labour from the state as a right.'

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN LONDON.

Let us pause to indicate the movement of temperance by comparing the proportion of publicans to sinners against sobriety in former days and now. 'About a century ago,' said Dr Colquhoun before the police committee of 1816, 'multitudes of men and women were constantly seen rolling about the streets drunk;' and it was not uncommon to behold such an enticement painted under a public-house sign as this: 'You may here get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing!' The crime became so general, that the legislature determined to lessen it by making its commission more costly and difficult, and levied a duty of 20s. per gallon on spirits, and prohibited their sale by retail. The result was, that quite as much was drunk as before; for within two years, 12,000 persons were convicted under the act within the bills of mortality of selling gin clandestinely. At that time the population of London may have been about 680,000; so that the generality of drunkenness in London at that time may be estimated by the fact, that during two years, the proportion of convictions for merely selling gin illegally to the amount of the population was nearly 1 in 60; but of course many persons were each convicted many times. The decrease of the vice was not rapid; for we find that in 1785, to a population of about 800,000, there were in London 7180 houses at which beer and spirits were sold —namely, 5975 alehouses, 207 inns, 447 taverns, and 551 coffee-houses—or a proportion of 1 public-house to nearly 112 individuals. The comparison becomes more gratifying as we approach the present year. In 1840 there were about 1,873,000 individuals; and according to Piggott's Directory for that year, 5840 persons, exclusive of wine-merchants, dealt in strong drinks, of whom there was therefore 1 to nearly every 321 Londoners. The present year shines more brightly in this respect than any of its predecessors. In 1849 a London population of perhaps 2,250,000 gives encouragement to no more than 5017 purveyors of beer and spirituous liquors, exclusive of bottled-ale and wine-merchants, or a proportion of 1 publican to about every 450 individuals. We recommend these facts to the especial attention of temperance societies, and trust they will afford encouragement for renewed exertion in the excellent cause.—*Daily News.*

THE CHANGE-SEEKER.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Who to unknown lands would wander,
Having health and hope at home?
From the spot where he abideth
Wherefore should the happy roam?
Love—like ivy to the ruin—
Clingeth where it hath been bred;
Peace of mind forbids ambition
With its schemes to vex the head.

'Tis the spirit, disappointed
In its wayward hopes and cares,
That for novel pleasures seeketh
Foreign shores and new—despairs;
Meeting, 'neath the alien sunshine,
For the treasures missed at home,
Pangs that fret the weary body,
Joys that go, and griefs that come.

'Give me change!' the morbid spirit
Calleth, with a voice that tells
How its inner sense hath suffered
From the world's pernicious spells:
'Give me changes, give me chances,
Friendships new, and new desires;
I would blot from memory's pages
Thoughts that scorch like fever's fires.

'For the fields where roved my childhood,
Give me scenes that have no look
Of the garden, or the wild wood
Where I studied first Love's book.
Fell each tree that 'mid those forests
Gave me shelter from the sun;
In their stead plant stronger foliage,
'Neath whose shade new rivers run!'

So he says—the disappointed—
Tired and fretted, soured and pallid;
Wishing still for alterations,
Finding fears that come uncalled.
Those who have no wish to wander
(Lapped in ease, and rich in health)
Look with wonder at the longings
That can ne'er be quenched by wealth.

There is sorrow in the knowledge
That the gayest heart may find,
Ere the head hath gathered snow-drift,
Fresh desires to haunt the mind;
But the Loved, the Loving, Healthy,
Hold alone Content's true gem;
What they know, and what they live in,
That is all the world to them.

REDUNDANCY OF WORDS.

The excess to which the unchecked use of redundancy tends may be imagined from what the Arabian authors tell us, as a boast, of their tongue. The lexicographer Mohammedes Al-Firanzabadius reckoned above fourscore names for *honey*, and 1000 for a *sword;* and Ebn Khalawih composed one volume on the 200 words expressing *serpent*, and another on the 500 signifying a *lion.*—*Quarterly Review.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 274. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849. Price 1½d.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE CONTESTED MARRIAGE.

I had just escaped to my chambers one winter afternoon from a heavy trial 'at bar' in the King's Bench, Westminster, and was poring over a case upon which an 'opinion' was urgently solicited, when my clerk entered with a letter which he had been requested to deliver by a lady, who had called twice before during the day for the purpose of seeing me. Vexed at the interruption, I almost snatched the letter from the man's hand, hastily broke the seal, and to my great surprise found it was from my excellent old friend Sir Jasper Thornely of Thornely Hall, Lancashire. It ran as follows:—

'My Dear ——, The bearer of this note is a lady whom I am desirous of serving to the utmost extent of my ability. That she is really the widow she represents herself to be, and her son consequently heir to the magnificent estates now in possession of the Emsdales—you remember how they tripped up my heels at the last election for the borough of ——!—I have no moral doubt whatever; but whether her claim can be legally established is another affair. She will tell you the story herself. It was a heartless business; but Sir Harry, who, you have no doubt heard, broke his neck in a steeplechase about ten months ago, was a sad wild dog. My advice is, to look out for a sharp, clever, persevering attorney, and set him upon a hunt for evidence. If he succeed, I undertake to pay him a thousand pounds over and above his legal costs. He'll nose it out for that, I should think!—Yours truly,

Jasper Thornely.

'P. S.—Emsdale's son, I have just heard—confound their impudence!—intends, upon the strength of this accession of property, to stand for the county against my old friend ——, at the dissolution, which cannot now be far off. If you don't think one thousand pounds enough, I'll double it. A cruelly, ill-used lady! and as to her son, he's the very image of the late Sir Harry Compton. In haste—J. T. I reopen the letter to enclose a cheque for a hundred pounds, which you will pay the attorney on account. They'll die hard, you may be sure. If it could come off next assizes, we should spoil them for the county—J. T.'

'Assizes'—'county'—'Sir Harry Compton,' I involuntarily murmured, as I finished the perusal of my old friend's incoherent epistle. 'What on earth can the eccentric old foxhunter mean?' 'Show the lady in,' I added in a louder tone to the clerk. She presently appeared, accompanied by a remarkably handsome boy about six years of age, both attired in deep mourning. The lady approached with a timid, furtive step and glance, as if she were entering the den of some grim ogre, rather than the quiet study of a civilised lawyer of mature age. I was at once struck by her singular and touching loveliness. I have never seen a woman that so completely realised the highest *Madona* type of youthful, matronly beauty—its starlight radiance and mild serenity of sorrow. Her voice, too, gentle and low, had a tone of patient sadness in it strangely affecting. She was evidently a person, if not of high birth, of refined manners and cultivated mind; and I soon ceased to wonder at warm-hearted old Sir Jasper's enthusiasm in her cause. Habitually, however, on my guard against first impressions, I courteously, but coldly, invited her first to a seat, and next to a more intelligible relation of her business with me than could be gathered from the letter of which she was the bearer. She complied, and I was soon in possession of the following facts and fancies:—

Violet Dalston and her sister Emily had lived for several years in close and somewhat straitened retirement with their father, Captain Dalston, at Rock Cottage, on the outskirts of a village about six miles distant from Leeds, when Captain Dalston, who was an enthusiastic angler, introduced to his home a gentleman about twenty-five years of age, of handsome exterior and gentlemanly manners, with whom congeniality of tastes and pursuits had made him acquainted. This stranger was introduced to Violet (my interesting client) and her sister, as a Mr Henry Grainger, the son of a London merchant. The object of his wanderings through the English counties was, he said, to recruit his health, which had become affected by too close application to business, and to gratify his taste for angling, sketching, and so on. He became a frequent visitor; and the result, after the lapse of about three months, was a proposal for the hand of Violet. His father allowed him, he stated, five hundred pounds per annum; but in order not to mortally offend the old gentleman, who was determined, if his son married at all, it should be either to rank or riches, it would be necessary to conceal the marriage till after his death. This commonplace story had been, it appeared, implicitly credited by Captain Dalston; and Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger were united in holy wedlock—not at the village church near where Captain Dalston resided, but in one of the Leeds churches. The witnesses were the bride's father and sister, and a Mr Bilston, a neighbour. This marriage had taken place rather more than seven years since, and its sole fruit was the fine-looking boy who accompanied his mother to my office. Mr Grainger, soon after the marriage, persuaded the Dalstons to leave Rock Cottage, and take up their abode in a picturesque village in Cumberland, where he had purchased a small house, with some garden and ornamental grounds attached.

Five years rolled away—not, as I could discern, *too* happily—when the very frequent absences of Violet's husband in London, as he alleged (all her letters to him were directed to the post-office, St Martin's le Grand—

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till called for), were suddenly greatly prolonged; and on his return home, after an absence of more than three months, he abruptly informed the family that the affairs of his father, who was dying, had been found to be greatly embarrassed, and that nothing was left for him and them but emigration to America, with such means as might be saved from the wreck of the elder Grainger's property. After much lamentation and opposition on the part of Emily Dalston and her father, it was finally conceded as Violet's husband wished; and the emigration was to have taken place in the following spring, Henry Grainger to follow them the instant he could wind up his father's affairs. About three months before their intended departure—this very time twelvemonth, as nearly as may be—Captain Dalston was suddenly called to London, to close the eyes of an only sister. This sad duty fulfilled, he was about to return, when, passing towards dusk down St James Street, he saw Henry Grainger, habited in a remarkable sporting-dress, standing with several other gentlemen at the door of one of the club-houses. Hastening across the street to accost him, he was arrested for a minute or so by a line of carriages which turned sharply out of Piccadilly; and when he *did* reach the other side, young Mr Grainger and his companions had vanished. He inquired of the porter, and was assured that no Mr Grainger, senior or junior, was known there. Persisting that he had seen him standing within the doorway, and describing his dress, the man with an insolent laugh exclaimed that the gentleman who wore that dress was the famous sporting baronet, Sir Harry Compton!

Bewildered, and suspecting he hardly knew what, Captain Dalston, in defiance of young Grainger's oft-iterated injunctions, determined to call at his father's residence, which he had always understood to be in Leadenhall Street. No such name was, however, known there; and an examination, to which he was advised, of the 'Commercial Directory' failed to discover the whereabout of the pretended London merchant. Heart-sick and spirit-wearied, Captain Dalston returned home only to die. A violent cold, caught by imprudently riding in such bitter weather as it then was, on the outside of the coach, aggravated by distress of mind, brought his already enfeebled frame to the grave in less than two months after his arrival in Cumberland. He left his daughters utterly unprovided for, except by the legal claim which the eldest possessed on a man who, he feared, would turn out to be a worthless impostor. The penalty he paid for consenting to so imprudent a marriage was indeed a heavy and bitter one. Months passed away, and still no tidings of Violet's husband reached the sisters' sad and solitary home. At length, stimulated by apprehensions of approaching destitution—whose foot was already on the threshold—and desirous of gratifying a whim of Emily's, Violet consented to visit the neighbourhood of Compton Castle (the seat, her sister had ascertained, of the 'celebrated sporting baronet,' as the porter called him) on their way to London, where they had relatives who, though not rich, might possibly be able to assist them in obtaining some decent means of maintenance. They alighted at the 'Compton Arms,' and the first object which met the astonished gaze of the sisters as they entered the principal sitting-room of the inn was a full-length portrait of Violet's husband, in the exact sporting-dress described to them by their father. An ivory tablet attached to the lower part of the frame informed the gazer that the picture was a copy, by permission, of the celebrated portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Sir Harry Compton, Baronet. They were confounded, overwhelmed, bewildered. Sir Harry, they found, had been killed about eight months previously in a steeple-chase; and the castle and estates had passed, in default of direct issue, to a distant relative, Lord Emsdale. Their story was soon bruited about; and, in the opinion of many persons, was confirmed beyond reasonable question by the extraordinary likeness they saw or fancied between Violet's son and the deceased baronet. Amongst others, Sir Jasper Thornely was a firm believer in the identity of Henry Grainger and Sir Harry Compton; but unfortunately, beyond the assertion of the sisters that the portrait of Sir Harry was young Grainger's portrait, the real or imaginary likeness of the child to his reputed father, and some score of letters addressed to Violet by her husband, which Sir Jasper persisted were in Sir Harry's handwriting, though few others did (the hand, I saw at a glance, was a disguised one), not one tittle of evidence had he been able to procure for love or money. As a last resource, he had consigned the case to me, and the vulpine sagacity of a London attorney.

I suppose my countenance must be what is called a 'speaking' one, for I had made no reply in words to this statement of a case upon which I and a 'London attorney' were to ground measures for wresting a magnificent estate from the clutch of a powerful nobleman, and by 'next assizes' too—when the lady's beautiful eyes filled with tears, and turning to her child, she murmured in that gentle, agitating voice of hers, 'My poor boy!' The words I was about to utter died on my tongue, and I remained silent for several minutes. After all, thought I, this lady is evidently sincere in her expressed conviction that Sir Harry Compton was her husband. If her surmise be correct, evidence of the truth may perhaps be obtained by a keen search for it; and since Sir Jasper guarantees the expenses—— I rang the bell. 'Step over to Cursitor Street,' said I to the clerk as soon as he entered; 'and if Mr Ferret is within, ask him to step over immediately.' Ferret was just the man for such a commission. Indefatigable, resolute, sharp-witted, and of a ceaseless, remorseless activity, a secret or a fact had need be very profoundly hidden for him not to reach and fish it up. I have heard solemn doubts expressed by attorneys opposed to him as to whether he ever really and truly slept at all—that is, a genuine Christian sleep, as distinguished from a merely canine one, with one eye always half open. Mr Ferret had been for many years Mr Simpkins' managing clerk; but ambition, and the increasing requirements of a considerable number of young Ferrets, determined him on commencing business on his own account; and about six months previous to the period of which I am now writing, a brass door-plate in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, informed the public that Samuel Ferret, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, might be consulted within.

Mr Samuel Ferret was fortunately at home; and after a very brief interval, made his appearance, entering with a short professional bow to me, and a very profound one to the lady, in whom his quick gray eye seemed intuitively to espy a client. As soon as he was seated, I handed him Sir Jasper's letter. He perused it carefully three times, examined the seal attentively, and handed it back with—'An excellent letter as far as it goes, and very much to the point. You intend, I suppose, that I should undertake this little affair?'

'Yes, if, after hearing the lady's case, you feel disposed to venture upon it.'

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Mr Samuel Ferret's note-book was out in an instant; and the lady, uninterrupted by a syllable from him, retold her story.

'Good, very good, as far as it goes,' remarked undismayed Samuel Ferret when she concluded; 'only it can scarcely be said to go very far. Moral presumption, which, in our courts unfortunately, isn't worth a groat. Never mind. *Magna est veritas*, and so on. When, madam, did you say Sir Harry—Mr Grainger—first began to urge emigration?'

'Between two and three years ago.'

'Have the goodness, if you please, to hand me the baronetage.' I did so. 'Good,' resumed Ferret, after turning over the leaves for a few seconds, 'very good, as far as it goes. It is now just two years and eight months since Sir Harry succeeded his uncle in the title and estates. You would no doubt soon have heard, madam, that your husband was dead. Truly the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and yet such conduct towards such a lady'—— Ferret intended no mere compliment; he was only giving utterance to the thoughts passing through his brain; but his client's mounting colour warned him to change the topic, which he very adroitly did. 'You intend, of course,' said he, addressing me, 'to proceed at law? No rumble-tumble through the spiritual courts?'

'Certainly, if sufficient evidence to justify such a course can be obtained.'

'Exactly: Doe, demise of Compton, *versus* Emsdale; action in ejectment, judgment of ouster. Our friend Doe, madam—a very accommodating fellow is Doe—will, if we succeed, put you in possession as natural guardian of your son. Well, sir,' turning to me, 'I may as well give you an acknowledgment for that cheque. I undertake the business, and shall, if possible, be off to Leeds by this evening's mail.' The acknowledgment was given, and Mr Ferret, pocketing the cheque, departed in high glee.

'The best man, madam, in all broad London,' said I in answer to Mrs Grainger's somewhat puzzled look, 'you could have retained. Fond as he seems, and in fact is, of money—what sensible person is not?—Lord Emsdale could not bribe him with his earldom, now that he is fairly engaged in your behalf, I will not say to betray you, but to abate his indefatigable activity in furtherance of your interests. Attorneys, madam, be assured, whatever nursery tales may teach, have, the very sharpest of them, their points of honour.' The lady and her son departed, and I turned again to the almost forgotten 'case.'

Three weeks had nearly glided by, and still no tidings of Mr Ferret. Mrs Grainger, and her sister Emily Dalston, a very charming person, had called repeatedly; but as I of course had nothing to communicate, they were still condemned to languish under the heart-sickness caused by hope deferred. At last our emissary made his wished-for appearance.

'Well, Mr Ferret,' said I, on entering my library, where I found him composedly awaiting my arrival, 'what success?'

'Why, nothing of much consequence as yet,' replied he; 'I am, you know, only, as it were, just commencing the investigation. The Leeds parson that married them is dead, and the old clerk is paralytic, and has lost his memory. If, however, they were both alive, and in sound health of mind and body, they could, I fancy, help us but little, as Bilston tells me neither the Dalstons nor Grainger had ever entered the church till the morning of the wedding; and they soon afterwards removed to Cumberland, so that it is scarcely possible either parson or clerk could prove that Violet Dalston was married to Sir Harry Compton. A very intelligent fellow is Bilston: he was present at the marriage, you remember; and a glorious witness, if he had only something of importance to depose to; powdered hair and a pigtail, double chin, and six feet in girth at least; highly respectable—capital witness, very—only, unfortunately, he can only testify that a person calling himself Grainger married Violet Dalston; not much in that!'

'So, then, your three weeks' labour has been entirely thrown away!'

'Not so fast—not so fast—you jump too hastily at conclusions. The Cumberland fellow that sold Grainger the house—only the equity of redemption of it, by the way—there's a large mortgage on it—can prove nothing. Nobody about there can, except the surgeon; *he* can prove Mrs Grainger's *accouchemens*—that is something. I have been killing myself every evening this last week with grog and tobacco smoke at the "Compton Arms," in the company of the castle servants, and if the calves' heads *had* known anything essential, I fancy I should have wormed it out of them. They have, however, kindly furnished me with a scrawl of introduction to the establishment now in town, some of whom I shall have the honour to meet, in the character of an out-and-out liberal sporting gentleman, at the "Albemarle Arms" this evening. I want to get hold of his confidential valet, if he had one—those go-a-head fellows generally have—a Swiss, or some other foreign animal.'

'Is this all?'

'Why, no,' rejoined Ferret, with a sharp twinkle of his sharp gray eye, amounting almost to a wink; 'there is one circumstance which I cannot help thinking, though I scarcely know why, will put us, by the help of patience and perseverance, on the right track. In a corner of the registry of marriage there is written Z. Z. in bold letters. In no other part of the book does this occur. What may that mean?'

'Had the incumbent of the living a curate at the time?'

'No. On that point I am unfortunately too well satisfied. Neither are there any names with such initials in any of the Leeds churchyards. Still this Z. Z. may be of importance, if we could but discover who he is. But how?—that is the question. Advertise? Show our hands to the opposite players, and find if Z. Z. is really an entity, and likely to be of service, that when we want him in court, he is half way to America. No, no; that would never do.'

Mr Ferret I saw was getting into a brown study; and as I had pressing business to despatch, I got rid of him as speedily as I could, quite satisfied, spite of Z. Z., that Mrs Grainger's chance of becoming Lady Compton was about equal to mine of ascending the British throne some fine day.

Two days afterwards I received the following note:—

'Dear Sir—Z. Z. is the man! I'm off to Shropshire. Back, if possible, the day after to-morrow. Not a word even to the ladies. Huzza! In haste,

Samuel Ferret.'

What could this mean? Spite of Mr Ferret's injunction, I could not help informing the sisters, who called soon after I had received the note, that a discovery, esteemed of importance by our emissary, had been made; and they returned home with lightened hearts, after agreeing to repeat their visit on the day Mr Ferret had named for his return.

On reaching my chambers about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I found the ladies there, and in a state of great excitement. Mr Ferret, my clerk had informed them, had called twice, and seemed in the highest spirits. We had wasted but a few minutes in conjectures when Mr Ferret, having ascended the stairs two or three at a time, burst, *sans cérémonie*, into the apartment.

'Good-day, sir. Lady Compton, your most obedient servant; madam, yours! All right! Only just in time to get the writ sealed; served it myself a quarter of an hour ago, just as his lordship was getting into his carriage. Not a day to lose; just in time. Capital! Glorious!'

'What *do* you mean, Mr Ferret?' exclaimed Emily Dalston: her sister was too agitated to speak.

'What do I mean? Let us all four step, sir, into your inner sanctum, and I'll soon tell you what I mean.'

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We adjourned, accordingly, to an inner and more private room. Our conference lasted about half an hour, at the end of which the ladies took their leave: Lady Compton, her beautiful features alternately irradiated and clouded by smiles and tears, murmuring in a broken, agitated voice, as she shook hands with me, 'You see, sir, he intended at last to do us justice.'

The news that an action had been brought on behalf of an infant son of the late Sir Harry Compton against the Earl of Emsdale, for the recovery of the estates in the possession of that nobleman, produced the greatest excitement in the part of the county where the property was situated. The assize town was crowded, on the day the trial was expected to come on, by the tenantry of the late baronet and their families, with whom the present landlord was by no means popular. As I passed up the principal street, towards the court-house, accompanied by my junior, I was received with loud hurrainga and waving of handkerchiefs, something after the manner, I suppose, in which chivalrous steel-clad knights, about to do battle in behalf of distressed damsels, were formerly received by the miscellaneous spectators of the lists. Numerous favours, cockades, streamers, of the Compton colours, used in election contests, purple and orange, were also slyly exhibited, to be more ostentatiously displayed if the Emsdale party should be beaten. On entering the court, I found it crowded, as we say, to the ceiling. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing-room that could be obtained, was occupied, and it was with great difficulty the ushers of the court preserved a sufficiently clear space for the ingress and egress of witnesses and counsel. Lord Emsdale, pale and anxious, spite of manifest effort to appear contemptuously indifferent, sat near the judge, who had just entered the court. The Archbishop of York, whom we had subpœnaed, why, his Grace had openly declared, he knew not, was also of course accommodated with a seat on the bench. A formidable bar, led by the celebrated Mr S——, was, I saw, arrayed against us, though what the case was they had to meet, so well had Ferret kept his secret, they knew no more than did their horse-hair wigs. Ferret had solemnly enjoined the sisters to silence, and no hint, I need scarcely say, was likely to escape *my* lips. The jury, special of course, were in attendance, and the case, 'Doe, demise of Compton *versus* Emsdale,' having been called, they were duly sworn to try the issue. My junior, Mr Frampton, was just rising 'to state the case,' as it is technically called, when a tremendous shouting, rapidly increasing in volume and distinctness, and mingled with the sound of carriage wheels, was heard approaching, and presently Mr Samuel Ferret appeared, followed by Lady Compton and her son, the rear of the party brought up by Sir Jasper Thornely, whose jolly fox-hunting face shone like a full-blown peony. The lady, though painfully agitated, looked charmingly; and the timid, appealing glance she unconsciously, as it were, threw round the court, would, in a doubtful case, have secured a verdict. 'Very well got up, indeed,' said Mr S——, in a voice sufficiently loud for the jury to hear—'very effectively managed, upon my word.' We were, however, in too good-humour to heed taunts; and as soon as silence was restored, Mr Frampton briefly stated the case, and I rose to address the jury. My speech was purposely brief, business-like, and confident. I detailed the circumstances of the marriage of Violet Dalston, then only eighteen years of age, with a Mr Grainger; the birth of a son; and subsequent disappearance of the husband; concluding by an assurance to the jury that I should prove, by incontrovertible evidence, that Grainger was no other person than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. This address by no means *lessened* the vague apprehensions of the other side. A counsel that, with such materials for eloquence, disdained having recourse to it, must needs have a formidable case. The smiling countenances of Mr S—— and his brethren became suddenly overcast, and the pallor and agitation of Lord Emsdale sensibly increased.

We proved our case clearly, step by step: the marriage, the accouchement, the handwriting of Grainger—Bilston proved this—to the letters addressed to his wife, were clearly established. The register of the marriage was produced by the present clerk of the Leeds church; the initials Z. Z. were pointed out; and at my suggestion the book was deposited for the purposes of the trial with the clerk of the court. Not a word of cross-examination had passed the lips of our learned friends on the other side: they allowed our evidence to pass as utterly indifferent. A change was at hand.

Our next witness was James Kirby, groom to the late baronet and to the present earl. After a few unimportant questions, I asked him if he had ever seen that gentleman before, pointing to Mr Ferret, who stood up for the more facile recognition of his friend Kirby.

'Oh yes, he remembered the gentleman well; and a very nice, good-natured, soft sort of a gentleman he was. He treated witness at the "Albemarle Arms," London, to as much brandy and water as he liked, out of respect to his late master, whom the gentleman seemed uncommon fond of.'

'Well, and what return did you make for so much liberality?'

'Return! very little I do assure ye. I told un how many horses Sir Harry kept, and how many races he won; but I couldn't tell un much more, pump as much as he would, because, do ye see, I didn't *know* no more.'

An audible titter from the other side greeted the witness as he uttered the last sentence. Mr S——, with one of his complacent glances at the jury-box, remarking in a sufficiently loud whisper, 'That he had never heard a more conclusive reason for not telling in his life.'

'Did you mention that you were present at the death of the late baronet?'

'Yes I did. I told un that I were within about three hundred yards of late master when he had that ugly fall; and that when I got up to un, he sort of pulled me down, and whispered hoarse-like, "Send for Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman." I remembered it, it was sich an outlandish name like.'

'Oh, oh,' thought I, as Mr S—— reached across the table for the parish register, 'Z. Z. is acquiring significance I perceive.'

'Well, and what did this gentleman say to that?'

'Say? Why, nothing particular, only seemed quite joyful 'mazed like; and when I asked un why, he said it was such a comfort to find his good friend Sir Harry had such pious thoughts in his last moments.'

The laugh, quickly suppressed, that followed these words, did not come from our learned friends on the other side.

'Sir Harry used those words?'

'He did; but as he died two or three minutes after, it were of course no use to send for no parson whatsomever.'

'Exactly. That will do, unless the other side have any questions to ask.' No question *was* put, and the witness went down. 'Call,' said I to the crier of the court—'call the Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman.'

This was a bomb-shell. Lord Emsdale, the better to conceal his agitation, descended from the bench and took his seat beside his counsel. The Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman, examined by Mr Frampton, deponed in substance as follows:—'He was at present rector of Dunby, Shropshire, and had been in holy orders more than twenty years. Was on a visit to the Reverend Mr Cramby at Leeds seven years ago, when one morning Mr Cramby, being much indisposed, requested him to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple then waiting in church. He complied, and joined in wedlock Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger. The bride was the lady now pointed out to him in court; the bridegroom he had discovered, about two years ago, to be no other than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. The initials Z. Z. were his, and written by

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him. The parish clerk, a failing old man, had not officiated at the marriage; a nephew, he believed, had acted for him, but he had entered the marriage in the usual form afterwards.'

'How did you ascertain that Henry Grainger was the late Sir Harry Compton?'

'I was introduced to Sir Harry Compton in London, at the house of the Archbishop of York, by his Grace himself.'

'I remember the incident distinctly, Mr Zimmerman,' said his Grace from the bench.

'Besides which,' added the rector, 'my present living was presented to me, about eighteen months since, by the deceased baronet. I must further, in justice to myself, explain that I, immediately after the introduction, sought an elucidation of the mystery from Sir Harry; and he then told me that, in a freak of youthful passion, he had married Miss Dalston in the name of Grainger, fearing his uncle's displeasure should it reach his ears; that his wife had died in her first confinement, after giving birth to a still-born child, and he now wished the matter to remain in oblivion. He also showed me several letters, which I then believed genuine, confirming his story. I heard no more of the matter till waited upon by the attorney for the plaintiff, Mr Ferret.'

A breathless silence prevailed during the delivery of this evidence. At its conclusion, the dullest brain in court comprehended that the cause was gained; and a succession of cheers, which could not be suppressed, rang through the court, and were loudly echoed from without, Sir Jasper's voice sounding high above all the rest. Suddenly, too, as if by magic, almost everybody in court, save the jury and counsel, were decorated with orange and purple favours, and a perfect shower of them fell at the feet and about the persons of Lady Compton, her sister, who had by this time joined her, and the infant Sir Henry. As soon as the expostulations and menaces of the judge had restored silence and order, his lordship, addressing Lord Emsdale's senior counsel, said, 'Well, Brother S——, what course do you propose to adopt?'

'My lord,' replied Mr S—— after a pause, 'I and my learned friends have thought it our duty to advise Lord Emsdale that further opposition to the plaintiff's claim would prove ultimately futile; and I have therefore to announce, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that we acquiesce in a verdict for the plaintiff.'

'You have counselled wisely,' replied his lordship. 'Gentlemen of the jury, you will of course return a verdict for the plaintiff.'

The jury hastily and joyfully assented: the verdict was recorded, and the court adjourned for an hour in the midst of tumultuous excitement. The result of the trial flew through the crowd outside like wildfire; and when Lady Compton and her son, after struggling through the densely-crowded court, stepped into Sir Jasper's carriage, which was in waiting at the door, the enthusiastic uproar that ensued—the hurraing, shouting, waving of hats and handkerchiefs—deafened and bewildered one; and it was upwards of an hour ere the slow-moving chariot reached Sir Jasper's mansion, though not more than half a mile distant from the town. Mr Ferret, mounted on the box, and almost smothered in purple and orange, was a conspicuous object, and a prime favourite with the crowd. The next day Lord Emsdale, glad, doubtless, to quit the neighbourhood as speedily as possible, left the castle, giving Lady Compton immediate possession. The joy of the tenantry was unbounded; and under the wakeful superintendence of Mr Ferret, all claims against Lord Emsdale for received rents, dilapidations, &c. were adjusted, we may be sure, *not* adversely to his client's interests; though he frequently complained, not half so satisfactorily as if Lady Compton had not interfered, with what Mr Ferret deemed misplaced generosity in the matter.

As I was obliged to proceed onwards with the circuit, I called at Compton Castle to take leave of my interesting and fortunate client a few days after her installation there. I was most gratefully received and entertained. As I shook hands at parting, her ladyship, after pressing upon me a diamond ring of great value, said, whilst her charming eyes filled with regretful, yet joyful tears, 'Do not forget that poor Henry intended at last to do us justice.' Prosperity, thought I, will not spoil that woman. It *has* not, as the world, were I authorised to communicate her *real* name, would readily acknowledge.

GOSSIP ON MINERALS.

A VERY attractive volume is before us, professing to convey 'such information on the more important minerals and their uses as an inquiring mind may be desirous of possessing without going minutely into the subject.'* The only fault we have to find with the execution of the task, is the epistolary blending of scientific and young-ladyish gossip. The author, in revising his letters for the public, should have been satisfied with the former; which is in reality so amusing, as to make the small-talk with his fair cousin, his dearest Florence, vexatiously insipid. A book of this kind is usually passed over by reviewers with a general sentence of commendation; but in the present case we think it better, both for author and reader, to give some examples of the kind of entertainment with which it abounds.

In treating of the salts, Mr Jackson does not fail to remark to his fair correspondent that the smelling-bottle she thinks so elegant an appendage is filled from the refuse of the stable; the volatile sal ammoniac, though a solid white salt, being formed by the union of two aëriform bodies—carbonic acid gas and ammoniacal gas—obtained from animal and vegetable matters in a state of putrefaction.

Potash, another alkaline salt, but of very different properties, is likewise obtained from the most worthless rubbish. The thistles, potato-stalks, &c. from which it is made are burnt, and the salts contained in their ashes dissolved by the admixture of water. The water, on being drawn off, is evaporated, and what remains is the potash of commerce. This, with nitric acid, forms saltpetre, of such extensive use in the manufacture of glass and the murder of men. Saltpetre is found among minerals, united with nitric acid; but perhaps the greater part is obtained from the produce of the rubbish-heap and dunghill, left to rot in the open air, and the liquor which is the result filtered and crystallised.

The salts which exist in solution in the sea (the greater part of which is common culinary salt), would cover all Europe and its islands and waters to the height of about 16,000 feet. Near Montserrat in Spain there is a mass of compact salt 500 feet high, and 16,000 feet in circumference; and in other parts of the world there are likewise vast aggregations of the same mineral. The rock-salt of Kirman is so hard, that it is employed, like stone, for building purposes. In the famous salt-mines of Wieliczka in Poland, 'there exists in the first or upper storey a chapel, wholly sculptured out of the salt, and dedicated to St Anthony. This chapel is 30 feet long by 24 in breadth, and 18 in height; the altar and steps, the candelabra and other ornaments, the twisted columns that sustain the roof, the pulpit, the crucifix, and the statues of the Virgin and of St Anthony, are all sculptured in salt, as is also a statue of Sigismund, king of Poland.'

The earthy salt, alum, is produced in great abundance both by nature and art. It is used in dyeing, candle-making, preparing leather, &c. and renders paper and wood almost incombustible. Alum is the great secret of our fire-kings; for when reduced with common salt to an impalpable powder, and several coats of it, mixed with spirits of wine, spread upon the hand, we may grasp a red-hot iron without inconvenience.

The various forms of carbonate of lime—mountains,

* Minerals and their Uses. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. By J. R. Jackson, F.R.S. London: Parker. 1849.

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marble temples and statues, pearls and coral, form an interesting part of the subject. The caverns contained in limestone rocks are frequently adorned with stalagmites in the form of pyramids, columns, altars, organ-pipes, vases, and flowers. These stalagmites rise from the bottom, being formed of the sediment deposited by the drops from above, and are eventually met by the stalactites from the roof. This process goes on till the cavern is filled up, and becomes a solid deposit of alabaster. The fine ladies of antiquity kept their cosmetics in vessels of alabastrite, or gypseous alabaster; while the Roman ladies applied the calcareous alabaster to the purpose of lachrymatories, or vases for receiving the tears they shed for their deceased husbands. The same material was used for cinerary urns to preserve the ashes of the dead. The fluate of lime, commonly called fluor spar, imitates very beautifully the emerald, sapphire, and other gems; but it is comparatively soft, being scratched even by rock-crystal. Its fluoric acid, however, when disengaged, has the power in turn of dissolving the crystal. 'The fluate of lime is phosphorescent by heat, and in a darkened room it shines with a very beautiful-coloured light. If, then, you have the iron stove of your boudoir studded in any fanciful manner, as, for instance, in the form of a wreath of leaves and flowers with various-coloured pieces of fluor spar, you will have a pretty object in the day-time; and when at night your lamp is extinguished, the garland will show with a soft and exquisitely-beautiful effect, of which you may form some idea by pounding some of the green Derbyshire spar, and placing it in the dark on a heated shovel.'

The gems are represented still more closely, because with greater hardness, by quartz. When of a violet colour, this is called amethyst; red, it is the Bohemian or Silesian ruby; yellow, it is the Scotch topaz or cairngorm, &c.; but when perfectly pure or colourless, it is rock-crystal. A mass of Alpine rock-crystal, weighing eight hundredweight, was taken by the French in Italy, and brought to Paris in 1797. Sometimes it is susceptible of a fine polish, and is termed Bohemian, British, Irish, &c. diamonds. 'The most beautiful work executed in rock-crystal is, in the opinion of Mr Sage, an urn nine inches and a-half in diameter, and nine inches high, and of which the pedestal was taken from the same block. This vase is enriched with carvings and masks, and the history of the intoxication of Noah, all most admirably sculptured. This splendid piece of workmanship, which belonged to the king of France, cost upwards of L.4000.'

The variety of rock-crystal called the amethyst takes its name from a Greek word signifying 'that which is not drunk,' the ancients having believed that one might drink wine out of an amethyst vessel without any risk of intoxication. 'They also thought that by wearing this stone they could foresee future events in dreams, that it drove away evil thoughts, assured presence of mind, and secured the favour of princes; and when adorned with figures of the sun or moon, it was worn as a charm against poisons.' The following is mentioned in the 'Curiosities of Literature:'—'There was found on an amethyst a number of marks or indentations which had long perplexed antiquaries, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently found on ancient monuments. It was agreed on (and as no one could understand them, all would be satisfied) that they were secret hieroglyphics. It, however, occurred to the French antiquary Pieresc that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little laminæ that represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another, and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the god. This curious discovery has been since frequently applied.'

The agate called carnelian is much valued by some of the Eastern nations. The Arabs believe that it stops bleeding when applied to the part. 'In order to test it, they wrap it up in paper, which, on the application of a hot coal, should not burn, if the stone be good. M. Renaud tells us that he has often seen the people of the East perform a similar operation with perfect success. They cover the carnelian with their handkerchief, and then bring it to the flame of a taper as if they would burn it; but the handkerchief resists the most ardent flame, and even remains perfectly white.' Mohammed declared that he who sealed with a carnelian would always be in a state of blessedness and joy; but Mr Jackson tried both experiments, and without success.

Agates occasionally represent with wonderful accuracy the appearance of faces, figures, and other objects. 'Pliny speaks of an agate belonging to King Pyrrhus which represented the nine Muses, with Apollo in the midst holding a lyre; the whole being most perfect, though a mere freak of nature. Majolus informs us that there is in Venice an agate on which is the figure of a man thus drawn by the hand of nature. It is also said that in the Church of St John, at Pisa, there is a stone of the same kind, representing an old hermit in a desert, seated on the banks of a stream, and holding in his hand a little bell, just in the way St Anthony is generally painted.' A Scotch friend of Mr Jackson possessed an agate 'on which was the most admirably perfect representation of the sun setting beneath the sea. The lower half of the stone was in parallel lines of light gray, blue and white interspersed, in the way calm water is painted. On the upper edge of this, and exactly in the middle, was seen half of the sun's disk, from which rays diverged, filling up the rest of the stone. But the most remarkable agate of this kind I ever saw was in the possession of the Dominicans, in one of their convents abroad. It represented a most admirable portrait of Louis XVI. in profile, with a blood-coloured crescent-formed streak right across the throat. There were also other marks having allusion to that monarch, but which I do not now remember.'

Flints furnish their share of gossip. A good workman can make 500 gun-flints in the day; but, as if in punishment for the preparation of so mischievous an agent, he dies early—before thirty years of age—of consumption, brought on by inhaling the flinty dust. In striking fire with flint and steel, the result, we all know, is a quantity of sparks and little brilliant coruscations. 'In order to know what these really are, let the blows be given over a sheet of paper, and then examine with a magnifier the small particles that have fallen on the paper: you will find them to be of three kinds. *First*, minute splinters of the flint struck off by the blow, and which remain unaltered; *secondly*, little chips of steel of an irregular form, but also unaltered; and *thirdly*, small round bodies, ten times smaller than a pin's head: these latter have the appearance of a scoria or cinder, and being hollow, may be crushed with the nail like little globes of glass. These have generally been taken for little bullets of melted iron, but M. Brard suspects them to be a combination of silica and iron, a true scoria, attractable by the magnet; the heat produced by the blow being sufficient to heat the steel-chips red-hot, and effect the combination of the silica and iron in the smaller molecules, which are those that coruscate in little brilliant stars with a hissing noise.'

The preparation of the beautiful and costly pigment known by the name of ultra-marine is described as follows:—'The pieces of lazulite, the most rich in colour, are picked out; they are washed, and then plunged into vinegar; and if the colour does not change, the quality is esteemed to be good. The stones are then again repeatedly heated, and plunged each time into vinegar. By this means they are easily reduced to an impalpable powder. This is then well worked up into a paste with resin, white wax, and linseed-oil, to which some add Burgundy pitch. The paste is then put into a linen bag, and kneaded under water, which at first assumes a grayish colour, resulting from the impurities that are first separated from the mass. This water is thrown away, and replaced by fresh, and the kneading

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recommenced, when the water becomes of a fine blue. This is poured off, and allowed to settle, the precipitate being ultra-marine of the finest quality. The repetition of the process furnishes colour of inferior quality in succession; and finally, the residuum, being melted with oil, and kneaded in water containing a little soda or potash, yields what is termed *ultra-marine ashes*.'

The emerald was one of the stones to which superstition ascribed occult virtues; but the early Peruvians (before the government of the Incas) paid divine honours to an emerald of the size of an ostrich's egg. When it was exhibited on great festivals, the people came from far and near to worship the goddess, and present *young* emeralds to her, which they called her daughters. Those daughters were all found by the Spaniards; but the mother was so effectually hidden by the Indians, that she has not been discovered to this day.

Amianthus, the well-known variety of asbestos, is composed of filaments which, with the addition of a little flax, may be carded, spun, and woven into a cloth. In this cloth the ancients wrapped the bodies of their distinguished dead before they were consumed on the funeral pile, for the purpose of keeping their ashes separate from those of the fuel. 'It is said that Charlemagne had a tablecloth of amianthus, which he took pleasure in throwing into the fire after dinner, for the amusement of his guests.' In the 'Dictionnaire Orientale,' it is said—'It cannot be doubted that the cloth which may be thrown into the fire (without injury) is that which the Greeks call *asbestos*. We are not agreed as to the matter of which the cloth is made, nor do the Chinese themselves know it any better than we do. Some even say it is wove of the hair of certain rats that live in the flames of certain volcanoes.' These rats, doubtless, were the salamander. In our day the origin of the amianthus is no longer a mystery, as it is found in England, Scotland, and other European countries. 'There was a lady at Como who manufactured cloth of different degrees of fineness, and even lace, of amianthus. The lady of the viceroy of Italy, in Napoleon's time, possessed a veil of amianthus. In Siberia also, purses, caps, gloves, and similar articles, are some knitted, others woven, of amianthus. In the Pyrenees, girdles are made of the same substance intermingled with silver thread. These girdles are much esteemed by the women, not only on account of their beauty, but for certain mysterious properties they were believed to possess. Amianthus has also been employed as incombustible wicks; and it has been suggested that the perpetual lamps of the ancients were formed of this substance, and constantly supplied by a spontaneous oozing of petroleum. It is also asserted that the Greenlanders use wicks of amianthus. Attempts have been made to manufacture incombustible paper of this mineral; and M. Demidoff, a Russian proprietor of great wealth, even offered to supply all the government offices of the empire with this kind of paper; but up to the present time the attempt has not succeeded.'

On the subject of diamonds we have the following gossip:—'This diamond, the Sanci, formerly belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, where his army was completely defeated, and where he lost his life, in 1477. It was found on the field of battle by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a French gentleman of the name of Sanci. The diamond was preserved in the family of this gentleman for nearly a hundred years, until Henry III. commissioned a descendant of that family, who was a captain in the Swiss troops in his service, to raise fresh recruits among the Swiss. Driven from his throne by a league which his subjects had formed against him, the monarch, without money to pay his troops, borrowed the Sanci diamond, in order to pawn it to the Swiss. Sanci charged one of his servants to take it to its destination, but both the man and the diamond disappeared, no one could tell whither. The king reproached Sanci bitterly for having confided an object of such value to a valet. But Sanci, full of confidence in his servant, set out in search, and discovered that the man had been assassinated by robbers, and that the body was buried in a neighbouring forest. Thither he went, ordered the body to be disinterred and opened, when the diamond was discovered in his stomach; the faithful servant having swallowed it, the more effectually to hide it from the rapacity of the brigands. From that time it has always been called the Sanci diamond. It ultimately came into the possession of an English monarch.'

Glass is not cut with the point of a glazier's diamond, but with the curved edge formed by the meeting of two contiguous curved facets of the stone. A pointed diamond ring merely scratches the glass—it does not cut it; and writing in this way is attended with some risk to the ring, as diamonds, though hard, are not difficult to break. The diamond was supposed to protect from poison, pestilence, panic-fear, hallucination, enchantments, &c. It likewise calmed anger, maintained affection between man and wife, and was thence called the stone of reconciliation. Mr Jackson might have added that it possesses these latter virtues to this day. 'A talismanic virtue was also attributed to it; when, under a favourable aspect, and under the planet Mars, the figure of this divinity, or of Hercules surmounted by a hydra, was engraved upon it, in such case it secured the victory to him who wore it, whatever might be the number of his enemies. It was even pretended that diamonds engendered other diamonds (this is a *pendant* for the Peruvian emerald mentioned in a former letter); and Rueus informs us that a Princess of Luxemburg had some hereditary diamonds that produced others at certain times (why not, if money makes money?). In the language of iconology, the diamond is the symbol of constancy, of strength, of innocence, and other heroic virtues.'

This is sufficient to show the stuff of which the work is composed; and such of our readers as desire a little amusement blended with a little instruction, cannot do better than send for the volume itself.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ELEGANT READING.

In the rage for making children understand all that they read at school, reading itself is now too much overlooked. At some schools of no small note, to hear more than a full sentence enunciated at a time is a rarity. It is more common to hear the young learners stopped at the end of three words, that some one of these words may be made the theme of an examination, philological, scientific, and historical, running off into an episode of several minutes, till the scholar has been perhaps driven into a field of intelligence ten thousand miles away from the point of starting, and himself and his audience are alike tired. The old system of explaining nothing was bad; but it is almost as bad to make school exercises consist of little besides an eternal jabber from Philips's 'Million of Facts,' or 'Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge.' Formerly it was a glory for a young person to be a good reader. At most schools, it is now scarcely to be expected of any that he should acquire the art of reading fluently, elegantly, and with expression. It would be well, we think, while taking care that the *intellectual system* is not lost sight of, to see that this accomplishment is also duly attended to. Of its value we get a lively idea when we hear a Charles Kemble or a James Russell give their readings from Shakspeare, a kind of entertainment of which no one could form an adequate idea till they heard it, so much of all that is most valuable in good acting does it involve. With even a moderate endowment of such a gift, we can imagine no resource for the amusement of a family circle during the long evenings superior to this; nothing

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more serviceable amongst a group of young business men living together, or in a workshop where the nature of the employment is such as to admit of the voice being heard, and due attention being given. Far from being a dull amusement, our experience represents it as, on the contrary, fascinating and exciting—combining, indeed, all the pleasures of 'taking a book' with those derivable from company. For the success, however, of readings in families or elsewhere, it is essential that a power of easy and agreeable enunciation be acquired; and to favour this, it appears to us that some change in our present plans and modes of school-instruction is necessary. We must cease to be so wholly for the understanding, and begin to give a little more attention to the manner and form.

THE ARTICLE 'REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.'

We find that the article in No. 269, entitled 'Reaction against Philanthropy,' has been so far misunderstood in some quarters, as to be made a theme of unfavourable remark. The gravamen of the charge brought against us is, that we approve of a return to the old system of severe punishments for criminals, and indifference towards the claims of the poor. There is certainly nothing in the article to substantiate this charge, and we must protest against any such meaning being attached to it. It is well known that we have for many years been the advocates of a mild criminal code, and that scarcely any project for the promotion of the physical and moral wellbeing of the humbler classes of the community has failed to receive early and efficient support from this Journal. It was therefore very unlikely that any writing capable of being interpreted by a cool or candid person into such a spirit should have appeared here. In reality, the design of the article was rather to moderate that reaction against philanthropic schemes which appears to be setting in. We admitted that the philanthropy of the past age, itself a generous reaction from the mercilessness and indifference of a preceding era, had been carried to extravagance in some points, and we expressed ourselves as prepared to see the ebb of this tide attended by many circumstances of anything but a rose-water character. We advocated, what we have all along advocated, the principles of self-reliance, of industrious application, and prudent frugality, as those most indispensable to the welfare of individuals. But so far from dictating one inhumane step, or expressing any indifference on such subjects, we both intreated that the transition, if there was to be a transition, to a somewhat sterner system, should be a gentle and gradual one, and expressed our belief that, 'by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours,' no monstrous outrage would be committed. While we enforced the maxim, that it is incumbent on all to work, that they may not want, as the only economical one by which society in the mass could be benefited, the claims of those who cannot work, and of those who, in particular exigencies, cannot find employment, were expressly admitted, though only on the ground of humanity. These reclaimers, indeed, bear a small proportion of space; but this was because the main object was a discussion of the *fact* of the reaction, and an exposition of the principles on which it might be presumed that the world was not to be permanently and wholly a scene of pure philanthropy, the error to which we seemed lately to be tending, and from which the present reaction takes its rise.

We can assure all who may have been thrown into doubt on the subject, that we are, and ever must be, lovers of our kind. We must, however, confess that, other circumstances being equal, we are most disposed to feel intensely, not for the idle and dissolute, but for the worthy and industrious; not for the abject soulless batteners on public bounty in all its shapes, but for the constant, modest, distressed tax and rate-payers, who struggle under many difficulties to preserve their independence, and observe the decencies of life—who make no figure perhaps in novels and orations, but who are, in very fact, the back-bone of the British empire.

ODDS AND ENDS OF A SPORTSMAN.*

THIS book reminds us of the conversation of a sportsman after a hard day's shooting. He has eaten and drunken; he has turned his chair half round to the fire; a sensation of warmth and comfort opens his heart and loosens his tongue; while a slight degree of fever withal, the consequence of fatigue and excitement, gives an incoherence to his ideas which, though amusing for a while, ends by making us vote him a bore. He skips from one subject to another, in the chance-medley way in which the game appeared. He winds and doubles, repeats himself a dozen times over, and brings out his observations, just as, before sitting down, he had shaken forth the heterogeneous contents of his wallet.

In one way, however, the garrulous sportsman is better company than the book; for a question now and again has all the utility of an index, and brings him back to the point you wish to note, however far he may have travelled from it. In the book, the moment you turn the page the thing is irrevocably lost. This defect seems to have struck either the author or publisher; but the plan fallen upon to remedy it has but little ingenuity. It is simply to break up the mass of materials, without the slightest attempt at arrangement, and call one portion a Tour in Sutherland; another, Field-Notes; and a third, Extracts from Note-Books.

It is so far a compliment to Mr St John, however, to complain of the want of a clue, for his facts or ideas most occasionally be of some value, or we should not care about fixing them. And indeed the book, although to read it straight through is like reading a dictionary, has much that is entertaining, and something that is useful; and the numerous class of persons interested in such subjects will, we have no doubt, feel considerable interest in dipping now and then into its heterogeneous pages.

That class does not seem to diminish much either in numbers or enthusiasm. It is of little consequence whether the quarry is a tiger or a hare, a vulture or a partridge, the chase appears to awaken pretty nearly the same excitement, and to be associated in pretty nearly the same degree with ideas of courage and manliness. The reason, no doubt, is to be found in the air, the exercise, the natural scenery, the determinate pursuit; and likewise, perhaps, in the thirst of blood as an instinct of carnivorous man. It is of little consequence what creature it is whose life we seek; although the enjoyment may be enhanced by the difficulty of the enterprise, and we should thus derive more pleasure from stalking a deer than from shooting a rabbit. But we altogether deny that the love of the chase presents the human character in its manliest phasis. Occasionally it does the very reverse, when it leads the sportsman to delight in mere slaughter. In the very book before us there is an account of the butchery of a deer (given in a detail betraying much bad taste), which, by the graphic picture it draws of the human fears and human agonies of the poor maimed animal, suggests irresistibly the idea of—murder.

A description, in much better taste, of the assassination of an osprey by our author himself, points to other feelings of a more affecting kind shared with us by the lower animals. The nest was on a rock rising from a beautiful and solitary lake; and the sportsman, after lying in wait for some time among the cliffs on the margin of the water, had the satisfaction to see his victim rise from its retreat. 'For some time after the

* Tour in Sutherlandshire, with Extracts from the Field-Books of a Sportsman and Naturalist. By Charles St John, Esq., author of 'Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands.' With Woodcuts. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1849.

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departure of my companions, she flew round and round at a great height, occasionally drifting away with the high wind, and then returning to the loch. She passed two or three times not very far from me before I shot at her. But at last I fired, and the poor bird, after wheeling blindly about for a few moments, fell far to leeward of me, and down amongst the most precipitous and rocky part of the mountain, quite dead. She was scarcely down behind the cliffs when I heard the cry of an osprey in quite a different direction, and on looking that way, I saw the male bird flying up from a great distance. As he came nearer, I could distinguish plainly with my glass that he was carrying a fish in his claws. On approaching, he redoubled his cries, probably expecting the well-known answer or signal of gratitude from his mate; but not hearing her, he flew on till he came immediately over the nest. I could plainly see him turning his head to the right and left, as if looking for her, and as if in astonishment at her unwonted absence. He came lower and lower still, holding the fish in his feet, which were stretched out at full length from his body. Not seeing her, he again ascended, and flew to the other end of the lake, the rocks echoing his shrill cry. The poor bird, after making one or two circuits of the lake, then flew away far out of sight, still keeping possession of the fish. He probably went to look for the female at some known and frequented haunt, as he flew rapidly off in a direct line. He soon, however, came over the lake again, and continued his flight to and fro and his loud cries for above an hour, still keeping the fish ready for his mate. I at length heard the voices of my friends, and we soon launched the boat. The osprey became much agitated as we neared the rock where the nest was, and dropped the fish he held into the water. We found two beautiful eggs in the nest, of a roundish shape; the colour white, with numerous spots and marks of a fine rich red brown. As we came away, we still observed the male bird unceasingly calling and seeking for his hen. I was really sorry that I had shot her.'

Another osprey's nest is described as consisting of a perfect cartload of sticks, some as large as a very stout walking-stick, the lining being composed of coarse grass. It was not less than eight feet in length, and four in width. Many other birds have the same conjugal attachment as the osprey. Mr St John mentions a hen grouse caught in a trap, whose mate collected, with many hours' labour, at least a hatful of the tender sprigs of the heather, and laid them beside the prisoner; and he gives a pretty picture of the mutual attachment of two red-necked phalaropes, feeding in a little pool mantled with weeds. 'Whenever, in their search for food, they wandered so far apart as to be hidden by the intervening weeds, the male bird stopped feeding suddenly, and looking round, uttered a low and musical call of inquiry, which was immediately answered by the female in a different note, but perfectly expressive of her answer, which one might suppose to be to the purport that she was at hand and quite safe. On hearing her, the male immediately recommenced feeding, but at the same time making his way towards her; she also flew to meet him. They then joined company for a moment or two, and after a few little notes of endearment, turned off again in different directions. This scene was repeated a dozen times while I was watching them.' Even a cat is an affectionate and devoted mother. One had her kitten carried more than a mile off, while its twin was left at home; and the poor mother, who lived in a large town, dared every night the dangers of boy and dog, and made a journey to suckle her distant offspring, returning, as soon as the process was over, to perform the same duty to the other. The otter goes beyond this. Not only does she feed her young, but the young repay her cares with filial respect. 'My keeper tells me that he has seen an old otter feeding her young with fish; the two young ones were sitting on a flat stone at the edge of the burn when their parent brought them a good-sized trout. They immediately both seized the fish, pulling and tearing at it like two bulldog puppies. At last they came to a pitched battle with each other, biting, squealing, and tugging, and leaving the trout to its fate. On this the old one interfered, and making them quiet, gave the trout to one of them as his own. The other young one, on seeing the parent do this, no longer interfered, but sat quietly looking on, till the old otter (who in the meantime had renewed her fishing) came back with a large trout for it also.'

This may be instinct, but what shall we call the stratagem fallen upon by a fox to get hold of a fine mallard, feeding with its companions at the rushy end of a Highland lake? He crept round to windward, and set afloat upon the loch some bunches of dead rushes, which floated down among the ducks without causing alarm. He repeated the experiment again and again, till he had accustomed the ducks to the appearance; and then, taking in his mouth a bunch of the same kind, he floated himself gently off, with nothing above the water but his snout and ears. In this way he drifted down among the unsuspecting feeders, and captured his victim. This is precisely the mode of duck-hunting practised in some of the rivers in China. The Celestial sportsman sends a gourd now and again to drift among the ducks, who, by and by, feel themselves all on a sudden drawn under the water by some mysterious agency. The explanation is, that the last of the gourds has within it the hand of a Chinaman, who makes use in this manner of his hands. Mr St John does not give the story of the fox on his own authority; but he himself saw 'one in confinement lay out part of his food just within reach of his chain, in order to attract the tame ducks and chickens about the yard; and then, having concealed himself in his kennel, wait in an attitude, ready to spring out, till some duck or fowl came to his bait, which he immediately pounced upon.'

Our author is of opinion that few or no wild animals die either from natural disease or old age. They either serve as food for each other, or fall a victim to the general devourer—man. When unmolested, wild birds more especially, he thinks, live in a state of constant enjoyment; and even when the evil hour comes, their terror or pain is of short duration, having no anticipation, and if they escape, but little memory. Their want of anticipation, however, we doubt; for wild animals, and more especially birds, appear to be in a state of constant alarm. Many of them, even when roving in flocks, cannot go to feed in comfort before placing a sentinel to keep watch. His own account of the precautions of wild geese is interesting. 'Wild geese, while feeding on the open fields, invariably leave one bird to keep watch, and most faithfully does she perform this duty. Keeping on some high spot of the field, she stands with neck perfectly erect, watching on all sides, and listening to every sound far or near. Nor does she attempt to snatch at a single grain, however hungry she may be, till one of her comrades thinks fit to relieve her guard; and then the former sentinel sets to work at her feeding with an eagerness which shows that her abstinence while on duty was the result not of want of appetite, but of a proper sense of the important trust imposed on her. If any enemy, or the slightest cause of suspicion appears, the sentry utters a low croak, when the whole flock immediately run up to her, and, after a short consultation, fly off, leaving the unfortunate sportsman to lament having shown the button of his cap or the muzzle of his gun above the bank of the ditch, along which he had perhaps been creeping, "suadente diabolo," for the last half-hour up to his knees in water, well iced to the temperature of a Scotch morning in February.' These birds are likewise quick in taking hints from creatures not of their own species. Once when our sportsman was lying in wait for them in a hiding-place, a couple of gulls chanced to come by, and detecting him at once as a suspicious character, immediately began screaming and wheeling round his head. This was enough for the geese, who were dispersed throughout the field, and they immediately took to flight.

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The manner in which woodcocks are described as transporting their young from the wood to the swamp is curious. This operation, it seems, they perform in the evening, by taking up the unfledged bird in their claws, and carrying it down to the soft feeding-grounds. They bring it back in the same way, before daylight, to the shelter of the woods, where it remains in security during the whole day. This story may be doubted by those who take their analogies from the young of partridges and other birds, which run vigorously about as soon as they are hatched; but with snipes, woodcocks, and waders, the case is different. Their bills take some time to harden, and their legs and wings to strengthen; and without the assistance of the parent birds they would certainly perish, as their nests are usually placed in dry heathery woods, which afford nothing for their support.

While on the subject of birds, we must not omit to mention the fact—which all of us, as well as Mr St John, must have remarked—that notwithstanding the kind of religious immunity they enjoy, the robins do not appear to increase in numbers. We have the same solitary visitor of this species, year after year, with hardly a single rival to dispute the ground with him. The reason is supposed to be that the robin thinks fit to build upon the ground, and that the rats, weasels, and other animals, do not share in the tender feelings with which he is regarded by mankind. But this, after all, is no great matter; for your robin is the most litigious, irritable, desperate fellow imaginable. 'When snow and frost cover the ground, and we feed the birds at the windows and on the gravel walks, thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, and many other birds come to share the crumbs, but none dare eat if any robin is there, until the fiery little fellow permits him. Thrushes and all are beaten and driven away, and even after he has crammed himself to repletion, the robin will sit at the window and drive away with the most furious attacks every bird whose hunger prompts him to try to snatch a morsel of his leavings. Perched amidst the crumbs, he looks the very personification of ill temper and pugnacity.' The thrush is more mild, or less inhospitable. He freely allows other birds to share with him; and even when some impudent vagabond among them snatches at the morsel in his bill, he looks more in sorrow than in anger.

Our author is as amusing in his remarks on fish. 'Among others,' says he, 'I have more than once seen a most hideous large-headed brute of a fish, whom the country people call sometimes "the sea-devil," sometimes "the sea-angel," but whose more regular cognomen is, I believe, "the sea-angler." The first name he owes to his excessive and wicked-looking ugliness; the second must have been given him ironically; whilst the third is derived from his reputed habit of attracting fish to their destruction by a very wily ruse. He buries himself, it is said, in the sands, by scraping a hole with his two most unseemly and deformed-looking "hands," which are placed below what may be called his chin. Being in this way quite concealed, he allows some long worm-like appendages, which grow from the top of his head, to wave and float above the surface of the sand: fish, taking these for some kind of food, are attracted to the spot, when the concealed monster, by a sudden spring, manages to engulf his victims in the fearfully wide cavity of his mouth, which is armed with hundreds of teeth sloping inwards, and as hard and sharp as needles, so that nothing which has once entered it can escape. So runs the tale, the exact truth of which I am not prepared to vouch for.'

Our author's personal adventures are neither numerous nor uncommon; but one hairbreadth 'scape when in pursuit of ptarmigan is worth mentioning. The scene was the summit of a mountain covered with snow, and sloping down to a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height. He shot one of the birds, which fell upon the slope, and as it was fluttering towards the precipice, ran to secure it. 'The shepherd was some little distance behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan, he shouted at me to stop: not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding *en masse* towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate, so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell; but in less time than it takes to write the words, I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then, recollecting himself, he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on terra firma, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan.'

We must now conclude with a very interesting picture exhibited in quite a different department of nature. The subject is the Merry Dancers (aurora borealis) and the *sound* of their petticoats! 'The keeper,' says he, 'told me that when the aurora was very bright, and the flashes rapidly waving through the sky, he had frequently thought that he heard the merry dancers emit a faint rustling noise, like the "moving of dead leaves;" but this was only when the night was quite calm, and there was no sound to disturb the perfect stillness.... I was pleased to hear him say this, as I had more than once imagined that the aurora, when peculiarly bright, and rapid in its movements, *did* actually make exactly the sound that he described; but never having heard it asserted by any one else, I had always been rather shy of advancing such a theory. The aurora is seldom seen, or at least seldom attentively watched in this country, in situations where there is not some sound or other, such as voices, running water, or the rustling and moaning of trees, to break the perfect silence: but it has occasionally happened to me to be gazing at this beautiful illumination in places where no other sound could be heard, and then, and then only, have I fancied that the brightest flashes were accompanied by a light crackling or rustling noise, or, as my keeper expressed it very correctly, "the moving of dead leaves." ... In the northern mountains of Sutherland, where the aurora is frequently very bright and beautiful, there is a fascinating, nay, an awful attraction in the sight, which has kept me for hours from my bed, watching the waving and ever-changing flashes dancing to and fro. I have watched this strange sight where the dead silence of the mountains was only broken by the fancied rustling of the "*dresses*" of the "merry dancers," or by the sudden scream or howl of some wild inhabitant of the rocks; and I have done so until an undefinable feeling of superstitious awe has crept over my mind, which was not without difficulty shaken off.'

From this rapid survey of the book, the reader will see that it has good matter; although, from the want of common arrangement, he will find it somewhat difficult to make the discovery for himself.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Elizabeth Gurney, afterwards Mrs Fry, born on the 21st of May 1780, was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham in Norfolk, a member of the Society of Friends. She lost her maternal parent, a woman of great worth and ability, when only twelve years of age. The family then consisted of eleven children, the eldest of whom was only seventeen. Her feelings of benevolence towards her suffering fellow-creatures appear to have been drawn out in very early childhood, by her being the companion of her mother in her visits to the cottages of their poor neighbours.

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In other respects there was nothing striking in her character excepting strong affection, which was particularly called forth towards her parents, and brothers and sisters. When about seventeen, she was seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and both her judgment and conscience subsequently decided in favour of the society to which her family belonged, and of which she afterwards became such an ornament.

She was now enabled to gratify her feelings of benevolence by becoming her father's almoner, and she was never sparing of her own personal sacrifices, both of time and property, for the benefit of others. Though her own education was rather deficient, owing to some want of application in herself, and partly from her general delicate state of health, yet even at this early period of her life she felt the necessity of giving instruction to the humbler classes, as a means of improving their moral condition. To carry out this idea, she taught the poor children in the neighbourhood; and in a short time her school, which was commenced with one little boy, increased to above seventy scholars, and was then held in a vacant laundry attached to their house. The first mention we have of her sympathies being drawn out by the moral degradation of her species, was while on a tour through part of Wales and the south of England, in company with her father and six sisters. When at Plymouth (1798), they visited the dockyards; and she notes in her diary: 'My mind felt deeply hurt on account of the poor sailors and women, of whom I have seen a sad number, and longed to do them good, to try one day to make them sensible of the evil state they appear to be in.'

On the 19th of August 1800 Elizabeth Gurney was united to Mr Joseph Fry, who was then a junior partner in a large mercantile establishment, and she and her husband took up their abode in St Mildred's Court, City. During their residence in this place, their five eldest children were born; and notwithstanding the duties of her family, and the delicate state of her own health, she devoted much time to visiting the abodes of want and misery. Her removal to Plashet, in 1809, was not only more congenial to her feelings, by gratifying her natural love of the country, but opened fresh fields for her benevolence. The change was occasioned by the death of her husband's father, whose country seat it had previously been. She established a school in the neighbourhood, and was looked up to by the poor around as the Lady Bountiful of the place. Even the gipsies, who, about the time of Fairlop Fair, were in the habit of pitching their tents near her house, came under her kind notice; and the pariahs of society heard themselves—many perhaps for the first time—addressed by fair and gentle lips in terms of sisterly sympathy.

But we must now follow her to the principal sphere of her philanthropy—the loathsome and neglected cells of the prison; where her sweet voice was heard whispering to the most abandoned of her sex of a return to virtue and happiness. In 1813, several members of the Society of Friends visited Newgate, to see some felons under sentence of death. These gentlemen were on terms of intimacy with Mrs Fry, and they gave her such a sad account of the state of the women confined there, that she, accompanied by a female friend, Anna Buxton, entered this abode of misery and crime, for the purpose of affording warm clothing to the wretched inmates. Owing to ill health and domestic trials, she did not renew her visits for three or four years; but during that time she was learning in the school of affliction to sympathise even more truly with the sufferings of others. Her next efforts were made in 1817, when she formed a school for the children of the prisoners and the young criminals. In a letter to her eldest sister, she expresses the interest she took in the cause of these poor outcasts—'My heart, and mind, and time,' she says, 'are very much engaged in various ways. Newgate is a principal object; and I think, until I make some attempt at amendment in the plans for the women, I shall not feel easy; but if such efforts should prove unsuccessful, I think that I should then have tried to do my part, and be easy.' In the spring of this year an association was consequently formed for the 'Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate.' The object of this society was to provide clothing, employment, and instruction for the women. They were paid for their work, and received part of the money immediately, that they might procure any little comfort they needed; the rest was placed in the hands of the committee, as a reserve for future use. This plan was found highly beneficial, by occupying the time which had before been spent in gaming, drinking, and quarrelling.

Before these steps were taken, however, the city authorities were consulted. They expressed their approbation of the plans, but looked upon their realisation as hopeless, thinking that the prisoners would never be brought to submit to the restraints which such a change must impose upon them. But Mrs Fry collected the women together; and after having pointed out to them the advantages of industry and sobriety, and the pleasures of conscious rectitude—at the same time contrasting this picture by their own direful experience of the misery of vice—she told them that the ladies of the committee had not come to command their obedience, but had left their homes and families to intreat them for their good. She then asked if they were willing to act in concert with them, assuring them that not a rule should be made without their entire and united concurrence. Each rule was then put separately to the vote, and such was the effect of gentleness and reason even upon minds so untractable, that they were all unanimously carried.

Hitherto, a scene of riot and confusion had occurred on the occasion of removing the female convicts from Newgate in open wagons. The common sense of Mrs Fry revolted at this indecent exhibition, and she suggested that the removal should take place privately by means of hackney-coaches. The governors having acceded to the proposal, the experiment was tried, and it proved perfectly successful. When on board, Mrs Fry and the ladies of her party examined into the accommodation, and made many wise arrangements for the voyage; among others, materials for work were provided, which was to be sold for the benefit of the convicts on reaching the place of their destination. This was of more essential service to them than she was then aware of, for she afterwards learned from the chaplain of the colony at New South Wales that there was at that time no asylum provided for them on their arrival. A building has since then been erected, and many proper arrangements made for the preservation of the morals, and for the comfort of these unhappy beings.

In August 1818, Mrs Fry journeyed into the north of England and Scotland, accompanied by her brother Mr Joseph J. Gurney. They made a close examination into the state of the prisons in their route, and Mr Gurney published an account of these investigations, and laid before the magistrates at the various places a statement of facts, pointing out to them modes of improvement, which were in most instances adopted. Two years after, Mrs Fry took another journey into the north, and in many places was able to form committees of ladies to visit the female prisoners in their own county jails. 'The British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners' was instituted soon after. Its object was to unite these branch societies in one body, that there might be systematic effort in the good work. This association has proved highly beneficial in many ways, by establishing houses of shelter for discharged prisoners who had no homes, and affording relief, part in the shape of a loan, and part as a gift, to such as were willing to earn an

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honest living by their own exertions: also by founding schools of discipline for female vagrants and juvenile offenders, &c. &c. In the summer of 1824, in consequence of ill health, Mrs Fry made a stay of several months at Brighton. While here, she was much interested in the state of the poor around—both that of the numerous beggars and the resident poor in the neighbourhood. She had, a short time before, consulted with Dr Chalmers on the best method of assisting this class, and was therefore in some measure acquainted with his views: she now directed her attention to the subject, and 'District-Visiting Societies' were in consequence set on foot, to examine into and relieve real cases of want.

Her illness was attended by frequent attacks of faintness in the early morning, and she was at such times carried to an open window for the influence of the fresh breezes. The coast was visible from her chamber, and as she sat and watched the first gray streaks of dawn over the foaming ocean, or gazed on the dreary cliffs before her, only one living object was present to her view. This was the coast-guard, who paced with measured step the lonely beach. Her thoughtful and ever-active benevolence suggested means of benefiting these men, who were in a great measure shut out from intercourse with their fellow-creatures. One day, when passing near one of the stations, she ordered her coachman to stop, that she might make inquiries into their general condition. The man addressed, however, politely told her that he was not allowed to hold communication with any one whilst on duty. Fearing that this short colloquy might therefore bring him into trouble, she gave him her card, telling him to present it to his commanding officer. A few days after, the lieutenant in command called upon her, and offered to answer any inquiries. He informed her that the coast-guard were subject to many dangers and privations, being exposed to all weathers, as well as to the violence of the smugglers. She at once provided those in the vicinity with Bibles, and afterwards made strenuous efforts to obtain libraries for the use of all the men thus employed. She saw that the loneliness of their situation, and the absence of proper subjects for thought, together with their contact with lawless smugglers, must of necessity produce idle habits and fierce manners; and that, to prevent this moral evil, it was requisite to provide wholesome food for the mind. In consequence of her representations, a committee was formed for this object, and by means of a liberal grant from the government, and various subscriptions, upwards of 21,000 persons were supplied with religious and instructive books; 498 libraries were established for the stations on shore, containing 25,896 volumes; 74 also for districts, comprising 12,880 volumes; 48 others for cruisers, composed of 1867 volumes, beside 5357 numbers of pamphlets, and 6464 school-books for the use of the children of the crews; making a total of 52,466 volumes.

In 1835, Mrs Fry accompanied her husband on a journey into the south of England; and, as usual, it furnished objects of interest for that strangely active mind, which found 'sermons in stones, and good in everything.' When passing over Salisbury Plain, she noticed the monotonous life led by the numerous shepherds, and the thought suggested itself that libraries would be equally useful to them as to the coast-guards. She therefore stopped a short time at Amesbury, in order to form a library there; and the following letter, which was written a few months after by the person who had the charge of the books, will show the success of the plan:—'Forty-five books are in constant circulation, with the additional magazines. More than fifty poor people read them with attention, return them with thanks, and desire the loan of more, frequently observing, they think it a very kind thing indeed that they should be furnished with so many good books, free of all cost, so entertaining and instructive these long winter evenings.'

At Falmouth she witnessed the arrival and departure of different vessels and packets, and her benevolent heart again pointed out the benefit to be derived from books, especially to those who have much time unemployed. By the co-operation of friends, chiefly the captains of the vessels, and generous grants from different societies, she was enabled to see this deficiency supplied, each packet being furnished with a box containing thirty volumes, which were changed from time to time. Captain Clavell kindly undertook the charge of this library, and one of his family sent the following account of it to Mrs Fry:—'Our library is getting on with much success: the men appear more anxious than ever to read. I cannot tell you how much we all feel indebted to you for your kindness and benevolent exertions, but particularly our poor sailors.' At a later period:—'I have delightful accounts from all the packets: the men really beg for the books. I wish I could show you a box just returned from sea; the books well thumbed, a proof, I should think, of their being read.'

Another object of interest to her was the naval hospitals; and by her influence libraries were introduced there likewise. Nor must we omit to mention the reading-room and library she formed, a short time before her death, whilst staying at the little village of Cromer for change of air. This was for the use of the fishermen in the neighbourhood, to draw them from the public-house; and though it was but a small experiment, it was entirely successful, and is full of encouragement and instruction to those who seek, on a larger scale, the deliverance of their fellows from the bonds of vice and idleness.

Mrs Fry had at this time the gratification of receiving numerous letters from officers of the coast-guard stations, informing her of the good resulting from her labours in this way. She had also many written expressions of gratitude and affection from the poor prisoners in Newgate, as well as cheering intelligence from New South Wales, several of the convicts having sent letters of thanks to her for the instruction she had given to them, and for the kind interest she had taken in their welfare. These things greatly encouraged her in her arduous undertakings, and showed that she had not mistaken her mission, though, in fulfilling it, she was obliged in some instances to step out of the conventional rules of her sex. She had much to endure from the narrow prejudices of some, and the illiberal judgment of others. Her noble self-sacrifices were attributed to low motives, and she was even charged with a neglect of her home duties. All this, however, was of little moment, for it could not overturn the obvious and practical results of her labours. If Mrs Fry had preferred the opinion of the world to the divine spirit of philanthropy which impelled her from within, she would have continued to dance and sing at least as long as the sun of life shone.

In 1828, a house of business in which Mr Fry was concerned failed. It was not the one which that gentleman personally conducted in St Mildred's Court, but it occasioned a loss so serious to him, as altogether to change the circumstances of the family. They were now obliged to give up Plashet House, and all the luxuries of affluence, and remove, after a short stay in London, to a comparatively humble dwelling in the vicinity of their late abode. The chief cause of regret to Mrs Fry arose from the fact of her being now unable to render assistance to the poor around, who had so long looked up to her as their friend, and being obliged also to withdraw her support from her school. Much sympathy was expressed in this hour of trial by those who had united with her in her labours of love, and many gratifying testimonies of esteem and affection were presented. Notwithstanding the diminished resources of this remarkable woman, she continued to devote her time to the cause so near her heart. In company with one or other of her brothers, she made fresh tours into Scotland and Ireland, and afterwards extended these journeys to several parts of the continent. Their object was not only to inspect the prisons, but also the lunatic asylums, national schools, and hospitals,

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which were equally in need of improvement; and a vast amount of good resulted from their labours. Our limits will not allow of our entering into details respecting these journeys; but Mrs Fry and her brothers made personal appeals to the sovereigns of England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Hanover, and others, on behalf of suffering humanity. Nor did they forget the claims of the poor slave, but remonstrated with these exalted individuals on their countenancing the slave-trade in their colonies. They were received with courtesy, and many of their suggestions adopted. None could listen to Mrs Fry's simple eloquence, bold in its truthfulness, yet breathing the very soul of love, without being touched by it. The monarch felt that the beauty of sincerity surpassed the homage of the courtier; and the hardened heart of the criminal melted under the gentle influence of her nature, and felt the loveliness of virtue. That she experienced no self-exaltation at the universal respect which was shown to her, is obvious from many passages in her diary. At one time she says—'I have fears for myself in visiting palaces rather than prisons, and going after the rich rather than the poor, lest my eyes should become blinded, or I should fall away in anything from the simple, pure standard of truth and righteousness.'

Fatigue of body and mind had long been weakening her health, and in July 1843 her friends became alarmed. This illness continued, with short intervals of amendment, until October 1845, when her earthly career ended. All that affection could devise was done for her: she was taken from one watering-place to another; but nature was exhausted. In her sixty-sixth year she breathed her last at Ramsgate, deeply lamented not only by all who were bound to her by the ties of kindred, but by thousands whom her philanthropy had assisted, and her virtues had attached to her. When estimating the success of her labours, something must be attributed to the general spirit of improvement of the age; yet surely much praise is due to those individuals who nobly pioneer the way. At the time that Mrs Fry entered this field of labour, the prisons were in a lamentable state. Various causes had operated to destroy the good which Howard had laboured to effect, and the acts of parliament which were passed in consequence of his exertions had become a dead letter. The ground had therefore, as it were, to be trodden afresh, and for this work Mrs Fry was eminently qualified. Her warm, loving heart embraced the whole human family; but her chief object was to stretch forth the hand of encouragement to those of her own sex who were sunk in vice and misery, and to lead them to virtue and happiness.

ANECDOTE OF ALBONI.

Not very long since there resided at Bologna a gentleman worthy in character, but of somewhat eccentric habits, whose age might be about forty-five. He had obtained a certain degree of celebrity in the musical world: his name was Rossini. Partial to tranquillity, good cheer, and solitude, his door for some years previous had been closed against a particular class of visitors; his *concierge* having received directions not to admit any lyrical composer—a little farther, and he might have written on the walls, 'No musician enters here.' Despite these injunctions, a young damsel one morning glided into his presence, bearing a letter of introduction. Rossini was furious, but his better feelings prevailed.

'What is your pleasure, mademoiselle?' asked he.

'To sing before you, monsieur, and to solicit your advice.'

'Eh, my poor child, you wish to sing? Why, no person sings now-a-days.'

'I have, however, a tolerable voice.'

'Pauvre petite! At her age doubts never intrude. Let me see; what can you sing—contralto or soprano?'

'Both, monsieur.'

'How! Both?'

'Certainly: anything you wish.'

'Do you know "Il Barbiere?"'

'By heart: I shall sing, if it pleases you, the air of Rosina and the *marceau* of the Calumny.'

'Ah, ah! the young rogue is merry,' muttered the composer, patting her cheek. 'What is your name?' added he.

'Marietta.'

'Well, Marietta, open the piano, and sing whatever you choose.'

The young girl sat down, and accompanying herself, sang the grand air of Basile with the greatest steadiness and accuracy. Rossini was confounded. Without taking time to repose herself, she sought amongst the music ranged on the *pupitre*, and selected the air of Mathilda in 'Guillaume Tell,' which she executed with inconceivable expression, and with the same faultless precision as the former.

'The organ is superb!' exclaimed the composer, affectionately shaking her hands; 'but it must not remain idle. Study and sing, and heed not what persons say or do around you.'

This young girl, whose *début* in the arts was mainly owing to the undeviating kindness of Rossini, is the same who, a short time since, completely revolutionised the musical world of Paris. Her name is Alboni; the most extraordinary songstress, with the exception of Jenny Lind, that has been heard for thirty years.

Mademoiselle Alboni's character is a compound of winning frankness and strange caprice. Devoid of that self-love so common to other *artistes*, she willingly suits herself to any part assigned, provided the melody is such that she can do it justice.

She has often been compared to a German student, having all the *sang-froid* and courage usually attributed to that class. An amusing incident which occurred during her stay at Trieste is thus related:—Having heard on the day of her arrival that a cabal against her was being organized, she wended her way to the *estaminet*, and mingled amongst the conspirators; her short locks, full figure, and *dégagée* air, rendering it difficult to divine her sex.

'I am a stranger,' said Alboni, addressing herself to the Brutus of the cabal; 'but if there's fun on hand, count upon me.'

'Agreed!' was the reply. 'We are preparing to hiss down a cantatrice this evening.'

'What has she done—anything wicked?'

'We know nothing about her except that she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no singers here of whose reputations we are not the creators.'

'That appears to me fair enough: now as to the part I am to take in the affair?'

'Take this whistle; each of us carries a similar one. At a signal which will be given after the air of Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," you have but to add to the tempest which will be raised.'

'I comprehend;' and Alboni, faithful to her disguise, received from the hands of her dupe a pretty black whistle attached to a red ribbon.

That night the theatre bent under the weight of spectators. At the rising of the curtain, Almaviva and Figaro, two favourites, were listened to with attention; but when Rosina appeared in the scene in which she addresses the jealous tutor, a half-dozen whistles sounded their shrill notes through the house, unmindful of the signal to be given by the leaders of the cabal.

Alboni advanced to the foot-lights, and displayed the whistle suspended round her neck. 'Gentlemen,' said she with a smile, '*we* must not hiss *me*, but the cavatina; you have commenced too soon!'

There was a moment of silence; then thunders of applause rang through the house. The cantatrice was that night recalled eleven times amidst showers of bouquets.

'I had no idea that you were aware of this cabal?'

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said the director after the performance, as he kissed her hand.

'My dear *impresario*,' replied she, 'it is here as in politics—you must conduct the movement, or else be swept away.'

A STORM IN THE BALTIC.

Some years ago, during a temporary residence in the small island of Sylt, on the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, I had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of a storm in the Baltic, of which I had often heard very strange things stated.

The season was autumn, and the weather had become broken and unpleasant. At length we had a day of incessant rain, accompanied with a gale which blew with considerable fierceness. Next day matters seemed approaching a crisis. The storm had fairly commenced operations. I shall never forget the scene which now presented itself. At the beginning of the hurricane, all the trees in the island were in full leaf, though tinted with autumnal hues. When the storm was over, vegetation seemed to be destroyed, the leaves being blackened and withered on the branches, and in a few days more, I was told, they would all fall off. Only a few, which had occupied peculiarly-sheltered positions, remained undestroyed; while some that the wind had whistled through in a particular direction had the one-half of their leafy crowns left as black as a coal, and the other quite uninjured. It was really a pitiful sight: one could almost fancy the wind must have had a poisonous breath. But the effect proceeded, it was said, from the long-continued violent shaking, which hindered the proper circulation of the juices, just as a human creature might be shaken to death; yet in the inland parts of Germany and in England trees are often shaken by the wind for days together without any such fatal consequence, and many of their coasts are as much exposed to gales from the North Sea. Can this injurious action take place only from the west? The first that went were, I perceived, the leaves of the chestnut trees; then followed the limes; and lastly the poplars and the willows. Those that endured it best were the blackthorns; and it is natural that the larger the leaves, and the more firmly attached to the branches, the more they suffer. Those of a long narrow shape, or which are very small and limp, yield more easily to the storm, and feel it less.

When the wind had lasted a short time, the windows became covered with a coat of fine salt, like hoarfrost, and the lips and skin also acquired a salt taste. At the back of the house where I was staying there were some swallows' nests, in which the young ones now began to make a most pitiful and unusual noise. On going to see what was the matter, we found them all stretching their necks out of the nest, and the old birds flying a little way off, screaming, and evidently in great distress. It appeared that the violence of the wind prevented the parents from flying out in search of insects, and that they were consequently suffering from hunger. Our good-natured hostess, however, took pity on them, and chopped up a quantity of meat and bread crumbs to feed them till the storm was over. But it was not enough that this fierce gale should destroy the leaves and starve the birds: it had worse things in store for us.

On the second day we suddenly became aware, to our dismay, that the white surf, which we had been admiring, as it broke at some distance on the shore and the sandbanks, was now dashing up in the middle of the island. The sea had risen and covered the marshes, and towards evening a swift stream was rushing through the most fruitful part of the island, which unluckily was the lowest, and cutting it into two divisions, having opened a passage for itself from one bay to another.

The raging storm had lashed up the waters to such a height, that we could not distinguish whether the tide was in or out; it seemed to swell as much at ebb as at flood. The inhabitants of the island, not expecting such a storm as this in the summer, had left their flocks out on the pastures, and it now became a question how to provide, if possible, for their safety.

The flooded country, which we were anxiously contemplating through the telescope, presented an interesting spectacle: the dark-gray waters were rushing in various directions across it, and leaving only numerous strips and patches of green visible, as far as the high *geest* land against which they were breaking. The cattle, horses, and sheep were crowded together on the spots still left for them; and the composed manner in which they were feeding formed a striking contrast to the excitement and agitation of their masters. It not unfrequently happens, indeed, that the people lose their lives in attempting to save those of their flocks. As night came on, the gale seemed to grow even fiercer, and it now became decidedly necessary to go to the help of some of the sheep.

I joined one of the men who were going out for this purpose, and we walked along towards the inner Hoff, where we hoped to be able to cross to where the animals had taken refuge; but we found an arm of the sea, which was rushing across with great fury. It was impossible to go that way, and we sought another passage, and got on some distance towards them by wading; but we soon found the water getting so deep, that we were compelled to give up our intention. The poor man was in a state of the greatest alarm—not for himself, but for his sheep; indeed our danger was no more than just sufficient to create a pleasant excitement: the sky was covered with clouds, and sea and land seemed mingled together in the thick darkness. As we passed along the edge of the geest, or high heathy land, we perceived on the little border of reeds around it that the water was lower than it had been; and at midnight the shepherd went out again, as he said if his sheep were drowned, he should still perhaps be able to save their skins. This time, however, I was not his companion; another man went with him, and I returned and passed the remainder of the night in smoking, and listening to my host's stories of perils in the great deep. His house, fortunately for us, lay very high, on a tongue of firm geest land.

On the following morning we heard much of the sufferings of the night. One of the islanders had lost ten sheep, one thirteen, another his whole flock; and the bodies of many were carried in mournful procession into the village. I could not help, however, admiring the patience of the people. There was no loud complaining, and still less any cursing; but all showed sober patience and resignation, although their sheep are almost their only possessions. Several vessels had been wrecked in the night on or near the island, and indeed we had heard guns fired, but had no means of giving assistance.

As we rode along the shore we passed two of the wrecks. The crews of these had got safe to land; and the captain of the one, still dripping wet, was standing answering a long string of questions put to him by the *strandvogt*, or steward of the shore, who was driving about the sands in a little light one-horse carriage, with wheels of three yards' diameter. 'Whence had he come? What was the name of his vessel? What was his cargo? Why he was lying there? How came he to go ashore?' &c.; though the still howling wind might perhaps have answered the two latter questions for him. At a short distance further on we found the next wreck. It was a little Dutch vessel; and, like other aquatic creatures, the captain had made himself quite at home on the waves: he had had his wife and baby on board. These had been deposited safely in a cottage; and the father, a grown-up son, and a boy, were busy getting what they could out of the wreck. Here lay a little iron stove; there a blue-painted corner cupboard, a copper tea-kettle, and a china teapot, with cups, &c. thereunto belonging, besides a tub of butter, a cheese, and an old loaf. Sometimes one of them would return with nothing better than a pair of trousers, a

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tumbler, or some little garment of the baby's; but they continued their work, though the sea was still breaking over their vessel, so that they got many a shower-bath.

A little farther on we came to a large mast that had evidently been cut away. The marks of the hatchet were still fresh upon it; but of the vessel to which it had belonged there was not a trace. Probably it had gone entirely to pieces, and the crew been scattered like chaff before the wind.

THE ICARIAN PARADISE LOST.

For a number of years, a M. Cabet in Paris carried on a delusion which has ended as badly as all knew it would, the dupes of the delusion alone excepted. Whether M. Cabet was a rogue or a fool, or a mixture of both, is a matter of little consequence. He was one of those men who alleged that the competitive system of society is all wrong, and that Communism, or a general partition of goods in common, is the only means of earthly happiness. In order to practise what he preached, he induced a large number of credulous people to make an investment in an American Utopia called Icaria, to which they proceeded in shiploads by way of New Orleans.

It always appeared to us that Icaria had no real existence, but it now seems to have a locality somewhere in Texas; and here, on this happy spot, Communism was at length to have a fair start. Alas! evil tidings have reached France respecting the Icarians; and M. Cabet is denounced as a most perfidious individual; though he still carries on his plans, and is not without supporters among the Red Republicans. Let the following account of Icarian affairs, transcribed from the 'Journal des Débats' and other papers into the 'Times,' not be lost on those who give ear to schemes for reconstructing society:—

'Several articles in the American papers, and some letters that we have partly republished, have made our readers acquainted with the fate of the unfortunates who, excited to fanaticism by the doctrines of M. Cabet, had the deplorable temerity to abandon their homes, their trades, and their families, to go and found in the solitudes of the New World the Paradise of Icaria—that "new Jerusalem" whence were to arise the salvation and happiness of the human race. We thought these afflicting disclosures would have provoked explanations, or at least a reply, from the man who is accused as the author of so many misfortunes; and without really yielding any credence to the extravagant and immoral Utopias of M. Cabet, we hoped that he would at all events be able to prove that these deplorable narratives were exaggerated. We were deceived, however, and we still wait—for we cannot view as serious the letter addressed to several of our contemporaries by forty-nine adepts of the Icarian doctrines, who protest, in the most vague, but violent terms, against those whom they call traitors. We certainly do not question the good faith of the subscribers of this letter, but they must have been aware that abuse is no answer to precise and definite accusations, and that they ought, for the honour of the school, to have opposed to the facts specified allegations no less positive.

'As for M. Cabet, he keeps aloof, just as if he were a party not concerned in the matter at all. Disdaining to reflect on such miseries, he continues his labours with the same ardour as before, and if we are to believe public report, he is still urging the departure of new colonists—that is to say, of new victims for his chimerical Icaria. We have no power to prevent these unfortunates from rushing to their ruin; we know of no other available jurisdiction in this affair than that of the press; but we deem it our duty to lay before the public such facts as have come before us, in order that the tribunal of opinion may be in a position to pronounce, with a full knowledge of the circumstances, on the merits of the Icarian doctrine and its prophet.'

Were anything wanting to substantiate the intelligence of the utter ruin of Icaria and its victims, it would be found in what follows from the 'Echo of Louisiana' of November 29:—

'Thirty more colonists arrived from France last Sunday, to *re-establish* the republic of Icaria. The blindness of these poor people is truly incomprehensible; for our readers are aware that all those who reached the promised land have been obliged to abandon it, and have succeeded with great difficulty in regaining our city, the majority being reduced to the greatest distress.

'These new-comers have met those who preceded them, and the latter have given them a sad description of the dreadful state to which they would be reduced if they continued their journey to Texas. You perhaps imagine that this gloomy account frightened the new colonists. By no means! These unhappy wretches must have been fanaticised by M. Cabet. It is in vain to point out to them the emaciated and ragged ex-emigrants in question, or to urge them to halt—go they will, and nothing will stop them! They do not believe the assertions of their old companions; and the picture of the sufferings which await them is regarded as a frightful falsehood, invented by paid agents of the French government, in order to prevent the foundation of the Icarian colony.

'Poor idiots! Some of them, however, have come to the conclusion that there may be some truth, after all, in these narratives; for if Icaria were a country of eternal felicity, why should their predecessors have left it to come and die of starvation at New Orleans? Many would have gaily remained, but before sailing, they had been so simple as to confide their money to the agents of M. Cabet, and they wished to recover at least a part of it. The purse of M. Cabet, however, is a gulf far more profound than that of the ocean on which his adepts are wafted to the scene of his delusions. Never has a single one of the one hundred sous pieces, of which the worthy high priest of Icaria virtuously deigns to despoil his victims before sending them to the promised land, been returned to the pockets of the owner.

'As to the unhappy chosen ones who have reached this land of enchantment, they in vain consign M. Cabet to perdition. M. Cabet seems to pursue his career in France notwithstanding, despatching fresh recruits after having despoiled them like the rest. His only occupation is to obtain as many as possible, to accompany them to the place of embarkation, and to give them his paternal blessing. As soon as the sails are set, Cabet exclaims—"*Ite missa est!*"—("Go, the farce is played!") He then returns to Paris, and eats and drinks to the prosperity of the happy Icarians whom he has just despatched to starvation in the backwoods of Texas. In our opinion, M. Cabet alone can claim the pompous title of "the first Robert Macaire of transportation."

'The first victims that he has despatched to us did not obtain a single sou to remain here, and they then decided to push on to Texas—a further instance of insanity in our opinion. They did not reason; their faith in Cabetism is perfect.

'What! They are running to Icaria, where they know that distress awaits, and will be fatal to them, if it do not drive them back again more miserable than ever. And wherefore? To get back their money? Not so; for they are aware that all is lost. No matter; they are setting out for Icaria; so stick a pin there.

'If these unfortunates had reflected a little, they would have seen that they must make the best of the deceit thus practised upon them; and if they had set to work, they would have made another fortune, instead of going to endure acute sufferings for twelve weeks, and then returning hither sick and destitute.

'One of them, a member of the second vanguard, and who has now (as he poetically expresses it) had his bellyful of Communism, informed us that there was no slavery to equal Communism in action. No idea can be formed of it: for example, there is not soup enough for everybody; so it is given to the dogs, in order that no jealousy may be excited amongst the Socialist guests! At table, each individual watches—not his own plate, but that of his neighbour, and generally discovers that the pittance of the latter is larger than his own! Each must have the same appetite and the same tastes, for the morsels of food are weighed and measured, and all must eat of the same dish. So much the worse if you have a keen appetite, for you have only your own portion; whilst those (a rare occurrence amongst the Communists) whose stomachs are not so sharp-set, throw the superfluous part of their provender to the dogs, for the same reason as before—to prevent jealousy. "We were told," added our friend from Icaria, "that Icaria was a wonderful city, which utterly distanced Paris and Capua in luxury and sensual gratifications. When we arrived, however, we only found a few huts, open to all the winds of heaven and all the inclemencies of the weather. Thousands of acres of land were to have been sown—so we were told. But what was the fact? We found fifty square leagues of ground, in which they had planted five hundred

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radishes, of which not a single one appeared above the soil!" Such is Icaria. It is the pendant to the Botany Bay of Great Britain; with this difference, that instead of transporting thieves thither to live, they send out plundered dupes to die.

'Such was the account given by our ex-Communist of this promised land. What a picture!'

TRIFLES.

One Saturday night we listened to a very amusing discourse, the tendency of which was to show, that although no one should be a trifler, yet that every one should be attentive to trifles. A trifler was defined to be one who habitually gives up his time and attention to things that are, or that ought to be, beneath his notice; while a trifle was said to be something insignificant in itself, yet capable of producing important results. By way of illustration, an incident in the life of Laffitte, the great French banker, was quoted. Laffitte, in 1787, entered Paris as a poor peasant boy: his introduction to that career in which he was afterwards so eminently successful was owing to a mere trifle. M. Perregaux, to whom he applied on his arrival for employment, at first rejected his suit; but on seeing the youth, while crossing the courtyard of the hotel, disappointed and rejected, suddenly stop, pick up a pin, and carefully stick it in the cuff of his coat, the man of money was moved, the petitioner was recalled, and after a few minutes' conversation, appointed to a vacant post in the office. In 1804 Laffitte became the partner of Monsieur Perregaux; and subsequently obtained the entire direction of the bank. After enjoying the highest civic honours of his country, he died a millionaire in the year 1844; owing his extraordinary success in life, probably, to the habit, early formed, of never neglecting the most trivial thing likely to be useful.

The falling of an apple from a tree is said to have occasioned the discovery of the laws of gravitation: apples had fallen many many times, no doubt, before Sir Isaac Newton seated himself in his arm-chair in his orchard; but until that afternoon, it would seem that no one accustomed to regard even trifles with attention had noticed the circumstance. 'History, if referred to,' said the lecturer, 'would afford numberless instances of the veriest trifles producing peace or war, entailing prosperity or adversity for whole generations.' As an instance how far even civilisation is affected by trifles, an anecdote from Sir Francis Head's narrative of his governorship of Canada was cited. 'At a certain season of the year,' continued the speaker, 'if my memory serves me, Sir Francis Head says that a little fly appears upon the prairies, and torments the wild animals there terribly. To escape its sting they flee to the forests, and hide in its recesses; the Indian follows, and to drive out his game, sets fire to the underwood. He obtains his venison and buffalo hump, but loses his hunting-ground; for as the land is thus cleared, the white man advances, and his red brethren are compelled to retreat further before him.'

The lecturer next touched upon the influence of trifles in promoting or destroying domestic happiness; and concluded by explaining a few such phrases as: a *man* ought to be above trifles, &c. B—r.

[We take the above from an interesting little paper called the *Queenwood Reporter*, published periodically at Queenwood College, near Stockbridge, Hants, and which purports to consist of articles written by the pupils of that establishment. We have heard much of Queenwood, as agreeably uniting the character of a home with that of a public academy for boys.]

MINERAL CAMELEON.

If one part of the black oxide of manganese, and three parts of the nitrate of potash, both reduced to powder, be mixed together, and thrown into a red-hot crucible, and continued there until no more oxygen gas is disengaged, a greenish friable powder is obtained called *mineral cameleon*, from its property of changing colour during its solution in water. If a small quantity of this powder be put into a glass of water, the solution is first *blue*; oxide of iron then separates, and by its *yellow* colour renders the fluid *green*; this subsiding, the *blue* reappears; then, as the oxide of manganese absorbs oxygen from the atmosphere, it becomes *reddish*, *brownish*, and at last *black*. It then subsides, and leaves the fluid *colourless*. Again, if *hot* water be poured upon this singular substance, a beautiful *green* solution will be produced, whereas *cold* water will give one of a deep *purple*. These changes depend upon the various states of oxydizement which the metal acquires by change of temperature. In the first formation of this compound, care should be taken that no sulphur comes in contact with it; as the addition of a very small portion of sulphuret of potash would counteract its effects.—*Parkes's Chemical Catechism.*

SONNET.

Who hath not treasured something of the past—
The lost, the buried, or the far away?
Twined with those heart-affections which outlast
All save their memories—these outlive decay!
A broken relic of our childhood's play,
A faded flower, that long ago was fair—
Mute token of a love that died untold!
Or silken curl, or lock of silvery hair—
The brows that bare them long since in the mould!
Though these may call up griefs that else had slept,
Their twilight sadness o'er the soul to bring;
Not every tear in bitterness is wept,
While they revive the drooping flowers that spring
Within the heart, and round its ruined temples cling.

J. Craig.

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION-BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE 1600 YEARS AGO.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period, is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shang-leang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaou-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shen-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, 'flying-bridges,' and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high, that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shen-se stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying-bridges are so wide, that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a-half ago, that the Chinese had suspension-bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Thornton's History of China.*

TIME.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait a while, that he may, at the harvest, receive with advantage.—*Owen Feltham*, 1636.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 275. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849. Price 1½d.

MOVERS AND RESISTERS.

We lately endeavoured to trace the natural bases of political partizanship in certain characters of mind. We may now go on to remark that the same peculiarities of temper and thinking which determine for a man which colour he is to wear at elections, or on which side of the House of Commons he is to take his seat, rule his choice as well in scientific matters. Philosophy has its Whigs and Tories, its Radicals and its Nondescripts; and if doctrines of all kinds were as regularly subjected to votes as is the case with political questions, we should be not less able to foretel the places of our friends in the division list, than the best whipper-in ever was to vaticinate on the fate of any ministerial motion in parliament.

It is a curious circumstance that Resisters of all kinds always believe themselves to be the representatives of the Movers of a former age. The unfortunate Conservatives of the Reform-Bill era went to the martyrdom of their defeat under the conviction that they were the true Whigs of 1688. The modern possessors of that title they held to be a degenerate race, who were seeking to destroy the very fabric which their venerated predecessors had reared with so much trouble and so much wisdom. 'We,' said they, 'though you call us Tories, are in reality the protectors, and, alas! the only remaining protectors, of what the Whigs did in the days of William of Orange.' This was true in the letter; but at a cool moment we must own that it was not true in spirit. Whatever might be the merits of the question so keenly agitated in 1831–2, no reasonable person can doubt that if Somers, and Seymour, and Halifax, had been summoned from the grave to take a new lease of political existence, they would, with the dispositions we know they possessed, have ranked themselves, not beside Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst, but Lord John Russell and Lord Durham. To think otherwise is to suppose men more true to a lifeless word or phrase than to their own inborn impulses, which all experience is opposed to. So also in some of the ecclesiastical questions of the last few years, we have occasionally heard the stand-still, or defensive party, referring with pride to great reforming names of a former age as the glory of their cause, when it was more than doubtful whether those reformers, if recalled to life, would have taken their side. The fallacy consists in overlooking the change of ideas and of the relations of things which has taken place since the time of the persons referred to, and in failing to see that these persons, if now alive, would have something to judge of very different from what they had in their own day. If still actuated by the dispositions which they manifested in their former life, they would judge of the matters submitted to them under the bias of those dispositions, and determine according as these were affected by the new circumstances. Thus we can imagine a great founder of some particular form of external religion, after three centuries, taking part against the very system he had founded, seeing that it did not, in its new relations, fulfil the end he had originally in view. Perhaps, indeed, there is scarcely any such system which would at the end of three centuries obtain the full sanction of the very persons who, at the beginning of the period, were its most zealous advocates and defenders. That duty would in general have to be left to a different class of minds.

One can easily see how precisely it is the same phenomenon, when a stand-still party of scientific men seek to shelter themselves under the prestige of some great man of former days, whose doctrines, originally themselves an innovation, are now predominant. The opponents of the natural classification of plants wielded against it the authority of Linnæus, whose system was so very different. But Linnæus was in his day exactly such an innovator as Jussieu was afterwards. The improvement which he effected was as great as could be expected of any one man in his day; but it was not all that was capable of being made. Much remained to be done, and no one knew this better than Linnæus himself. When Jussieu, passing from the artificial arrangement of the Swedish naturalist, brought plants into the association of their natural affinities, he only took the next proper step in the process. The haters of improvement affected to rally round Linnæus, whose name was a tower of strength. But would Linnæus, if still alive, have stood up for his own system as against that of Jussieu? Very improbable, seeing that his mind was essentially active and progressive, and therefore apt to adopt exactly such novelties as this. We can scarcely, we think, be going far wrong when we affirm that many a man to this day patronises Linnæus in a degree for which that great man would blush were he capable of appreciating the superior system of the French botanist.

Aristotle, as we all know, was at one time a kind of religion to the learned world. When a new system came into notice, it was held as a sort of heresy. Men professed to defend their ancient master, as they would have defended the temples or images of the gods against a barbarian enemy. But no one now-a-days can study the character of the Stagyrite philosopher, and doubt that, if he had lived in the sixteenth century of the Christian era, he would not have been an Aristotelian. Far more probably, he would have defended De la Ramée in the Sorbonne, when that extraordinary genius was seeking to undermine his own method of logic. So, also, when the Cambridge doctors held out for him against Bacon, we cannot doubt that he would have

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himself been the leading Baconian. He would have astonished them by giving up his own books. Bacon, again, if now living, would probably be busy with some improvements upon the inductive method; some expansion of it, or some ascension above it, which, were it to be propounded by any nameless man of our day, would, beyond question, be denounced as a heterodoxy with respect to the actual ideas of Bacon.

The fact is, in such cases, minds of very different calibre are concerned. The original mover was a great man; the resisters are small men. The latter can take up an idea, and make food of it, when once it has received a stamp from authority or from age; but they cannot truly judge of it, or of the character of its originator. Had they been his contemporaries, they would have been his greatest opponents and vituperators—resisting the very doctrines which now they hold fast as they would their most valued possessions. It is the fate of the great man to be before his age, of the small men to be behind theirs. The ideas of a great man, at first difficult of acceptance, acquire in time a wide prevalence. They may then be regarded as in harmony with the general mind to which they are addressed. As the general mind advances, they fall behind, and then it is that they become suitable for the tribe of Resisters. Then is the time of the dotage of ideas, and it is of course as absurd to appeal from a new idea to one in this state, as it would be to endeavour to correct a man in the prime and vigour of his days by showing how his bedrid grandfather would have conducted himself in similar circumstances. The true and just appeal is not to what the great man of a former age has said on a particular subject, for everything he has said must bear a character from the circumstances and prevalent ideas of his own time; but to the spirit of the man. We must call into court the Aristotelian mind, or the Baconian mind, as a mere instrument, and endeavour to imagine what would be the tune which would flow from it under the existing circumstances, after it had been duly adjusted to the pitch of a new and advanced age. It is difficult to imagine this. Well, then, put it entirely out of court, and endeavour to decide the question otherwise. But if the great dead are to be brought forward at all, undoubtedly this is the only right way in which they can be brought forward.

Akin to the fallacy here described is that of the applauder of bygone times. When he praises some feature of a past age, as a thing whose extinction is to be regretted, because there is nothing now like it, he is usually under a complete mistake. It is only the narrowness of his own judgment which prevents him from seeing that, in as far as any such thing is now needed, its place is filled by something of an analogous or corresponding character, which perhaps serves the end even better. What is more, if this person had lived in the past age referred to, it is probable that the feature which he now deplores as extinct would have affected him disagreeably as an innovation. He only can love it because he cannot see it. On the regret sometimes expressed by romantically-inclined persons for the system of chivalry, we take leave to quote some remarks which appear to us strikingly just:—'To lament its extinction, still more to affect the restoration of its outward semblance, is not only childishly to attempt a reversal of the march of wisely-ordered events, but to militate against the very spirit from which the system attempted to be recorded first arose, and to which, while prevalent, it owed its short-lived existence—the spirit of improvement upon worse manners, and yet more imperfect institutions of an earlier date. As in every other system in which the better principles imparted to man have been more or less perverted by his weakness, his ignorance, his attempt to restrict that which was intended to be universal, and to individualise that which was destined for the common good of all—whatever was worth preserving in those days, to which some even in the present time are fond of reverting as the epochs of the truest glory of our race, still lives among us—lives a nobler and more vigorous life. It is but the false and the imperfect, the vain and the useless, the deceptive and the dangerous, which has been irrevocably swept away. In return, therefore, to the lament that the age of chivalry is gone, we may truly reply that we have a better and a nobler chivalry of our own—a chivalry which, if it watches no more in steel, and wields no weapons of mortal warfare within the field of actual contention, has its vigils and struggles yet more painful in their character, and undertaken for a far higher end—which, if it no longer traverses sea and land, the tempestuous ocean and the parching desert, to seek

"In Calvary Him dead who lives in Heaven,"

often goes forth into painful exile in lands yet more remote—or, nearer home, confronts the ghastliness of misery and the perilous atmosphere of contagion and death, to multiply living monuments to the common Lord of Christianity in the recovering from crime and ignorance, from anguish and disease, those over whom—as far as their improvement, whether mental or physical, is concerned—every revolution of society has hitherto passed almost in vain—which sees, moreover, in difference of faith or of nation, no longer, as formerly, fresh pretexts for warfare and extermination, but rather motives for closer intercourse, and a wider exercise of the common law of charity and love.'*

The characters of men might be regarded as so many casts from a certain number of moulds. The individual men change in generations; but the moulds remain, and the characters accordingly are continually reproduced. Two similar events, or relations of circumstances, in two distant ages, are surrounded by perfectly similar characters, though by different flesh and blood. Let there be a persecution for opinion in our age, and men precisely corresponding to the distinguished inquisitors of old, and to all their subordinate instruments, would immediately appear. Let there be a new attack on France in circumstances precisely similar to those of 1792–3, and we should have a new Robespierre and Marat, a new set of Girondins, and finally, when the crisis was nigh past, a new Tallien and Barras. In the recent Revolution, the men whose character would have fitted them for a Committee of Public Safety have been, under the totally different direction which things have taken, remanded to the obscurity of the Parisian jails, instead of being drawn on to dictate who should live and who should die. In his play of the 'Baptistes' George Buchanan introduces two Pharisees, Malchus and Gamaliel, who do the hero to death on fallacious grounds which may be supposed. Without in the least violating the truth of the picture, the poet is understood to have described under these names two of the leading doctors of the ancient faith of his own day—the kind of men by whom Hamilton and Wishart in Scotland, and

* From a paper recently read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester, by J. F. Hollings, Esq.

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Cranmer and Latimer in England, were adjudged to the flames. In our age, we have no such fierce controversies going on, and no such tremendous punishments for opinion inflicted; but amidst those which we have, it is not difficult to distinguish the Malchuses and Gamaliels, or the men at least who would fill those parts if the times were in a temper to call them into full development.

THE GOLD-SEEKER AND THE WATER-SEEKER.

A MEXICAN NARRATIVE.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

At no great distance from the city of Chihuahua, in a vast plain, is a small village in the centre of a deep wood, almost wholly unknown save to the wandering hunter, and the few inhabitants who dwell in its poor huts. It is called Torpedo. Twenty sheds, with roofs, it is true, but with scarcely any walls save on the northern side, composed, with one exception, the small hamlet. A neat wooden hut stood aloof from the rest, marking an advanced degree of civilisation which excited the wonder, but not the emulation, of the happy but idle and poverty-stricken Mexicans. This hut had been built by an American who, having taken to the woods after a quarrel in the capital, had selected this obscure retreat for himself and his two boys, now orphan youths of nineteen and twenty. The Mexicans did as their fathers did before them: they planted a little maize and a few vegetables; they caught wild horses, and hunted enough to procure what was strictly necessary; and after this meed of exertion, thought themselves justified in spending their leisure hours, at least nine months in the year, in smoking, drinking *pulque*, and gambling for the few rags which they managed to procure in exchange for a little surplus maize, some fowls, and other commodities which their wives and daughters took to the market of Chihuahua. Zealous and Patient Jones, the lads above-mentioned, were very far from being satisfied with this state of existence. They worked six days in the week, they went to market themselves, they took there six times as much produce as did any other two men in Torpedo; they bartered tobacco—the vaporous luxury of all idle nations and idle people—against maize and wild turkeys, and at the time we speak of, bade fair to make of the lethargic village a place of trade, and hence a place of prosperity. Though only just emerging from boyhood, they could have bought the whole village, inhabitants and all.

But Zealous and Patient Jones had no such vast desires; and of all the men, women, and children residing in the hamlet, they coveted only the possession of two. These were Zanetta and Julietta, the daughters of the alcalde or mayor of the small locality. Zealous loved Zanetta, and Patient loved Julietta. Their affection was warmly returned, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but the passage of a year, when it was agreed that all parties would have arrived at their years of discretion, which, however, are oftener supposed to be reached than really attained.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the brothers sat at their door enjoying the refreshing breeze wafted over the trembling tree-tops, and odorous with floral richness. They were talking of the future, and of the world of which they knew so little, when a horseman suddenly appeared before them. He wore a costume which was not of the country, and had features which reminded them in their character of their departed parent. They rose as the traveller halted before their hut, and asked, in very bad Mexican, the way to Chihuahua. Zealous hurriedly replied in English that it was eleven miles off.

'I expect you're countrymen,' said the horseman, much surprised.

'We are from New York State,' replied Zealous.

'Well, that's pleasant. I'm dead beat, so is my horse. Will you give a countryman a shake-down for a night?'

The young men eagerly proferred their hut; and while one held the horse's head, the other assisted the traveller to dismount. Mr Bennett, a merchant who travelled annually to Mexico, was the visitor the hospitable Americans had received; and it was difficult to say who derived most pleasure from the meeting. Mr Bennett was delighted with the candour of the young men; they with his conversation and knowledge. He gave them glowing descriptions of the world; of the power and advantages of wealth; of the delights of an existence among one's fellows; and in fact so fired their imaginations, that when he sought his Mexican grass hammock, the brothers were wholly unable to sleep. They talked, they thought of nothing save the world; and when the traveller quitted them next day, they felt for the first time impatient and discontented.

'I have a great mind to turn *gambusino*, and go gold-hunting in the mountains,' said Zealous. 'I should like to become rich, and return to my native land.'

'For me,' cried Patient, less wild and fiery than his elder brother, 'I could wish to find some hidden spring in yonder forests, and there found a village.' The country was bare of water, and a spring in the wood was a treasure which enabled the fortunate finder to fertilise a vast property, if he had enterprise sufficient to carry out his plan.

'It would be scarcely worth abandoning our home for that,' said the ambitious Zealous, and the conversation dropped. But the thoughts remained, and at the end of a week Zealous had become so infatuated, and so restlessly eager to become rich, that taking a horse, a rifle, powder, shot, a mattock, and a few clothes, he started towards the far-distant mountains without even bidding adieu to his brother or Zanetta, so alarmed was he that his visionary enterprise should be prevented.

Though Zealous had quitted humble prosperity, gentle and real happiness, to go run the world for mere money, he was no common youth. He had genius, courage, and determination, and his whole conduct displayed these qualities. From time immemorial, it had been a tradition that the far-off mountains were full of gold, and regularly every year some ardent and young spirits started in search of the precious metal, to meet only with death or disappointment. Few returned, and of these few none ever brought any portion of gold worth the labour of their search. They hinted at vast treasures discovered in places so distant and difficult, as to preclude their being reached with mules or horses, and returned to the search with renewed zest, but always alone, each man expecting to be the fortunate one, and refusing to share his visioned wealth with a partner. Zealous Jones knew all this, and was determined to take warning by the fate of his fellows. He travelled slowly and steadily, used as little as possible of his powder and shot, and when he killed game, bore away the remains to be eaten with wild fruits, berries, and the esculent roots of the tropics. He was careful, too, of his horse, and reached the entrance of the hilly regions without having violently fatigued man or beast. He then rested two days in the mouth of a sublime gorge of the mountains, where cliff and rock, tree and water, height and vastness, all combined to give grandeur to the scene. But Zealous thought little of the magnificent landscape: his eye, wandering over the green plains behind, seemed to wish to pierce space, and discover, five hundred miles behind, the forms of his brother and his affianced wife. Once or twice his heart was touched; but a glance at the mighty ramparts of the gold region roused within him other thoughts, and he still advanced on his perilous journey.

Months passed, and Zealous was still wandering in the hills, now ascending steep gorges, now precipitous cliffs, that forced him to abandon his faithful horse to graze at their feet; now leaving him a whole day to feed the length of his tether while he explored the rugged hills, mattock in hand, in search of gold; now travelling over lofty table-plains; now resting in delicious valleys scarce if ever trod before by the foot of man; but never finding a trace of the treacherous metal that had lured him from home. Zealous was getting gaunt and thin, his clothes were in rags, his horse was lame, and his ammunition was nearly all spent, having only lasted until now because Zealous had starved himself to spare it.

Overcome by these considerations, he determined to

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make a halt in a green valley watered by a stream that formed a pool in the centre. He bathed his hardy steed, examined his feet, and left him to graze unbound, quite certain of his not leaving the valley, and took himself to the water. He floated an hour in the warm sun on the surface of the water, and then struck for the shore, on the banks of which something sparkling made his heart leap. He tore up a handful, and the glittering globules of pure gold revealed the riches of the valley. To dress, to seize his mattock, to tear up the ground, was the work of an instant. The whole mass was full of the precious metal; and forgetting all cares, Zealous began his work of gold-washing and digging. A mattock, a basket of green-willow boughs—such were all his tools; but a month's arduous labour put him in possession of a heap of treasure perfectly marvellous. He now thought of returning, when the fatal idea entered his head—how was his treasure to be removed? Zealous stood speechless with astonishment and despair. His horse, though fattened by a month's rest, was unable to bear much more than himself and his heavy rifle. He accordingly resolved to take a little, bury the rest, and return to the settlements in search of assistance. He accordingly restored the precious heap to its former position, mounted his steed with a small parcel of gold, and began his journey back. It was difficult and painful. Hunger came upon him, his ammunition was all spent, and a few days made him despair of reaching home. A fever and ague, contracted in the mountains, came strong upon him, and his mind began to wander. He gained at length the vast forest that bordered his home, but at nightfall was exhausted with sickness and fatigue. He alighted, lit a fire with difficulty, and lay down beside it to die. The fever was raging, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was in a comfortable bed in a large farmhouse, with every sign of opulence and wealth. Patient and his wife were beside him. His brother had sought his fire from curiosity in time to save him. The greeting was warm on both sides, and Zealous found to his surprise that he had been more than a year absent. The young man looked wistfully at his brother and at Julietta, who pressed to her bosom an infant a month old. 'Zanetta is married too,' he said with a deep sigh. A sob behind the curtains was his answer, and the faithful girl was kneeling next minute by his couch. The gold-seeker, when an hour had been given to unconnected greetings, asked his brother's history. Patient replied that his grief on the departure of his brother had almost deprived him of reason, but that Julietta had made him cling to life. He resolved, however, to go a journey; and burying himself in the forest, sought as diligently for water as his brother did for gold. A month's search rewarded him. A spring, bubbling at a tree foot, was found, and here he took up his dwelling, married Julietta, hired all the youths of the old village, and was now master of the richest *hacienda* or farm in all the country. Zanetta, true to her first affection, had come to live with them.

'And so will I,' cried the gold-seeker. 'I have gold enough to buy a vast herd of cattle; that is my share. We will be partners once more, brother; and if Zanetta will forgive'——

A smile was his answer. The water-seeker now asked his narrative, which he frankly told. Zanetta shuddered at the dangers he had incurred, Prudent wondered at the gold; but all joined to dissuade Zealous from again risking his life in the dangerous occupation of a gambusino. He cordially agreed; and a month after, the tie of husband came to bind him more strongly to home. The gold he had brought made them amply wealthy; every happiness was around them; love, duty, prosperity, a life without a care, made the hacienda in the woods a little paradise. But the very calmness of this existence acted unfavourably on the ambitious Zealous, who could not feel the reasoning and solid enjoyment of his brother the water-seeker. He thought of his vast treasure in the hills, grew silent and moody, spoke little to his wife, and one day disappeared with five horses and as many sacks, taking this time ample ammunition and some food. Leaving the inhabitants of the hacienda to their grief, we follow the wild gambusino, who travelled for some days with intense rapidity, for fear of being pursued. It was only at the foot of the mountains that he halted. As before, he stayed two days; but this repose over, he no longer went searching through the mountains, but led his five horses straight towards the unknown valley. After many days of arduous and painful travelling it was found, and Zealous had the delight of finding also his treasure untouched. Two days were devoted to rest and to packing his gold in the sacks provided, one of which he placed on each horse, that he himself mounted bearing the lightest.

When the gold-seeker started on his return, the arid season of the hot days had commenced; the grass was scorched up, and scarce a drop of water could be found. Zealous travelled rapidly, but this acted fatally, for on the fifth day one horse dropped with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and more than a fifth part of his treasure was lost. To load the other horses with it was vain; the poor animals, parched with thirst, staggered under their present load. Zealous, with a deep sigh, abandoned his gold, and struck across the desert towards the distant forest. No water was found that day, and at night both man and beast were raging with thirst. They halted in a sycamore grove, the dewy leaves of which at nightfall slightly restored Zealous, who, however, found another horse unable to move. Rage, despair in his heart, the young miser pursued his journey; but on arriving a whole day's journey distant from the forest, his whole caravan had broken down. The gold-seeker, mad, his brain fevered by the heat and by disappointment, turned back on foot. His senses seemed gone; and when he reached the first stage where he found a carcase, his mind was really affected, for he wildly strove to drag the gold towards home. From this moment his senses were utterly lost. He flew back on the trace of his fatal treasure; he ate roots, horse-flesh, and berries, and at last reached the spot where lay the last horse. His day was spent in frenzied efforts to drag the sack of gold onwards, his night in sleeping with it for a pillow; and in this state he was found by his brother and a mounted party, who found him after a long and weary search.

It was many months ere the gold-seeker was restored to health and consciousness, and then sad was the result. He seemed a premature old man; his wife vainly strove to charm him; and but for the constant watch set upon him, he would again have started on his perilous and mad enterprise. The water-seeker clearly saw the cause of his brother's grief; but he said nothing, continuing calmly his course, and reaping every day the reward of his solid industry. When, however, a certain time had elapsed, and the body of the gold-seeker was sufficiently restored, Patient determined to try an experiment on his mind. He shut himself in a room with him, and spoke thus: 'My dear brother, you are unhappy, and your misery causes ours. My wife and yours equally suffer from your sorrow: we can do nothing to remove it, because we know not the cause.' The gold-seeker sighed deeply, and shook his head. 'Speak, Zealous,' cried his brother, 'and there is nothing you can wish but that we will all gladly do.'

'It is in vain to struggle against my destiny,' said Zealous. 'Did you find any sacks of gold near me?'

'They are all five in yon cupboard,' said Patient. 'They are untouched: they are yours. They contain vast wealth, but was wealth like that necessary to us? See how happy I am. Why? Because all around is the fruit of my labour and my industry. You are unhappy, your wife is wretched, and all because you have an inordinate thirst for mere gold. With millions of dollars in your cupboard, you long again to tempt fortune.'

'Never!' replied Zealous firmly. 'Take the gold: it is not mine, but yours. Use it for our mutual advantage. Give me my task to perform, and from this day you shall have no reason to complain.' And the gold-seeker went out in search of his wife, with whom he conversed for an hour; and that day at dinner all were

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happy. But Patient determined to spare no sacrifice to insure his brother's happiness. A month after that, he left his hacienda, sold it to a rich convent, and retired to the United States, where the brothers entered into a partnership as merchants. But Zealous was wholly cured. He felt deeply the noble conduct of his brother and his wife, and sought in every way to repay them. They are now all contented. Patient has three children, Zealous as many; and their commerce succeeding, they have few cares for the future. They are looked up to in the great city they inhabit; and when the Californian gold fever burst out, the most sensible advice came from the lips of Zealous. 'Do not quit the certain for the uncertain,' said he to young men ready to abandon lucrative posts to go gold-digging; 'honest industry gives you an existence, success can do no more, while the chances of failure are so great. I was one of the fortunate. But then if the gold-seeker did not perish, it was because the devoted water-seeker was at hand.' And he would hurry home to press the hand of his brother, and thank him once more for all he owed to him. The advice of Zealous is little followed, because youth and ardent imaginations are little influenced by reason; but it is probable that, in after-days, the few who stick to their counters and their situations will never regret having taken the counsel of the now cautious gold-seeker. There are always bold and enterprising characters enough to risk such perils, there are always sufficient men of desperate fortunes who cannot lose, without fathers of families and comfortable citizens leaving their home and household gods to tempt Dame Fortune. So always thought Patient, and so now thinks Zealous Jones.

MARINE PHENOMENA.

The ocean, beautifully rounded in as it is, agitated by storms, and holding in solution the saline particles which elsewhere are distributed so differently, includes a congeries of grand movements, by whose means the waters of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Polar Seas are continually being interchanged. Its apparently capricious magnificence becomes still more sublime when thus beheld subjected to rigid law; as when we connect the pulses of the tide upon the beach with the distant moon emerging from the horison, or see the tempest-clouds out at sea drawn gradually into the suction of the trade-wind. More interesting yet is it to the voyager to fall in, ever and anon, with tokens of that great motion from the East which turns the Cape, runs up towards the line again, crosses the Atlantic, issues from the Mexican Gulf, and flowing upward like a river till it meets the ice-streams of the north, sweeps round upon itself again, or diverges, like a fan, towards the Mediterranean Strait and the coast of the Great Desert. Hence probably the number of dangerous minor currents that bear in landward along the south-western shores of Africa; and some of which none but the eye of a practised old sea-dog accustomed to those parts can detect. A sailor who was one of my shipmates told me he was once homeward-bound in the same latitude we were in at the time, in a Hull barque, commanded by a hard-a-weather captain, who depended, however, on his mate for the navigation, when they fell into a mess, as he said, all owing to a 'double current.' They were driven to eastward a good deal by a strong south-wester, after which they had just begun to lie their course again, with a very light breeze from south-east, when, according to the mate's reckoning, they were but a few degrees from land. The captain got rather uneasy, knowing the nature of the coast and the badness of the chronometer; but the barque kept slipping all day through smooth water with every stitch of canvas set, and the mate considered it was all right, and plenty of sea-room, even though she had been a Dutch tea-ship instead of the sharpest barque out of Hull. There was an old fellow of a sailmaker on board that had been once in a slaver, and the mate saw him spitting over the side, and watching it go past.

'Well, my man,' said the mate, 'what does she make?'

'Barely a knot and a-half, sir,' said the sailmaker; 'though, to my thinking, there's a current with us by all appearance.'

'So much the better, my man,' said the mate, rubbing his hands.

'I don't like the look of it though, sir,' said the sailmaker. 'That same haze yonder to nor'-eastward, you see, sir, 'tis a good sight nearer on our weather-bow, to my thinking, since the morning. There's a bluer colour in the sky thereaway too; in short, sir, it's dreadful like the loom of the slave-coast. I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if there was an under-current sliding her in, starn foremost, all the time she looks to be forging ahead!'

The mate only laughed at this idea; but the old sailmaker having kept hard at work for some time sounding alongside with a line and a half-sunk float, found reason, as he thought, to confirm his notion; and by next morning they were actually in sight of the African land, almost embayed, and setting in towards it. Upon this the captain had recourse to the old seaman's advice, and altered the course, so as to steer across the drift of the current until they had got free of it, and gradually edged off with the sea-breeze; probably just in time to escape being grounded upon a bank.

We were once in a calm on the Atlantic, a little to the southward of the line, and in longitude somewhere between 20 degrees and 30 degrees west; the ocean, having subsided from a swell on the previous evening, appeared so perfectly at rest, and so did the vessel also, as to recall the poet's image of

> 'A painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.'

There was not even that low tremulous heave, or those long serpentine undulations, resembling the faint breaths of a sleeping or shackled monster, which generally seem to pervade the most entire repose of the great deep; the round expanse lay intensely blue in the paler embrace of the sky, that poured upon it, as from a mighty cup of light whose inverted bottom glowed like a single diamond, the equatorial cornucopia of light and heat. Which of the two was the more impressive it were hard to say—a 'sleeping calm' or a 'dead' one, as they are emphatically designated by sailors; but the latter, as is obvious, indicates in itself the far longer continuance of its reign, since it shows how distant is even the impulse of any breeze; and perhaps because, although 'every calm breeds its own squall,' yet for a time the very smoothness of the water tends, within so wide an extent, to spend, diffuse, and prevent the acceleration of those that may arise. What gave one the most striking sense, however, of helplessness and awe, was the manner in which our Indiaman, so long true to her compass and her sails, not only lay like a log upon the sea, but by degrees revolved as upon a pivot, until at length she boldly faced the way she had come, then the pole, north-west, and west, while the motionless and unbroken horison round her betrayed no sign of the change. It was difficult to conceive what cause this freak could be attributed to without a breath of air or a pulse of ocean; but the more complete the calm became, the more apparent on the surface grew the long-drawn wrinkles and winding lines that testified to some sub-superficial agency. Rising, as it were, with the cessation of all upper influences, from the blue depths of ocean into light, or possibly elicited by the inert mass of the ship, the undulation of their movement seemed traceable towards one direction—that of north-west. With next morning's dawn, indeed, when the sun's presence below its rim gave a leaden tinge to the water, and a long thin cloud lay along it, these faint traces looked still more obvious in the shadow, wearing the aspect of a path to the horison, or of a gigantic web-work intermingled with slow, oily eddies, while the ultra-marine tint of the sea was variegated with wind-

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ing patches of pale, of emerald, and of dark; the horison itself glowed purple, and was edged with a keen semicircle of light, as the morning radiance spread from beneath it. Here was probably displayed some palpable development of the westward equatorial current, or some modification of it, from the South American continent and the estuary of the river Amazon. But in the evening again the surface appeared to have become perfectly smooth; the fragments thrown overboard by our cook seemed to float away ahead inch by inch, though in reality it must have been the ship that, from her deeper hold of the water, drifted almost broadside on in the course of this secret draught. From chronometrical and quadrant observation, we had by next midday actually crossed the line again, and increased our west longitude by some perceptible proportion of a degree. This sudden smoothing of the water to a glassy uniformity too was to all appearance premonitory of wind, which that evening came on from north-westward; gently at first, then almost failing, then with increased force, and which might at a considerable distance have exercised such an influence upon the surface as to depress the motion of the current. In the twilight, while we stood away with all sail set upon our former course, the ship was surrounded by little floating lights, crossing her track astern and ahead, as if produced by columns of medusæ, that rose on the tops of the small surges or sunk in the hollows. As the shock of the waves became more violent, they absolutely blazed up into flame under her bends, seething in liquid fire over the chains, the whole ocean apparently rising into vivid life after the long calm, and communicating with every wash of its waters the sense of joy partaken by a thousand unknown creatures.

While upon this head, I cannot forget the emotions produced by my first conscious view of the celebrated Gulf-Stream. From about 30 degrees north latitude, and 30 degrees west longitude, nearly opposite to the Canary Islands, the continuation of a violent south-easterly gale had driven us for no less than eight or ten days so far to the north-westward, and in such a wild state of atmosphere and sea, that by the dead reckoning alone we had but a poor idea of where we were. Our ship was strong and new, and buffeted gallantly against it; the increasing cold, the pale savage look of the billows, with the showers of hail and sleet, made us think we were fated to drift over the Newfoundland banks, and some fine morning or other might have to hail an iceberg from the fore-topsail yard. At length, however, the storm seemed to have blown itself out, our usual canvas was again gradually substituted for the stiff, dingy-looking staysails, and we began to beat up for the north-east, though still close-hauled, and occupied in furbishing up our weather-marks. Before a distinct observation could be taken, the atmosphere being pervaded by a moist blue haze, there was suddenly a perceptible change of temperature from the sharpest cold to mild and balmy; the wind, shifting to south, became warm, and all at once we were surrounded by floating pieces of light-coloured weed, which thickened as we proceeded, appearing to keep down and encumber the rise of the waves, till at length we felt as if they impeded the ship's course. The huge dark surges were now long low swells; the interesting variety of marine productions, vegetable or animal—of tropical waifs, even of nautical odds and ends, which turned up from the furrow we ploughed, or were seen floating astern—kept those who had leisure perpetually on the look-out. Bunches of beautifully-delicate sea-weed, trailing patches of green *fucus*, fragments of reed and cane, a cask-head covered with barnacles, and numbers of mollusca, medusæ, and star-fish—all intimated our being on the outskirts at least of the 'weedy' or 'grass sea:' those oceanic meadows which, towards the south-eastern bend of the great current, become at times so dense as to convey the notion of a vast swamp or rice-field.

Next morning watch at daybreak, with a light breeze from the south, the sea scarcely ruffled, but heaving, and sunrise crimsoning the long line of haze upon our larboard-bow, the edge of the Gulf-Stream could be seen from the bowsprit and decks, marking the north-eastern and eastern horison. It was distinctly contrasted with the colour of the sea around us, as a dark indigo blue from a more azure one, having somewhat the appearance of the broken water at a distance which betokens a squall; although the level beams of the sun gave it a pure opal tinge, which was deepened by the horizontal focus; while the mild clearness of the sky beyond sufficiently precluded any notion of danger from wind. However, on ascending to the fore-topsail yard, where it seemed like a broad band of intense colour fading into a sapphire rim, one could easily perceive the waves of which it was composed to be toppling and dancing up at a brisker rate than those near us, as well as to be running in a different direction—namely, to the east or south-east. At particular conjunctures of wind and sea, the Gulf-Stream is understood by sailors to enlarge or contract its volume, and to increase or diminish its rate of motion, which latter is here generally about a mile and a-half per hour: at present, the eddy along its limit, with the counter-impulse of the two sets of surges, formed a short cross-sea, yeasty, broken, and passing farther on into larger foam-topped waves. The nearer to a calm over the sea in general, the more striking must be the phenomenon displayed by the sight of this bluer and warmer expanse of water, in an atmosphere of its own, moving along to the south-east like the current of a huge river. Our entrance upon it an hour and a-half after was sensible even below by the pitching, jerking, disagreeable heave of the ship; she went dancing and tossing her martingale over it, the wind almost instantaneously having shifted to a strong breeze from north-west, that brought in our topgallant sails; while another vessel was perceived hull-down to westward of us, apparently heading across our course under single-reefed topsails, as if she had met with a gale.

From the Gulf-Stream, one branch of its fanlike termination sets in towards the Mediterranean, blending probably with the strong suction through the Gut of Gibraltar, where the encounter of these with the frequent *greggales*, or north-easterly gales from the Levant, makes that strait rather a ticklish situation for the most skilful and hardiest of mariners. The whole of the Mediterranean, by the way, from the variety and fickleness of its moods and peculiarities, is calculated for a useful school to the seamen bred in it; yet it may be remarked that even in their own sphere these inland sailors show nothing equal to the experience, ingenuity, and practical readiness of the regular northern tar accustomed to blue water. They are too much addicted to coasting, and dodging about from point to point; and in a Levanter their plan is to haul down or cut away everything; while they do not appear to be better prophets of a 'white squall' than those whom long use of an open horison has taught to be always looking to windward. Speaking of the Mediterranean, which is well known to have no tides perceptible on land, it is the opinion of old sailors that there are, however, many strong currents throughout its expanse, on which the moon, both at full and change, has a very powerful effect. A similar remark is made in the journal of Mr Williams, the nautical friend of the poet Shelley, who was with him up to the point of his melancholy fate off the coast of Italy. He mentions a heavy swell having got up along shore, evidently caused by lunar influence, and which made a noise on the beach like the discharge of artillery, the moon shining brightly; while out at sea it was quite calm, and without a breath of wind for days together, although succeeded by violent gales.

The *phosphorescence*, or luminous property of the ocean, in various circumstances, and with different modifications, is another phenomenon generally known. This, although observed more or less not only in the extra-tropical, but in the polar seas, becomes still more

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distinct between the limits of the torrid zones—perhaps most of all remarkable in the Indian Ocean. By Humboldt, Scoresby, Darwin, and others, the appearance in question has been unmistakeably assigned as the result of no quality in the water itself, or simple phosphorescence of animal or vegetable matter, but as proceeding from the innumerable animalcula, medusæ, and mollusca which people the upper regions of ocean, as glow-worms do a green bank in Kent, or fire-flies an Indian grove. Of these minute creatures there are evidently many species, some of which not merely produce light in the dark, but in the daytime give a peculiar tinge to the sea. In size they no doubt vary from imperceptible points up to several inches in diameter; the presence of electric forces in the star-fish, torpedo, and other marine animals, might seem to point towards some special economy in the ocean with respect to the distribution of this vital fluid. Humboldt found that if a very irritable *Medusa noctiluca* were 'placed on a pewter plate, and the plate were struck with any metal, the small vibrations were enough to make the animal emit light.' The fingers which had rubbed it also remained luminous for two or three minutes. Either a change of temperature, or the shock of the waves, would in various ways act upon all these curious species in the production of light. The phenomena discoverable in a drop of water are, as it were, shown on a scale of corresponding magnitude in the depths of the sea, which sometimes appears about to display at large the common experiment of the chemical lecturer—turning water into fire, or *vice versâ*; so linked together are nature's apparent extremes.

To the voyager towards tropical regions this wonder of the solitary ocean furnishes one of those beautifully-varied spectacles which, growing familiar, become almost a compensation for many lost home-comforts. Like the outspread starry heaven, too, of the sea vigil, the ship's track glows winding astern in the dusk, where the gulls and petrels hang aslant, or run along like the crows after the plough in the field, to pick up the food turned out by her mighty keel; it grows brighter as the darkness increases, the wave crests glimmer, the water splashes on the bulwarks in fiery spray, keen sparks rise in constellations under the eyes of the passenger as he gazes overboard. The phenomenon exhibits sometimes, nevertheless, a solemn and almost awful aspect even to one accustomed to it. I remember this one dark night at sea, in the equinoctial latitudes, with a light breeze after a swell, when the slow, sullen, long wash of the surges rising and falling round us had in itself something impressive, heard in the boundless obscurity of the first watch on deck. Here and there detached floating lights were faintly distinguishable to a distance on either hand, dipping in a hollow, rising on the top of a wave, or suddenly brought near by a wider swell, so that one could scarcely get rid of the notion of being surrounded by mystical elfin things, or in the vicinity of some strange foreign shore. Now and then, too, looking into the water alongside, with the slow motion of the vessel, you could perceive coming up towards the surface, or gradually sinking down from it into the liquid dark, some luminous point, or a larger form dimly visible by its own trailing glimmer, like a star-fish or sea-jelly. Gradually the breeze had freshened a little, while out of the gloom of the northern horison burst now and then a silent flare of 'summer lightning' or 'wild-fire,' that showed the outline of the dark surges heaving multitudinously for miles around. Almost all at once the water, as it washed up about us, and the tops of the waves next to the wind, began to sparkle and blaze; the dark hull of the ship, as she leant over with her upper canvas rising into the obscurity, was brought out in vivid contrast to the face of the rolling element seen by its own light. Every time she plunged into it you expected the whole abyss would kindle next moment in actual flame; and although, with the help of custom and experience, a thrilling interest was soon felt in hanging over it, till the crest of a sea burst, warm and seething, above the fore-chains, yet one was relieved, after all, when he went below, or the dawn gradually restored the original ocean colour.

The *natural colour* of the ocean, as essentially composed, and when unmodified by extrinsic circumstances, is a property which, most obvious as it is of all others at first sight, furnishes in itself no small source of pleasurable sensation to the voyager. By landsmen, *green* is considered the tint most calculated to refresh the eye, or least apt to weary; but the sailor is still more strongly convinced in favour of deep *blue*, which perhaps, indeed, from its transmitting no direct rays of red or yellow, may have the advantage in this respect. The colour of the sea, unlike that of rivers and lakes superficially depending on the sky, is the result, not of simple *reflection*, but of refraction in the dense medium constituted by its diffused salts, where all but the blue rays are absorbed in the absence of any bottom to intercept those of greater subtlety. The sky over the ocean is, it has been observed, comparatively less blue than that towards land, and of a paler azure; since the watery vapours collected near the coast transmit the blue rays to us more freely. The deep fixed indigo of the main surface continues almost irrespectively of the floating clouds above it; deepening, however, with the compression or the wrinkles of a breeze, and softened at the distant line of horison into that exquisitely-delicate tint hence called *ultra-marine*, which varies, according to the light, from the hue of the 'forget-me-not' up to that of transparent opal. The true tinge of the sea is best noticed by looking through a tube or orifice, such as the ship's rudder-trunk; while that of the sky is naturally intenser in degree when seen between the openings or past the white edges of the sails. Objects floating within sight below the surface, the blade of an oar or the body of a fish, reflect back the absorbed rays of yellow or red, and appear visibly green; so that, even from the highest mastheads, a shark or smaller fish can be discovered as it swims past the vessel.

The various accidental tints of portions of it, however, both in and out of soundings, bring into stronger contrast that of the great main ocean, and might, on a large and well-figured terrestrial globe, be represented with interesting effect. The brown or green sea along a coast—the Red Sea, coloured by its bottom or by animal matter—the Yellow Sea, by clay in solution, are familiar to most. The blue of the Mediterranean, embraced by its pure, violet-tinted atmosphere, is of a lighter and more shifting character, more in harmony with the sky and air, than that of the solemn tropical waters, over which the heavenly vault looks more pale and unearthly, while the distances seem smaller to the horison. Within soundings, where the depth is not great, the colour is affected by the quality of the bottom. 'Fine white sand, in shallow water, yields a greenish-gray or apple-green, deepening with the depth of water or decrease of light: yellow sand, in soundings, gives a dark-green; dark sand, blackish green; rocks, a brownish or blackish; and loose sand or mud, in a tideway, a grayish colour.' Not only from these causes, probably, but from foreign admixture, as well as weaker refractive power, does the well-known sombre green prevail, even in the deepest parts of the 'narrow seas.' The local varieties, however, which here and there occur with apparent caprice, and irrespective of such influences as those already mentioned, are still more illustrative of the boundless fertility of nature, when, as it were, required to relieve the otherwise monotony of her effects. In the western Atlantic, in the parallel of the island of Dominica, or about 15 degrees north, is a large space, where the water, although of course very deep, is constantly milky. Another remarkable anomaly is found in the abrupt transitions of the Greenland sea from blue to green, the former of which tints was supposed by the earlier discoverers to denote the vicinity of ice, the other an open passage. These alternations were seen by later voyagers, especially in high latitudes, about the meridian of London, to lie near each other in long bands or stripes upon the open surface of the ocean, chiefly

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towards north and south, varying with greater or less suddenness, and from a few miles to leagues in breadth. Lines of pale-green, olive-green, and clear blue were fallen in with during a quarter of an hour's sailing; at other times the shade was nearly grass-green, with a shade of black; and the separation of the two colours was frequently as definite as the rippling of a current. In this green water the whale was known to prefer seeking for food; while, on account of the greater obscurity, it was there more easily caught, so that the fishers generally resorted to these localities. Captain Scoresby's observations proved that some yellow substance was held in suspension to give this peculiarity of hue; and on microscopic analysis of dissolved snow, which had been stained orange by such a substance, he ascertained the cause to be analogous with that which in other latitudes occasions the phosphorescence of the waves. The melted water was found full of semitransparent globules and fine hair-like substances; different species of small medusæ, possessing the property of decomposing light, and in some cases showing distinctly the colours of the spectrum. Whether these were luminous or not, it was impossible to say, from the absence of darkness during the long polar day; but in no case do we remember having heard of this latter phenomenon to any extent in the Arctic seas; nor do the medusæ of the tropical waters, on the other hand, seem to communicate any foreign tint to the ocean, except in one case, to be mentioned immediately.

In about the year 1796 or 1797, the Dutch captain Stavorinus, when commanding an East-Indiaman, steering for the Channel of Mamala, between the Laccadive and Maldive islands, on the south-western coast of India, met with a very singular appearance in the colour of the sea. During the day they had observed the water to be darker and browner than usual, without that azure clearness it always has in the open sea. With the approach of evening it gradually assumed such a degree of whiteness as, when the short twilight was fading, to have become perfectly like milk—increasing in paleness till nine o'clock, when it looked as if covered by a white sheet, or like a flat country at night overspread with snow. The horison was not distinguishable, except to north-west, where the line of separation between sea and sky was only discernible from the *latter* being somewhat dark and gloomy. No bottom was found with a line of 150 fathoms. The water was transparent in a vessel, but tasted less briny and bituminous than ordinary. The same appearance was observed by the English captain Newland in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes, running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness. He also distinguished animalcula in it, by putting a glass with some of the water in a dark place, and holding his hand close over it. From the 30th of January till the 3d of February, the thermometer standing generally about 72 degrees, Captain Stavorinus and his ship's company continued to see this phenomenon every evening and night; each time, however, decreasing in vividness, till it was no longer perceptible. He, too, succeeded in tracing the cause in what he calls 'very minute mussels, of the same shape and appearance as those we vulgarly call *long-necks*, which adhere to timber that has been long in the water, and to the curiously-beautiful shells floating on the surface of the water from the Red Sea with currents (*nautilus*). The rapidly-varying and shooting motion of these animals occasioned, in my opinion, this circumstance.'

The same phenomenon has been remarked in the seas between Amboyna and Banda (Philippine Islands). It is called by the Dutch the white water, and occurs twice a year in the seas around Banda; the first time, at the new moon in June; the second, at new moon in August, not having altogether subsided during the interval. Very few fish are caught while it lasts, but afterwards so much the more: the fish do not like the water, and from its clearness, they more easily see the boats and tackle. It has also been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels allowed to lie much in it; while it throws up ashore great quantities of slime, filth, and different species of mollusca. It is dangerous for small craft to be at sea in the night where it comes; since, though the air may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset them. This 'milk-sea' has generally been supposed to originate from the Gulf of Carpentaria: it has been by some attributed to sulphureous marine exhalation, condensed at the surface; by others to the myriads of animalcula. To the southward of Amboyna it appears in the form of stripes; and westward, more in heavy rollings of the sea. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the south-east tradewind blows, the more this white water is seen. Probably a similar provision is thus furnished for those larger mollusca on which the sperm-whale of the Pacific feeds, to that made in the north for the whale of Greenland.

A phenomenon resembling the last in some particulars has been met with in a different part of the Indian Ocean—that vast repository and arena for the more singular marine wonders, whether aqueous or meteoric. It is known by English seamen under the name of 'the ripples,' and an account of it will be found in the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal' some time back. It generally takes place with a sudden calm and oppressive atmosphere at night or evening. Electric tokens of disturbance are discernible in the distance, and the horison glimmers with sudden coruscations, followed by a hollow murmuring sound, which increases gradually till the crews of ships thus overtaken have supposed themselves in the vicinity of breakers. The light in the distance seems to approach, brought vividly out by the darkness of the sea, which becomes agitated, and appears to indicate the furious burst of a hurricane, in spite of the stillness overhead. All at once, with a tremulous motion of the smooth water alongside, the tumultuous line of fire, foam, and noise reaches the vessel, which reels to the shock; the spray rises over her bulwarks, and the whole rushes past like a torrent toward the opposite horison. This strange disturbance is repeated again and again, as soon as the first has died away; the roar and hiss each time generally diminishing; and the luminous appearance less intense; the air all the while still, but suffocating, the sails not even flapping to the masts. Its effect is appreciated in the greater freshness and coolness of the morning, and the breeze which succeeds; but hence some of those groundless accounts of new rocks or shoals given by timid navigators, who have happened to be thus surprised by the phenomenon partially taking place, and while they had yet steerage-way for making off from the fancied breakers.

THE OUTCRY ABOUT CHICORY.

There has lately been no little clamour respecting the adulteration of coffee with chicory, the exact merits of which we will attempt to analyse. In the first place, what is chicory? Chicory is a vegetable of the endive or dandelion order, only larger in the root, and it is cultivated chiefly in Germany. From Hamburg there is a large export of the root to Great Britain. It arrives here in a dried, shrivelled-up state, cut into morsels resembling the shreds of a carrot. In this condition it is whitish in colour, almost tasteless, and exceedingly light in weight as respects bulk. To render it available as a beverage, it is roasted like coffee beans; and when it has undergone this process, it has a black-brown appearance. After being ground, it resembles ground coffee: if anything, it is finer in the grain, of a lighter brown colour, and when put into water, it melts almost entirely away. It soils the hands much more than coffee; and from this liability to impart its colouring properties, it may be distinguished from coffee powder.

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In Germany, its infusion, without any mixture with coffee, is taken as a beverage by persons in humble circumstances. The flavour of chicory in this pure state is that of a sharp, sweetish wort, slightly resembling the taste of liquorice, and in colour it has the appearance of a dark sherry.

In its fresh vegetable state, chicory, or succory—the *Cichorium Intybus* of botanists, is said to be a good tonic, and to have the effect of an aperient. Judging from the vast care which nature has taken to spread the dandelion and its kindred species over the earth, we might infer that plants of this kind were designed to be of some considerable use to man or the lower animals; and it would be more than a matter of curiosity to learn what are the actual and beneficial uses to which the vegetable in question may be put. What if the despised dandelion, the 'unprofitably gay' decorator of our roadsides, and the pest of our grass-plots, turns out to be a most important material of human solace and subsistence!

Whatever be the discoverable properties and applicabilities of the dandelion tribe of vegetables, our object in the meanwhile is to see what part chicory is made to perform in the preparation and sale of coffee. To get, if possible, at the truth, we have had three infusions made, one of pure chicory, a second of pure coffee, and the third of coffee and chicory mixed, in the proportion of one to two ounces of chicory to a pound of coffee—that, we are assured by a respectable coffee-merchant, being the proper ratio of admixture. The experiment was made without and with sugar and cream, so as to be assured against any fallacy in the ingredients. Of the flavour of the pure infusion of chicory we have already spoken: it was that of a peculiar bitterish sweet, not very palatable, yet not positively distasteful. The flavour of the pure coffee was something different from what coffee is usually considered to be. There was a *thinness* of body about it, as wine-tasters would say; it was not exactly the thing; few would take it from choice. The flavour of the mixed coffee and chicory infusion was at once recognised to be that which the beverage called coffee ordinarily has when well made, and which most coffee-drinkers, we should imagine, would prefer. Any one can of course make the same experiment for himself, and he will probably arrive at the same conviction. The truth seems to be, that coffee is not what people call coffee, unless a certain quantity of chicory be prepared along with it; and it is rather remarkable that the world has been so long in getting at this fact. The chicory seems to give body to the coffee. It gives it also depth of colour; but that is nothing. It fortifies the quality of thinness in the coffee, imparts that softish and pleasing aroma which makes the beverage acceptable. Besides this, we are informed that chicory improves the medical virtues of coffee, by neutralising in some degree its constrictive effects.

So far, then, the use of chicory as an attendant of coffee may be said to be not only unobjectionable, but proper. The commercial part of the question, however, presents a different aspect. Chicory is a cheap, coffee is a dear, article; and therefore if dealers sell an over-proportion of chicory in their coffee, without making a corresponding allowance in the price, they commit a fraud. The correct and reasonable proportion ought to be not more than two ounces of chicory to sixteen ounces of coffee; but it is stated on good authority that in many shops the proportion is half and half, or in some cases as much as two-thirds of chicory to a third of coffee. Any such intermixture is undoubtedly dishonest, and cannot be spoken of without reprobation. A principal reason for our alluding to the subject has been to warn coffee buyers against practices of this nature. The most effectual method of guarding against deception will consist in all parties buying coffee and chicory unground, and having ground them separately, they can then mix them in any proportions they please. From all respectable dealers the two articles can be had separately. A good coffee-mill may be purchased for about 4s. 6d.; and with this handy little machine, a housewife may set all the tricks of coffee-dealers at defiance. But there are persons too poor to buy a coffee-mill. That is too true, and in this, as in many other things, the destruction of the poor is their poverty. At the same time, there must be few artisans who cannot spare the sum we speak of; and the knowledge that the public are roused to the subject of coffee adulteration, will at all events prevent grocers from carrying on their adulteration to the extent above referred to.

The discussions in the newspapers respecting the chicory cheat have brought into view another question. At present, a moderate custom-house duty is levied on foreign chicory; and under the operation of the active demand for the article, farmers have begun to raise it duty free; nor can we see any reason why people should not grow it for themselves in their own gardens. Before the cultivation goes any great length, the Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps attempt to procure a repressive act of the legislature, such as exists against the home cultivation of tobacco, though we should scarcely expect with the same success. To stop the growth of dandelions, big or little, would baffle even the omnipotence of parliament, and the very effort to do so would be a step beyond the sublime.

As if chicory were destined to raise an uproar, still another branch of the subject has excited declamation. The coffee-growing interest in our colonies has begun to be alarmed at the increasing consumption of chicory, whether foreign or native. It is stated that, for 36,000,000 lbs. of coffee, 12,000,000 lbs. of chicory were sold last year. To stop this abuse, they propose that a duty should be levied of 4d. per lb. on home-grown dried chicory, by that means placing it on an equality with British plantation coffee, and thus, if not checking the consumption of chicory, at least producing a revenue of L.200,000 annually. Coffee-drinkers will feel obliged by the colonists taking so much care on their account; but we believe they may spare themselves any farther trouble. Chicory-growers and chicory-drinkers are quite competent to look after their own affairs. If any fresh law is required in this department of economics, it is one to remove all duties whatsoever on coffee; and everything portends that such a law will be in operation at no distant date.

To wind up these rambling observations, it is our belief, as it is that of respectable coffee merchants, that if the use of chicory were utterly put down, coffee-drinking would be lessened in a very considerable degree—perhaps as much as would be the drinking of beer if the use of hops were proscribed. As a diluent of coffee, chicory is used all over continental Europe; and it was not until the English learned that a small proportion of chicory was put by the French into their coffee, that they attained the same skill in the preparation of the beverage. This knowledge was first acquired by those coffee-dealers who aimed at selling 'coffee as in France.' Statesmen are not ignorant that the use of chicory helps the sale of coffee. In April 1844, when a debate on the budget took place in the House of Commons, Mr Baring observed that 'we were mistaken about chicory, in thinking that the use of it prevented the consumption of coffee: he believed that chicory was mixed to a large extent with bad coffee. When Lord Spencer first proposed the reduction of the duty on chicory, the result was, that a certain amount of bad

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coffee, which would not pass in the market, was, by admixture with chicory, made to go down. People were wrong in supposing that chicory made bad coffee; he believed that the foreign coffee, which we so much preferred, contained one-third chicory. Cross the Channel, and in point of fact all the coffee you drink contains one-third part of chicory.' It may, however, be urged that, for the protection alike of the fair trader and the public, coffee exposed for sale in a ground state should be liable to the examination of officers of excise, and to confiscation in the event of chicory being found too largely intermingled with it. Nothing would be more proper than such a power of inspection and seizure, provided it could be exerted at little expense or trouble. But we need hardly point out the practical inexpediency of employing excise officers to visit every little grocery establishment throughout the United Kingdom, commissioned with a power to judge of the quality of an article which even experienced parties would be at a loss to determine. On this account, we fear that the public must in this, as in many other things, be left to its own unassisted shrewdness, as well as the ordinary principles of competition in trade, for protection against the unfair imposition of chicory for coffee.

THE MENZIKOFF FAMILY.

Close to the Kremlin at Moscow was to be seen, about the end of the seventeenth century, the shop of a pastry-cook of the name of Menzikoff, famous for making a kind of honey-cake in great request amongst the Russians. This Menzikoff had a son, who, though a mere boy, from his quickness and intelligence was most useful to his father. It was his business to sell the cakes; and he might be seen in every quarter of the city with a basket, which he was often fortunate enough to empty three or four times in the day. On some occasions, however, he was unsuccessful in disposing of his merchandise; and when thus bringing home again part of what he had carried out, he used to steal into his little room to avoid meeting his father, who in such cases would fly into a passion, and send him to bed supperless, and perhaps, in addition to this punishment, beat him severely. And never was chastisement more unjust; for Alexander did his very best to sell his cakes, repairing to the most public walks, and the doors of the principal churches, traversing the streets and the thoroughfares, till at length he was well known to all the inhabitants of Moscow—nay, even to the Czar Peter himself, who condescended, while buying cakes from him, to chat with him, and laugh at his lively sallies and quick repartees.

Brought thus into contact with princes and nobles, the sight of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded them soon inspired the young Menzikoff with a disgust of his trade sufficiently strong to make him long to throw aside his basket, and bid adieu for ever to his cakes. But his aspirations had scarcely taken the form of hope, so vague were they, and so little probability did there appear of any change of condition. Little did he imagine that fortune was even then about to take him by the hand, to raise him to the highest pinnacle.

One day his father received an order for cakes from a nobleman, who was giving an entertainment to several of the courtiers of the czar. Alexander was of course the bearer of them. Admitted to the banqueting-room, he sees a large company, all of whom had indulged in copious libations, and the greater number of whom were quite intoxicated. To Alexander's astonishment, in the midst of the jingle of glasses, and the clamour of drunken riot, he hears threatening words against the czar. A vast conspiracy exists to expel him from the throne, got up by the Princess Sophia, whose ambition could not be satisfied in the obscurity of the convent in which her brother Peter obliged her to remain. The very next day the conspirators were to carry into effect their terrible plot. Alexander hesitates not one moment; he glides unnoticed from the room, and hastens to the palace. He is surrounded on his arrival by the guards, to whom he is well known.

'Good-day, Menzikoff; what brings you here without your cakes?'

'Talk not of cakes!' he answered, panting and breathless, and almost wild with terror: 'I must see the czar; I must speak to him, and that on the instant!'

'A mighty great man truly to speak to the czar: he has other things to do besides listening to your foolery.'

'In the name of all you love best, for the sake of great St Nicholas, our patron saint, take me to the czar; every moment lost may be the cause of frightful misfortunes. If you hinder me from seeing the emperor, you will repent it all your life.'

Surprised at his urgency, one of the guards determined to go to the emperor and ascertain his pleasure concerning him. Peter, always accessible to the meanest of his subjects, ordered Menzikoff to be admitted. 'Well, Alexander, and what have you got to say so very important?'

'My lord,' cried the boy, throwing himself at the prince's feet, 'your life is at stake if you delay a single hour. Only a few paces from your palace they are conspiring against you: they have sworn to have your life.'

'I will not give them time,' answered Peter smiling. 'Come, rise, and be my guide. Remember only that you must be silent as the grave upon all you already know and all that may happen. Your future fortunes depend on your discretion.'

With these words the emperor wrapped himself in a cloak, and repaired *alone* to the house where the conspirators were assembled. A few minutes' pause at the door of the room gave him, in the words he overheard, sufficient proof of the truth of Menzikoff's report, and he suddenly entered the room. The conspirators, supposing that his guards were at his back, fell on their knees before him, imploring pardon at the very moment that his life was in their hands.

From that day might be dated the brilliant fortunes of the young Menzikoff. Peter, grateful for the service he had rendered him, kept him about his person, and gave him all the educational advantages within his reach. And well did he profit by them, acquiring in a short time several languages, and such skill in arms, and knowledge of state affairs, that he soon became necessary to the czar, who never went anywhere without him. When on his return from Holland, Peter wished to carry out those plans of social amelioration at which he had been labouring for so many years, he found in Menzikoff a second self, able and willing to co-operate with him in all his projects. Such signal services soon obtained for him the government of Ingria, the rank of prince, and in 1702 the title of major-general. He was then five-and-twenty years of age.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzikoff signalised himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fears of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die; what, then, would become of the favourite Menzikoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressing upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzikoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catharine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favour her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner were

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Peter's eyes closed in death, than Menzikoff seized on the treasury and citadel, and proclaimed Catharine empress under the name of Catharine I.

The czarina proved herself no ungrateful mistress; she ordered her stepson Peter, whom she had named as her successor, to marry the daughter of Menzikoff; and through the same influence a marriage was also agreed upon between the son of the latter and the Princess Anna. Both couples were betrothed; and Menzikoff, left nothing to desire, thought himself henceforth secure from all reverses; but it was not long before he experienced the proverbial inconstancy of fortune. All his efforts to place his power on a solid basis proved fruitless; the sudden death of Catharine I., which took place two years after that of her husband, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Peter II. ascended the throne, and soon the impending storm burst upon his head. The Dolgorouki family were the counsellors and favourites of the new monarch, and they had long been the enemies of Menzikoff. They excited in the czar's mind a jealousy of the power of his intended father-in-law, and succeeded not only in breaking off the projected marriages, but in procuring the banishment of Menzikoff to his estate of Reuneburg, about 250 leagues from Moscow. But their hatred was not yet satisfied: his wealth alone gave him formidable power; he might reappear at court; and they now represented to the czar in the most odious light the pomp and splendour which Menzikoff had been imprudent enough to display in the removal of his family from Moscow; and the ruin of the unhappy man was irrevocably sealed. At some distance from Moscow a detachment of soldiers, commanded by one of his bitter enemies, came up with him, and a decree was shown to Menzikoff condemning him for the rest of his life to Siberia, stripped of all his honours and wealth. He was made to alight from his carriage, and after he and his wife and children had been compelled to put on the coarse garb of peasants, they were placed in the covered carts which were to convey them to their place of exile.

Who can paint the despair of the unhappy Menzikoff! A few short days before, he held the second rank in the state, under an emperor whose throne his daughter was to share; and now, stripped of his possessions, of liberty, of hope, he was borne along in a wretched vehicle to the horrible place where he was henceforth to drag out his miserable existence! As a favour, the emperor sent him to the circle of Ischim, called the 'Italy of Siberia,' because a few days of summer are known in it, the winter lasting only eight months; but that winter is intensely cold, though not as long as in the other parts of the country. The north wind is continually blowing, and comes charged with ice from the deserts of the north pole; so that from the month of September till the end of May the river Iobol is completely frozen over, and the snow thickly covers its rude and desolate banks.

Immediately on his arrival in Siberia, Menzikoff was put in possession of an *isba* (the Russian name for the peasant's hovel), situated in a very remote district of the gloomy region, and there he was subjected to the strictest watch. He was forbidden, with his family, to pass beyond a certain prescribed limit, even to go to church. A few days after their installation in their wretched abode, some cows and sheep, and a quantity of fowls, were brought to Menzikoff, without any intimation to whom he was indebted for this act of kindness. It was indeed an alleviation of his sad fate, not only as an addition to his physical comfort, but as inspiring a cheering hope, by showing that he had friends who still remembered and were interested in him. Perhaps their zeal to serve him would not stop here. This feeble ray of hope sufficed to cheer the unhappy family, and impart to them some degree of fortitude for the endurance of their misery; and Menzikoff steadily devoted himself to the cultivation of the ground which was to be the support of beings so dear to his heart. But new trials awaited him. The health of his beloved wife gave way under the sad reverse and unwonted privations of her new situation, and a short time after their arrival she died. Menzikoff, in his despairing grief, would have soon followed her; but the thought of his helpless children bade him live to be their guide and stay. Religion now imparted to his mind that elevation and fortitude which it alone can give; he now knew the fleeting nature, the nothingness of the riches and honours of which a moment sufficed to deprive him; and he submitted with resignation to his fate, finding in prayer and in the affection of his family his sweetest consolation. But his cup of sorrow was not yet full: his three children were attacked at the same time by the small-pox. His son and one of his daughters recovered; but the eldest, she who had been betrothed to the czar, fell a victim to the fearful disorder. The unhappy father could not bear this fresh bereavement: he sunk under his grief on the 2d of November 1729, after two years' abode amid the snows of Siberia.

The death of Menzikoff caused some relaxation in the severity of the government, and a little more liberty was now allowed to the two children; such as permission to go on Sundays to divine service at the town of Ischim, a considerable distance from their isba; but they were not allowed the gratification of being together—the brother going one day, and the sister the next.

Three years elapsed without any change in the situation of the young Menzikoffs; but now events occurred that totally altered the aspect of affairs at the court of Russia. Peter II. died without issue, and Anna, the eldest daughter of Peter I., ascended the throne. The solicitations of the friends of the unhappy family found a ready response from the compassion she herself felt for them, and an edict soon received her signature, recalling the young Menzikoff and his sister from banishment, and permitting their return to Moscow. The young creatures, far from expecting such a change, passed their days in cultivating their farm, and alternately availing themselves of their weekly privilege of going to church at Ischim.

One day, when the young girl was returning as usual alone, as she was passing a cabin, a man put his head out of the little hole that served as a window, and called her by name, and then made himself known as Dolgorouki, the enemy of her father, the author of all the misfortunes of her family, now in his turn a victim to court intrigues. She was hastening home to inform her brother of this fresh instance of the instability of human greatness, when, as she approached the house, she saw a government jäger, escorted by a band of soldiers, at the door. Her heart sickened with the apprehension of some new misfortune, and her trembling limbs were unable to bear her farther, when her brother ran out to meet her. 'Joy, sister, joy!' he cried; 'Heaven has at last had pity on us. Our gracious sovereign restores us to our home and our country. Here is an order from the Czarina Anna recalling us to court, and putting us in possession of the fifth part of our poor father's property.'

For wonder and joy, the young girl could not believe that she heard aright; and it was not till she actually had the document put into her hands that restored them to liberty and to their country, that she could be persuaded that she was not the sport of illusion. But once assured, she stood motionless, breathless, under a revulsion so mighty, so sudden. Then came the thought of her father, of her mother, of all they had suffered; and the first joy was soon mingled and tempered with pensive regret. It was with eyes dimmed with the tears of memory that she met her brother's glance beaming with hope, as on the day fixed for their departure they got into the carriage that was to convey them to Moscow, after having paid a last visit to the grave of their parents, and made over to Dolgorouki their isba and all that it contained. The czarina received them

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most graciously, and gave to Menzikoff the place of captain of her guard, and that of tire-woman to his sister. Soon after she richly endowed her, on the occasion of her marriage with one of the most powerful nobles of her court.

FESTIVALS AND HOLIDAYS.

Reference to festival days was a primitive mode of marking the seasons as they circled away over earlier and less-occupied generations. These were doubtless the oldest reckoning points in mankind's measurement of time, as the earliest festivals of nations were instituted to celebrate those natural occurrences in which they were most deeply interested, such as the rising of the Nile in Egypt, the date season in Arabia, and the gathering in of the corn in Europe. Old country people still count in a similar fashion. From Halloween to Hogmanay is a well-known period in the calendar of the Scottish peasant; the English rustic knows the weeks and days between May-day and Michaelmas; while Midsummer, Candlemas, and Patrick's Day are recognised terms in the cabins of Ireland.

The holiday times seem to have passed from us hard-working and hard-thinking Britons, with the exception of some Christmas doings by English firesides, accompanied by the emptying of schools and the thronging of theatres; the royal birthdays, known only in our great towns; and a feeble remnant of Scotland's ancient welcome to the year. We are careful and troubled about many things of more importance; but as these half obsolete words meet us in rural districts and legal documents, to which their very mention is now almost confined, it is curious to look back on the variety of days that have been regarded, and the still more various fashions in which they were celebrated.

The observation of days is among the facts which prove the dominion of memory over human life; as dates are the pillars of history, so anniversaries are the most enduring memorials; since time, which corrodes the brazen, and crumbles down the marble monument, perpetually restores them, in spite of wars and vicissitudes: hence, though the first festivals of the world had always a natural sign and origin, yet the commemoration of important events by their real or assigned anniversaries has been sanctioned more or less by the divines, legislators, and the custom of all nations. Fast as well as feast days were indeed thus instituted; but our attention is for the present bestowed on the latter, being at least a more cheerful subject.

The Feast of Fools was the most remarkable festival of the middle ages, the oldest in its establishment, and the first to disappear—having come into use in the middle of the fifth century, and been utterly abolished at the Protestant Reformation. It was observed in almost every country of Christendom on different days, but always between Christmas and the last Sunday of Epiphany. Its chief ceremonies were the election of an abbot or bishop of Unreason, and a burlesque imitation of all the acts and offices of the then dominant Church of Rome. That these mockeries were not only tolerated, but encouraged by the ecclesiastics of the period, whose authority was so extensive and unquestioned, is in itself a phenomenon; yet such was generally the case in spite of both popes and councils, whose decrees were frequently issued, but in vain, against the Feast of Fools. Similar minglings of the burlesque and the pious of every description were characteristic of the Gothic times, and are still observable in the illuminated manuscripts and elaborately-carved columns they have left us, where grotesquely-comic figures are occasionally introduced amid theological, and at times most instructive allegory.

The Feast of Fools is believed to have been a derivation of the Saturnalia, an ancient Roman festival, in which all social positions were reversed for the time, and a good-humoured sort of anarchy prevailed. It occurred at the same season as did many festivals among the elder nations; nor is it the least curious part of our subject that almost every feast day known to us or our fathers dates its observance from the most remote antiquity, and has been transmitted from age to age, and from people to people, changed in name perhaps, and in the cause of its festive honours: as one order of things passed away, and another came in its stead, successive generations found the old feast days in their places, and used, rejoiced in, or, it may be, abused them, as they did with the other productions of their seasons.

It is also remarkable that the earliest and most widely-celebrated festivals of the world occur in mid-winter. Amongst the Chinese, Persians, and Indians, not only was our Christmas observed with the full complement of twelve days, according to old travellers, but the very sports and amusements peculiar to the season among our European ancestors, and still practised in a small way, were current in those remote regions of the East.

Our New-Year's Day belongs not entirely to the Christian era. The Romans patronised the 1st of January in a similar fashion: it was sacred to their god Janus, from which the month was named; an idol with two faces representing time, the past and future. The custom of New-Year's gifts seems also to have descended from them; for the despotic Emperor Caligula was accustomed to remain in his hall of audience the whole day for the purpose of receiving such offerings. Henry III. of England profited largely by the Roman's example, when he intimated to his courtiers and subjects generally that his feelings towards them for the ensuing year would be regulated by the gifts presented on the 1st of January. Queen Elizabeth availed herself of the steps of her predecessors: she was wont to furnish her jewel-box and wardrobe by contributions so levied; and judging from the three thousand dresses which that 'bright occidental star' left behind her, the presentations must have been neither few nor small; they were even accepted from the servants of her majesty's household; among others, the dustman is recorded to have presented her with two pieces of cambric. But to return to the perpetuation of festivals: it is worthy of remark that Twelfth Night, whose attendant cake, beans, and lambs'-wool, not to wear, but drink, stood so high in the estimation of old festive times, and from which Shakspeare named his finest comedy, is known to have been observed by the early Egyptians with strange symbolical ceremonies of joy for finding their deity Osiris: some philosophers have attributed this coincidence of festivals in different times and nations to what has been asserted as a historical fact, that occurrences of great moment in the destiny of nations or individuals generally take place at the season to which we have referred. It is singular that even the Greenlanders believe their magicians can visit the Land of Souls much more easily at mid-winter than any other period, because the way is shorter; and they also celebrate a festival called the Feast of the Departed about the end of December. There is a sort of agreement to differ between these ideas, not unfrequently found in those of widely-separated men; but it appears that mankind generally have concurred in cheering up mid-winter with festal lights and doings, and, independent of weightier considerations, the season seems to require them. Strange to say, France and Scotland have been the two modern nations that most extensively practised and longest retained the celebration of New-Year's Day by gifts and visits; and though diverse in history and character as any lands could be, they still assimilate in this respect. In Paris, before the recent Revolution, the sales of confectionary, jewellery, and fancy articles of all sorts on the last week of the year were estimated at one-fourth of its entire purchases. No statist, as far as we are aware, has yet calculated the amount bought and sold north of the Tweed for similar purposes; but it would probably seem of more account in the eyes of the present generation than the New-

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Year's gifts most valued by their British ancestors; which consisted of the mistletoe bough, cut down with a golden knife, and distributed among them by the Druids of their tribes. After-times gave to that wintery parasite of the oak a less mystic signification than that attached to it in the faith of the Celtic nations, to whom it was a pledge of safety and good fortune.

The Carnival was a worthy successor to the Feast of Fools: its glory grew, while that of the former declined; but was almost restricted to the south of Europe, and flourished especially in Italy, from whose language its name—signifying *Fautall*, to flesh—was derived. The custom of masking on that day is said to have been introduced by the Venetians, amongst whom it was always common; and being in many respects suited to the Italian genius and character, it still prevails to a considerable extent in those showy but grotesque celebrations for which the peasant or mechanic of Italy musters up his whole stock of merriment and paras, as the Carnival has been for many centuries the only holiday enjoyed by those classes. The splendours and the license of the Carnival at Venice were standing themes with the old tourists; but they have long since shared the fortunes of its deserted palaces. At Rome, the festival is still observed with all its ancient honours; and in Paris it is kept as a day of more than usual display and freedom, particularly among the lower orders; while in Britain, under the Catholic name Shrovetide—from the Saxon word *shrive*, to confess—it was distinguished only by a feast of pancakes, prepared of old in both castle and cottage, but now remembered no more except in remote hamlets.

Valentine's Day is said to be the heir of a Roman festival at which the young unmarried were accustomed to draw lots, by way of divination, regarding their future partners, in the temple of Venus. When transferred to the saint whose name it bears, this practice remained associated with the day, according to tradition, because St Valentine was the only one among the fathers of the church who contemned celibacy: its observance is old in Britain, but has undergone various modifications before reaching the present form of post-office employment. Shakspeare, in the play of 'Hamlet,' introduces a rustic song, from which it appears that about this time, or earlier, the choice of Valentines, then meaning persons only, was shown by visits; and in the reign of Charles II. it was exhibited by presents, especially of gloves. Pepys in his 'Diary' mentions with wonted minuteness 'half-a-dozen pairs bought for his Valentine.'

The moon has been the governess of many festivals: the apparent growth and wane of that familiar planet, in its revolution round the earth, presents in all climates a species of visible calendar, which they that see may read: it is the simplest method of astronomical computation, and is still in use among the Mohammedan nations, who reckon their year by moons. The Greater and Lesser Bairem are the only festivals countenanced by the Moslem faith; the latter, which is of comparatively little note, is kept sixty days after the former: it begins with the new moon immediately following the Ramagan—a month of fasting from sunrise to sunset—which no doubt contributes to the welcome of the feast. In Mohammedan cities this is given with a general burst of illumination, prepared for some hours previously, and loud shouts from all the dervises, the moment the imaun, who has been on the look-out, announces from the minaret that he has descried the first bright edge of the new moon. The Great Bairem continues for three days, and is the special season for present-making in the East; even European residents and ambassadors are expected to remember the pachas and viziers to some purpose. The festival is believed to have existed long before the days of Mohammed, and was probably adopted from the Jews, whose ancient celebrations of the new moon are known to all acquainted with their history. Travellers have remarked that the only trace of stated festivals observed among the aborigines of Australia was a sort of assembly which they were accustomed to hold on their wide plains, in order to practise the kangaroo dance under the new moon; but their traditional reasons for so doing have never been assigned. The full moon has also its attendant festivals: the Olympic Games, which were celebrated every fourth year, and governed the historical calendar of ancient Greece, four years being reckoned an Olympiad, commenced at the first full moon after the summer solstice with sacrifice and feast, and were attended by the expert of all nations, who contended for prizes in every department of gymnastics, as well as in eloquence, music, and poetry.

Every year, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, the emperor of China repairs in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the princes and the principal officers, prostrates himself, and touches the ground nine times with his head, in honour of Tien the god of heaven. He pronounces a prayer prepared by the Court of Ceremonies, invoking the blessing of the great being on his labour and that of his people; then, as the high-priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good. Whilst the victim is offered on the altar, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen highly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robes, lays hold of the handle of the plough, and opens several furrows over the whole field. The principal mandarins follow his example. The festival closes with the distribution of money and cloth amongst the peasantry.

Easter, the most generally-observed of Christian festivals, occurs, as decreed by the Council of Nice, on the first Sabbath after the full moon on or after the equinox. It is especially rejoiced in by the Greek Church throughout her wide dominions. At the same season, splendid processions move under the green olives of Jerusalem, and through the deep snows of Moscow; but their Easter is different from that of the West, as the nations of the Greek faith retain what is commonly called Old Style—the calendar as it stood at the Council of Nice in 322—consequently reckon our 1st of April the equinox, and keep the festival accordingly. The said 1st of April, All-fool's Day with our fathers, though scarcely a festival in the ordinary sense, was long and widely distinguished by its peculiar license for practical jokes. The custom can be early traced in France, Germany, and even Hungary; but its origin remains in more than rustic obscurity.

May-Day, though essentially rural in its character, is a festival whose very memory is bound up with pleasant and graceful associations. It was probably a natural tribute to the general joy and beauty of the season, and early practised among the Greeks, the Celtic nations, and the Saxons, by whom it was bequeathed to the rustic hamlets of England, lingering among them almost till our own railway times. It has been referred to by every poet from Chaucer to Tennyson, whose 'May Queen' is at least the most popular of his poems. Cervantes mentions it in his day as one of the rural feasts of Spain; and the celebration of May-Day with garlands, queen, and morris dances, was considered one of the grandest affairs of London in the fifteenth century.

Beltane E'en, the Vigil of St John, or Midsummer Eve—for by all these names it has been known—is now scarcely recognised except in the remote districts of Ireland, where fires may be seen kindling from hill to hill as the sun goes down, and round them groups of the younger peasantry, gathered to dance, sing, and chat, till the long twilight of that season fades into the dewy night. The festival is old among the remnants of the Celtic race, and has been observed in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, and in Brittany. Some say it was derived from the Guebre faith or fire-worship, introduced into Ireland by the builders of those round towers that have been such a puzzle to antiquaries. Certain it is that traces of it are found throughout

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Asia: the well-known Chinese Feast of Lanterns is supposed to have a similar origin; and on the steppes of European Russia it is practised exactly as on the hills of Ireland. The affinity of human beliefs and fashions might be almost proved from festivals; but among those of summer days, there is one peculiar to North-western India and the adjoining Persian provinces, extolled by all the poets of Asia as the Feast of Roses. It occurred when that queen of flowers—for the cultivation and abundance of which those regions have always been remarkable—was in its fullest bloom, and flourished most under the early Mohammedan sovereigns, who were accustomed to leave the cities with their whole court and harem for some chosen spot, where they might enjoy its sports in rustic ease—the burden of Eastern etiquette being cast aside for the time. Moore gives a glowing description of this feast in his 'Lalla Rookh.' But on the principle that mankind naturally rejoice over their profits, it evidently originated from the fact, that the rose has for several ages furnished the chief articles of commerce to those provinces, in the form of a variety of perfumes, including the famous attar and rose-water, both indispensable to an Asiatic toilet.

Similar causes promoted the merriment of the vintage in France, and made the sheep-shearings of England such festive scenes when Thomson described them. Wine in the one country, and wool in the other, were linked with national industry and interest—so all nations have kept feasts in autumn. The Indians of North America, with whom agriculture was confined to a little half-weed maize, had their corn feasts; and the 'harvest homes' of Britain have in some degree survived the changes of creeds, of thrones, and of manners. They were doubtless more important affairs when, as tradition hath it, Queen Elizabeth assigned a goose for the Michaelmas dinner of all her subjects who could afford it, because her majesty was engaged in discussing a portion of one when informed of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The last day of October, our Scottish Halloween, and the Saxon Allhallows, though now fallen into nearly total neglect, was one of the most noticeable and peculiar of all our popular festivals; the celebration of the feast only at night, surrounded by a perfect network of legendary beliefs and tales, which Burns has so graphically sketched for the amusement, or perhaps instruction, of less credulous generations, mark it with strange characters of mingled mirth and fear. It may be observed that something of the latter has been attached to the eve of almost every festival in the popular belief of different countries. To the German peasant, St Mark's Eve, which occurs at the opposite season, was notable for the same degree of activity among the spiritual powers characteristic of our Halloween; and in the western provinces of France, Christmas Eve was invested with a still more extraordinary terror, as on that night the domestic animals, especially cattle, were believed to be endowed with the power of speech; but their conversation was fatal to all the human family, for those who heard it invariably died soon after. These remnants of what in old English phrase is called 'Fochlore,' illustrate the times to which they belong no less than the specimens of quaint carving and rude utensils exhibited in our museums. Both represent a state of things which has been, and enlarge our knowledge of the past with all its lessons.

The festivals of Christendom were mostly instituted for religious purposes, from which, however, the greater part were soon alienated; and in the progress of the dark ages they increased to such a degree, that at one period Europe had not a single common or working-day throughout the entire year, all being dedicated to one commemoration or another. In short, to quote from a modern poet, 'They had weeks of Sundays, a saint's day every day;' but as a matter of necessity, the majority remained unobserved, for to the great mass of mankind life can never be a succession of holidays; but the peasants of Russia and France, though so far apart, concurred in appropriating a kind of individual festival from that literal calendar: the French called it their 'Fête,' and the Russians their 'Names-Day,' being, in fact, the day of the saint whose name a person happened to bear, which was therefore celebrated by his or her friends after the fashion of their respective countries. Parties were made in France, and presents in Russia; but the custom is still retained in the dominions of the czar, and servants particularly never permit their names-day to pass without the knowledge of both master and mistress.

The utility of festivals to nations and society in general is a question of considerable controversy: the opposing arguments are founded chiefly on the interruptions they occasion in public business, the facilities they afford for improvidence and idleness, and the abuses by which they have been too frequently disgraced among the working-classes, to the injury of both their means and morals. There is sad truth in this last objection; but, on the other hand, it is contended that the institution of festivals is natural to humanity, and one of the distinguishing traits of our species; that they serve great moral purposes, in reviving the pious or elevating recollections connected with those events which they generally commemorate, and apt to be forgotten in the dusty bustle of business, or the dull routine of mechanical employment. It is also maintained that they contribute to the cultivation of the social virtues, and refresh, with needful relaxation and amusement, the toil-worn lives of the labouring population, which without them would be 'all work, and no play,' with the proverbial consequence—that all human privileges and arrangements are liable to abuses, and those to which they have been subjected, are no arguments against festivals.

CURIOSITIES OF MENDICANCY.

In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' there are some curious particulars given of the progress of mendicancy in London. During the past twenty years, English mendicancy, as shown in the applications to the Mendicity Society, has scarcely varied at all in the average. The principal increase was in the severe winters of 1832–3 and 1837–8; and a corresponding decrease occurred in the mild winter of 1842–3. This accounts naturally for the variation, and shows that there is neither a moral nor economical deterioration going on among the people.

Irish mendicancy, on the other hand, has increased in London so enormously, that there are about eleven Irish relieved for one English! It is stated that the food-tickets of the Mendicity Society were probably one of the causes of this influx of mendicants. It is supposed that the low lodging-house keepers contrived to obtain a supply of the tickets, and offered them as bonuses to their customers. The news would immediately fly throughout the country, and induce thousands of tramps to pay the metropolis a visit. The rapidity of communication among persons of this class is illustrated by a very remarkable fact: two days before the closing of the Society's office, on the death of the assistant manager in 1848, there were 697 cases, and on the following day not *one* applicant appeared! A system of communication, therefore, must exist among the London mendicants about equal in effect and rapidity to that of the telegraph. In the course of a single day the whole vast body were informed that it would be a waste of time to present themselves in Red Lion Square on the following morning.

The alteration in the poor-law in the years 1837–9 is described as another cause of the evil, so far as London is concerned. Before that period it was the custom of the metropolitan parishes to refuse relief to all but those who had a settlement in the parish; but since then, a wandering mendicant has as good a right to relief as a resident. The remedy suggested is the discontinuance

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of all establishments which provide food or lodging for mendicants without inquiry or the labour test; and to open in their stead district receiving-houses under the superintendence of the police, where, in return for the labour of the applicants, they might be supplied for a limited time both with bed and board. Such places would accommodate the really deserving labourer moving in quest of work; and they would be carefully shunned by the tramps, whom they would bring under the power of the Vagrant Act.

But eleven Irish beggars in London for one English —with an enormous majority on the same side in the amount of crime, as is shown by the reports from the great provincial towns! This is the startling curiosity in the affair; and taken in conjunction with the large sums mentioned from time to time as being remitted to Ireland, the produce of work, theft, and beggary, it points to a state of things without a parallel in history.

MISFORTUNES OF MR NIBBS.

THE other day, on glancing over a newspaper, the following paragraph, descriptive of proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy, met our eye. The name of the party only is altered:—

'Mr Commissioner ———— sat, but the cases disposed of were of no public interest. Augustus Nibbs, who was director of a society called the ——— ——— ——— Coal Company, came up on the question of certificate. Mr Nibbs, an elderly gentleman, had retired from trade on a handsome independence, and was unfortunately induced to become a member of this bubble company. Being the only solvent man in the concern, he was sued for the debts of the company, and ruined. His honour expressed his surprise at the credulity with which Mr Nibbs had suffered himself to be gulled by sharpers, but at the same time expressed his concern at the condition to which he was reduced.—Certificate granted.'

We think the reporter for the press was scarcely justified in saying that the above case had no public interest. To our mind it is full of meaning and instruction. We have never, in so few words, read a more affecting case of individual ruin—hopes destroyed, confidence abused by the blackest roguery. We offer a tribute of compassion to Mr Nibbs, although we know nothing of him beyond what the reporter has given of his sad history. Ignorant of actual particulars, we can nevertheless easily fancy a biography for the unfortunate gentleman. Every line in the paragraph aids the imagination.

Mr Augustus Nibbs is an elderly person retired from business. By a long course of diligence in his profession, he had realised a competent fortune, and had retired to a neat villa at Hampstead, Norwood, or some other pleasant suburban retreat. In this delightful seclusion, within an omnibus distance of town, and an arrangement by which he might read the 'morning paper daily,' Mr Nibbs had every reason to look forward to a few years of tranquil enjoyment, along with the aged partner of his fortunes. There is a slight difficulty as to whether Mr Nibbs had any family. We rather believe he had an only daughter, who was grown up, and married, and therefore, as he supposed, off his hands. But the marriage of Eliza, as we shall call the daughter, had not turned out happily, so far as worldly prosperity is concerned. Her husband had not been successful in business, and shortly after the retirement of the father, his son-in-law stood very much in want of a situation. Let us here moralise for a moment.

The putting of sons, sons-in-law, or brothers into business, or giving them a share of your own concern, is often a very perilous thing. You mean well, no doubt. Your heart glows with delight at the notion of giving James, Thomas, or whatever his name is, a chance of getting forward in the world. And all very right, if the said young personage is really deserving and competent to the undertaking—if he possess that degree of skill, steadiness, and self-denial which will enable him to do battle in the great struggle in which society is engaged. If you be not perfectly sure on these points, don't make the risk. Let James feel by experience that he must be self-reliant. And if reasonable help and advice fail, far rather put James on an aliment for life than send him into business. Give him L.100 a year to do nothing. It will be the cheapest way in the end.

Fathers-in-law are not always Solomons. Mr Nibbs was anxious to see his son-in-law employed; and his son-in-law seconded the intention. Just at this juncture there appeared an advertisement in the 'Times' announcing the formation of a joint-stock company for supplying London with coal on surprisingly profitable terms to the subscribers, and vast benefit to the public. Nibbs was taken with the idea. His money was little better than rotting in the 3 per cents. Here was an opportunity for making an investment; and besides, if he took a hand in the thing, it might be the means of getting a good situation for Tom, that unfortunate son-in-law of his. Here we again take the liberty of moralising a little.

One with another, at least three-fourths of all the joint-stock companies projected rest on false or delusive statements. Decent people, who have retired for life to their easy-chairs, are not blessed with a thorough perception of this fact. There they sit reposingly at one side of the parlour fire, their wife on the other. There is a pleasant warmth from the grate. A favourite little dog lies stretched out confidingly on the rug, a picture of animal ease and enjoyment. No sound is heard but the cheerful piping of a canary, which is hung up to bask in the sun's rays at the kitchen window. Employment—old man reading the paper; 'missus' at darning or crotchet. Now who would have the soul to break up this scene; shift the accessories; turn out the old gentleman from his well-earned chimney-corner; break the heart of the wife; send the little dog adrift to be the sport of butchers' boys; and kill the canary? Trust us, there are such upbreaks. The law is an unrelenting monster; and those may think themselves well off who do not come under its talons.

Not to wander too far from the point: the worthy beings whom we talk of commit a serious indiscretion when they have anything to do with joint-stock companies. To understand these concerns, you require to go about and hear all the gossip respecting them—who has got them up? whether the names appended to prospectuses are real or sham? what, soberly speaking, are the prospects of success? Not being assured on these points, let the schemes, however fair-looking in print, pass unheeded. By no means attend any preliminary meeting. If you do, you will get yourself in some way or other committed. Should you be afflicted with a benevolent tendency, be only still more on your guard. Let all projects involving money-risks be examined on rigorous commercial principles. It may sound harshly to say this; but who thanks Mr Nibbs for having ruined not only himself, but his wife, his dog, and his canary, all to help on a concern which he had some notion would benefit his son-in-law?

Unfortunate Nibbs! It was a bad business your ever going near that preliminary committee meeting of the ——— ——— ——— Coal Association. Why did you ever take the chair, and feel flattered at seeing your name down as a director? That polite gentleman in the satin waistcoat and rings, who acted as secretary, was a regular sharper. The whole thing was a scheme concocted to cause decent people like yourself to lose their money. And had not Mrs Nibbs always her suspicions? Do not you remember her saying to you one day, when you were taking your hat to go out, 'Really, my dear, I wish you would have nothing to do with them joint-stock concerns? What business have you to run such risks? Are not we quite comfortable as we are? Any more money would do us no sort of good; we could not eat, drink, or sleep better if we had the whole Bank of England. Twelve and a-

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half per cent. you say! I believe that is all nonsense. My advice is, let well alone; and don't go bothering about joint-stock companies, of which you have no proper experience.' 'It may lead to something good for Eliza and her husband.' 'Stuff: let Eliza and Tom fight through the world as you and I have done.' 'Think of the great benefit to the poor in giving them coal at a moderate price; that weighs greatly with me.' 'Then help those poor you know something about; but don't run into schemes involving thousands of pounds, and which you cannot see the end of. Well, well, I see you are determined; but mind my words—you'll repent it.'

Married women are not speculative. They are generally suspicious of clap-trap-looking projects; and, on the whole, they are right. They see things coolly. They have a salutary fear of domestic disorganisation. Nibbs, a bankrupt, cleared out, now feels the force of his wife's observations and counsels. All the fruits of forty years' industry are gone. An old man, almost forgotten by professional acquaintances, he finds that he has once more to begin the world. But compassionately we drop the curtain over the efforts which a manly though subdued spirit makes to recover itself. At the worst, there are nooks to shelter men like Nibbs from the blasts of adversity. The corporations of London, with a munificence which has no parallel, offer a humble and not comfortless home in their respective almshouses to those whom the world has not treated kindly. Let us hope that, all else failing, the too credulous Nibbs and his old woman—not forgetting the dog and canary—will in one of these homes have found a refuge wherein their aching hearts may rest in peace!

ASTRONOMY.

The least acquainted with the philosophy of the heavens must derive, more or less, instruction and improvement from the most superficial view that can be taken of them. We cannot even cast our eyes above us or about us without feeling our minds expanded with admiration, and our hearts warmed with devotion. In an age of ignorance and barbarism, the heavens taught idolatry and superstition; but now that knowledge is more generally diffused, and men are better informed, they inspire only gratitude and piety. They borrow all their brightness from the great Fountain of light and life, and diffuse it liberally for our use; to teach us that all our endowments are likewise bestowed for the benefit of others as well as ourselves. We learn, from their inviolable steadiness and order, the incalculable advantages of regularity in our conduct, and exactness in discharging the duties of life. Clouds may intercept their lustre, but cannot interrupt their tranquillity; and the upper regions are never more serene than while the lower are convulsed with storms. They affect no precedence but what is sanctioned by nature; as the lighter are ever attracted and controlled by the weightier masses; intimating to us that they are best entitled to rule who are best able to fulfil the ends of government, which is the welfare of the community; and that, among members of society possessing unequal parts, a perfect equality of condition is impracticable. Their obedience to the primary institutions of their Maker is a standing condemnation of our habitual aberrations from the laws he subscribes and the precepts he enjoins. Their beauty, which arises more particularly from their answering so perfectly their respective destinations, reproaches our moral deformity; their harmony, our mutual dissensions; and their combined utility, our want of public as well as private worth.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A FINE FIELD FOR THE FAIR.

Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the 'William Stewart,' eight were married withiu twenty-four hours after their landing. An offer made to the ninth (a cautious Scotch lassie) was deferred by the fair one, who, with some slight adumbrations as to higher aspirations, professed her intention to 'wait a wee while.' The 'Portland Guardian,' in noticing the nuptial arrangements, only regretted that the ladies had not been landed in that delightful bay, where double the number would have met eligible matches in half the number of hours. 'Eight weddings in twenty-four hours!' quoth our contemporary; 'pooh! in Portland there would have been sixteen in twelve!' We perceive that some of our London contemporaries have been making comparisons (all in our favour, by the way) between America and Australia as fields of colonisation. We think, with the above matrimonial matters of fact before them, our fair countrywomen at home will acknowledge that the Australian colonies are the true 'United States.'—*Australian Journal.*

LITTLE MILLY.

LITTLE MILLY hath a look in her dark and serious eyes,
Sure it bodeth future grief—hidden tears and stifled sighs;
Little Milly hath a voice of a low and plaintive tone,
Sad as western breezes dying o'er the harp with thrilling moan;
And she liketh well to wander o'er the solitary hill,
When the silver moonbeams flicker on the diamond-crested rill,
And the apple-blossoms glisten laden with the subtle rime,
When it falleth noiselessly in the latter evening time.

Little Milly looketh up, and the stars she tries to number,
Then a pleasant thought doth come—'tis of Jacob's happy slumber;
Little Milly fain would sleep here beneath the cedar-tree,
Dream of angels floating down, singing songs of melody.
Simple prayers she now repeateth, and her tears begin to flow;
Why she weepeth often thus, Little Milly doth not know;
Only that her heart is full when she speaks to One above;
Above and all around she sees proofs of His Almighty Love.

Little Milly trembleth much at a harshly-spoken word,
Cowering in silent pain like unto a wounded bird;
Little Milly shrinketh ever from a cold reproving eye,
And her timid faltering tongue frameth not a bold reply.
But she goeth 'mid the flowers, precious comforters are they;
God made both the stars and flowers—stars for night, and flowers for day;
Earthly friends may prove unkind, but the gifts of bounteous Heaven
Pledges are of love and truth—to the single-hearted given.

Little Milly is a child. Presages of wo to come
Fling not gloom across her path, for she hath a sheltered home;
Little Milly hears the storm, as it wildly onward sweeps,
For the drooping birds and blossoms she is pitiful, and weeps.
But a day is coming soon when she will stifle tear and sigh,
Hiding holy tender thoughts, lest the scorner should be nigh.
Stars may shine, and flowers may bloom, but they can no longer prove
Solace to a heart that pines—sickening for *human* love!

C. A. M. W.

A FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h? —*Tutor.* Huff.—*Fr. Très bien, Huff;* and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha!—*Tutor.* Oh no; *Snuff* is S-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in *ough* are a little irregular.—*Fr.* Ah, ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *Huff,* I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h *Cuff.* I have one bad *Cuff,* ha!—*Tutor.* No, that is wrong. We say *Kauf,* not *Cuff.* —*Fr. Kauf, eh bien. Huff* and *Kauf;* and, *pardonnez moi,* how you call D-o-u-g-h—*Duff,* ha!—*Tutor.* No, not *Duff.*— *Fr.* Not *Duff?* Ah! *oui;* I understand—is *Dauf,* hey! —*Tutor.* No, D-o-u-g-h spells *Doe.*—*Fr. Doe!* It is ver' fine; wonderful language; it is *Doe;* and T-o-u-g-h is *Toe, certainement.* My beefsteak was very *Toe.*—*Tutor.* Oh no, no; you should say *Tuff.*—*Fr. Tuff?* and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him P-l-o-u-g-h, *Pluff?* Ha! you smile: I see I am wrong; it is *Plauf?* No? Ah, then it is *Ploe* like *Doe;* it is beautiful language, ver' fine— *Ploe?*—*Tutor.* You are still wrong, my friend: it is *Plow.* —*Fr. Plow!* Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow, Doe, Kauf;* and one more—Ro-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; *Rauf* and Ready! No? *certainement* it is *Row* and Ready!—*Tutor.* No: R-o-u-g-h spells *Ruff.*—*Fr. Ruff,* ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *Ruff,* and B-o-u-g-h is *Buff,* ha!—*Tutor.* No, *Bow.*—*Fr.* 'Tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! Ha! what you call him?—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 276. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849. Price 1½d.

OLD TIMES IN ENGLAND.

Scotch reminiscences, Irish recollections, jottings on Germany, notices of French manners, sketches of Italy, &c. seem to be the order of the day; and every one who writes at all, has something lively to relate about modern manners and foreign scenes of the nineteenth century. Why may not I, an old woman, go back a few score of years, and try whether a description of bygone English manners, in a remote part of the country, might not interest the few who are lovers of old things, as I can pledge myself for the truth of my own recollections?

My great-grandfather married in 1722, and new-furnished his house when he brought home his bride: my grandfather and my father made few additions except to the library, so that in my youth all remained much as it had originally been. There were four public rooms—namely, a dining-room, drawing-room, library, and parlour, which last was our school-room. The furniture was very solid, and not very commodious—high, heavy, straight-backed chairs; odd little sofas; fire-screens and hand-screens representing flowers and fruit, frightfully worked in worsted by my sisters and myself; and two stools embroidered in silk by my mother; antique vases, services of transparent china (baby cups and saucers); family portraits; inlaid tables and tea-chests; very full silk curtains drawn up by cords into two scolloped festoons over each window—these formed the furniture of the drawing-room, in the middle of which was a small square carpet, looking even in those days cold in winter. The tall narrow windows, which we children had to stand on tiptoe to see out of, commanded the least cheerful view from the house; and it was only upon 'company days,' when plumcake and flattery abounded, that we liked to find ourselves in it. The parlour was a large, low room, with three windows looking into the garden, and broad window seats, where work and books were always to be found, and where cheerful employment and lively conversation made us pass our time happily. This room, as well as several of the bedrooms, was hung with painted canvas in imitation of tapestry, by which name the decoration went: the figures represented on it were most grotesque, being only copies of famed originals. The garden was, and is still, to me 'a dream of summer.' In spring, a perfect wilderness of birds, bees, and blossom; in autumn, of fruit in such abundance, that we never missed the portion abstracted by the wasps which swarmed there. Everything was in abundance—'Lavender and thyme, and rosemary and rue;' balm and tansy; 'every herb that sips the dew,' in short; and all common flowers, wallflowers, jessamine, lilacs, and laburnums, thorn and sweetbrier, guelder-roses, moss-roses, cabbage-roses, York and Lancaster roses, maiden-blush roses—smelling as roses never smell now: and much occupation the distilling of the herbs and preserving of the fruits occasioned the whole household. The apple, pear, plum, and cherry-trees were *really trees;* and under the shade of their o'erarching boughs I have spent many a happy hour. In the midst of a smooth-shaven grass-plot there was what in those days was considered rather uncommon—namely, a fine mulberry-tree, the berries of which regularly became red under our northern sun, but never purple. The herb-garden was busy with bees, the hives being placed there near a certain honeysuckle bower, which we children considered especially our own, and where, from babyhood to youth, we spent much time.

My father was very proud of his ancient Saxon family, and looked down upon many of the magnates of our land as mere modern adventurers, who had come over with William I. (he hated to call him the *Conqueror*) to be made gentlemen of by robbing better men than themselves; and he congratulated himself that, from the remoteness of the situation, and the insignificance of the property, *his* ancestors had lived undisturbed in their possessions, and never owned the sway of any of Norman blood. We all bore Saxon names—Ursula, and Edith, and Emma, and Ulrica; Ralph, Harold, Edward, and Edmund (my father would not have called a son William for the world). My brothers were all six feet high, with bright bold countenances, brown hair, and blue eyes; my sisters were tall, fine-looking women. Those were not the days of accomplishments, but we had all a correct ear for music, and sweet true voices; and we used to sing very agreeably in parts 'The Banks of the Dee,' 'Sweet Willy, oh,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Shepherds, I have lost my love,' and other then popular songs. My sister Edith, indeed, soared much higher, and both played and sung Handel's music much better than it is now executed; and Ursula performed country dances with such spirit, that it was difficult for any young person to *sit still* and listen to her. We could all read French, although our pronunciation was rather barbarous; and all the old standard English authors, Shakspeare particularly, we had at our fingers' ends. All the linen of the family, our father's and brothers' frilled shirts, all our own and our mother's under-garments, were made by my sisters and me; and as we sat in the sunny windows I have described, one read while the others sewed, taking the book by turns; and our conversation when we met at dinner was always directed by my mother to what we had perused in the morning, in order to prevent us as much as possible from indulging in gossip.

Scandal we certainly never talked; but news was eagerly listened to, and the common events of the family and the farm became subjects of importance. Every animate, and many inanimate things had their

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names, much as Miss Bremer describes in her delightful 'Home.' The servants, who were all tenants' children, and who did not seek 'to better themselves,' and never dreamt of change, had two names: Marias and Louisas, Elizas and Emilys, were unknown; it was Nanny Wilson, Molly Allen, Betty Bee, and Jenny Foster. Billy Bee, Betty Bee's brother, was the groom, behind whom my mother—when her health became delicate, and she was recommended horse-exercise—rode on a pillion, holding by a broad leathern belt strapped round his waist; and Tommy Fenwick, so called by every one but ourselves—who thought it dignified to promote him to Thomas—was the footman. Billy Bee was a Jack-of-all-trades, though nominally groom; he drove the carriage when the horses were not employed with the carts, he assisted Thomas as footman on company occasions, gave a helping hand to the gardener at a busy time, and carried coals and water up stairs for the maids when they asked him: it was even reported that he had once been seen in the ignoble employment of shelling peas; but *this* wants confirmation, and I believe was a coinage of the brain of Jemmy Darrel, a boy who carried the post-bag, fed the pigs, and was everlastingly busy or idle about the house. All in those days and those districts were Billys and Bobbys, Tommys and Jackys; their sons became Will, Bob, Tom, and Jack; and their grandsons are now William, Robert, Thomas, and John.

We had a cat with a lame foot (Molly Allen, the cook, not deeming it *respectable* to be without a cat), which my mother, who had pet canaries in the house, and pet robins in the garden, mercifully permitted to live, inasmuch as it could not possibly catch any of them any more than it could the mice. Under the name of Mrs Tabitha Grey, she daily lapped her milk, and regularly every six months brought forth four kittens, which were as regularly drowned, until she produced one with a defect in its fore-paw similar to her own, and this, to our great delight, we were allowed to keep, and called it Kitty Grey. The cows, Daisy and Dapple, Cherry and Lady Coventry, were fondly cherished; the horses, the pony, the dogs, even the very pigs, all had their names; and everything relating to these animals was duly descanted on. The quarrels between the three terriers, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and the two cats, Mrs and Miss Grey, more than once caused serious domestic disturbances, my brothers siding with the dogs, and we sisters invariably taking the part of the cats. But, upon the whole, we were an affectionate and united family, and the sun 'never went down upon our wrath.' I love to dwell upon these happy careless days and their simple pleasures. What was most unlike the things of to-day, perhaps, was the kitchen. It was a very large apartment, hung on one side with every conceivable description of vessel in *pewter*, none of which were ever used by any chance, though all were regularly cleaned four times a year, Molly Allen priding herself in keeping them as bright as silver. The meat was roasted by dogs—little ugly turnspits, named Cupid, Venus, and Psyché; and although the manner of teaching them was cruel, no sooner had they learned their lesson, than they seemed to like the fun, and those left out barked and yelped angrily at the one selected. There was a large pot for drying feathers, as big as a slipper-bath; and several others, of so enormous a size, one wonders what they could possibly have been intended for. The fireplace was large enough certainly to have roasted a sheep, and even, I think, an ox whole; but in my day nothing larger than a sucking-pig was ever prepared at it. On one side of this furnace, in a sort of recess, was a large square stone trough, with a round wooden mallet called a mall. It was used to separate the outer husk from the wheat, which, when cleansed from it, was boiled in milk, and called 'furmity.' My brothers and sisters were very fond of this mess, which I never could eat, preferring and begging for what they were indifferent to—the chocolate, thick enough for the spoon to stand in it, that was always kept ready, and offered to all visitors who came from any distance.

While upon the subject of forgotten dishes, I may allude to a happy evening my brother Harold and myself spent with his nurse, a pitman's wife, at a village a short distance from our house. It was the custom in those days when the lady felt herself unable to perform a mother's first duty, to send the child out to a more healthy nurse: Harold was accordingly delivered to Peggy Cornforth, who returned him, at fourteen months old, a rosy robust infant, fonder by far of his mammy and black-faced daddy than of his more refined papa and mamma. Her cottage was kept brilliantly clean by the tidy, industrious Peggy. It had whitewashed walls, nicely-sanded floors, mahogany chest of drawers, a good clock, and tins which reflected the ruddy glow of the large blazing fires that ever cheered the winter's day. Her husband coming home as black as the coals he worked amongst never seemed to soil anything; and well he enjoyed the good things it was her pride and pleasure to welcome him to. The evening she kept Harold and me to tea, nothing loth, all pretending to believe that it was impossible to return home because of the rain, she produced a 'scalding of peas'—that is, peas boiled in the pods, and served with butter—a 'singin' hinny,' and bumble or bummlekite jam—the first an immense girdle cake, the last a preserve of blackberries and brown sugar, which, to the day of his death, my brother preferred to any other; indeed we all liked north-country dishes—'lambs' wool,' made of apples and ale, and a spice veal pie—that is, a veal pie half-filled with prunes in addition to other seasoning. We also ate currants with roast pig, fried crumbs with our game, sage and onion with goose and duck, and so continue doing to this day, such of us as survive, in spite of modern improvements. My father was a pious man, and regularly attended church with his whole household, wet or dry. Moreover, he insisted on our *walking* there: to be sure, the church was not at a very great distance—for Sunday, he said, was a day of rest, and on it no beast belonging to him should carry a weight or draw a load. We had no parasols to protect us: they were unknown. Umbrellas, I suppose, must have been as uncommon, for there was kept, I remember, in the vestry an enormous one of green leather, studded with gilt nails, at least six feet in diameter, which was held over the clergyman at funerals in bad weather when he read the service at the grave. To see father, mother, their eight children, the tutor, governess, and all the servants enter the church in order, was a sight worthy of old England, and calculated to raise the family higher in the respect of the tenants and labourers than if they had come, like some of our neighbours, in a carriage-and-four. Two families even appeared in what I never see now—a carriage-and-six.

Many years afterwards the church and our pew were the only things I found unchanged in the dearly-loved home of my childhood. My visit to the church was indeed a sad one. I sat alone in the old square pew, the green baize linings of which had grown almost white with age. I looked on the worn hassocks where my father and mother had knelt in pious abstraction, with their blooming sons and daughters round them—all gone now, with their hopes and fears, their ambitions and expectations! I gazed on the painted windows and old monuments where often, as a child, I used to fix my eyes while drowsily struggling to give my attention to the sermon I was made to write out afterwards; and which I looked at in later times whilst striving to keep my thoughts from wandering, from what ought to have been their employment in such a place, to the gallant young soldier, whom I followed afterwards as my husband through all the Peninsular war, and to the East and West Indies, where I lost him and the last of my children. Oh what had I not felt and suffered since I last sat there! The old house in its new dress was as little agreeable to my faithful affection for the past.

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The garden, I was told, was much improved: it was certainly altered. The fruit-trees were down, and replaced by paradise-stocks; the little, rough, red gooseberries, so old and overgrown, that the birds used sometimes to build in their branches, were rooted out, and small plants growing Brobdignag fruit occupied the same ground; the early scarlet Virginian strawberries were gone; and roseberries, king's-owns, and queen's-owns, and a hundred other names, grew there instead. The old honeysuckle bower, so full of memories, was swept away; few York and Lancaster cabbage or common roses remained, but there were plenty of pretty-looking scentless flowers of the name. The old herb garden was planted with dahlias, and the beehives removed. The old mulberry-tree still stood on the green, which was now enlivened with beds cut into hearts and diamonds, squares and ovals, and filled with fuchsias, geraniums, and verbenas—all very pretty no doubt, but they said nothing to me.

I wandered through the churchyard beneath the old trees, and pored over the tombstones where slept those with whom I had often trod the same ground. I shall never revisit these scenes more: the church has been painted and repaired, and beautified, the spire taken down, and a tower raised instead. Our seat is lined with crimson cloth, and filled with well-stuffed cushions and new plump hassocks. The few old people who remained when I paid this my last visit are dead, and repose in the old churchyard, where the sun ever seemed to shine brighter than in any other place, at least to me. I am a widow in confined circumstances, living in the west of England with an old woman some few years my junior, whose father and husband belonged to the —th Regiment, and whose granddaughter assists her to keep my small household in order. We talk over old times more like friends than mistress and servant, follow the regiment in idea wherever it goes, watch for the promotions and exchanges in it, and take an interest in all the young men who at present compose its strength, many of whom are the sons of those who jested and enjoyed life with us 'in the merry merry days when we were young.' One day, hearing it was to pass at some short distance, we took a weary walk in the heat to hear 'our band' once more. It was long before we recovered the pang of listening to the well-remembered 'quick-step' to which those we loved had so often and so gaily marched, or of seeing ourselves carelessly looked at by our own regiment as unknown old women, whose *home* knew them no longer.

It is said old age deadens the sensations; mine at seventy-nine are as acute as ever. I have often remarked that as people get old, even when the intellect continues to be vigorous as ever, the thoughts continually revert to childhood: even the accent in speaking which they had lost at times strikes again upon the attentive and observing ear, and they think of occurrences that have lain dormant in the secret chambers of memory since that time. Our very dreams become again the dreams of youth! Not a week ago I awoke in tears and distress, fancying that tall, sharp-nosed governess of my youth was going to punish me for a mistake in my lesson. I remember my dream perfectly: the room, the fire, the old harpsichord, were as vividly present to my fancy as they could have been in reality seventy years ago. I saw my young sisters in their low-cut frocks and diaper pinafores. I saw distinctly their healthy mottled bare arms, their stout black leathern shoes, their close-cut hair. I saw and knew again the music-book, and many of our old school-books, as plainly as I see the pen I am writing with, the pattern of the paper on the wall, the naked waving boughs of the trees. I heard footsteps which I recognised for my mother's in the passage, and heard her speaking to a servant, though I could not distinguish the words. I was once more a child and at home again; and when I awoke, it was some time before I could realise to myself that I was indeed an old woman with whom life was well-nigh over, and all those loved ones, who had been before me so distinctly but a few minutes ago, long since dead. I close my reminiscences here; to pursue them further might be uninteresting, since I have so little to add to the above recollections of a long-past age. Education is fast assimilating the manners and the habits of even the remoter districts, and there is hardly a trace now left in my old neighbourhood of the ways of the merry days when I was young.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

'Railway Property, its Condition and Prospects,' a pamphlet by Mr S. Smiles, is one of the most comprehensive treatises on the economic history and present condition of English railways which has yet appeared; and suggests a number of facts and observations that will probably interest general readers.

Railways are a creation almost entirely of the trading and manufacturing classes. They have been made from the spare money of people in business; the rural population have had little hand in them, and the landed gentry and aristocracy have chiefly concerned themselves in extorting high sums for the land which was required. From the interested opposition of landowners, as also of rival companies, the cost of carrying bills through parliament has generally been enormous. The expenses incurred in obtaining the act for the Great Western Railway was L.88,710; the London and Birmingham, L.72,868; the Eastern Counties, L.45,190; and for the Great Northern, L.434,861.

Our author hints at a great blunder having been originally committed by government, in not prescribing certain main routes, and disallowing all railway undertakings till these were completed. A well-digested scheme of railways, superintended by scientific men appointed by government, might no doubt have averted many serious evils; but in all probability the people would have been the first to cry out against any such interference, and no ministry could have stood against the storm that would have been raised. This difficulty, however, Mr Smiles does not notice, though, in our opinion, it meets the whole question. The truth is, the blame of any redundancy in railway undertakings rests substantially with their projectors, the great bulk of whom cared for nothing at the time but making money by the sale of shares.

The total length of railway sanctioned by parliament till the end of 1847 was 11,673 miles; the capital to be raised was L.336,580,210; the amount actually raised was L.167,321,356; and the length of lines opened for traffic was 3816 miles. 'In the session of 1848, about 300 miles of new railway were sanctioned, making the total mileage at present sanctioned by parliament amount to about 12,000 miles. And in the course of 1848 there was called up on railway shares L.33,260,159, making a total of about L.200,500,000 of railway capital raised [by calls and loans] up to the present time.' As there are 3000 miles of proposed railways too absurd to be executed, the length of railways for some time to come will not be extended beyond 9000 miles, and years will elapse before even that extent is completed: at present, only about 4000 miles are opened.

The gross traffic receipts of all the railways in operation amounted in 1847 to L.8,510,886: this sum represented an average per mile of L.2804, and was made up of L.5,148,003 for passengers, and L.3,362,883 for goods. In 1848, the receipts were L.10,068,000; and when the 9000 miles are completed, the gross returns will amount to little short of L.20,000,000 per annum. The statistics of passenger traffic are curious. In 1847, there were 6,572,714 first-class passengers; 18,699,288 second class; 22,850,804 third class; and 3,229,357 mixed—total, 51,352,163. This shows that about a million of people travelled by rail weekly: 140,000 souls daily on the move! Railways develop traffic in the ratio of the length of time they are in operation. First, the passenger, and then the merchandise traffic is developed. 'Already the railways had afforded, up to 1847, accom-

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modation for 34,000,000 of travellers yearly, beyond what was provided by the old coach and other accommodation.'

It is incontestably proved that those railways pay best which pass through a populous country. It is all very well for a railway to rest on a large town at each terminus; that of course helps it; but, with some peculiar exceptions, the true paying quality in a line is its accommodation to a thickly-peopled intermediate district. In short, it is local, not through traffic, that a railway company ought in general to reckon upon. The great sums-total are made up not of sovereigns, but of shillings and half-crowns. 'Manchester and Leeds are two excellent termini for a railway, and it might be supposed that the through-passenger traffic between those two places would be very considerable; yet it is the most inconsiderable part of the passenger traffic, which is more of the character of "omnibus traffic." Many passengers are taken up at one station and set down at the next. The Yorkshire traffic is distinct from the Lancashire traffic: as the trains pass through the tunnel under Blackstone-edge, the passengers are generally reduced to their smallest number; then a new influx takes place at Littleborough and Rochdale, and continues down to Manchester. The same features are discernible, in a greater or less degree, on most other lines of railway.' The average distance travelled by each passenger differs according to the class. First-class passengers travel greater distances than those of the second or third class. In 1847, the average distance travelled on the London and North-Western by each first-class passenger was 50¾ miles; of each second class, 31½; and of each third class, 17. The average fare paid on this line by each passenger of all classes was 4s. 2d. Small as was this sum, it was above the general average, which in 1847 on all the lines was only 2s. each passenger. About two-thirds of the passenger traffic of all railways is of the second and third class. It has further been brought out by statistics that 'the rural population travel about on railways much more, in proportion to their numbers, than the manufacturing population. The agriculturists live out of doors; they attend markets and fairs, and their pursuits lead them regularly away from home. They go to look after the sale or purchase of their farm produce or stock, to hire or to be hired, to buy and sell in the large towns; and hence we find that the passenger traffic on such lines as the Eastern Counties is much greater, in proportion to the population living along the line of railway, than in the densely-populated manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire.' Some lines of railway are fed by a stream of passengers in pursuit of health or pleasure, especially during the summer season, a species of traffic very remunerative. In 1845, the pleasure traffic of the London and South-Western Railway is stated to have amounted to 500,000 passengers.

Some curious particulars are stated with regard to the traffic in cattle and other stock. In 1847, there were carried by railway 500,000 cattle, 2,000,000 sheep, and 390,000 swine. This kind of traffic, and also the traffic in killed meat, are rapidly increasing. 'Large quantities of country-killed meat are now sent to London for sale; much of it is from Scotland. The electric telegraph is employed in the ordering of meat; such a message as the following traversing the wires:—"Send up 600 or 700 stone of fore and hind quarters of mutton." And such is the despatch used, that Mr Hicks, a London salesman, says, that on an order of this kind being recently given to a butcher at Ipswich, the required quantity of meat was in his premises in Newgate Market for sale on the following morning by five o'clock, having been alive on the day before. Not only this, but the country butchers are buying their meat from London, which is becoming the centre of the meat trade. The country south of London supplies itself with meat from the London market; and even Birmingham market is in a great degree supplied from London through the medium of the railways. The traffic connected with cattle promises to continue an increasing and remunerative branch of railway industry.'

Rural districts at a distance from the metropolis are so largely profiting by railway accommodation, that tracts of country through which no railways pass are placed at a prodigious disadvantage. The traffic on the Eastern Counties Railway to London will give an idea of what is doing in the transit of rural produce. 'In one week, in September 1848, there were carried on this railway—529 cattle, 73 calves, 5598 sheep, 865 pigs, 17,711 sacks of grain and malt, 6578 sacks of flour, 197 tons of meat, 37 tons of poultry, 332 tons of fish, 643 tons of fruit and vegetables, 229 tons of beer, 73 tons of wine and spirits, 19,608 quarts of milk, 59 cwts. of bread,' &c. In 1847, 300,000 tons of lime were carried by railway for agricultural purposes, and a great trade is springing up in distribution of town manure over the country. 'The corporation of Newcastle has already set a good example in this respect, having undertaken the collection of the town's manure, which is sent along the railways branching out from that town, and delivered in the agricultural districts at 2s. 6d. per ton. The farmers of Northumberland use the whole of it, and the demand is far beyond the supply. Guano has recently been a considerable article of traffic on some of the lines in agricultural districts; but the manure of the large towns promises to be a far more lucrative source of traffic: only 40,000 tons were carried in 1847. Sand is also used in some districts for agricultural purposes; the Bodmin and Wadebridge Railway (Cornwall) carried 15,000 tons for this purpose in 1847.' In the same year, 8,900,000 tons of coal were carried by railways, at the rate of less than 1½d. per ton per mile. The general goods traffic on railways is still in its infancy; though it may be justly inferred that it will never be able to compete with the traffic of steam navigation where sea transit is available.

The cost of construction of railways necessarily regulates the fares of passengers. To pay 5 per cent. on capital expended in construction, the following ratio of returns is requisite. If a line cost £10,000 per mile, it will require a weekly average revenue of £16 per mile; if £20,000, £32; if £30,000, £48; and so on. To vary the calculation, for each passenger, or each ton of goods carried, 1d. per mile must be charged, if the cost of construction was £15,000 per mile; 2d. per mile if the cost was £30,000; and so on. On this account, expensively-constructed lines must either charge comparatively high fares, or resign their profits. Much also depends on working expenses. The more level a line is, it is the easier and cheaper worked. 'To master an ascending gradient of 1 foot in each 300 feet of distance—a very trifling rise—a traction force is required twice as great as is sufficient to move the same load at the same speed along a level railroad.' The greater speed required on any line, the greater must be the power employed. 'A good locomotive of the heavy kind now used will draw a train of fifty loaded wagons, or a gross weight of say 375 tons, at a speed of from 15 to 20 miles per hour; but the same engine will only be able to draw on the same line a train of twenty-five wagons, being half the above weight, at a speed of 30 miles an hour. Thus it appears that the thirty-mile speed costs double the slower speed of fifteen to twenty miles, besides the great tear and wear that is inevitably produced by the more rapid traffic.' The demand for power increases in rapid proportion to the rate of speed. Going at the rate of 10 miles an hour, a locomotive will draw 250 tons; but push the speed to 30 miles an hour, and it will draw only 23 tons. Great speed is therefore a most costly thing in railway economics. High velocity is said to be more damaging to the rails than a low rate of speed; but on this point we entertain doubts. Weight of engines, and, still more, irregular bumping motion, we should think to be the more injurious element. An objection has been raised to express trains, on account

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of their damaging the permanent way. According to our experience, ordinary trains go actually faster than expresses; they put off so much time in their numerous stoppages, that inordinate and dangerous speed is usually effected between the stations. Steady smooth motion, irrespective of speed, is what ought to be aimed at. By the substitution of lighter engines and carriages, a considerable saving remains to be effected in the working of lines. At present, 'the average weight of a train on the branch lines of the leading railways is 56 tons, and the average number of passengers conveyed by each train on such branches does not exceed 40. The weight of these passengers is about 3 tons, so that for each ton of paying load there is a dead-weight of about 20 tons.' Twenty tons of apparatus to draw one ton!

On continental railways, trains run at a low rate of speed, usually from 15 to 20 miles per hour, and thus insure safety, and enable companies to charge light fares. All, however, in this country wish to drive on at a prodigious speed, and yet they complain of high charges, which is scarcely reasonable. Assuredly the public cannot have both high speed and low prices. Under the old stage-coach system, the higher charges made for fast travelling were recognised, because reasonable. There was a great difference between the fares of the mail and the ordinary coaches; and the same conditions should hold equally with railway travelling. The right of travelling in parliamentary trains at an average speed of not less than 12 miles an hour, and at a penny a mile, must be considered no small boon.

Mr Smiles takes a hopeful view of railway property, and considers that the public is blind to its own interest in not investing in it with greater confidence. He speaks of the financial statements of leading railways as being put forth 'in good faith,' and to be relied upon. On this, unfortunately, the public entertain doubts, which no representations of the press can remove. There is everywhere a lurking fear that the statements issued by directors are to a certain degree fallacious; and the undeniable circumstance of certain companies paying interest out of capital, tends to confirm popular incredulity. The extreme difficulty which companies have in raising loans by debenture is the most convincing evidence that something is financially defective. No one, in lending money in this way, can tell whether he is protected by act of parliament or not. For anything that is known, the borrowers may have already incurred obligations up to or beyond the sum sanctioned by the act. There is only one way of restoring railway property to the thorough confidence of capitalists: it consists in the affairs of each company being investigated and published annually under the authority of a public officer; and also in establishing a record of loans effected on each line, open to public inspection. When the railways are more developed, arrangements of this reasonable nature will be considered a proper part of the system.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

My elder sister Ruth and myself were the only children of our widowed mother. She was poor, and we were brought up in a cheap retired village in the west of England. We had two paternal aunts, Mrs Wilson and Mrs Coningsby, and a vast array of cousins, of all ages and sizes. Mr Wilson and Mr Coningsby were wealthy men of business, living in large towns, and we knew but little of these relatives. We had one uncle also, a bachelor, our deceased father's only brother; and it had been a mystery to me from earliest childhood *why* he was so much disliked and vilified by all the Wilsons and Coningsbys. He resided in a distant part of the country, and I did not remember having ever seen him; but kind and useful presents occasionally arrived from Uncle Moss, for which our dear, patient mother was humbly grateful; and both Ruth and I learned to think with affection of this unknown uncle, to whom we were indebted for many good and pleasant things. Not that the gifts were costly: they were simple and inexpensive; but to us, unused to notice of the kind, they were very valuable. It was not their value we thought of—it was the remembrance, the interchange of mutual sympathies we rejoiced in; and when we did see our aunts and cousins, and they sneered at Uncle Sabby, as they called him, denominating him 'selfish, crabbed, and odd'—yet never, to *us* at least (in the midst of all their affluence), following his benevolent example—no wonder if Ruth and I defended him with all our might. Moreover, we never called him Uncle Sabby, as Mr Moss had a perfect horror of the name, and our mother told us we had no right to offend the feelings or prejudices of any one unnecessarily.

As we advanced in years, we understood better the meaning of the animadversions unsparingly lavished on our uncle's conduct; for he had, some fifteen years ago, bought a *life-annuity* with his fortune of ten thousand pounds, bequeathed by a godfather—thus 'defrauding,' as the Wilsons and Coningsbys said, the legitimate expectations of nephews and nieces. 'Surely,' said Mrs Wilson, 'the *interest* ought to have satisfied the selfish old curmudgeon!' 'It would serve him right if he had died a year after the transaction was completed,' chimed in Mrs Coningsby. But *our* mother, who had never expected anything, thought Mr Moss 'had a right to do what he liked with his own. It would be far different were he married; but a bachelor, confirmed in celibacy as he was, ought not to be blamed for making the most of his means—particularly as all his nephews and nieces, with the exception, indeed, of *her* poor fatherless girls, were the children of affluent parents. And as Uncle Sebastian had disapproved of her portionless marriage with his brother, she might not complain that Ruth and Berenice were excluded from any possibility of eventually benefiting by his death.' Thus argued our pious, charitable mother; and when we heard on all sides of Uncle Sabby's egotism, ridiculous vanity, and disgusting selfishness, we almost wondered how it was he continued from time to time these especial tokens of regard to the poor widow and her two little girls. Our mother herself informed us that Mr Moss had a peculiar weakness attached to his Christian name. The abbreviation of 'Sabby,' for Sebastian, had given him mortal offence; and although the Wilsons and Coningsbys had never trespassed on his forbearance during the continuance of their *hopes* as to the ultimate destination of his fortune, whenever they found this was disposed of past redemption, to spite him, and revenge their supposed wrongs, they persisted in the abhorred abbreviative, until 'Uncle Sabby' had disowned, and refused all further intercourse with the offenders.

Now, as she ever had done, our mother always humoured her brother-in-law in this particular. It was an innocent, if a foolish whim, she said. He was Mr Sebastian Moss at all times with her. He had a morbid craving to see his name in writing, or printed, or in any manner that would bring it into notice; and she humoured him, and he was kind to her after his fashion, and she was very grateful, and taught us to be so too.

When Ruth was in her nineteenth year, she married the curate of our parish. 'It was a most foolish and imprudent thing of our mother to permit it,' said Aunts Wilson and Coningsby, for Mr Mordaunt was nearly as poor as ourselves; although he had a snug parsonage and productive garden, and was young, and loved Ruth dearly, while she was well fitted to be a clergyman's wife on a small income. They had not been married above twelve months, and it was charming to witness their felicity—my mother and I thought them very rich indeed!—when a letter came from Uncle Sebastian—a most singular epistle we thought it—requesting 'that his niece Berenice might be spared to him for two or three months. He required a cheerful companion—low spirits—nerves affected,' &c. My mother hesitated for a long time; she did not know any-

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thing about my uncle's mode of life; it was a long journey too; but a ten-pound note was enclosed to defray the expense of that, plainly intimating that acquiescence was expected.

'Berry is cheerful and good-humoured enough to enliven anybody,' said my partial mother; 'and as I am fortunate in having you so near me, Ruth, perhaps I had better let her go: her uncle seems to wish it very much; and Berry is a spirited girl, and can take care of herself.' And so, after much deliberation, it was finally arranged that I was to pay Uncle Moss a visit of three months: my mother could not spare me longer. To Branxholm, therefore, I went by the mail-coach; and never having been far from home before, every object charmed me by its novelty, and I made the best use of my eyes and ears, drinking in with avidity the changing scene, and endeavouring to catch information from the conversation of my fellow-passengers.

I had always heard so much about Uncle Moss's *riches*, that I naturally expected to see a fine house and many servants; so that I was much surprised to find his domicile a small common-looking cottage enough, on the outskirts of the quiet gray town of Branxholm.

He was a tall and thin elderly gentleman, with a long pale visage, and a flaxen wig beautifully curled; a continual nervous twitching about the mouth, and blinking of the eyes, made me feel quite nervous and uncomfortable till I got used to it; he had a peculiarly low sweet voice, and he looked refined and delicate, took extreme care of his health, and was terribly afraid of getting cold. He had suffered a good deal from low spirits or melancholy of late; and his medical man advised change of air and scene; but as the patient refused to quit his beloved Branxholm, the next best thing, if not *the best*, said the accommodating practitioner, was to have a cheerful young companion for a while! The cottage consisted of eight apartments: a breakfast-room at one side of the door as you entered; behind that my uncle's library; opposite were the kitchens; up stairs was my uncle's bedroom over the breakfast-room; opposite, the spare chamber, now mine; behind these were two more rooms corresponding with those below, and looking into the garden—one the housekeeper slept in; the other was shut up. That other!—it was the mystic chamber of Blue Beard.

The housekeeper, Mrs Dawson, a middle-aged decent female, had resided with Mr Moss for nearly five years; and during that period she had not seen the interior of that mysterious chamber. I never knew any individual so utterly devoid of curiosity as she was; she did not think about it till I spoke to her. There she was, night after night, in this small house, sleeping opposite to this closed room, and never wishing to know its contents, or caring anything at all about them. She had once asked her master if he would like to have it cleaned; but he simply replied, 'No, thank you, Mrs Dawson; it is an empty uncarpeted room, and I never require it.' From the garden I looked up at the single window, and that was often open to admit the air, for Uncle Sebastian Moss went into it once every day. I found *that* out very soon. Did I not long to climb up to that window, and just take one peep? This did not appear to be utterly impossible of accomplishment; for there was a fine spreading apple-tree below, whose branches reached to the casement, and as I was an expert climber—an accomplishment my worthy uncle little suspected—it would be an easy feat to swing myself from the said branches into the Blue Beard's chamber. But honour forbade me doing this, until at least I had tried fairer means; for my curiosity was really painfully aroused, and I became quite feverish and fidgetty. Mrs Dawson had a boy to assist her, but he did not sleep in the house; and although my uncle's establishment was so humble, and his table perfectly plain, though excellent and abundant, I was not an inmate many weeks ere I became aware that he needed all his income, however plentiful that might be, to meet the expenses he incurred by his liberal, nay lavish outlay of sums for beautifying and repairing the parish church and erecting almshouses—to say nothing of a magnificent pump in the middle of the market-place, bearing an inscription signifying its erection by 'Sebastian Moss, Esq. churchwarden,' &c. &c. In short, my uncle was a second 'Man of Ross' as regarded Branxholm; but here the comparison between the individuals ceased, for Uncle Moss's liberality did not arise from either philanthropic or ostentatious motives, but simply from a singular craving to hand his name down to posterity. I found this out afterwards, though at the time I was ignorant of it. He was much respected and considered in Branxholm, and his existence was as unvaried in monotonous routine as it is possible to conceive a human existence to be. He was a nervous, timid being, but inoffensive; fond of reading memoirs, pleasant travels, and such-like; while his game at backgammon and weekly club were the amount of recreation he indulged in. 'Then what *can* he have in that chamber?' soliloquised I. Often I listened at the door, and peeped through the keyhole; and at last I made up my mind to the bold step of plainly asking him for an explanation.

'Dear Uncle Sebastian,' I commenced one morning at breakfast-time, 'I hope you will not think me impertinent, but I am *very* desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you. I fear I am a poor companion, and that you are disappointed in me.'

'Not at all, Berry—not at all,' he answered shortly. 'I have not been very well of late, and I wanted to see a young blooming face near me. I should like to have had Ruth too; but you do very well, and I am *not disappointed*.'

'Then, Uncle Sebastian, let me be of use to you. Let me go in and dust the spare room, and open the window each day as you do.'

He looked sharply at me, and became so nervous, twitching his mouth, and winking his eyes, that I feared having gone too far; but the scrutiny of my countenance seemed to content him, and he said, 'I daresay you mean well: you are a good notable girl, Berry; but that chamber is sacred to myself. Take my advice, and never pry into secrets; there is a "skeleton in every house," did we but know it.'

'A *skeleton*,' thought I: 'how horrible! What can he mean?' I did not know that it was a mere conventional expression.

I fancied he became more particular than ever in locking and double-locking the door; and *I* daily became more fidgetty and feverish with the uncontrollable desire to explore the forbidden precincts.

I had been my uncle's guest for six weeks, half my time was expired, and I already looked forward with joy to returning home; for though I was most kindly treated, yet the wearisome sameness of the life I led—companionless, and far more confined than I was used to be—preyed on my spirits. I longed for the woods and streams, for a madcap race, and for a hearty laugh again; for I had not heard my own laugh since I had been at Branxholm.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, my uncle was at his club, and would not be home till late; Mrs Dawson was in the front kitchen busy making preserves, and I sat alone under the apple-tree trying to read: but read I did not; for, alas! the temptation was too strong to be resisted any longer. *The* window was invitingly open: how simple and easy to climb the knotted trunk of the apple-tree, and to gain the broad window-sill! One peep was all I wanted; just one peep, to see if there really *was* a skeleton there. This was all wrong, and showed great weakness, and I turned away once or twice. Honour forbade the gratification of my curiosity, but the excitement was delightful; the idea of a climb—the peep—the descent—the secret gained, and none the wiser but I! I resisted no longer; but in a few minutes sat exultingly amid the high branches, and crept with ease and safety to the casement.

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Once *there*, I was not satisfied with peeping; but ducking in, I alighted in the midst of the mysterious chamber, looked round, and what do you think I saw? You would never, never guess were you to puzzle your brains for twelve months.

The room was bare, utterly devoid of furniture of any description, and the only thing in that Blue Beard's den was a slab of pure white marble, leaning against the wall, and fashioned as monuments erected to the memory of the dead usually are. There were cherubs at the corners, with wings outstretched and smiling faces, and there was an inscription, legible from a distance, signifying that 'Near this place repose the mortal remains of Sebastian Moss, Esquire,' a blank being left for the date of the month and year of decease; beneath were several lines of versification, the composition of my uncle, and his sole literary production. The tablet was evidently designed for the inside of a church; and I may here mention that Mr Moss had bequeathed L.50 to the clergyman in his will, to see that his wishes were carried into effect, and the tablet well placed.

How long I gazed in blank amazement at the unexpected sight before me! It was difficult for me to realise the morbid craving which had led to such strange results—this wish of an obscure, unknown, lonely old man to have *his name* remembered apart from his deeds.

After the first astonishment subsided, I indulged in a hearty laugh. I had a pencil in my pocket, and a sudden impulse of mischief prompted me to fill up the blank spaces in minute fairy-like text, that day fortnight being the date I chose to insert. This done, I cautiously descended, leaving the window as I found it, and not so much as disturbing a leaf out of its place, by which I might be discovered as the daring perpetrator of the outrage. My dress, indeed, was torn, and my hand was hurt; but I perfectly succeeded in concealing both these disasters; and I was in bed long ere I heard my uncle return. He went to the empty apartment, but quickly returned, having only remained to close and secure the open window. After breakfast next morning I heard him softly enter again. A considerable time longer than usual he remained; and when he came out, locking the door carefully as usual, he went straight to his own room, and did not make his appearance below until dinner was announced. I felt very sorry to see him looking paler than ever, and with a disturbed air, as if some weighty misfortune impended. My heart began to quake, for conscience whispered he *must* suspect my impudent trick, and every moment I expected to be taxed with it, and to receive a serious chiding. But no: dinner passed away, he ate little, and no allusion was made. Could he have discovered the pencil-marks? When a week went by, and day after day he gradually pined away, and lost all appetite, still making no comment whatever, I became dreadfully alarmed; this silence was an awful punishment; and I asked myself, *could* it be possible that my uncle attached importance to the minute writing? On the eighth day from my ascent of the apple-tree Uncle Moss became so much worse, that Mrs Dawson wished to call in medical advice; but he would not hear of it. That morning he had received a letter from my mother, requesting him to stand godfather to Ruth's little son, who was to be named Sebastian Moss. At any other time the compliment would have delighted him extremely; now he merely adverted to it by saying, 'Well, I am glad the name will be perpetuated: as the old Sebastian departs, the young one comes. The stroke cannot be averted; concealment is useless; I have received my call, and I hope I am prepared to obey it.'

When I heard him speak thus, I was almost distracted; and without another moment's hesitation I should have thrown myself on my knees beside him, and confessed my foolish trick. But he stopped my precipitancy by kindly saying, 'Berry, I wish to say a few words to you, my dear. I do not think that I shall be much longer in this world—in fact my time is *very* limited—and I desire you to pay particular attention to what I am going to say. Should any sudden change take place whilst you are here, which is more than probable, you will send to Hospital Street for my solicitor: he has my will, and will attend duly to its fulfilment. Out of my income I have saved upwards of a thousand pounds; L.500 I mean for Ruth, and L.500 for you, my dear. Nay, do not weep; you must be prepared; for I have received a mysterious and extremely solemn warning. A few days more, and all will be over, Berry; but worthy Mrs Dawson will take care you are properly conveyed back to your estimable mother, to whom present my parting affectionate remembrance.'

Poor dear Uncle Moss! Need I say what I did—need I repeat my confession, delivered amid tears, remorse, and terrors unspeakable, for he disbelieved me at first. It was *impossible* I could have gained admittance to that room, for the lock was one that could not be tampered with; and as to a young lady climbing a high tree, *that* was out of the question. Nor until I convinced him of the possibility, by repeating the experiment in his presence next morning, did he signify his belief of my assertion by an outburst of wrath which did more towards facilitating his recovery than my confession itself. *He*, Mr Sebastian Moss, churchwarden, &c. &c. of Branxholm, had been duped and laughed at by a little saucy girl! She had witnessed his exhibition of superstitious weakness; she had also discovered his treasured secret; and would he not be held up as an object of ridicule and contempt for the residue of his life? I guessed what thoughts were passing in my uncle's mind, as I innocently said, 'Indeed, indeed, dear Uncle Sebastian, I am so ashamed of myself, that I will never repeat the circumstance even to my own mother; say you forgive me—pray forgive me, and forget it.'

'I do forgive you, Berenice Moss,' he solemnly answered; 'but I cannot *forget*, neither shall I suffer *you* to do so.'

I did not comprehend the hidden meaning of these words at the moment, but ere another week had elapsed their signification was explained. My uncle's solicitor at Branxholm waited upon him, and they were closeted together in the library, where by and by my presence also was required. My uncle introduced me to the young lawyer, gravely requesting me to be seated, and then proceeded to say that he had sent for me in due form thus, that I might be properly acquainted with the alteration he had made in his affairs.

'Your unjustifiable curiosity, Niece Berenice, meets at my hands with the punishment it deserves, to say nothing of your having played off so cruel a practical joke on gray hairs. The L.500 destined for you, before I discovered your real character, I have now transferred to your sister Ruth; she will therefore inherit L.1000 on my decease. Your secrecy, young lady, I do not desire on *my own* account, being convinced that your share in the transaction will secure that during my lifetime at least.'

Oh! never shall I forget what I endured on hearing these cutting words. It was not regret for the paltry hundreds—besides, I would far rather Ruth had them than I—she needed them more—but it was that I appeared ungrateful and heartless to the uncle who had been kind to us for years. Silly, weak, and vain he might be; but he was, as he had just said, a gray-headed old man, sickly and ailing too, and not a fit subject for my joke. Bitterly I wept and intreated forgiveness: my uncle thought I was weeping for the loss of the money, and that made me cry the more; but I considered it as part of my just punishment to be thus misjudged.

The other individual present at this scene read my heart aright; and though I deserved punishment, and met with it, my genuine distress and contrition won for me a friend in the wise young man of law. From a

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friend, he became a lover; and when I left Branxholm at the expiration of the stipulated three months, it was as the betrothed of Mr Richard Blossom. Yes, thus I met my dear husband, in humiliating circumstances enough, my uncle expressly warning him to beware of attempting to preserve any secrets from *me*—and I am quite sure he never has.

We were not married until Richard settled in the metropolis; and soon after the blank spaces on the marble tablet were filled up, and the real date of my uncle's decease inserted, the tablet itself occupying a conspicuous place in Branxholm church.

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

We are approaching what is called the 'full blaze' of the London season. The dawn will ere long be lost in meridian brightness. The votaries of pleasure are on the alert: ruminant philosophers are revealing their thoughts, in preference, for a time at least, to chewing the cud; the littérateur is thrashing his straw with renewed vigour; the man of science is on the *qui vive*, hoping to meet with listeners for his theories, and new applications for his facts; goldsmiths and silk-mercers are rubbing their palms with expectation; interests of all sorts, from those of the prime-minister or prima donna down to the pickpocket, are hastening to their periodical culmination; and perhaps a better time could not be chosen to make country readers acquainted with a few jottings of town talk.

London has been compared to a big pond surrounded by a restless crowd, each individual eager to throw his stone in with a louder splash than his neighbour: and those who can make a splash in no other way will do it by talk. The Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin has been a fertile subject. One party contends that the authorities are to blame for not taking further measures to obtain intelligence of the long-absent explorers, and that public meetings should be held with a view to raise subscriptions for the equipment of additional vessels; while another party maintains that government has done all it can in the despatch of the three expeditions sent out last year, with a provision-ship this spring; and the best-informed persons consider that the present year will not pass without bringing us intelligence of the missing adventurers. Let it not be forgotten that the country has been put to an outlay of nearly L.500,000, first and last, in making attempts to discover the north-west passage, which, if discovered, would not be of the slightest practical value.

Another topic is the South-Sea whale-fishery: the fact that the United States have 600 vessels engaged in that trade, while England has less than twenty in the southern whaling-grounds, has for some time been felt as a reproach to this country, and British enterprise is now about to attempt further efforts in the antipodean seas. The want of a proper station has perhaps been a cause of delay; but Mr Enderby, late M.P. for Greenwich, whose name is already associated with antarctic discovery, has just obtained a grant of the Auckland Islands, on condition that government be called on for no portion of the incident expense. This group of islands lies to the south of New Zealand, and is said to be well suited for a depôt, both as regards climate and situation; and a successful trade may be anticipated, as the vessels engaged in the capture of whales will be spared the long voyage to England as at present. No special inducements are to be held out to colonists, as it is believed that a community will naturally establish itself in the islands in course of time. Mr Enderby himself will go out to superintend the arrangements.

Among engineers considerable discussion has taken place with respect to the government project of harbours of refuge, which originated in the report of a parliamentary committee, stating that the average annual loss for several years by shipwrecks on the coasts of England amounted to nearly L.3,000,000 sterling, besides nearly 1000 seamen; and one of the causes was said to be the want of secure harbours, to which vessels might run for shelter. Various schemes have been proposed to meet the difficulty: one was to moor huge wooden gratings, both vertical and horizontal, at a convenient distance from the shore, as lately carried into effect at Brighton, within which the sea would be comparatively quiet; another was a line of floating caissons, on which the waves should expend their fury; a third proposed a belt of huge reeds or tubes to be made of cocoa-nut fibre, indestructible in salt-water, and coated with caoutchouc. These were to be moored so as to stand erect in the water, and at the same time present no impediment to the passage of a ship between them. A fourth suggested driving piles and laying down brushwood on the shallows off Deal, which it was expected would be silted up by the action of the tides, and that eventually the Goodwin Sands would be thus converted into an island of 8000 acres; and the necessity of attempting something of the sort was shown by the fact, that the Brake, one of the smaller sands, is now half a mile nearer the shore than it was fifty years ago. None of these plans was considered as suited to the circumstances of the case.

The places recommended as sites for the harbours are Dover, Portland, Seaford, and Harwich: the one at Dover, to contain 520 acres, is determined on, after a good deal of debate as to the relative merits of slopes or perpendiculars; and a vertical breakwater of stone and rubble 800 feet in length is to be erected in the bay.

Another question at present exciting much attention is that of electric telegraphs under sea. It is proposed to enclose the coated wires within a leaden tube, which, being sunk, will in a short time bend and fit itself to the conformation of the sea bottom. No difficulty is anticipated in laying down such a line across the Channel; and instead of Holyhead and Dublin, it is suggested that the telegraphic communication with Ireland should be made to the nearest point opposite Port Patrick. Those who propose to cross the Atlantic with wires, say that it can only be done by the route of the Orkneys, Faröe Islands, and Iceland, to New Brunswick—equivalent to pronouncing the scheme to be impracticable, or indefinitely deferred. But more sanguine or more skilful experimentalists affirm it to be possible to establish a telegraphic communication through the sea without wires: earth and water, it appears, are quite sufficient for the purpose. The fact that such a communication has already been effected across the Thames, is quite enough to cause the parties now in motion to persevere. The *modus operandi* generally stated would be this:—A galvanic battery is placed at Dover, from one end of which a wire passes to a sheet of zinc or copper buried in the sea beyond low water-mark; from the other end the wire is led into a coil, from which it is continued to a greater distance along the shore than to the opposite coast, and there terminates in a metallic plate also under water. A similar arrangement would be made at Calais, and the conclusion, as far as yet worked out is, that the resistance being less between shore and shore than between the extremities of the wires on the respective coasts, the electric current would find its way across in sufficient force to deflect a needle. The idea is most ingenious, and if carried out as anticipated, will obviate the difficulty presented by liability of submerged wires to fracture. One really important advantage to accrue from a wide extension of telegraphs would be the announcement of storms. Take, for example, such rivers as the Loire and Rhone, liable to sudden inundations; if the news, 'a flood is coming,' could be flashed along its course, the dwellers in the lower country would receive twelve hours' notice of the rise, and take measures to secure their property.

In palæontological science, an important addition has been made to our knowledge by Dr Mantell's completion of the skeleton of the iguanodon. Recent

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excavations in Tilgate Forest, and the Isle of Wight, have brought to light portions of fossilised bones hitherto wanting. These have been laid before the Royal Society, and serve but to heighten our conceptions of the magnitude and powers of the antediluvian monster; upon which it is said Dr Mantell will go down to posterity. Among other interesting topics connected with the same society, may be mentioned an instructive paper by Captain Beechey on the tidal phenomena of the English and Irish Channels.

According to Mr Stuse, the human body is nothing more or less than a voltaic machine, and mental and physical action depend on the efficiency of the animated battery. The idea is not new, but it will give people something to talk about for the next few months. And while on the subject of physiology, a curious fact is worth notice, of which Quetelet was perhaps unaware when writing on physical growth. Lord Lovelace adduces it from a recent French work on the deterioration of the population in France. 'In spite,' it is observed, 'of so large a portion of the French population being agriculturists—that is, belonging to that calling in life which most develops muscular strength and activity—in spite of that proportion being on the increase as compared with the rest of the inhabitants, it is proved that the number of recruits rejected as unfit for the military service, from deficient stature, health, and strength, is slowly, surely, and constantly on the increase: 40 per cent. are turned back from this cause, and yet the required height is now less than five feet two inches. The standard has been lowered three times since 1789, and yet there is as large a proportion of conscripts below it as ever.' Here is one of the changes going on before our eyes, attracting but little attention in detail—like a geological upheaval—but startling in the aggregate. In connection with it, a fact brought forward by a writer in the Edinburgh Review deserves consideration:—'There are certain districts,' he states, 'in Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the native Irish driven by the British from Armagh and the south of Down about two centuries ago. These people, whose ancestors were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, are now reduced to an average stature of five feet two inches—are pot-bellied, bow-legged, and abortively-featured; and are especially remarkable for open projecting mouths, with prominent teeth, and exposed gums, their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bearing barbarism on their very front. In other words, within so short a period, they seem to have acquired a prognathous type of skull, like the savages of Australia—thus giving such an example of deterioration from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson.' But truly may it be urged that such facts as these are interesting not only to future ages; the subject of pauperism and mendicancy is in every one's mouth, and here we seem to arrive at one of the physical causes of the evil. With nearly 2,000,000 of paupers, people may well iterate—What is to be done?

California of course is a prolific topic of discourse; but it is a little singular that the returns from the 'diggings' should be considered as unprecedented. Large lumps of gold have been found in other countries. Sir R. Murchison states that at the time of his visit to the east of Russia, lumps weighing from 18 to 24 lbs. had been discovered in the Ural district; and subsequently, in 1843, a mass weighing 78 lbs., now deposited in the museum of the Imperial Mining-School at St Petersburg; and in the same year the total yield from the Russian gold works was nearly L.3,000,000 sterling. In fact the gold districts of eastern Russia and Siberia comprise an area larger than France; and it is only within the past few years that Chinese Tartary, as well as Siberia, a tenth of the earth's surface, has been proved to be auriferous. Hence we may look for large returns from other regions besides California.

Among the schemes, too, for a route across the isthmus, no one appears to remember Mr Lloyd's survey made in 1828-9. He was commissioned by General Bolivar, and carried levellings across at the points now considered as the most desirable; the commencement of the work being marked on a stone on the shore at Panama, and the termination on the stem of a tree at Chagres. The 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1830 contain an account of the whole proceedings.

Prospectuses are issued for a 'Panopticon of Science and Art,' a sort of rival Polytechnic Institute, originating, it is said, in a bequest of L.20,000 left for the purpose. Several houses adjoining Exeter Hall have been purchased, and are to be cleared away to provide a site for the new edifice, which is to be opened next Christmas. Besides this, cheap gas and cheaper water are much talked about: one projector proposes to form a reservoir by erecting a dam across Dovedale, and thus to supply London with pure water brought in pipes all the way from Derbyshire. But to detail all the topics of London talk would require more than two or three brief columns; I must therefore close with the fact, that amidst the various claims of model lodging-houses, new streets, abatement of nuisances, and public slaughter-houses, Mr Layard's 'Nineveh' is most highly esteemed, and competes successfully with Macaulay's 'History' as the book of the season. Though not a politician, the author is acknowledged to be one of the first men of the day; and it is a source of regret that government has granted no more than L.1500 to enable him to resume his interesting excavations.

INCIDENTS OF CANADIAN TRAVEL.

It was on a fine morning in the month of June, a few years ago, that I stepped on board the steamer 'Canada,' just as she was about to leave the wharf, on her way up the river, from Quebec to Montreal. Their steamboat architecture has recently much improved on the St Lawrence; but the Canada was one of the old, clumsy, and gaudy race of boats at one time so common on the inland waters of America. She had been constructed, like all her fellows, without much regard to proportions, her hull being scarcely visible, from the extent to which her double tier of decks projected over her sides. Behind two enormous funnels, which were simultaneously ejecting dense columns of flame, sparks, and smoke, the 'working beam' rose high above the upper deck, and when in operation, was one of the most striking features in her singular *tout-ensemble*. Seen from a little distance, she appeared like a huge concoction of Bristol-board and paint, the ground-colour being white, with jet-black stripes traversing her whole length along the most prominent lines of her frame. To one accustomed to the sight of a British-built steamer, it seemed as if the slightest breeze could have reduced her to her original elements; and as the hot steam shot shrieking from the escape-pipes, you felt her shake like a jelly beneath your feet.

Having no further occasion for delay, we steamed with all speed up the river. The tide being in our favour, we were soon extricated from the labyrinth of ships anchored in the stream—each being surrounded with its small raft of timber, with which the crew were busily loading it. Thousands of men being thus simultaneously at work, there was something indescribably cheerful in the songs with which they lightened their labour.

As seen from the river, Quebec has a most imposing appearance. The bold promontory, crowned by the battlements of the citadel, rises like a perpendicular wall immediately behind the lower town, which nestles at its feet, and which it has the appearance of crushing into the water. The spires and roofs of the upper town, covered with tin, and glistening in the sunshine, are seen peering over the fortifications, the only connecting link between the two towns, on the St Lawrence side, being a zig-zag street, appropriately called

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Mountain Street, which struggles up a cleft in the rock. In some places the battlements of Cape Diamond seem to impend over Champlain Street, a long and narrow street, which leads to the western extremity of the lower town.

Immediately on passing the city, the river expands to nearly treble width. Both banks are very lofty, that to the south sloping down to the water's edge, and being covered with the richest foliage. The north bank, on which the city stands, is rugged, precipitous, and almost naked. At the end of Champlain Street are many building-yards, in some of which, as we passed, vessels were on the stocks, and nearly ready for launching. Then came the 'coves,' as they are called, and which are neither more nor less than those portions of the beach on which the great timber merchants transact their business. Wolfe's Cove is about two miles above the town, and is the spot at which that gallant general struggled with his army and artillery up an almost perpendicular cliff, to gain the plains of Abraham above, on which he afterwards lost his life, fighting the decisive action which struck the last blow at French dominion in America. These coves follow each other in close succession for nearly three miles, the whole beach being lined for that distance with vast quantities of timber, squared, and ready for shipping.

There are similar coves on the other side of the river, about seven miles above the town, where the Etchnin enters the main stream, on its southern side. At the mouth of this tributary we passed a series of saw-mills, erected on a most gigantic scale, and in which the largest logs are converted, almost in a twinkling, into slabs, beams, deals, and scantlings. On the wharfs which surrounded them, the produce of these mills was piled in enormous masses, ready for conveyance to Europe in the vessels anchored hard by. Two miles farther up, the river receives, on the same side, another tributary, called the Chaudiere. The Falls of the Chaudiere, which are not more than a league from its mouth, are far superior in size and grandeur to those of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. And yet there is not one traveller in twenty who sees the former, although only twelve miles from the city, whilst almost every stranger thinks it necessary to pay a visit to the latter. The Chaudiere, at its mouth, is spanned by a noble bridge of one stupendous wooden arch, somewhat resembling in its construction the centre arch of Southwark (iron) Bridge. It springs from rock to rock at a great elevation above the stream; and as we passed, its complicated frame looked, in the clear morning air, like light gossamer-work suspended from the foliage which richly mantled the two banks.

The town of Three Rivers is at the head of tide-water, on the north bank, the tide thus flowing for nearly 500 miles, or nearly the whole length of Great Britain, up the channel of the river. The banks here are comparatively low, and continue so, with but little exception, up to the great lakes. A few miles above Three Rivers we entered Lake St. Peter, a broad and magnificent sheet of water, resting on a shallow and ever-shifting bottom. The changes which are constantly taking place in its navigable channel render it the most precarious point in the navigation of the river from the Gulf to Montreal. At its upper end it is studded with islands, some of which are made the basis of great government works, with a view to straightening, deepening, and rendering uniform its channel. About the middle of the lake we met an enormous raft from the Ottawa, making its way slowly towards Quebec. It was covered with small sheds, for the accommodation of the lumber-men who navigated it, and looked prickly with jury-masts, to each of which was appended a sail. These rafts sometimes encounter rough weather in Lake St Peter, which in numerous instances shatters them to pieces, and leads to melancholy loss of life.

It was early next morning that we approached Montreal. The country was exceedingly rich, and radiant with all the glories of 'leafy June.' Its general character was flat, but here and there from the vast level plain, which extended on both sides as far as the eye could reach, small isolated and conical hills rose to a moderate elevation, to relieve the scene from the monotony which else would have characterised it. It was fully an hour before breakfast-time when we made fast to the noble stone quay which lines the river in front of the city.

While Quebec owes its chief celebrity to its commanding military position, Montreal has few advantages in a military point of view, the strongest piece of fortification about it being on the island of St Helen's, a little below the city, and about midway between both banks of the river. It is, however, admirably situated with a view to the requirements of modern civilisation, which looks more to good commercial than to military positions. Although situated upon a large island, it may be said to occupy a position on the north bank of the river, the main stream running between it and the south bank—that which sweeps around the northern side of the island being comparatively insignificant. Occupying the very centre of a vast and exuberant agricultural region, it is the point upon which four great natural highways converge, leading from regions as varied in circumstances as they are great in superficies. The site which it occupies is but about thirty miles below the confluence of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence—the former leading, for miles counted by the thousand, from the very heart of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the latter from the great lakes, with all the yet undeveloped wealth of the far north-west countries in the midst of which they lie. To the south, the Atlantic is directly accessible to it by the route of Lake Champlain and the Hudson; whilst to the eastward it can reach the ocean, by following the river to the gulf. This is the spot which, within the last few years, has been selected as the capital of United Canada; and few capitals have a situation affording so much promise for the future.

Montreal has a fine appearance when approached by steamboat from La Prairie; a small French-Canadian village several miles from it, on the opposite bank. It is chiefly built of stone, as are Quebec and Kingston—the three forming in this respect a marked exception to all the other towns of the province, and to nearly all in the United States, in which the wooden is almost invariably superseded by the brick tenement. The French portion of the city is very characteristic. The new part, all of which has been added since the conquest, has more of an English aspect about it; and some very magnificent streets and terraces have been added to it since its selection as the seat of government. The finest building by far which it contains is the Catholic cathedral, which is second only on the continent to that of Mexico, and of which any city in the old world might be proud as an ornament. The small hill immediately behind the town, and from which it derives its name, screens it completely from the cold northern winds. The slope which descends towards the city is covered with villas and orchards, and having a southern aspect, it produces the most luscious fruits. From the summit of this hill the view is very superb, commanding the city, the river, the Rapids, and a vast region of fertile country beyond.

The Rapids of the St Lawrence! who, within the domain of intelligence, has not heard of these stupendous phenomena? They needed not the muse of Moore to spread their fame: they are too gigantic in their sweep—too impetuous in their flow—too mighty in their power—too terrible in their aspect, ever to be forgotten by those who have once beheld them. As I was hurrying to the upper country, I had but a few hours to spend in and about Montreal, of which I took advantage to cross to La Prairie and see the Rapids of La Chine. The main rapid is almost entirely

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screened from the city by some islands, which here break into different channels the great body of the stream. La Prairie, which is about nine miles from Montreal, lies at the foot of the Great Rapid, which rolls in tumultuous grandeur between one of the islands and the south bank of the river. The steam ferry-boat, in crossing, had to stem a portion of the rapid, but only where the delirious waters had subsided into comparative quiescence. Below, all was smooth and quiet; above, all was noise, tumult, and commotion. The river appeared to be rolling down the broken fragments of some gigantic staircase; and as it leapt maddened from rock to rock, the deep-blue current dashed itself into masses of foam, which for miles up covered its surface, like so many snow-wreaths borne down upon the tide. It is impossible that, in the presence of such a scene, even the most stolid and unimaginative can escape being struck with awe. The first feeling which it inspires is that of terror, the troubled flood seeming to bound onward to overwhelm you. Once assured by a sense of security, the mind becomes divided between amazement and self-humiliation; for you cannot avoid contrasting your own weakness with the stupendous development which nature here vouchsafes of her power. This is not the greatest rapid of the series, which, with some interruptions, agitate the river for the next hundred and fifty miles up, but it is in some respects the most terrible to encounter.

Having determined to ascend the river in a 'Durham boat'—a trafficking vessel which visits the upper country for flour—I set out, in the first place, in the stage for La Chine, in order to avoid the tedium of the first canal ascent. Here I found about twenty Durham boats ready to proceed on their upward voyage, but having no favouring wind, they were to be towed up the lake by the mail steamer. There being nothing novel in this part of the journey, I preferred the steamer to the Durham boat; and it was about noon when the 'Swan' started for the head of the lake, with a little fleet of cygnets behind her. Lake St Louis, now entered upon, is the result of the confluence of the St Lawrence and the Ottawa. It is a small body of water for these regions, but it is surpassingly beautiful, being studded with islets, covered with shrubbery dipping into the lake, so that they seem to be afloat upon the water. At its head the Ottawa enters it by a broad and placid estuary, stretching off to the right, and flanked by lofty banks, the St Lawrence bounding into it on the left through a screen of islands by a series of raging rapids called the Cascades. On getting ashore, it was with no little interest that, standing upon a small rocky point, I witnessed the first intermingling of the confluent waters of these two mighty torrents.

The Cascades being impracticable to upward-bound craft, they are turned, as on the La Chine Rapids, by a short canal, which leads into still water above them. Here, for the first time, I betook myself to the Durham boat, which was 'polled' close along-shore by the crew, until we reached the lower end of another series of rapids called the Cedars. These being practicable, first brought me in contact with the peculiarities of the navigation. A strong rope was attached to the boat, by means of which we were pulled by eight lusty oxen, which slowly scrambled along about midway up the high sloping bank to our right. They were attended by two Canadians—one to drive them, the other walking immediately behind with a large, sharp, and trusty knife in his hand, from which the sunlight every now and then flashed in our faces. I was about to inquire the object of this formidable armament, when an alarming incident furnished me with ocular demonstration of it. We were close upon shore, but the current which we had to stem ran prodigiously swift, although but little broken on the surface. Twenty yards farther out, however, it was roaring, and covered with breakers. The great point in steering was to keep the boat's head direct to the current. We had nearly mastered the rapid, when, by some unfortunate accident, her head was allowed to tend slightly outwards. The current thus caught her broadside, and brought the oxen in their snail-like course to a stand. The confusion on board was only equalled by the hullaballoo raised by the two Canadians ashore, who, in an incredibly short time, exhausted all the oaths in their fertile vocabulary. In vain did the driver urge the oxen to their utmost efforts; the resistance was too great, and they could not move. In the meantime, by the action of the current, the boat was being driven farther out into the stream, until at length the oxen failed in their powers of resistance, and began to give way. They had been dragged backwards and downwards about three feet, when the man with the knife sprung to the rope, and in a twinkling severed it in two. The cattle were thus saved; but the boat, abandoned to the mercy of the current, shot, stern foremost, like an arrow down the stream, tossed about amid foaming breakers, which now and then dashed upon her deck. So suddenly did all this happen, that for a moment or two I felt as if awaking from a trance. Trees, banks, bushes, houses, every fixed object ashore, seemed reeling around me, as if in the delirium of some fantastic dance. The great anxiety of the crew was to prevent her from shooting the Cascades, which were within sight but a short distance below. At one time it appeared in the highest degree likely that she would do so.

'Stand to your oars, and be ready to put her head about,' cried the captain.

The men obeyed, ready to turn her round as soon as she was in smooth water, so as to shoot the Cascades safely and in regular style. Fortunately this was not required, for at the foot of the rapid she swung into an eddy, which enabled her to gain the shore.

'What would have happened had we gone down the Cascades?' I inquired very simply of the captain, who was already giving orders for reascending the rapid.

'We should have been back again in Lake St Louis by this time,' he replied with an air of great indifference, leaving me lost in wonderment at his estimate of the greatest calamity contingent on such an event.

We were not long in making up lost ground. The oxen were once more attached to the boat, and by dint of better steering we soon mastered the Cedars. The channel of the river is here again broken by numerous islands, between which it passes with prodigious force and velocity. Close to the southern bank, some miles off, are the Rapids of Beauharnois, which showed us their white crests until hidden from view by a sudden bend in the river, which brought us to the village of the Cedars. From this, up to the foot of Lake St Francis, we were alternately polled and towed, ascending several minor rapids, and flanking, by another very short canal, one too formidable to be breasted, and which formed on one side the defence of a small fort which rested upon it, and which, on that side at least, was impregnable. At the village at the foot of Lake St Francis we passed the night.

Next morning, as on Lake St Louis, a whole fleet of Durham boats were towed up Lake St Francis by a steamer. This is a somewhat larger sheet than the other, its upper half being very much broken with islands. On one of these, near the boundary line between the upper and lower provinces, is a rude pyramid of unhewn stones, raised by the Highlanders of the border county of Glengarry in honour of Sir John Colborne, who crushed the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837. After sailing through many beautiful and mazy passages at the upper end of the lake, we arrived at Cornwall, the first frontier town of the upper province.

Twelve miles above Cornwall is the greatest and most formidable rapid of the St Lawrence, known as the Longue Soult, or, as it is commonly called, the Long Soo Rapid. Hitherto we had come along the northern bank; but to overcome this rapid we had to cross the river, the only practicable ascent being on the southern side. The stream was narrow where we crossed,

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and the point aimed at was the mouth of a small rivulet on the other side. We ascended the still water on the northern side, until we got nearly a mile above this point. The men then took to their oars, and pulled lustily across the stream. As soon as we touched the impetuous current in the middle, we were swept down with amazing rapidity, until we got into still water again on the other side, about half a mile below the rivulet, to which we were then leisurely polled up.

The rapid being still a mile or two up, I walked along the beach, leaving the boat to be polled to the foot of it. In doing so, I bounded over the rivulet which crossed my path. That bound brought me from monarchical to republican jurisdiction—the boundary line between the province and the United States here intersecting the St Lawrence, the broad current of which henceforth intervenes between the rival jurisdictions. I embarked again at the foot of the Great Rapid, which, in all its appalling grandeur, was now in full view. As at all the rapids, islands here also blocked up the channel, the rives escaping with terrific violence between them. The broadest and most fearful rapid was on the Canada side, some distance from us. The channel on the American side, which we ascended, was narrow, and comparatively tranquil; but the strength of the current may be estimated by the fact, that it took no less than twenty-eight oxen to tow an empty boat against it, keeping quite close to the shore. The rapid is in all twelve miles long, and it took us some hours to ascend it. We were almost at the top, when I was favoured with a sight for which I had yearned—that of a boat shooting the rapids. Doubling a point of the island to our right, and emerging, as it were, from the trees and bushes, which seemed to hem in the still water above, came a boat, on her downward voyage, laden with flour, a tier of barrels being upon her deck. For some distance before the rapid broke, the current was swift and powerful, although the surface was smooth. Down she came, faster and faster every moment, as the current became stronger. No human power could then have stopped her course, or saved her from the rapid. The crew stood motionless, each at his appointed post. Having reached the line where the rapid broke, she made one bound into the troubled current. Her prow was every now and then buried in foam, and twice and again did the water wash over her deck, as she was hurried past us, like an arrow on the omnipotent stream. My eye followed her, until a point below concealed her from view. It was like a dream. Almost in a moment she came and disappeared. I had scarcely withdrawn my eye from the spot where I last saw her, ere she would be riding safe in less troubled waters at the foot of the rapid.

It were needless much further to prolong this recital. At Dickenson's Landing, which is at the head of the rapid, on the Canada side, we passed another night. Thence we next day ascended to Prescott, encountering many smaller rapids, up which we were towed. The channel was thickly strewed with islands the whole way up to Prescott, at which town my journey by the Durham boat terminated, this being the place at which it received its cargo for Montreal. The neighbourhood of Prescott was the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts that took place in the upper province during the rebellion in the winter of 1837-38—a Pole, of the name of Von Shultz, having landed with some hundreds of sympathisers from the American town of Ogdensburg, directly opposite, and taken possession of a windmill a few miles below Prescott. From this they were dislodged after a sharp engagement. Von Shultz was tried at Kingston as a freebooter, and hanged.

The steamer by which I proceeded from Prescott to Kingston crossed over to Ogdensburg on her way up. It was the first American town that I had seen, and left a very favourable impression upon my mind. It is situated at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, the waters of which are deeply tinged by the masses of vegetable decomposition through which it flows. From this to Brockville, on the Canada side, and twelve miles up, the river is clear of islands, and has the appearance of a large lake. Great is the change, however, immediately above this town, which lies at the lower end of the far-famed 'Thousand Islands.' I shall say nothing of them at present, as to do them justice would require more space than is now at my disposal. It was evening ere we reached Kingston, at their upper extremity. Here my eye rested upon what appeared to be the broad and boundless ocean, quietly ruffled by the evening breeze, and over which the setting sun threw a brilliant pathway of ruddy light. It was Lake Ontario, the smallest, and the last in the order in which they lie, of that wonderful chain of lakes which drain into themselves one-half of a continent. I remained for some time gazing upon it in mute wonder, as I thought of its vast proportions and the illimitable regions to which it led.

The distance from Kingston to Toronto is 180 miles. This was prolonged by the steamer touching at Oswego, on the American side of the lake. From Oswego we took an oblique line across to Coburg, a Canadian town. During this part of the voyage we were for many hours out of sight of land. Think of that, reader; out of sight of land on a fresh-water lake! Even to this one becomes accustomed in America, as I did afterwards. The distance from Coburg to Toronto, which is seventy miles, is accomplished during the night. Toronto is still fifty miles from the head of the lake. Arrived at my destination, I took up my quarters at the North American Hotel, where I rested for several days, after a journey novel and varied in its processes, and replete with incident and interest.

HISTORIC TABLEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF X. B. SAINTINE.

It was Saturday, the last day of August 1483. In a gloomy castellated mansion on the banks of the Loire, not far from the city of Tours, five persons, each of a very different aspect from the other, were assembled in a large apartment, hung with gilt leather, and more abundantly furnished with arms, vials, and relics, than with articles of comfort or of luxury. This dreary chamber was only to be approached by a narrow staircase, which wound its way through the massive wall. A pale, worn sufferer, with a haggard and restless eye, lay stretched upon a couch. At one side of him a venerable hermit knelt in prayer; at the other stood a physician, immovable as a statue, with his forefinger pressed upon the pulse of his patient. Two others stood in a distant corner, silently observing what was going on, or now and then conversing in subdued whispers, or by the silent interchange of looks.

The first of these, of middle stature, and in the prime of life, united with an air of frank good-nature an expression of acute intelligence and clear-sightedness. He held an inkhorn in his hand, as if ready to write from dictation. He might have been taken for a notary, had it not been for the rich robe of black velvet which formed his attire, and the chain of massive gold which hung around his neck. The second, a man of tall stature and spare form, with a bald head, and a countenance expressive of mingled cruelty and cunning, stood with his arms folded, as if in the deepest anguish, and his thick shaggy eyebrows closely knit, whilst every now and then there burst from him a deep-drawn sigh.

There was yet another being, another sufferer, in the room. Will it, however, be seemly here to speak of *him*?—for he was but a greyhound. He lay in a corner, on a little bed which had been made expressly for him—for his master loved him well. Both had been equally devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and both had been taken ill on their return from a fatiguing course. The dog, like the rest of those who were present at this scene, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the patient; whilst the latter, turning apprehensively from the gloomy and foreboding gaze of the physician,

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glanced towards the dumb animal, and exclaimed with peevish impatience, 'Can we not contrive to get up a death-struggle between the cat and the rats, as we did yesterday, to divert my good greyhound and myself, and to keep us awake? Oh what agonies I am suffering!' he suddenly exclaimed, writhing upon his couch. Then turning towards the hermit, he continued, 'My father, pray to God to alleviate my sufferings. He only can. Even if He will not show this favour to *me*, He will do it for you, who are a holy man, and have never offended Him as I perhaps may have done. Pray to Him, father—pray very devoutly; He surely will not be able to refuse you anything.' And deep sobs mingled with the paternosters of the hermit, as he bowed his head in supplication, and earnestly besought of God and St Eutropus that they would assuage the sufferer's anguish, and restore to him the health of the soul as well as of the body.

'That of the *body* for to-day; speak only of the body, my father,' said the sick man, laying his wasted hand upon the hermit. 'When one wants very much to obtain anything, one must not ask for so many things at a time.'

The monk obeyed; but the sufferings of the patient continuing in unabated force, he now turned towards the physician.

'Cannot *you* help me, my best friend?' he exclaimed. 'Oh, for pity's sake, do give me some relief: you are my only hope. I have already made you rich and honourable, I will make you richer still; but do not look at me in that way, or I shall think what I *would* not think! Unknit your brow, and rejoice in your good fortune; for by'r lady, for every month you keep me alive from this day forth you shall be paid, not, as heretofore, *ten* thousand crowns, but *twenty* thousand; yes, and more even if you require it.' The physician, apparently unmoved by all these brilliant promises, held a bottle of smelling-salts to the nose of his patient, and administered to him a few drops of some narcotic mixture. For a brief moment the sufferer seemed relieved, but it was not long before his sufferings returned with aggravated power.

'The relics!—the relics!' he exclaimed, turning anew to the saintly man, who still knelt by his couch. The monk, having made the sign of the cross, reverently approached a rich reliquary which lay on a small table in the centre of the room, and made the necessary preparations for charming away, by its touch, the sufferings of the patient. For this purpose it was necessary to lay it gently for a moment on the sufferer's head. The monk was feeble and attenuated—less perhaps by age than by continual fasting and self-mortification. He required assistance. He raised his eyes timidly towards the physician, who stood facing him at the other side of the bed: the latter only replied by contemptuously shrugging his shoulders, and with a scornful smile quitted his post by the bedside, where, however, he was quickly replaced by the man who wore the inkhorn by his side.

'If I recover through your means, oh, my holy and most powerful relics!' exclaimed the patient, 'I will erect to your honour a church, in which every one of you shall have his chapel; and there you shall repose in pure gold, studded with jewels, and prayers and invocations shall continually be offered at your shrine.' Then suddenly interrupting himself, he exclaimed in a hurried voice, and as if gasping for breath, 'The potion! the potion!'

A moment of calm now supervened. He sought to deceive both himself and others, and his courage and confidence in himself and in his destiny seemed suddenly to revive. 'Why should I die of this stroke?' said he; 'am I then so very old? That dog which lies there looking at me out of the corner, and which was ripped up by the stag—he is yet worse than I am: he is not possessed of all the appliances and means for the recovery of health with which I am surrounded: none pray for him. And yet they say *he* will recover. Well, then, *I* too will recover! I swear by the blessed Virgin I *will!* It is the want of air and of nourishment which is killing me: it is this confinement to my couch which turns my brain! I will rise and take a turn in the gallery, or breathe the fresh air; or else I shall go, I think, into the town, and show myself to the people—not as a miserable invalid, but in my hood and doublet of crimson silk, lined with ermine; or, better still, my rich dress of cloth of gold: it cannot be much worn, for I only used it once—yes, the day I went to meet the lord high constable. Let it be brought to me directly; and order my horse to be saddled; let him, too, be richly caparisoned with his Persian embroidered housings. You, my good friends, can come along with me, and in case I should need a little support, will lend me a helping hand. Come, let us lose no time.'

Those whom he thus addressed took all these vain words for a passing delirium; but with a movement of impetuous haste he threw off his bedclothes, and sprung from his couch. The faithful greyhound, perceiving this unexpected movement, raised himself, not without effort, from his bed, and hastened with feeble steps towards his master. But weak as were the demonstrations of joy which the poor animal could at this moment show, even they were too much for the exhausted frame of the sufferer: he stumbled, and sunk fainting on the floor. The monk gently lifted him to his couch, whilst the unconscious offender was driven rudely to his bed. When the patient recovered from his swoon, he peevishly exclaimed, 'It was that accursed greyhound which tripped me up; but I will make another attempt.'

'You must not stir!' cried the physician in a tone of command which kept him passive as a child; whilst, as he looked on all around, and saw consternation and dismay in every countenance, a pang of anguish shot across his heart, for he felt that the fatal hour was at hand.

If ever man feared *death*, it was he who now lay on that bed of anguish. The very word was so hateful to him, that he had long forbidden it should be uttered in his presence. And yet, for the sake of his soul's safety, he did not wish to allow this dreadful hour to come upon him unawares. He therefore signed to the man with the inkhorn to approach him, and bend over his couch. The latter obeyed; and the sufferer, gasping for breath, feebly whispered in his ear, 'My faithful servant, it is *possible* that this illness may end badly for me; but I do not wish that the news should be conveyed to me in any other way than that on which we have already agreed; and if—in a few weeks—in a few days—perhaps—I should be in danger of—may God avert such an evil!' he added, interrupting himself—'remember only to say those few words, "Speak but little!" that will suffice.'

Whilst he thus whispered his wishes to his confidant, the physician was engaged in conversation with the bald-headed man whom we before noticed standing in the corner. This latter now approached the sick man's couch; and as the restless sufferer turned from his friend, he beheld this pale and sinister countenance bending over his pillow, and heard this voice, more harsh than sorrowful, saying to him, almost without preamble, 'Neither prayers nor remedies can longer avail you aught; you must prepare yourself to die in a holy manner, as all good Christians should do. The event is inevitable, and probably near at hand. It is to *me* a painful duty to announce it to you, as it is doubtless to *you* a painful task to'—— The dying man, with a shudder, turned in his bed. His eyes were haggard; his lips compressed with rage; and he darted upon the speaker such a look of concentrated fury and despair, that he caused him to pause in his speech. A moment of awful silence ensued, which the sufferer was the first to break.

'I am not yet,' said he, 'fallen so low as you seem to think. Besides, had I only two moments to live, *here I* am the master, and I can still punish whosoever has

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dared to disobey me, and to dispute my will. Yes! I swear it, on my soul's salvation, amongst those now present it is not I who shall be first to die!' As he thus spoke, he raised to his lips a small silver whistle which hung suspended near his bed. The monk laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a voice which was still firm, though expressive of deep emotion, 'And God! the Almighty God! do you forget that soon, very soon, you may be standing before Him?'

'God will grant me absolution, father, and so will you; for it is an act of justice which I am about to accomplish. This man has many a crime to answer for.'

'Sinner!' replied the monk in a tone of deep earnestness, 'it is God alone who has a right to be swift in executing His judgments! The justice of man should be slow, for he is blind and liable to err. Retract what you have said; if not, neither from God nor from me can you hope to receive absolution!'

The dying man listened in gloomy silence; and after a moment of reflection, replied in a voice which was more subdued than before, but which yet betrayed ill-suppressed passion, 'And this oath, on which I have staked my salvation; this oath! I cannot break it without risking my share in the joys of paradise.' And raising himself with much effort, he exclaimed in a resolute tone, 'This oath! I will fulfil it; I *ought* to do so, and I *shall!*' The monk had fallen upon his knees with his hands clasped; his companions gathered around the couch with an air of supplication. The proposed victim alone, the man with the bald head, stood immovable, his countenance impassible, and seemingly prepared to brave the danger. And yet it was evident that he was well aware of the imminence of the peril. His death-like paleness, and the cold dew which hung upon his brow, proved that his calmness proceeded rather from terror than from resignation. The expiring man fixed upon him an eye whose expression was that of power and of malignity. 'I have sworn,' he exclaimed, 'that amongst the living beings in this room I shall not be the first whose breath shall fail.' Then pointing towards the corner where the poor greyhound lay crouching on his bed, he said in an authoritative tone, 'Take that dog, and let him be put to death this moment.' The man with the bald head did not wait for the order to be repeated a second time, but taking down a club which hung against the wall, he struck the dog violently, but with an uncertain hand. The unfortunate animal howled piteously, and was struck three times before he received his death-blow.

'Good Heavens! how he makes him suffer!' exclaimed the dying sportsman as he sunk backwards on his bed, his countenance betraying at the same time an unwonted degree of emotion.

'My son,' said the hermit, 'even the death of this dog is an act of guilt which you must expiate by a speedy repentance!'

'If God reckons the death of *this* animal amongst my sins, what may I not then expect?' murmured the sufferer in a feeble voice. 'Of this sin, father, I do indeed repent; for I loved this poor dog. We had often been companions together in the chase; and I cared so much for him, that I have had him nursed here under my own eyes. I have at least this conviction with regard to *him*, he is the only being amongst those lives I have taken away who never once offended me. As an expiation of my offence, I desire that his form may be sculptured upon my—you understand me? Yes, sculptured in marble, and placed by my side. Now, father, receive my confession.'

From that moment the thought of death no longer seemed to press upon the mind of this still formidable sufferer; he recovered all his collectedness and *sang-froid;* he passed a long time in dictating instructions concerning his last wishes to the man who bore the inkhorn by his side; made his confession to the monk; and towards eight o'clock in the morning, after having discoursed long and wisely on the course to be pursued with regard to politics in France, he passed from time into eternity, and the hermit closed his eyes.

This hermit was St François de Paule; the physician, Jacques Coitier; the man with the inkhorn, Philippe de Comines the historian; the man with the bald head, Olivier le Dain, surnamed Le Diable; he who had just gone to his long account, the king, Louis XI.

Amongst all the dying wishes of this once absolute sovereign, but one, that which related to his dog, was religiously executed. In the church of Nôtre-Dame de Clévy, near Tours, a marble monument represents Louis XI. in the costume of a hunter, kneeling upon his tomb, his white greyhound by his side.

ROBIN CARRICK.

A Scotch country paper—the 'Ayrshire News Letter'—presents a biographical sketch of Robert Carrick, a merchant and banker who flourished in Glasgow half a century ago. Robin, as he was familiarly called, was the son of a clergyman, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house in Glasgow, in which he ultimately rose to be a partner, after which event the title of the firm was 'Carrick, Brown, and Company.' This concern, located in an old dingy building at the corner of Argyle and Glassford Streets, united the business of manufacturing muslins with those of banking and bill discounting. As is usual with Scotch banks, the company issued notes of a pound and upwards. We have a distinct remembrance of these notes; they were printed in blue ink, with the picture of a ship in full sail in the corner, and obtained a wide circulation. The firm issued no small number of notes on its own account, by paying them away to weavers and others employed by the company in their muslin manufacture.

The apartment in which the banking business was carried on was meanly furnished with a couple of plain deal desks, and a kind of barrier with a slip of flat board which served as counter. The notes were kept in pigeon-holes in one of the desks, and were not seen by customers; for when the desk was opened, the lid was supported by the head of the clerk, and this operation screened the interior from too curious observation. These details are significant of the great difference in the style of money-dealing in past and present times. A similar simplicity of arrangement prevailed among the old London banking-houses; and till the present day banking is conducted in much the same primitive manner in most continental countries.

Robin Carrick was the *beau ideal* of a steady, calculating, plain-living, old-fashioned Scotsman. His thin gray hair was tied behind with a black ribbon; his garments were ample, and of an antique cut; and his legs were encased in a pair of white ribbed woollen stockings. His mode of doing business, though consistent with perfect civility, partook of that degree of sly caution which the national dialect expresses by the word *pawky*. In his room, he sat on a high-legged stool at a wooden desk, with his feet resting on a cross bar; and when any person called on discounting business, he did not rise, but wheeled only half round, in order not to commit himself too far. When he declined to discount a bill, he always said with a bow and a cold smile, 'It's not convenient;' and never yielded to importunity, but became more firm in refusing the more the suitor pressed. To test the solvency of his customers, he was wont to disappear from Glasgow for some time; this enabled him to discover who could and who could not pay their bills without renewals, obliging all to carry their paper elsewhere. By these means many bad debts were avoided. Such absences he turned to account. He went privately to look at lands and estates that were for sale; and picked them up if they offered a profitable investment. His plan was never to buy good or improved land. He preferred purchasing extensive ill-reclaimed bogs, mosses, and wildernesses, where corn never ripened, and the farm-houses were turf hovels. With the eye of a connoisseur he knew what

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tracts were susceptible of improvement by draining, fencing, and road-making, and these he bought if they were a bargain. In this way he purchased a great breadth of land in New Monkland, a bleak region within the north-eastern boundary of Lanarkshire; of course dispossessing a large number of small lairds and tenants, whose poverty and ignorance stood in the way of all sorts of improvement. Robin, be it observed, did not let it be known that *he* wanted to buy any property to which he took a fancy; had he done so, three prices would have been asked for it. He resorted to all sorts of manœuvres, aided by confidential agents, and in these was generally successful.

Robin Carrick's housekeeping was conducted in the rigidly-economical style of a Scottish bachelor of the old school. He lived in the floor above the bank, to which there was access by a common stair entering by a door behind. His house was kept for him by a respectable female domestic; and from all accounts, this lady was as economical in her plans as her master. Sometimes—we should suppose not very often—Robin gave a dinner to a party of friends, and on these occasions his housekeeper bought a pound of old cheese, on condition that what the company did not consume should be taken back by the cheesemonger—a trait of parsimony pretty well known, but probably only relished as a joke on the rich banker's method of housekeeping.

So far go the facts which are given of Robert Carrick's career. He died a number of years ago; and the concern of which he was a member having latterly merged in a new joint-stock banking company, his famous ship-notes are withdrawn, and no longer seen by the public. At his death he left a large fortune, amassed by the means that have been mentioned; but what became of his wealth is not stated. With the exception of having once been a bailie and dean of guild, two offices in Scottish civic economy, it does not appear that he took any part in public affairs; and his historian is silent as to any services he performed in connection with social improvement. It would seem, therefore (for we know nothing of the fact), that, after all, this man—rich, 'respectable,' and with every possible opportunity of being useful in his generation—was a mere money-gatherer, a muck-raker of the most commonplace character. It is hard to say this of Robin Carrick. But we want to know what he did. Providence gave him the means of doing much, and did he do much? Did he devote his growing riches to objects of a nature which would benefit his fellow-creatures? Did he abundantly relieve the sick; bind up the broken-hearted; build and support schools; open up new and useful thoroughfares; erect wholesome dwellings for the classes condemned to live in the midst of filth and pestilence? The only good sort of thing that we have heard of him was buying land for the sake of reclaiming it; but when he cleared out the wretched inhabitants, did he help them to emigrate to more suitable fields of industry? If he did none of these things, his life, though not useless to society, must be pronounced to have been undeserving of commendation; he may be remembered as a millionaire, but that goes a short way in the summary of what constitutes the chief aim of existence.

The stupid money-making life of Carrick—supposing it to be confined to what his historian relates—is a fair specimen of the beginning, middle, and end of hundreds of lives of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers. First, there is much painful labour; then there is rapid acquisition; lastly, there is a large fortune, which the makers leave to be spent by persons who only laugh at them for their folly. To vary the insanity, they occasionally leave their hoards to build magnificent hospitals, which demoralise society, while they perpetuate the vulgar name of the founder; and which institutions, we may rest assured, will some day be swept away by law as public nuisances. Why, in the name of common sense and human experience, will not people make proper use of their money while they live, instead of leaving it in a lump to be squandered thanklessly, uselessly, mischievously, when they are dead? Considering the frequency of fortunes being made only to be left at death, it would almost seem as if money-makers were not aware of the pleasure which might be derived from working out beneficiary and other plans under their own cognisance. Were men, on whom family obligations do not heavily rest, properly conscious of this fact, we think they would be inclined to expend at least a reasonable portion of their accumulations on objects of taste and public utility. We know of no locality which might not thus be greatly benefited at even a moderate outlay.

DUELLING MONOMANIA.

The hero of the action we are about to record was Mr Mathew, the proprietor of the estate of Thomastown, Tipperary, where Dean Swift paid a visit of four months. The rental of the estate was L.8000 a year, and Mr Mathew desiring to spend the whole in the exercise of hospitality, had the resolution to live abroad for seven years at an annual expense of L.600, that he might accumulate enough of money to build a commodious house for the reception of visitors. This house contained forty apartments for guests, where each might take his meals by himself, or invite his friends to join him. Or they might meet at a daily ordinary in the common parlour, where the only rule was, that there was no one master of the house. In addition to these accommodations, there was a place fitted up like a coffee-house, where the guests might obtain refreshments at any hour of the day; and likewise a *tavern*, where such of the guests as were addicted to intoxication might indulge themselves without the reserve which would be occasioned by the presence of more abstemious persons—among whom Mr Mathew himself was one.

When Mr Mathew returned from abroad, the duelling-mania was at its height. There were in London at that time—towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign—two gentlemen, a Major Pack and a Captain Creed, both of them accomplished fencers, who, hearing of the daily exploits in duelling which took place in Dublin, repaired to that city in quest of adventures. Here they learned that Mr Mathew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe; and Pack, firing at the news, insulted him by jostling one of his chairmen as he passed, and boasting of the exploit in a tavern as an affront which Mathew had not had spirit enough to resent. This brought about the desired consummation; and Mathew, accompanied by a friend, Macnamara, repaired to a tavern where they knew Pack and Creed were to be found. The sequel we give in the words of Mr J. B. Burke, in his recent work, 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' 'After securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that in cases of this nature he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion Mr Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" "Yes," replied Mathew with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home-thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life,

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either before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured.'

AN ARTISAN EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

A HANDBILL has been brought under our notice purporting to be the 'Rules of the Wardour London and New York Self-Affecting Transit Society' (a name much too long and complicated), the object of which is, to afford means of emigration to artisans and their families. The locality of the association is Wardour Street, Soho—Thomas Shute, secretary, 24 Cecil Court, St Martin's Lane. We possess no means of judging of the respectability of the club, as it may be called; and our only reason for noticing its establishment is, to point out what a body of men propose doing on their own behalf. At the head of the rules is inscribed a proverb, by way of motto—'Help yourselves, and your friends will love you all the better;' and this wise saying is apparently significant of the principles on which the society is to act. The members seek no assistance from anybody. All they desire to do is, to gather up small weekly sums till enough has been accumulated to remove the members and their families *en masse* to New York. The payments are to extend throughout seventy weeks; during which each adult is to pay 1s., and for each child above four and under fourteen years of age, 6d. per week. The estimated cost of transit, therefore, appears to be L.3, 10s. for each adult, and L.1, 15s. for each young person; infants being free. Thus for a man and his wife the charge will be L.7, exclusive of children, which we believe is the usual price of a steerage passage to New York.

For the credit of the working-classes we hope the scheme will do well. It manifests an earnest self-reliant principle worthy of all praise; and the only thing wanting to its perfect success, besides steadiness in making payment, is the security of the accumulating fund. We trust that means are taken to prevent misappropriation of money, or any other of those irregularities to which associations of a humble class are too frequently exposed. To such societies men of respectability and capital might lend valuable assistance, if only by charging themselves with the safe custody of the funds. And what is this but saying that a mutual dependence, as well as a spirit of kindliness, ought to pervade society. It is to be regretted that unworthy suspicions in many instances stand in the way of this intercourse, and these can be removed only by education and experience. Meanwhile, the institution of a society, chiefly, if not altogether, composed of artisans, affords a useful hint to workmen whose thoughts are turned towards emigration. Each man has only to save up 70s. to get himself carried to New York, where he will be in the way of obtaining employment. Of course, besides this sum, each individual will require to possess a trifle more, as well as clothes, bedding, and some other articles; but what thrifty family is without these necessaries?

PROGRESS.

Progress is the touchstone of revolutions; but it does not accomplish itself in a day, nor dart forth as the lightning which illuminates space. Nations gain freedom by degrees. Liberty widens, and the base of power extends in proportion to the spread of intelligence. Every evolution of humanity brings out a new idea, and consecrates new rights: each has its destiny to fulfil. The laws ought neither to rush in advance nor pass abreast of manners, for then they would be chimeras or assaults.—*Léon Faucher.*

A SISTER'S VALENTINE.

KNOW ye that every flower that blows
A language hath, to rouse or melt;
That falls not on the outward ear,
But in the lonely heart is felt?

So I, a gentle *pensée*, come
A messenger of love to you;
Bearing a billet in my leaves
Of nature's thoughts transcribed in dew.

My mistress plucked me far away,
Beneath a bright and sunny sky,
And said, 'Sweet gem, with autumn's breath,
Like other flowers, thou shalt not die.

'Within my herbal thou shalt live;
To stranger lands with me thou'lt roam;
A little exile dearly loved,
And cherished for the sake of home.'

Yet now a mission she provides,
And sends me with my gentle art,
To fan the sweet and holy flame
That warms a darling brother's heart.

Then frequent thou my leaves peruse,
Examine closely, and thou'lt see,
In language of the flowerets writ,
That fond appeal, '*Oh think of me!*'

THE PREVENTION OF EARTHQUAKES.

When the electric origin of earthquakes first occurred to me, I thought it quite possible to prevent them, if a metallic or other good conducting communication could be effected through the temporary, or permanent, non-conducting strata, so that the electric currents might find a ready passage. I found, subsequently, that this idea had actually been carried into execution. The Chevalier Vivenzio, at the latter end of the last century, being convinced that earthquakes were the result of electric discharges in the earth, through bad or non-conducting media, and probably borrowing from the lightning conductor, proposed to fix metallic rods, terminating in a number of points, like a brush, in the ground to as great a depth as possible. But a better method has been carried into execution. In Naples there is a pyramid erected before a church, under which is a deep well, with several mouths opening about the base. This was made that the water, being a conductor, might form a good electric communication between the strata through which the well is sunk, and thus, acting on the principle of a lightning conductor, draw off the fluid. In the city of Udine, wells and other excavations have been made for the same purpose, and also great numbers in Nola in the kingdom of Naples. The success of the attempts at Naples and Udine does not appear; but at Nola it seems most unequivocal, for that city was never known to be damaged by earthquakes.—*Polytechnic Review.*

POPULAR ERRORS REGARDING SUGAR.

Amongst the common errors entertained by the people in regard to the origin and causes of diseases, is that of supposing sugar to contain certain ingredients destructive to teeth, and thereby a promoter of toothache. Chemists have proved that beyond doubt sugar contains no properties that can act chemically on the bone, and no injury can arise in this respect from the use of it. At the same time they have discovered that the crystals, or particles of the sugar (when in a state fit for use), are of such a hard nature before being thoroughly moistened with the saliva, that they rub or scratch the enamel of the teeth when in the act of crushing it between the molars. This brings on the gradual decay of the teeth, and consequent toothache.

A 'PINCH' FOR THE QUEEN.

The 'New York Standard' having read in 'Jerrold's Weekly News' that 'Messrs Stiven and Son of Laurencekirk had been appointed snuff-box manufacturers to the Queen,' not unnaturally concluded that her Majesty 'took a pinch;' and expressed surprise that 'this young woman,' who had 'enjoyed the advantage of a good education,' and was said to 'sing some,' and 'draw pictures worth stealing,' should 'not only be a snuff-taker, but carry a box!'

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 277. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849. Price 1½d.

SELF-DEPENDENCE AND MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

The cement which, in a state of advancing civilisation, keeps human society together is mutual dependence; and this mutual dependence, although perhaps originating in social sympathy, is mainly sustained by community of interest. The degree in which mutual dependence exists indicates the point of civilisation reached by the community, and it affords a test of the probable stability of the government and prosperity of the people. The working of the principle may be likewise traced, it is true, in the tribes of the wilderness, and in the trained savages of some of the ancient republics; but in both it betrayed the restricted character that might be expected in conditions of society obviously not adapted for permanence. It was there the mutual dependence of a small community, surrounded by other communities which it supposed to be its natural enemies, and itself fated to be extirpated by conquest, or swallowed up in new forms of social life. In the present age, partaking of the character of a higher civilisation, and influenced by the catholic spirit of Christianity, it is more fully developed. Its circle, though not wide enough, is wider than before, and is widening still. It acquires strength from this enlargement; it feels stirring within a vitality it was hitherto unconscious of; and already half suspects that it is destined to girdle the earth.

From this we gather that mutual dependence is not innate, or similar to the gregarious instinct we find in the brute creation, but the result of experience, reflection, and intelligence. It grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of society; it spreads itself throughout all the ramifications of life, moral, social, and political; and yet, so far from being destructive of *self*-dependence, as we shall endeavour to explain in the sequel, it is its surest safeguard. But there is one thing mutual dependence wants; and that is, a knowledge and recognition of its existence as a great social principle. At present, its influence is felt without being formally recognised; and the consequence is, that, acting, as it does, like an unaccredited agent, it is constantly liable to interruption from the circumstances of life or the passions of men.

If we only look closely at our state of mutual dependence, we shall be filled with wonder at the hardness of heart, or obtuseness of intellect, which permits the continuance of the hostile feelings that still exist in a society so thoroughly knit, so inextricably interwoven, as ours. Look at that party of men lounging beside the railway — idle for want of work, moneyless and friendless. They perhaps assisted in constructing the wonder on which they are gazing; and their eyes are perhaps now following the proud traffic that sweeps past them on the line they themselves pioneered. What precautions do we adopt regarding them? Creeping over the lines in the dark, to tear up a small portion of the rail, would be to them only the work of a few minutes; and what horror would be the result! Hundreds of lives might be destroyed; and before the news of the catastrophe could reach the great cities, a pause of terrible expectation would take place in the communications of the country, which would be felt throughout the whole of her social and commercial relations. There stand these men, however, unwatched and uncared for, and there pass they on in their hunger and desperation. We are safe, for they belong to the same system of which we form a part. In a political convulsion, or a great class agitation, they might be our enemies; but in the ordinary circumstances of life, they acknowledge universally that law of mutual dependence on the protection of which we as universally rely.

The still more recent wonder of the electric telegraph is as completely at the mercy of the evil-disposed or the desperate. A single blow, dealt in the dark, cuts off a communication which we believe to be as secure and infallible as if it were protected by the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. To sever a thin wire is to neutralise one of the most brilliant and important of the inventions of modern times; and this wire extends, in the open air, over a vast line of country, and is almost everywhere accessible to the casual passer-by.

When we observe the brilliant appearance presented by our cities at night, where innumerable jets of gas illumine the streets, and make the interior of our dwellings almost as light as at noonday, it never occurs to us that a few blows of a mallet and chisel struck upon the main pipe, would at once reduce the whole to the darkness of the grave. Mallets and chisels are not scarce, nor are hands that can wield them, nor are bitter and blighted hearts fit to suggest the blow: but the idea never occurs even to the most unfortunate or the most depraved; and so the city blazes on, and the hymns continue to resound from the church, and the music from the hall, and the lonely hearts to brood in harmless despondence over their idle hands and useless tools.

We might place the public supply of water in the same category with that of gas, but a still more familiar illustration presents itself in domestic life. The maid-of-all-work is condemned to almost hopeless drudgery; and owing to the mechanical nature of her employment, and the roughness and want of finish we permit in it, she is far worse remunerated than if she only took a part in the distributed labour of the house. She eats and drinks, however; she sleeps at night; she is able to purchase the homely clothes of her degree; and so matters go on till a fit of illness renders her unfit for our purpose. What becomes of her then? We do not know. She goes forth, no one can tell whither.

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We are ignorant whether she lives or dies—we never see her again. But suppose, before this occurs, the family desire to betake themselves for a month or two to the country: what do they do with their house and household property? Why, they leave all in the charge of this despised drudge, whose connection as a link of the family system is so slight and arbitrary, and sleep tranquilly at a distance of a hundred miles, undisturbed by the slightest suspicion of her unfaithfulness!

But all these are only negative instances of our dependence upon others: we trust to the various classes we have mentioned for *abstaining* from doing us injury. The active and positive instances, however, are still more numerous—so numerous, that to mention them is to describe the whole machinery of social life. On the railway we have alluded to, the passengers, flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour, have intrusted their limbs and lives to the skill and experience of two or three men of the lower classes, whose names they do not know, and whom they probably never saw and never will see in their lives. In a ship we lie comfortably in our cot, listening to the hurried footsteps of the sailors on deck, on whom we depend for safe guidance across the ocean. The roar of the midnight storm mingles with the sound of their footsteps, with the hoarse cries of the crew, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, which are the sole barrier between us and the fathomless abyss of the sea. The ship rolls and staggers, now climbing the vast and almost perpendicular steep of a wave, and then plunging headlong into the trough below, as if seeking the bottom. What of that?—we are only passengers! In like manner, we loll lazily in our carriage while it is guided by our coachman through the tumultuous and dangerous streets of a great city; or if night has fallen upon the road we travel, and the progress of the vehicle is slow and difficult because of the darkness, we call to the man to 'mind where he is going,' and compose ourselves to sleep. We every day emulate the boasted heroism of Alexander, and trust our lives to our physician. In getting a prescription prepared at the apothecary's, we see him selecting our medicine from among the poisons by which he is surrounded; and never suspect him for a moment of a want of knowledge, or even a simple carelessness, which might make the draught our last in the world. But the catalogue is endless. From the moment we open our eyes in the morning till we close them at night, our history is a series of such instances of dependence; and if we live in a city, when we draw the curtains around us, perhaps the last sound of which we are conscious is the roar of a fire-engine, as it passes at full gallop, telling of some accidental calamity, and of the headlong haste with which men are flying to stop its progress and succour its victims.

We have hinted that in order to derive the full benefit from this mutual dependence, it must be recognised, not merely by abstract reasoners, but by the people generally, as one of the great principles of social life. It is not enough that we lean upon our neighbours from habit or instinct: we must know and feel that we do so. Such knowledge and feeling will make us all of more consequence to each other, and draw nearer and closer the bonds of social union. But they will have another effect, which many will consider an anomaly: the *mutual* dependence thus recognised will strengthen our *self*-dependence.

Mutual dependence springs from community of interest, and can be sustained only by the reciprocation of rights and duties. No man can lean—not the highest in the state—without submitting to be leaned upon in turn. We must all contribute to the common fund in one way or other: some by personal service; some by goods; some by money, which represents service and goods; some by the work of the hands; and some by the work of the brain: for the condition of our enjoying the rights of society is our performance of its duties. Self-dependence, therefore, so far from being inconsistent with mutual dependence, is one of its essential elements. For this reason the recent 'philanthropical' tendency, alluded to on a former occasion, towards relieving the poor as much as possible from the care of themselves, is still more injurious to them than to the rich. Having no foundation in social science, the principle cannot last, and reactions are always dangerous, and often fatal. The unfortunate objects of this philanthropy are robbed by their *quasi* benefactors of their social rights; for it is absurd to suppose that these can be enjoyed by men who are absolved from the social duties.

We think it is in Locke that a remarkable illustration is given of the doctrine of rights and duties. 'It is the *duty* of a king to protect his subjects: the king has a *right* to obedience from his subjects.' The one condition depends upon the other: neither is binding alone. If the king falls a victim to treachery, and is unjustly deprived of his throne, it is impossible for him to extend protection to his people from the foreign country in which he has taken refuge. Are the well-disposed part of the people, then, still to obey? No: their right to the royal protection is lost through the force of circumstances, and they are therefore absolved from their duty of obedience. This is no doubt an individual hardship, but it is necessary for the common good; because if the claims of the sovereign upon his people continued to exist after he was unable to answer their claim upon him, the consequence might be, the subjection of the nation to foreign policy—perhaps eventually to foreign arms.

The same kind of hardship is felt in other grades of life. A man is thrown out of work by circumstances not under his own control; and he is forthwith placed as a pensioner upon a large fund wrung from the industry of the country to meet such exigencies. This fund is not expended in finding him employment, and thus maintaining him in the performance of the duties and the enjoyment of the rights of a citizen. It supports him as a public pauper, at once useless and offensive, and breeds hostility between him and that society on which he is a mere excrescence. This is a fearful hardship as regards the individual; and as regards society, a crime not inferior to the unjust deposition of the sovereign. But when the destitution is caused not by want of work, but inability to work, arising either from illness or age, the case is different. The man, having served the community till his power to do so ceased, either in the course of nature or by the visitation of God, has earned his pension, and has a right to enjoy it.

It will of course be observed that, in describing the system of dependence, we have not referred exclusively to the dependence of the rich upon the poor, of the employer upon the labourer; for the *conditions* is obvious. The *quid pro quo* is exacted by those whose fortune it is to serve to the uttermost farthing—even up to their prospective pension from the community in the case of disease or superannuation. The fortune to serve, however, is constantly changing by the force of talent and industry, aided by circumstances. In numberless cases the servant becomes the master, the employed the employer—requiring a new adjustment of the social rights and duties. And so revolves the 'whirligig of time,' with a general equality resulting even from its alternating series of individual elevations and depressions.

Such views of society are neither new nor profound; but they are wholesome. It is too much the fashion to consider the rights of the poor as nothing more than a right to public beggary. This is gross injustice to the poor themselves, since, by absolving them from the social duties, it degrades them from the rank of citizens.

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It subdues their spirit, enervates their manliness of character, and saps gradually the vital strength of the nation. The cause of the fatal mistake so often fallen into on this subject, is the forgetfulness of the fact, that there can be no right without a corresponding duty; that self-dependence is inseparably bound up in mutual dependence; and that both, in union, form one of the grand principles of social science. L. R.

COMMERCE HOUSE.

A TALE.

December 184– had just commenced, and not a shop in the City Road but gave earnest of the approach of Christmas. The publicans issued handbills discoursing of forthcoming largesses of geese and spirits, resulting from divers weekly shilling instalments, and informing those for whom the announcement possessed interest that Smith or Jones was drawing the finest glass of ale in the United Kingdom. The grocers exhibited cartoons representing the 'Hearty Family' seated round a plumpudding of mammoth size, whose merits extracted, from the juniors especially, unreserved and rhyme-expressed eulogy. The cheesemongers displayed Stiltons and Chedders, inscribed with toasts of a social, not to say convivial character, in addition to Leaning Towers of Pisa in cream cheese, and cottages with water-mills in the best Dorset. The chandlers, toymen, and confectioners contributed severally coloured candles; curious little presentable devices, like the underlined dramas at the minor theatres; and all-prize-and-no-blank Twelfth-Cake lotteries: shopkeeper and shop alike heralded in our great national festival.

Nor was Commerce House, the great drapery establishment of Messrs Tappolet and Beggs, less demonstrative of the impending occasion than its neighbours. The resplendent ribbons, and loveable neck-ties, with so remarkable a bias to ultra low prices; the diminutive and flossy parasols clearing out at 2s. 5½d.; no less than the cheap prints sacrificing at 1s. 11¾d. the full dress; even to the disclaimer of connection with any other establishment, so vigorous and defined in its ink outline on the pasteboard ticket—all seemed to wear a jaunty holiday air, that rendered them unusually appealing to the heart and purse-strings of domestic servants.

It was an old-fashioned shop of ordinary dimensions, with nothing more noticeable in its appearance than a wooden beehive over the door, with a bee about to take wing on the threshold. The generally antiquated air of the place, the beetle-browed, drab-painted front, and the small panes of glass, presented a striking contrast to the placards wafered to the windows, announcing that 'in consequence of extensive robberies by confidential young men, realisation without regard to cost had been determined on; and that T. and B., vouching for every five shillings to give the value of ten, appealed to a discerning public to copy the address.'

That gentleman standing outside is Mr Sweeny Beggs, the junior partner; and a glance will suffice to show you that he is an oddity. Light hair of unusual length, sloping down his coat-collar, rigidly brushed back from the temples, and trained behind the ears; a lay-over collar, encircled by a wisp of black silk, slovenly to eccentricity in tie; a suit of black, and a colourless face, that, with something of a sinister expression, evidences considerable natural talent; such are his leading characteristics. The old-school-looking gentleman inside with the bald head, and some half-dozen hairs crossing it transversely, is Mr Tappolet; while a younger man farther in the shop, whose ingenuous and manly face impressed you favourably at first sight, is the worthy Mr Hadnum, 'the young man.' Mr Tappolet had been in business some thirty years in the same house; and only within a few months before our tale's commencement, had taken Mr Beggs, heretofore a stranger to him, but who was understood to have been unsuccessful in the same line in the country, into partnership; and this he had done partly from a conviction that he himself was 'behind the time,' and partly from a desire that more active superintendence of the business than his own increasing infirmities permitted him to give should be exercised by a party equally interested in its welfare. Mr Beggs, apart from his business character, concentrated in himself the attractions of 'an ancient Forester,' 'a Druid,' 'a loyal united friend,' 'a benevolent brother,' and 'a total abstinent son of the Phœnix,' besides being a popular advocate of enlightened views, and a stanch friend of progress. In addition to these recommendations, he was of very agreeable manners, and entertaining in conversation; so much so, that if you had been giving a party, you would have been sure to have invited him. Since Mr Beggs's admission into the concern great external change was visible in its conduct—his favourite theory of an equal distribution of chattels being in part borne out by an innovating practice he had introduced of giving away certain articles of small value to purchasers of above a certain amount. While, under Mr Tappolet's sole management, Commerce House had gloried in the brightest window-panes and most burnished brass-plates, it had now of late absolutely revelled in an out-of-condition sort of appearance, which, if accounted for as in the case of books from circulating libraries, would seem to point to the large share of patronage enjoyed.

And now we must introduce the reader to a little shop nearly opposite Commerce House, whose occupant is cast for leading lady in our brief drama. It is a little suggestion of a shop, of amphibious description, combining the tobacconist and newsvending, and adding the sale of cooling summer drinks and multiform walking-sticks. It is a very little place, but so scrupulously neat and clean, that you involuntarily stop to look at the wooden but lifelike representation of Mr Punch puffing a huge meerschaum, the shag being symbolised by brown paint, and the incandescent ashes by glowing red tinsel; likewise at the strip of plate-glass, suspended by pink ribbons, on which are so captivatingly laid out the Taglioni pipes, saucers of different tobaccos, and genuine Varina's c'naster; at the huge Christmas cigars; at the newspapers, so artfully disposed for effect; and lastly, at the little green curtain, keeping out cold air and curiosity at the same time.

In this tiny box, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' but yet 'gay, cheerful, and industrious,' lived Emma Norman, Mr Tappolet's niece—an orphan who, with her unmarried brother, who was engaged in the City by day, and returned at night, were the sole tenants of the house. She, or Emma, as we shall call her, was rather above the ordinary height of woman, with large, black, love-darting eyes, of which I would say, with Cowper, 'blest be the art that could immortalise them,' beautifully-arched brows, a profusion of glossy and fine black hair, neatly braided on either side of a lofty forehead, dimpled lips, teeth of perfect shape and colour, hands small and plump, and a skin of the complexion of alabaster. Her figure, shown to advantage by a dress of dark merino, close-fitting, homely in its want of ornament, and rising high to the throat, the painter's brush might convey some idea of; but our deponent steel pen never could describe these items, any more than the bewitching toss of the head, the arch and fascinating glances from under the long lashes, or the general sunny and ingenuous aspect. She bore no resemblance to the portraits of 'an English girl,' such as one sees in albums, at picture exhibitions, or in frontispieces to love-sick music. The pictured pretty faces in the Burlington and Lowther arcades would in no degree help you to a just conception of my heroine. For the rest, she was great in the manufacture of pastry; exemplary in the production of muffatees for wrists, purses, watch-pockets, and guards; untiring in glove cleaning; fond of reading

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novels, Mr James's in particular; could sing 'Molly Bawn' and 'I should like to marry' unexceptionably; danced in such a way, to quote Suckling, that

> 'No sun upon an Easter day
> Was half so fine a sight;'

and, in a word, wherever she went, made all the young men crazily in love with her, and set all the girls insanely jealous. What wonder, then, that the very policeman came here for his tobacco; that the curate regularly had his box filled from her stores of rappee; and that Mr Beggs, after closing, so regularly visited here for his five minutes' conversation and cigar, while Mr Hadnum would come alone, or with Mr Tappolet, and stay to supper? What marvel either that the Mrs Grundys of the place, intent on her affairs, endeavoured to evolve a unanimous verdict on the subject of her matrimonial intentions; or that, while one faction declared for Mr Beggs, another recorded its opinion in favour of a youngster endowed by nature with good connections, a coarse complexion, and red hair, and by art with blue spectacles, and aspirations after literary fame, and who, moreover, had published a little volume of poems, in which 'gibbous moons,' 'silvery waters,' and 'brilliant mazes of clustering stars,' were constantly introduced. No one thought of Mr Hadnum on this occasion, any more than of Uncle Tappolet; for Mr Hadnum, being only the young man, behoved of course to give place to his superiors. One might have thought, indeed, that he was Emma's young man, as well as the young man of Commerce House, he made himself so useful in one way and another; and especially in directing her taste in novel-reading, and fetching and carrying the volumes.

Novels, however, transact a good deal of business in the way of love, and there are always a few marriages at the end of them; and perhaps it was these dangerous associations which made Mr Beggs look very austere whenever Emma and the young man began to talk of Lord Reginald and Lady Wilhelmina, which they did as familiarly as if they were their first cousins. He was a great dealer himself in the fictions of trade, and the ingenuity of his plots would have made Mr James blush for himself; but he never had time to study much the productions of other masters, and perhaps, therefore, he regarded them with a little of the contempt which clever men are apt to bestow upon what does not come within the scope of their own knowledge. His remarks to his partner upon this head had some effect, and by degrees they deepened in shade, till Mr Tappolet felt nervous as he read in large letters everywhere, in passing along the street, 'Jack Shephard,' 'Eugene Aram,' and 'George Barnwell,' and saw in his own window, the first thing on coming back to business, 'Robberies by confidential young men.'

Matters were thus thrown into the state very unpleasant to Mr Hadnum, who had almost resolved upon giving warning, and advertising for a new situation; although his success would in all probability compel him to migrate far from the City Road.

'What *can* it mean?' said Emma one evening with the tears in her eyes; 'there is uncle looking at you these three weeks, as if you were an Ojibe-away; and that Mr Beggs smiling at you like any Iago, till I'm sure I creep all over!'

'It's all along of the novels,' replied Mr Hadnum moodily.

'And why, I wonder? Is a novel so much worse than a Soul-stirring Romantic Melodrama? and I know he reads them.'

'Why, how do you know that?'

'Because,' said Emma, 'I caught him in a whole line twice; and not a line of the kind one would pick up from the stage. It was in the drama written by Piccolo, the player of Ponder's End, which long ago, you may remember, we were going one night to see; only we didn't. But you bought me the work for threepence, and I keep all your things—somehow.' Mr Hadnum was in a brown study, and in it was the 'work' in question and its author.

'Piccolo—Piccolo—Piccolo,' said he, endeavouring to grasp some idea, as Macbeth would have clutched the air-drawn dagger. 'Yes!' cried he—for now he had it—'I saw Piccolo once—he was pointed out to me on the street—and he was the very moral of Mr Beggs!' The young couple looked at one another strangely. Emma at length laughed, for she did not know what else to do; but Mr Hadnum, catching up his hat, made a hasty exit from the shop. Whither he went, how he acted, what he discovered, are the mysteries of this story; for no story is worth paper and print that does not leave something in doubt; but it will be seen that the dramatic reminiscences of our Emma had important results.

About ten days before Christmas-Day, and about eleven o'clock in the morning, an unusual stir was observable at Commerce House, where Hadnum and Mr Tappolet were talking with great energy to two ill-favoured looking men in the shop; and not a few idlers, like the chorus in Greek plays, looking on and giving advice. To put the reader in possession of the facts more quickly, and without the accumulated mass of fiction which a rolling narrative proverbially acquires—a letter had arrived for Mr Beggs, marked 'confidential' in one corner, and 'haste' in another. Immediately on glancing over it, in Hadnum's presence, Mr Beggs had betrayed great excitement; and in a quarter of an hour had hurried from the house. Shortly after his departure, two gentlemen of unpromising exterior, limbs of the law, had cleared up the mystery by their appearance in search of a man named Benson, who, under innumerable *aliases*, had committed almost numberless frauds, his appellation having, as we have seen in the present instance, been Beggs. The sheriff's officers (for such they were), who described this Chevalier d'Industrie as owing money in almost every county in England, stated that he had been 'everything by turns, and nothing long:' at one time a mesmerist professor, popular advocate, and editor of the 'Toiling Millions' Voice,' under the name of Bachoff; at another, under the name of Piccolo, an actor, whose genius had shaken the buskined stage of the Theatre-Royal, Ponder's End, for which thriving establishment he had written a drama, of which the playbill candidly stated that 'a sympathetic joy diffused itself through every bosom as the thrilling situations and effects of the author's exciting efforts drew onwards to a conclusion;' in short, a swindler equally *au fait* at a lecture on Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or a sale of depressed manufacturer's stocks at terrific prices.

Of course Mr Tappolet acquainted the officers with the circumstance of the letter, and they were soon again in pursuit of Benson. However, he was gone, and most probably not to return—so thought the tradespeople, to all of whom, with the exception of Emma, he was indebted; so thought that coarse-complexioned but gifted author, who had lent him some ten pounds, much on the Roderigo and Iago principle; and so thought Mr Tappolet, who set to work vigorously to ascertain the state of the concern. As for Hadnum, he thought nothing about the matter, for he *knew* how it would be, and so he devoted himself to taking stock, and striking balances. This occupied a day or two, but the result was more favourable than might have been anticipated; the ruinous prices and alarming sacrifices had not, it is true, brought much grist to the mill; but still the prospects of the business were just those which advertising columns daily set forth as 'capable of great extension by a persevering young man with moderate capital.' This being so, then, Mr Tappolet being desirous of retiring on his little income, and conceiving Mr Hadnum to be the persevering young man above-mentioned, and Mr Hadnum drawing out of a banker's no less a sum than one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had saved by a course of self-denial almost amounting to amateur pauperism, and increased

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by judicious investment, and being willing to conduct the business on his own account, and Emma, with her uncle's cordial acquiescence, agreeing to make Edward the happiest of men—the fact will appear less surprising that Christmas-Day 184- beheld the little cigar shop let to a different business, and Mr Hadnum, Mrs Hadnum, late Miss Norman, and Mr Tappolet, all three eating their Christmas dinner in the parlour of a newly-painted shop, where the name of Hadnum was newly written up, and the distinctive feature of the beehive still remained.

Rosalind says 'men are April when they woo, December when they wed;' but seven Christmas-Days, anniversaries of their wedding, have passed over this couple's heads, and Mr Hadnum finds the wife (who has no time now to read novels) dearer, if possible, than the bride. They have two or three children of their own, and follow that

> 'Good old fashion when Christmas is come,
> To call in all their neighbours with bagpipe and drum.'

Mr Tappolet is always present on these occasions; and on the last, delivered himself of 'a wise saw,' with which our little history shall conclude—namely, 'That popular progress, as some people regarded it, was Walk-er, and that mouths always full of the people's *cause* were to be suspected of watering at the people's *effects*.'

MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH.*

Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' has immortalised, under the name of Mrs Bethune Baliol, a charming specimen of the Scottish female aristocracy of the last century, whose actual appellative was Mrs Anne Murray Keith. The real lady had a brother, a notable person of the last age in a wider circle than that of Scottish society. Sir Robert Murray Keith had been, for the twenty years antecedent to the French Revolution, the British ambassador at Vienna; previous to which time he had served in the same capacity at Copenhagen, where it was owing to his firmness and discretion that the unfortunate Queen Matilda, sister of our George III., was rescued from the malignity of her enemies. The traditionary character of the man is high for honour, spirit, and talent. He was beloved and esteemed by his sovereign; and during his long residence at one of the most elegant courts in Europe, he had endeared himself to one-half of the young aristocracy of England by his unaffectedly benevolent services and his many delightful accomplishments. When we learned, therefore, that the memoirs and correspondence of this pattern of plenipotentiaries was to be published, we prepared ourselves for a most agreeable book, and we have not been disappointed.

The chief value of it, in our opinion, lies, not in the light it reflects on history, though this is also of no small consequence, but in the new and unexpected view which it affords of a group of men whom popular chronicles and disquisitions usually present in an unfavourable light. We here find that among the statesmen of the days of Junius there were such things as honour, and even disinterestedness. It is seen that an ambassador of those days could be a perfectly upright man; that a Scotsman could be manly, generous, and enthusiastically attached to his friends. The screen is withdrawn from before many of the public men, whom the contemporary journalists were every day abusing; but it is only to show them as men acting in general under no unworthy impulses, while in their private capacity they were playful and kindly to a degree which might disarm rancorous opposition, even where it was more just. A very large portion of the first volume is devoted to a history of the affair of Queen Matilda, and this has a deep tragic interest of its own, though our ambassador's part in it is somehow left more obscure than could be wished.

The best of the book is to be found, we think, in the ambassador's letters to his sister Anne. A clever man writing to a very clever woman, and relating, in all the ease of unrestrained confidence, everything which came under his eye in a most refined and delightful society, the reader may readily suppose that the result is of no commonplace character. Acting as envoy at Dresden in 1769, being then a gay bachelor of thirty-nine, he thus writes—'Now I'm about it, I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living. Morning, *eight o'clock*—Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors. *Ten*—Business of Europe, with a little music now and then, *pour égayer les affaires*. *Twelve—Devoirs*, at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four). From thence to fine ladies, toilettes, and tender things. *Two*—Dine in public—three courses and a dessert; venture upon half a glass of *pure wine* to exhilarate the spirits, without hurting the complexion. *Four*—Rendezvous, sly visits, declarations, *éclaircissemens*, &c. &c. *Six*—Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven*—Opera, *appartement*, or private party. A world of business; jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber at whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten*—Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos galans*, scandal, and *petites chansons*. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand; and at twelve steal away mysteriously—*home to bed!*' The reader must not suppose from this that the ambassador was altogether a mere butterfly of high life, or tainted at all with the vices attributed to courts. He never touched cards; he consigned 'that old harridan Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils;' and when he conceived himself ill-used either by parties at home or in the seat of his embassage, he spoke out in a tone of boldness which forms a striking contrast to his ordinary good-humour.

While at Dresden, he had frequent occasion to visit the chief of his family, the venerable ex-rebel, the Earl Marischal, who had spent half a century in exile, and was now near eighty, and converted to Whiggism. 'His taste, his ideas, and his manner of living are,' says Sir Robert, 'a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the kingdom of Valencia. . . . I had mentioned Dr Baillies to him, and begged he would send me a state of his case and infirmities, that the doctor might prescribe for him. This is a part of his answer:—"I thank you for your advice of consulting the English doctor to repair my old carcase. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the doctor that from him I expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First, he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being near eighty years old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with is one pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient; and we must not trouble the doctor too much at once." You see by this how easy his lordship's infirmities sit upon him; and it is really so as he says.'

A circumstance which afforded some amusement at Dresden is thus related:—'You must know that we have more pages here than any court in Christendom; all pickles! One of these little gentry, during the last fair, stood for a considerable time at a booth where toys were sold by an ill-natured old woman. His looks spoke desire, his cloth forbade credit; and the beldame told him peevishly not to take up the room of one who *might* become a buyer. The page observed that the lady had upon a shelf in her booth a pitcher filled with cream, and as all pages have packthread in their pockets, he slily fixed one end of his clue to the handle of the pitcher, and retired grumbling to a private corner at

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K. B., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 to 1792. With a Memoir of Queen Carolina Matilda of Denmark, and an Account of the Revolution there in 1772. Edited by Mrs Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1849.

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some distance. There he sat *perdus*, with his packthread in his hand, watching the moment when he could tumble down the pitcher upon the old woman's head.

'At the instant, the *Gouverneur des Pages*, a grave, sententious, *leaden* man, came that way, and seeing little pickle in the corner, he wisely smelt a rat. "What are you doing, you little dog?" "Nothing." "I suspect you have been pilfering: show me your hands." Behold the packthread, which the governor immediately seized. Supposing some stolen goods at the end, he pulled, and pulled; the nimble page took to his heels; down came the pitcher; out screamed the beldame, and she and twenty of her neighbours fell with tongue and nail upon old gravity, who, being caught in the very fact, was scratched and hooted out of the fair without the possibility of making a defence. If you knew the proud old fool of a governor, you would kiss the little page for his cunning!'

Having made a journey to Vienna, the ambassador described the circumstances in a letter to his father, who had once been ambassador there, and was now living in retirement at Edinburgh. 'I must tell you a little anecdote which gave me real pleasure, and took prodigiously at Vienna. The second day of my being there, I was strolling about the streets, and stopped, with a spy-glass in my hand, at the front of the Colloredo and Chancery buildings. While I looked up at the statues, an old servant (porter to Prince Colloredo) knew me at once, and stepping forward, with the kindest familiarity, and slapping me on the shoulder, said in German, "Precisely what your dear papa used to do twenty years ago!" Nothing could be more benevolent than the look with which he accompanied this, and I own I was struck with it. I mentioned the agreeable sensation it had given me in the company where I passed the evening, and next day I found the porter and I had been in the mouths of all Vienna. It is, in my opinion, no bad sign of the people of a great capital, who expressed themselves pleased with so simple an incident as this.'

After this one is not surprised to find Keith announcing his appointment as ambassador to Vienna, and his intended journey to receive the congratulations of his friends in Scotland, with this addition—'*My poor nurse must be told of my happy arrival:* inquire into her situation, and let me know when and how I can mend it.' And when he had gone to Vienna as resident minister—writing to a gentleman friend, he says, 'The first ten days of my residence here were trotted away in leaving bits of card at doors, and repeating my dancing-master's bows to crowds of people who may, in a course of years, become my friends, or at least acquaintance. I don't know how my own face looked upon these occasions, but I know that I felt pleased, as every person turned of forty said something kind about my father.'

In so many letters to friends in Scotland, there were, as might be expected, many allusions to Scotland itself and to its people, and many affectionate reminiscences of home. It is charming when the great ambassador, in the midst of details regarding continental politics and great people, raps out some homely or humorous phrase of his native land—as where he says that 'the king of Naples has delighted all Germany by his unaffected *cantiness*'—*Anglice*, cheerfulness; or remarks, that the New Town of Edinburgh being so very geometrical, 'the very *dubs* will run at right angles' (dubs being the home-phrase for puddles); or tells from Sistovo, a remote place in the domains of the sultan, that he has a score of Turkish *unco's* to relate (unco's being marvels). Having inherited from his grandmother a small property in a moorish part of Peeblesshire, he delights to speak of himself by his territorial appellation of *Murrayshall*. It is amusing to hear of what Murrayshall is next to do in a negotiation conducted near the shores of the Black Sea for a pacification amongst the powers of Eastern Europe. He tells Anne to have the place planted by all means: 'you shall be ranger of the new forest in Tweeddale; and your husband, when you get one, shall be lord-warden of the marches!' Somewhat oddly, while Mr Woodfall was railing at Sir Robert as a full-fed placeman and pensioner, he was actually kept so low in pocket by the expenses of his situation at Vienna, as to be under a constant fear of having to sell this poor moorland in Tweeddale merely to keep out of debt. In his good-will to his native country, he subscribes largely to the new buildings for Edinburgh College, and only refrains from urging the same duty upon his friend, the celebrated General Loudon, who was a Scotchman at only four or five removes, from a consideration of the poor old general's poverty. As a pendant to all this, the following anecdote of a journey he made at an early period of life in France tells pleasantly:—'In passing through the noble forest of Compiègne, I took the liberty of questioning as follows my man Andrew, who is a gentleman of great sagacity:—"Pray, Andrew, saw you ever so fine a forest as the one we have come through?" "Sir," quoth Andrew, "the forest is a gay forest, but I'se warrant I've seen other forests before now." "Where, Andrew? Have you anything like this in Athol?" "Ay, sir. I wish your honour had only seen the Duke of Perth's grit forest in our country! It has a hantle of fine deers in't, and Colonel Græme pays a hunder pund starling by the year just for till keep the deers frae bein' destroyed intilt." "Well, Andrew, I'm glad to hear what you say; but are the trees in that forest as fine as those we saw to-day?" "*Trees, sir!*" quoth Andrew: "no, sir, there's no a stannin' stick in the duke's grit forest; but it's a' bonny hill and heather, like the *wood o' Mar!*" Oh patriotism, patriotism, thy errors are beautiful! I embraced my man Andrew, and we pursued our journey.'

Next to the letters to Sister Anne, we would place those which pass to and fro between the ambassador and a certain fraternity of friends, chiefly official men in London, who were designated the *Gang*, and two or three of whom seem to have been rivals to Sir Robert in gaiety of heart, humour, and unaffected, unworldly character. Thus it is, for instance, that Mr Bradshaw, a lord of the Admiralty, addresses his friend at Vienna:—'All that you love here, love, remember, and regret you. If our parties are dull, you are wished for to enliven them; if cheerful, you are longed for, that you may have your share of them. There is not a D——, or a B——, or any honest letter in the alphabet, that is not devoted to you, and would not willingly make you a partaker of our pleasures; because, by coming to claim your share, you would more than double our stock. Finish your business, obtain your well-deserved reward, and "live with us, and be our love," as the old song says.' Sir Robert, on his part, overflows with benevolent expressions towards this set of his correspondents. Amidst all the dignity and even splendour of his position abroad, he sighs like a schoolboy for the enjoyments of home: for example—'I don't know how it is, my dear friend, but the same old story which you and I talked over in a postchaise about a thousand pounds a year, *a wife and a farm*, is continually trilling through my brain; and I can't for the soul of me help thinking that in something of that kind consists the *summum bonum*. But mounted as I am upon the above-mentioned hobby-horse, I can, however, assure you with great truth, that whilst I am to serve my master abroad, I never can have a commission so honourable and agreeable as the one I now enjoy. I like the sovereigns I am sent to, their capital, and their subjects. There is not a happier man in all Austria than myself; yet I have a hankering after *home*, which, as it is built upon laudable motives, I cannot wish to suppress. I have often thought that not one in a hundred of you odd fellows, who wallow in the luxury of the land you live in, knows the value of the enjoyments which are within his reach. For my own part, I never think of John Bull and his *little proud island* without a singular pleasure. There is a *queerness* in John that I delight in; there is a stamp

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upon him—a character—a variety—a manliness, which nothing can come up to; and then John's women are so fresh and tidy, his grass so green, his mutton and claret so good, his *house so much his own*, that I cannot relinquish my share of those advantages.'

This appreciation of England strikes with the less surprise when we read of the ambassador's experiences in Denmark, where, except for formal audiences and business visits, he found scarce a door open to him; or read that, even in refined Vienna, conversation was apt to be made up of commonplaces. As to Denmark, he says to his father, 'You know M—— Hall, that nasty, boggy, bare, and foggy corner of the world. If I would exchange it against some kingdoms I have seen, with the obligation of governing them, may I be hanged and dissected! I have seen more mirth at a Scotch dredgy* than ever brightened the features of the best sort of people I have seen here.' Speaking in another letter, at Vienna, of some caricatures which had been sent to him, he says—'I laughed myself black in the face at the "*Shaver* and the *Shaves*;" and my German servants, who had never heard the vulgar sound of a loud laugh, ran into the room to see what the deuce had befallen his excellency. You must know that we never laugh here beyond a gentle simper that dimples the cheek, unless when a grandee or a dear creature happens to be immoderately witty, and then we indulge them with a flying titter. They say through Europe that John Bull is a grave, morose fellow; but hang me if John does not shake his fat sides with ten times the glee that I ever saw since I left him!' On another point he compliments England with, we think, even greater truth—it is in speaking of what is to be done with the rebellious Americans:—'If I hear of a *half measure* in the next six months, I shall be sorry for it; if I could hear of a *cruel one*, I should be still more so. But there is at bottom in John Bull and all his children an innate principle of humanity which no other nation under the sun can boast of. John Bull can quarrel and box with his own brother, and give or take a black eye with every exertion of his hot-headedness; but to shake hands and be friends again, without the smallest remnant of rancour, is a species of benevolence which, as far as I know, belongs to John exclusively, and I love him for it most cordially.'

Our space forbids us to dilate farther on the merits of this charming book, except to remark that the editress, a daughter of the hero, has in general performed her task with great judgment, and in a spirit of sympathy which pleases without ever being offensive. But before concluding, we would make room for a curious anecdote of Charles Fox. 'He was under a necessity of staking L.2000 at Newmarket last Monday for some matches that were to be run that day. The twelve tribes of Israel were all tried, but their hearts were uncircumcised and hard, and he could not raise a single guinea. He declared this at White's and Almack's on the preceding Friday night; he seriously offered L.6000 at the end of six months for an immediate supply of L.3000; and at last, thinking himself sure of winning his matches, he offered L.500 for the loan of L.2000 till the following Tuesday night. No offers would tempt his friends, nor soften the hard hearts of the Jews; and poor Charles was in the last stage of distress. In this situation, with five guineas, his whole fortune, in his pocket, he came into White's an hour before dinner on Saturday; there he found Harry Cavendish (the House of Commons note-writer), with whom he began to play billiards for a guinea; and having a run of luck, he won, with the assistance of some bets, eighty-five guineas; which enabled him to go to Almack's at night, where, without losing one cast, he won L.3000! His good fortune then left him, and he lost back L.700; but he cut at three o'clock in the morning with L.2300, which enabled him to make his stakes at Newmarket. All this I know to be exactly true. I have not heard what he did at Newmarket, but I will venture to pronounce that no lord of the treasury ever had such a practical knowledge of *circulation*, nor such extensive dealings with the *monied interest* of this country. If he escapes a pistol in a gloomy hour, when the *ways and means* are desperate, what has not this country to expect when he is at the head of its finances!'

* An entertainment after a funeral.

THE THRUSH.

'Light-hearted herald of the coming spring!
To Fancy's ear, whose wildly-warbling strains
Speak of fresh foliage, emerald-tinted plains,
And flowers that all around sweet odours fling:
Of these—yea, more than these—thy glad notes bring
Fair promise; for they tell of azure skies,
Bright days, soft breezes, and the melodies
Of birds and rills, and insects' tremulous wing.
To him whose healthful frame and gladsome breast
Are yet unscathed by withering care or pain,
Thy chanting seems to say, that he again
Shall be with vernal joys and pleasures blest.
But to the victim of disease or grief
Thy spirit-soothing tale brings small relief!'

PLEASANT memories of bygone days are said to be a source of vigour to the mind—a well of contentment to their possessor. He who, when called upon to buffet with the world, can revive a bright thought, a gladsome association, feels that life is not altogether vexation of spirit—that it has some animating impulses. Among pleasant reminiscences, few are more welcome than those connected with natural objects; and many, now the denizens of populous towns, will recall a time when the music of birds afforded full scope to all their powers of enjoyment. Such at least will not be reluctant to refresh their memory—

'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing,
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?'

Of all the 'messengers of spring,' the thrush is one of the earliest to communicate his joyful thoughts in most musical language. Ornithologists describe twenty varieties of this bird proper to Europe, of which seven, and at times eight, are found in this country, comprehending the water and ring ouzel; the song and missel-thrush; the blackbird, redwing, and fieldfare: it is chiefly, however, to two of the number that we shall confine our attention. On the continent the song and missel-thrush are migratory, in common with the fieldfare and redwing; but in England they remain the whole year, giving us music when otherwise not a note would be heard. The song-thrush (*Turdus musicus*), or throstle, breeds three times in the season—in April, May, and June; but the first brood is considered the best. The nest is constructed of moss and vegetable fibres, lined with a cement of cow-dung and decayed wood, of so firm a texture as to hold water. The birds pair at the end of winter, and maintain their union for a long period with great fidelity. They are of a shy and solitary habit, and for this reason generally avoid open districts, preferring thick hedgerows, copses, and woods. Most commonly the nest is placed high up in the fork of a tree; yet, as has been remarked of even the wildest birds, a degree of tameness is induced by the season of nidification, and thrushes will then build near to public thoroughfares or human habitations, and several instances are on record of the nest being constructed within the house. A pair once built in Gray's Inn gardens but a few feet above the ground; and though close to a much-frequented thoroughfare, were apparently undisturbed by the busy traffic. Unfortunately, one day while the female was sitting, a cat climbed up and killed her. An interesting account is given in 'Loudon's Magazine' of the constructive process as exhibited by two thrushes, who made their nest between the teeth of harrows laid up on the beams of a shed at Pitlessie, Fifeshire, where several wrights were at work

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making a thrashing-machine. The birds were first observed about seven o'clock in the morning, and from the forward state of the nest, must have begun by peep of day. At noon they began to carry mud for plastering the inside, and before sunset, one of them was seen sitting, while the other continued the work of finishing the structure: the hen had been compelled to deposit an egg before the whole of the inside was plastered. When this was complete, the male took his share in the task of incubation, but for a shorter time than his mate, whom he was often seen to feed. Other eggs were laid, and the whole hatched in thirteen days. The old birds removed the empty shells, and fed the young brood on crushed snails, worms, and butterflies. As the demand for food increased, the activity of the parents became incessant; they were perpetually on the wing. One Sunday, in the absence of the workmen, a prowling boy discovered and made a prize of the nest. The honest Fifeshire artisan, who had watched the proceedings with much interest, related that 'the parents mourned about for twa days: maistly the hen; and he himself couldna weel settle to his work for an hour or twa, being neither to haud nor to bind, he was sae mad at the illdeedy laddie.'

The thrush has a bright and piercing eye, yet it is said to be rather a silly bird, avoiding only the most obvious dangers, and easily captured by means of springes or the pipe. It has been known to lay its eggs in the place from which its nest had been stolen the day before. Thrushes are, however, more intelligent than many of their congeners: they quickly learn to feed themselves. A young one shut up with a blackbird soon acquired the power of satisfying its own wants, and fed its companion, which otherwise would have died of starvation; and a similar case occurred where a newly-hatched thrush became nurse to a cuckoo, and laboured unceasingly to satisfy the larger bird's voracious appetite.

Wherever known, the thrush is celebrated for its song. The Germans call it *sing-drossel*, equivalent to our song-thrush or throstle. By many persons it is considered as the most musical of British birds. It commences so early in the season, as to be often heard singing while the ground is covered with frost and snow. Perched on the top of a high tree, it will sing for two or three hours together, repeating a number of short passages, which in numerous instances are beautifully true to the chromatic scale. In fact, scarcely excepting the nightingale, its notes are more varied than those of any other songster of this country. Like the nightingale, too, it is endued with the emulous spirit. A thrush had for a long time frequented a garden in Sussex, where its copious song obtained willing admiration: one day it was seen to fall suddenly in the midst of its exertions, and on being picked up, was found dead from the rupture of a bloodvessel. In May, the thrush has often been heard singing after dark, and again before two o'clock the next morning: it sings also upon the nest. Grahame conveys these characteristics in pleasing verse:—

——'The thrush's song
Is varied as his plumes; and as his plumes
Blend beauteous, each with each, so run his notes,
Smoothly, with many a happy rise and fall.
Sometimes below the never-fading leaves
Of ivy close, that overtwisting binds
Some riven rock, or nodding castle wall,
Securely there the dam sits all day long;
While from the adverse bank, on topmost shoot
Of odour-breathing birch, her mate's blithe chant
Cheers her pent hours, and makes the wild wood ring.'

The truthfulness of the poet's description will be recognised by all who are acquainted with its subject. There is something peculiarly English and inspiriting in the song of the thrush, especially when heard in the silence of early morn or evening twilight, and the thoughtful listener will assent to Wordsworth's sentiment—

'And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher.'

Here we without evidence as to the quality of the warbler's voice; for Browne, describing a bird's concert in his 'Pastorals,' says—

——'The thrush
Sang counter-tenor sweetly in a bush.'

The food of thrushes consists of berries, worms, insects, snails, and they exhibit extraordinary skill in breaking the shells of the latter; besides which, the fact of their breaking the hard shells of periwinkles and whelks in order to devour the occupant, is well authenticated. This habit of the birds renders them particularly useful in a garden, where they hunt for snails and worms with knowing perseverance. 'Watch an old thrush,' observes Stanley, 'pounce down upon a lawn moistened with dew or rain. At first he stands motionless, apparently thinking of nothing at all—his eye vacant, or with unmeaning gaze. Suddenly he cocks his ear on one side, makes a glancing sort of dart with his head and neck, gives perhaps one or two hops, and then stops again listening attentively, and his eyes glistening with attention and animation. His beak almost touches the ground—he draws back his head as if to make a determined peck. Again he pauses—listens again—hops perhaps once or twice, scarcely moving his position, and pecks smartly on the sod; then is once more motionless as a stuffed bird. But he knows well what he is about; for after another moment's pause, having ascertained that all is right, he pecks away with might and main, and soon draws out a fine worm, which his keen sense of hearing had informed him was not far off, and which his hops and previous peckings had attracted to the surface to escape the approach of what the poor worm thought might be his underground enemy—the mole.'

Doubtless what have been considered as mischievous and destructive propensities on the part of the thrush, would be proved, on correct observation—as in the case of most other birds—to be rather a persevering and beneficial warfare against the countless tribes of minor hurtful creatures. At all events we may afford to listen to their expostulation, as stated in 'Jennings's Ornithology:'—

'How is it that the good we do
Is kept most carefully from view?
We hear not of the many seeds
Which we devour of noxious weeds;
Of worms and grubs, destructive things,
That each of us his offspring brings.
What though we snatch a feed of corn
Or ere it's safe in yonder barn,
Yet is there not enough beside
For MAN and his consummate pride?'

The different kinds of thrushes were greatly esteemed by the Romans, who kept thousands of these birds, together with quails and ortolans, in huge aviaries or voleries, where they were fatted for sale. These structures were traversed by numerous perches, and trees and turf so disposed about them, as to cheat the captives into a belief that they were in their native woods; and a small clear stream of water was constantly running in a channel along the floor, to furnish the means of drinking and bathing. The famed Lucullus had one of these aviaries so constructed with glazed sides around a dining-hall, that his guests could see flying about in their natural state the same kinds of birds as those eaten at the extravagant repasts. The stock of thrushes was kept up by renewed captures, as it is said they did not lay while imprisoned. They yielded, however, a large profit to their owners, the demand being such for the luxurious feasts of the Romans, that 1s. 3d. each was a common price for the birds. Martial gives the first place among meats to the flesh of thrushes; and on account of the succulence of their flesh, the songsters were often used in the stuffing of roasted pigs, a dish greatly relished by the imperial citizens. Tiberius once gave 40,000 sesterces to a writer who had composed a dialogue in which a mushroom, becafico, oyster, and thrush contended for the pre-eminence. According to Pliny, a thrush roasted with myrtle berries was a specific for dysentery; mu-

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cerated two days in vinegar, the flesh was administered as a cure for the plague; while the gall was held to be remedial in white leprosy and skin diseases generally. But to quit these medicinal errors, it is certain that, for persons of weakened digestion, the flesh of thrushes, including the fieldfare and redwing, is particularly restorative, as conveying stimulating and exciting properties into the system in a small volume.

Thrushes are found all over Europe, but appear to be most abundant in northern countries, not excepting Lapland and Siberia. They are so numerous in Poland, as to be exported in boat-loads at a time from certain provinces of that country. They migrate on the approach of winter, and arrive in vast numbers on the southern shore of the Baltic. Klein states that 90,000 pairs are consumed annually in the city of Dantzic! They swarm also in the forests of Silesia, and furniah the inhabitants with an ample supply of food from one season to another; it being the custom to preserve the birds, partly roasted, in vinegar. In France and Germany the bird is called the wine-thrush, on account of its frequenting the vineyards, and devouring large quantities of grapes during *vendange*, or the grape-harvest. It speedily becomes fat, and is much sought after at this season. At times, indeed, it appears to be intoxicated with the luscious food, a phenomenon which in Bourgogne and other places has given rise to the phrase 'drunk as a thrush.'

According to Bechstein, the thrush requires a large cage, on account of its vivacity, and is best provided for when at one end of a room enclosed by a screen of wires. In this way it will live for ten or twelve years. Sonnini mentions one belonging to a lady that lived for eight years, and in each year consumed fifty-two pounds of bread-crumbs mixed with rape-seed. This bird had learned to whistle several airs in a very agreeable manner; it was subject to occasional fits of gout, and at last died from accident. The writer first quoted says that the best method of catching a fine male is to use a perch with a limed twig: water-traps are also employed in September and October, as the birds delight in bathing. 'When they enter the water, haste must be avoided, because they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once, by means of a particular call. The first which finds a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy—*sik, sik, sik, siki, tsac, tsac, tsac*; immediately all the neighbourhood reply together, and repair to the place: they enter the bath, however, with much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a redbreast bathe without danger; but the first which ventures is soon followed by the others, and if the place is not large enough to accommodate all the bathers, they begin to quarrel.'

The habits of the missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) are very similar to those of the song-thrush; it is, however, bolder, and less easily snared. This bird, it is said, is so named because it 'missels' or soils its feet with the viscid slimy juice of mistletoe berries, on which it occasionally feeds. But figs and olives, beechmast, juniper and ivy berries, are much sought after by the bird in their respective climates; and in winter it eats holly berries; and selecting a particular tree, contends resolutely for exclusive possession. The missel-thrush builds in lofty situations, and is equally early with the *Turdus musicus* in commencing its song. Although said by some to be a mere repeater of four set notes, its song is very musical; and even in the stormy gales of March it may be heard piping away for hours at a time. Thirty years ago, this bird was not to be found in Ayrshire; but from some unexplained cause, it is now common in that county, where its song is considered a sure presage of a fall in the barometer. This supposed predictive faculty has obtained for it the name of 'Storm-cock,' and, as a writer observes in the 'Journal of a Naturalist,' not without reason; for 'the approach of a sleety snow-storm, following a deceitful gleam in spring, is always announced to us by the loud untuneful voice of the missel-thrush, as it takes its stand on some tall tree, like an enchanter calling up the gale.' He can fight as well as sing: Le Vaillant says he once saw an osprey vanquished by ten missel-thrushes in the neighbourhood of Paris; and Gilbert White states that 'the Welsh call it *pen y llwyn*, "the head or master of the coppice." He suffers no magpie, jay, or blackbird to enter the garden where he haunts; and is for the time a good guard to the new-sown legumens. In general, he is very successful in the defence of his family. But once I observed in my garden that several magpies came determined to storm the nest of a missel-thrush: the parents defended their mansion with great vigour, and fought resolutely *pro aris et focis*: but numbers at last prevailed; they tore the nest to pieces, and swallowed the young alive.' There is a variety in the United States known as the wood-thrush (*Turdus melodus*), which possesses many qualities in common with the European tribes, and is an interesting exception to the general unmusical denizens of American forests. 'The prelude to its song,' observes Nuttall, 'resembles almost the double-tonguing of the flute, blended with a tinkling, shrill, and solemn warble, which re-echoes from his solitary retreat like the dirge of some sad recluse, who shuns the busy haunts of life. The whole air consists usually of four parts or bars, which succeed in deliberate time, and finally blend together in impressive and soothing harmony, becoming more mellow and sweet at every repetition. Rival performers seem to challenge each other from various parts of the wood, vying for the favour of their mates, with sympathetic responses and softer tones; and some, waging a jealous strife, terminate the warm dispute by an appeal to combat and violence. . . . In dark and gloomy weather, when other birds are sheltered and silent, the clear notes of the wood-thrush are heard through the dropping woods from dawn to dusk; so that the sadder the day, the sweeter and more constant is his song.'

With his loving spirit and truthful ear for natural music, old Izaak Walton could well appreciate the 'throssel's' melody; and he expatiates on it eloquently, yet reverently. And here, with a sonnet to the welcome vocalist, we may appropriately bring our jottings to a close:—

'A flute-like melody is thine, oh thrush!
Full of rich cadences, and clear and deep:
Upon the sense it cometh like a gush
Of perfume stolen by the winds that sweep
Where spice-isles gem the bosom of the deep.
At early morn, and 'mid the eve-tide's hush,
Pouring thy mellow music, thou dost peep
From out the lilac-tree or hawthorn bush.
I love thee for the love thou bear'st the lowly:
The cottage garden is thy favourite haunt;
And in those hours so calm, so pure, so holy,
It ever is thy pleasure forth to chant
Those blithesome pæans, seeming, as it were,
Thy wish to make all happy dwelling there.'

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.*

COMENIUS.

None of the early reformers of education is entitled to more notice than John Amos Comenius, who was born at Comnia, in Moravia, in 1592. His parents belonged to the sect of the Moravian brethren, and he himself was pastor at Fulnek, the head-quarters of that body, until driven from his native country by the imperial edict of 1624, exiling all Protestant clergymen. From that period he led a wandering life. Sought after by the governments of England, Sweden, and Transylvania, to assist in the reform of education, he passed some time in each of those countries; and driven from several of the stations at which he had settled by the ravages of the war which then desolated Europe, he at last found refuge in Holland,

* The preceding article under this head appeared in No. 263, containing an account of the educational views of Ratich.

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and died at Amsterdam in 1671. At an early age he dedicated himself to the improvement of education; and during the whole of his long and anxious life, in spite of all the losses and disappointments to which he was subjected, he laboured for this darling object. He was not one of those who content themselves with partial attempts at improvement, and seek for a complete remedy by opposing or advocating this or that particular method; but he was, in the best sense of the word, universal; and yet, with this universality, he was not superficial, but strove for an absolute and radical reform. 'All,' says he, 'must be educated; rich and poor, boys and girls; and all must learn everything. Not that each of them can be grounded in every science; but all—since it is the mission of all to be not merely spectators, but actors in this world—must be taught to mark the reasons, relations, and objects of everything of importance. At present we never teach realities, but instead of them, spend fifteen or twenty years in teaching Latin, and yet make nothing of it.' Comenius's principle was, that all useful knowledge was to be imparted to his scholars; but then he was not to follow the system of the generality of the teachers of his time, who graft in plants instead of sowing the seeds of plants; and instead of giving their pupils simple principles, carry them at once into a chaos of books and perplexing exercises.

His abstract theory of instruction is as follows:—'We must first exercise the senses, then the memory, thereafter the understanding, last of all the judgment. For knowledge begins with the appreciation by the senses, which, through the imagination, is borne in upon the memory; then the understanding, by a process of induction applied to the observation of individual objects, realises universal truths, and finally certain knowledge results from the judgment exercised upon that which is sufficiently understood. Nothing, therefore, is to be taught by rote which has not been thoroughly comprehended. That which is appreciated by the senses sticks fastest to the memory, and therefore the use of pictures is much to be recommended. On the same principle every branch of knowledge is to be taught by actual practice: the art of writing, by practice in writing; singing, by practice in singing, &c. The master must commence by giving a specimen for imitation by the pupil, without wearying him by theoretical instructions.'

In the same style Comenius, as a true disciple of Bacon, goes on to enlarge upon the inutility of merely theoretical study. 'For,' says he, 'do we not dwell, as our first parents did, in the garden of nature? Why, then, should we not make use of our eyes, and ears, and noses, as they did? Why should we seek for a knowledge of the works of nature by means of other teachers than our own senses? Why should we not, instead of dead books, open the living volume of nature, in which there is far more to observe than any books can repeat to us, whilst the very observation brings of itself more delight and richer fruit than is to be found in them. The schools formerly did little more than teach the pupil, like the daw in the fable, to dress himself in borrowed feathers. They showed him, not things themselves, as they are in themselves, but imparted to him what was thought or said of the same by this man or the other, so that the proof of the greatest learning was to be able to remember the contradictory opinions of various authors on various subjects. In this way it came to pass that the greater number did nothing more than extract certain phrases, sentences, and opinions out of various authors, and string them together like a piece of patchwork . . . . Man should seek for knowledge not from books, but from observation of the heavens and the earth, trees and plants—that is to say, he must know and inform himself about things themselves, and not merely learn what others say of them. Instruction must not commence by a verbal exposition of things, but by a visual observation of them; and then, after the inspection of the thing itself, the verbal exposition should follow. He who has once seen a body dissected, will understand the anatomy of the human body far better than he who has read the most admirable treatises on anatomy without dissection.'

With these views, Comenius began with education at the very beginning, dividing his course of instruction into three stages, of which the first was the mother-school—that is, the education at the mother's knee. During this period the child is to be instructed in the first principles of morals and religion. Many rules are laid down as to diet, exercise, &c.; and he is to commence his study of the sciences—as, for instance, astronomy—by being taught the names of the sun and stars, and being led to observe the increase and decrease of the moon; and geography begins with an acquaintance with the localities of the house, the roads, and the fields, &c. At six years old the child is taken to the German school, for the mother-tongue is to be taught before adventuring on any other. Here he is taught to read, write, reckon, and the elements of general history. The school is to be divided into six classes, for each of which a class-book in the mother-tongue is to be provided. From this the pupil rises to the Latin school, where he is instructed in grammar, physics, mathematics, dialectics, &c., and so on to the highest branches of learning.

Comenius's principle, then, was—literally, and only too literally—that everything within the circle of human knowledge was to be brought under the view of his pupils. Education was not to be restricted, as formerly, to the learning of certain languages and sciences, but was to be extended to a comprehensive survey of all that is, and passes around us, to an acquaintance with the habits and customs of men, their occupations and trades, natural and mental science. Thus, also, his system embraced the training of the body as well as the mind, the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. As a specimen of the universality of his views, it may be mentioned that his academical plan included the supervision of the sports of the pupils, and that a certain time in each week was set apart for the reading of the public journals, in order to impart a knowledge of what was passing in the political world.

The reader will now have a general idea of what Comenius meant when he said that everything ought to be taught, and to be taught by experiment; but the best mode of conveying a thorough understanding of his system will be to give a short account of some of the many books composed by him for the use of schools. The fundamental principle of these books is, that the learning of languages, especially of Latin, should go hand in hand with the teaching of things as designed and explained by means of the language. 'The schools,' says he, 'proceed on an erroneous principle in teaching language first, and then proceeding to things; the pupils are busied for several years with the study of language and the knowledge thereto appertaining, and then for the first time they are presented with realities, such as mathematics, physics, &c. And yet things are the substance, words only the accident—things are the body, words the clothing. Things and words should therefore be taught at the same time; but things above all, as being the object of the understanding and the language.' And he then proceeds, almost in Ratich's words:—'In teaching language, it is wrong to commence with the grammar, instead of beginning with some author or schoolbook, since the book furnishes the material of the language, and the form will be sup-

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plied by the grammar. So examples must precede abstract rules, and in all cases the matter the form. The proper plan, then, is to present pupils with a cyclopædia, as it were, of things to be taught, which is to be gradually rendered more and more extensive; and every language, art, and science is first to be learned according to its simplest rudiments, and then more fully by means of rules and examples, all exceptions being systematically adduced.' The last sentence expresses the object which Comenius proposed to himself in all his works; an object which, he says unreasonably enough, cannot be obtained by reading the classics, since they do not treat of all subjects. His own works were, in fact, Latin phrase-books, containing, in encyclopædic arrangement, the terms and principles of the various branches of knowledge as then understood. The first of these in the order of publication was the 'Januæ Reseratæ;' but he afterwards produced an amended edition of it, making it the second of his course. This course commenced with the 'Januæ Reseratæ Vestibulum,' which was intended as a class-book for the lowest class of the school organized by Comenius at Patah in Transylvania. In the 'Vestibulum,' to use his own quaint words, the foundations of language are laid down; in the 'Januæ' the essential parts of the building are erected; in the 'Atrium' the ornamental portions are added; and the scholar may then enter the palace of authors—that is, betake himself to the authors themselves. The 'Vestibulum' commences with the consideration of things individually, substantives alone being introduced—as, for instance, 'the elements are, fire, air, water, earth. In the sky are the heavenly bodies, from which proceed heat and cold. The heavenly bodies are, the sun, moon, and stars. In the sun is light; without light there is darkness,' &c.; and so on through trees, animals, man and his occupations. We then come to the qualities of things, and are presented with adjectives. 'The sun is bright or obscure; the moon full moon or half moon,' &c. We then go on to pronouns and verbs —as 'everything can be or do something. The action of God is to create, to sustain,' &c. Then follow the various actings of man by the members of his body, his mind, and so forth. In the same manner the author pursues his way through all the various parts of speech. The 'Vestibulum' was accompanied by a rudimentary grammar, and a glossary of the whole of the words contained in the text.

The 'Januæ,' in the first edition, was a phrase-book, consisting of one thousand Latin sentences on all subjects, beginning with the creation of the world, and concluding with a chapter on angels. The second 'Januæ' was a more complicated work, consisting of three parts. Of these, the first is an etymological lexicon, arranged according to the roots, so as still to keep up the connection between words and facts, in the following manner:—'*Fin*-is-it omnia, et ostendit rei-em; *h. e.*, alem causam. De-ibus agrorum saepe sunt lites, quas-itor de-it.' That is, *Finis*, the end; *finit*, finishes all things, and shows *finem*, the end of the thing; *h.e.*, *finalem*, the final cause. With regard to *finibus*, the boundaries of fields, there are often disputes, which *finitor*, the surveyor, *definit*, defines. In this way the pupil goes over about 2500 roots, together with the words derived from and compounded with them, and the rules of derivation and composition are then given. This is followed by a grammar; and lastly by the text, which is the same as that of the 'Januæ' in the first edition, though much enlarged.

The 'Atrium' also consists of three parts, beginning with grammar, which Comenius defines as the art of speaking elegantly; and the treatise relates, in fact, rather to what is generally styled rhetoric, than to strict grammar. This is followed by the text and lexicon. These three works were intended to be class-books of the three lowest classes in the Latin school, after completing which, the pupils were to betake themselves to the reading of the classics, and a more extended course of study.

Besides these works, which we have subjected to special consideration, as containing a regular course of school-instruction, Comenius was the author of many and elaborate treatises, all tending to the development of his one great idea—a system of pansophistic, or universal education. Of all his productions, however, the 'Orbis Pictus,' that which he perhaps considered, on its philosophical merits, of least value, is the one by which his name is best and most advantageously known. It is similar in its general method to the 'Januæ,' but with this most important addition, that it is profusely adorned with pictures illustrative of the subjects treated. Comenius had long felt that the want of pictures was a serious defect in his books. His principle being, that instruction must proceed on the basis of actual practice and personal appreciation, it followed that where this could not be obtained, the want could only be supplied by visible representations. Comenius saw that the teaching realities by a series of barren descriptions, devoid of that which could make them best appreciable by his pupils, was little better than the verbal realism which he himself decried. So strong was his feeling on this subject, that he had made every exertion to get illustrations for his previous works; but in vain; nor was it without great trouble, and much loss of time, that he succeeded in supplying this desideratum in the 'Orbis Pictus.' The realisation of Comenius's great principle, that instruction in things must go hand in hand with instruction in words—that the knowledge of words by themselves is vain—was only promised in the 'Januæ:' in the 'Orbis Pictus' that promise was fulfilled; and how admirably the work was fitted for its purpose, may be inferred from the popularity enjoyed by it from its first appearance in 1657 up to the present day. The 'Orbis Pictus' has been translated into several languages; and with many alterations, often no amendments, on the quaint force of the original, is still a favourite child's book in Germany.

It is unnecessary to enter at length on the many points on which there is a striking similarity between the principles of Ratich and Comenius; the slightest examination will show how close was the agreement between them, both in general views and on special points; in none more than on the inexpediency of harshness, and the advantages of rendering instruction agreeable to the pupils. There was this additional similarity between them, that the principal error into which Comenius fell was occasioned by his carrying his own principles to excess. We have seen that whilst altogether averse to the neglect of the mother tongue, he insisted on the most thorough study of Latin. His object in this seems to have been a fantastic idea that Latin might be made the universal language of the world; but be this as it may, the rules which he lays down, as those on which language is to be studied, are lost sight of in his Latin phrase-books. 'Latin,' says he, 'must be thoroughly mastered. By which, however, I do not mean that every word of the language must be known. You may understand Cicero thoroughly, and yet not know the technical expressions of handicraftsmen. Why not? Because you have not visited their workshops. It is not to be expected that any one should trouble himself to learn those terms in another which he is unacquainted with in his own tongue. The meaning, therefore, of a thorough mastery of a language in its fullest extent, is to be taken according to the circumstances and necessity of each student of it. All must consequently learn the language, so far as common to all who speak it; but the physician alone need learn the technical terms of medicine, the divine the theological.' But why, then, does he object to the classics 'that they do not treat of all subjects?' If they contain all that is requisite for learning the language, so far as common to all who speak it, is not this sufficient? Nay, why does not Comenius remain true to the correct principle just laid down by him in his own books? They are crowded with technical expressions and phrases relating solely

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to particular trades and occupations, collected with incredible trouble, but totally useless. Latin they are not, many of them being his own composition, and such that, in the general case, the better the Latin scholar, the more they would puzzle him. In this way near one-half of the 'Orbis Pictus,' so far as Latin is concerned, is useless. How, then, did Comenius fall into this error? Simply by a too literal carrying out of his principle of parallelism between things and words. The 'Orbis Pictus' was to embrace the universal world of reality, and accordingly the verbal explanations of the pictures must be equally universal. But why should he embrace the universal world at all? In attempting to force upon the memories of his pupils—for it could be nothing else—a mass of undigested minutiæ relating to every art and science in existence, he was rejecting the principle recognised by him in the study of language. Was he not liable to the same objection as that urged by him against the former system of instruction, that it attempted to plant trees instead of sowing seeds? Pansophistic education, properly so called, consists not in the teaching of everything, but in laying the foundation for self-instruction in everything; and Comenius fell into the same error, though in a smaller degree, as Ratich.

Allowing all due weight, however, to this failure on the part of Comenius in carrying his theory into practice, the cause of education is still greatly indebted to him. It is not merely that in his works may be found the original idea of the elementary school-books of Pestalozzi and Basedow, as well as of almost every one of those improved treatises for facilitating instruction which issue daily from the press, but that he imparted an altogether new view of education to thinking men in general. A witty author of the present day sums up the instruction to be gained at a modern public school thus:—'When I left Eton, I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe *without* an English translation all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with it*; I could *read* Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years in acquiring all this fund of information. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period, and as one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration, so of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have every right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, in the profoundest ignorance.' It was of such education as this that Comenius first practically showed the futility; and it was to obviate such miserable waste of time as that described above, that he composed his pansophistic phrase-books. Following in the footsteps of his master, he did that for education which Bacon had done with regard to philosophy in general. At the present day, it is almost impossible to realise the difficulties which lay in his way, or the vast improvement offered by these little works, crude and meagre as they were, on the previous means of tuition. In our present superfluity of illustration, both pictorially and otherwise, we smile at the almost unintelligible pictures of the original 'Orbis Pictus,' and wonder at the anxiety which its author expresses to obtain such blind guides for his pupils; and yet there can be no doubt that the appearance of this book forms in itself an era in the history of education. Let any one—to take the simplest case—but imagine for a moment the difference of the impression which would be made on a youthful mind by a picture, however rude, of any animal, and that likely to be produced by the most detailed description, and he will at once see the importance of the Baconian principle, imparted by Comenius into education, that our own personal experience is the true medium of instruction. How great was the improvement effected, even in his own day, by his exertions, is proved by the testimony of his contemporaries. Adolphus Tasse, professor of mathematics at Hamburg, writes:—'In every country in Europe the study of a better method of instruction is pursued with enthusiasm. Had Comenius done nothing more than kindle this desire in the public mind, he would have done enough.'

A DAY IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

'HENCEFORTH,' says a recent writer, speaking of the East, 'a lovely and stately vision is ever present to my mind and my heart. . . . Mountains, valleys, and oceans are now between us, but mental portraiture can never be obliterated.' To this I yield a cordial assent; for in far more vivid colours than any other scenes of my life are those of a short residence in India painted on my memory; Daguerreotyped there perhaps by that glorious sun, the remembrance of which makes the brightest day of our northern summer appear pale and faded. My Eastern home was the governor's house at Parell, a noble building, originally a Portuguese convent, surrounded by the nearest likeness to an English park that ever I saw in India. The chapel of former times has been made a vast dining-room; the chancel a billiard-room—a sad desecration, to which time, however, has reconciled the inmates of the dwelling. Above this transformed church a suite of drawing-rooms has been built, opening into lofty stone corridors hung with the painted lamps of China. The sleeping apartments are also in suites, and to each is attached a sitting-room and baths. The jalousied windows of our chambers commanded a fine view of the Kandalla Hills; and immediately beneath them lay the garden, which, though rather quaint and formal, was very pretty. In the centre path, opposite the dining-room, stood that loveliest of ornaments, a fountain, having on each side of it one of those tall trees, the berries of which are natural castanets, that ring most musically in every breeze, bringing to remembrance the singing-tree of the 'Arabian Nights.' From the branches of these leafy musicians a magnificent creeper hung in a festoon over the fountain, and the sparkling water, playing high above it, left in its descent many a liquid opal on its large white bell-shaped flowers. Beyond these opened a glimpse of the tank, shaded by lofty palms.

A day spent in this Eastern dwelling was so different in its routine, its business, and its pleasures, from one passed in busy England, that a sketch of the 'sayings and doings' of four-and-twenty hours there may not be void of interest to those who know little of the detail of Oriental life; in which 'the golden hours' glide by in such a sweet monotony, that a picture of one day would image forth nearly all the year's.

Very regularly, at five o'clock every morning, the crows awake, and by their discordant matins effectually banish sleep; a very unromantic ending to pleasant dreams; but the freshness of the morning air stealing through the jalousies atones for the ungracious noise. Those of our household who rode or walked early then prepared for their excursion; for myself, I preferred the 'between sleeping and waking' of the coolest hour of the day, except on a few occasions, when I was tempted to sketch by starlight. Gradually this half sleep is disturbed by the low plashing of water, as the bearers commence filling the bath; an employment of some duration, as it is effected by bringing the water in jars called *chatties* up several flights of stairs. The bath is undoubtedly the greatest luxury of the East: one lingers in it as long as possible, for the toilet which follows is in the heat a weary task; though, on returning to the sleeping-room, the refreshment of a cup of tea and biscuit is always presented to the bather. On issuing from our chamber, we were greeted in the long corridor beyond it by the assembled servants, who had passed the night there—the head-servants, the seapoy, the bearers, and a gardener; the last of whom held on a salver his fragrant morning offering of a bouquet of red roses, tied round a stick to preserve them from the warmth of the hand, and bathed in rose-water to increase their freshness. This pretty

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gift is offered with a profound salaam, and a grace which is apparently the inheritance of the children of the East.

The corridor we traversed was a gallery open on one side with jalousies; on the opposite wall hung some pictures, on which, from the train of thought they awoke, I could never gaze without feeling touched. They were views of Scotland, and a faded likeness of Niel Gow, memorials of the patriotic feelings of a former and Scotch governor. But the climate of India is unfriendly to the arts. The monsoon is the unsparing enemy of pianos and pictures; and the views of the Falls of the Clyde and Melrose Abbey have become, under its influence, very ghostly and faded images of the distant scenes they represent. Nine o'clock brought breakfast, a meal consisting of fish (of which the pomfret is perhaps the best), curry, mutton-chops, grilled chickens, eggs, guava-jelly, marmalade, limes, oranges, mangoes, bananas, tea, &c. At its close the servants bring finger-glasses, in which are fragrant lime leaves, a delightful addition to the cool water they contain. Over the breakfast table a punkah is suspended. As we dispersed to our several morning occupations, we saw a number of horses on the lawn in front, led about by the grooms, and adorned with strings of the calamata-flower. On inquiry, we found that the day was the 'festival of horses,' and that their owners were expected to give a *bucksheesh* to the animals' attendants, part of which was devoted to religious purposes — if such a term can be applied to a heathen sacrifice — and the rest to a grand entertainment among themselves.

The governor had retired to his office, whither he was speedily followed by a royal suppliant, whose approach excited no small amusement. We were standing in the drawing-room, when from the grand staircase rose the sudden apparition of a couple of large blankets held sideways by six bearers, so as to form a sort of passage. Within this extraordinary veil walked the Eastern princess, her tiny and jewelled ankles and naked feet being visible below it. She did not deign to take any notice of us; but without appearing to observe any one in the room, the procession moved slowly and solemnly past us, and ascended to the Burra Sahib's apartment. Here, as we afterwards learned, she stepped from her screen, and after a speech to the governor, informing him that she considered him as a father, and his private secretary as her brother, she lifted her veil, and displayed the features of an elderly Hindoo woman, which are almost invariably plain even to ugliness. The request she came to proffer was, that she might marry her minister; but for certain political reasons, the Burra Sahib had the cruelty to refuse her; and after trying all kinds of eloquence unavailingly, the disappointed lady returned behind her blanket screen, and departed in the same singular and solemn state in which she had appeared. As strange, or even a stranger guest, occupied the remainder of the governor's morning. This was a chief whose mother had vowed before his birth that if Siva granted her a certain prayer, her child, when he had attained a proper age, should creep on his hands and knees to pay his homage to the nearest English ruler. The fated period had now arrived, and the involuntary pilgrim, in obedience to his mother's vow, had crawled nearly seven hundred miles, taking many weary days or nights for the journey, and gained Parell, his hands and knees torn and wounded by his terrible toil. I missed seeing him, and regretted the circumstance much, as such unselfish performance of duty gave him a strong hold on our interest.

Tiffen, or luncheon, was ready at half-past two, and in the profusion and variety of the viands, greatly surpassed the breakfast. The attendants, who wait behind each person's chair, are Parsees — the ancient fire-worshippers, or Ghebers of Persia, who fled from Mohammedan persecution to Bombay, and have there risen, by their talent and energy, far above the original lords of the land. Tiffin is the time when in general all the family assemble, and occasional visitors are received. It is, I believe, usual for people to take a siesta after luncheon; in this Eastern custom, however, we did not indulge, but read, played, or worked, as in England, till five o'clock, when the carriage was announced, and we went for our usual drive. The governor's equipage is always attended by a cavalry guard; and on this occasion it was from the Hindoo lancers his escort was chosen; whose slim forms, dark complexions, gay uniform, and the fluttering pennon at the head of their lances, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the runners with gold sticks, and the gaudy gorra-wallahs belonging to the turn-out. Our drive was either to the esplanade outside the fort, where the regimental bands generally played, or (as on the day I am describing) to the Breach — a broken shore facing the setting sun. It was a long and picturesque drive; the road being sometimes bordered by cotton-trees, at others winding through cocoa-nut groves, and at intervals giving to view the round towers in which are the Parsees' sepulchres. Here the hateful vultures have their haunt, and sometimes swoop low, over the carriage, gorged with their foul repast upon the dead; for on a grating upon the top of these towers the Parsee corpse is laid to be devoured by the birds of prey, the bones falling through in time, and thus making way for another body. The Breach is the loveliest spot in Bombay; it is a winding shore, on which the waves of the Indian Ocean lose themselves amongst small and low black rocks. A grove of palm-trees bounds the view towards the south; a Hindoo temple towards the north; and on the landward side of the road, black broken rocks are crowned by the palmyrene, in whose fan-like crown of leaves and branches the bird which, like the Parsee, loves the light, hangs her nest with fireflies. And here, at sunset, a singular and impressive scene presented itself. Our carriage was at first alone, but presently several white-robed Parsees made their appearance, and standing in a line on the shore, offered their worship to the elements in silence. Then a mounted Affghan galloped up, and springing from his steed, spread his prayer-carpet, and commenced the gesticulations of Mohammedan devotion, laying his forehead on the earth. At a little distance, by the wayside, a Hindoo knelt in prayer. His altar was a red stone with a flag over it. The stillness of the hour — for not a sound was audible except the dash of the waves — added greatly to the interest of the scene; and the carriage was kept stationary here for some time, the gorra-wallahs fanning away the insects from the horses till the moon rose, when by its clear pure light we drove homewards.

That evening was to be marked by a display of royal favour to the first descendant of Shem who (since Saladin!) has received the honour of knighthood. After a grand dinner, the governor was to present to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a Parsee, a gold medal set with diamonds, and bearing her Majesty's likeness, as a present from the Queen. The dinner hour was eight, and the party consisted — what would people think of such a dinner-party at that season? — of *eighty* persons! It is the duty of the aides-de-camp to arrange the *precedence* properly; and as the Anglo-Indians are somewhat jealous of the *essential* privilege of going down stairs first, the East India Company have given certain rules by which the judgment of the gentlemen of the staff is guided: one point being, that all the civil and military people of the Company's service shall precede the Queen's. A dinner at the government house is a grand affair. The stairs are of black marble, and on each step stand two Hindoo soldiers, each with a drawn sword; flowerpots of choice plants being also placed near them on the same wide step. The dinner is served in the Russian fashion: a splendid display of plate, fruit, and flowers on the table, and a bill of fare on everybody's plate, from which all choose their repast. These bills of fare are curious, from the mode of expression adopted in them by the Parsee writer. After

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soup, fish, &c. 'cock-turkey *roast*' generally heads an endless list of strangely-spelled dishes; 'plumpudding *boil*' and 'bananas *fry*' being almost always in the catalogue of the second course. About eighty servants wait on the guests at Parell: in private houses it is usual, we were told, for the guests to bring their own attendants to wait at table.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, preparations were made for the presentation of the medal. A small table, covered with a velvet cushion, was brought to the upper end of the principal drawing-room, and the governor took his place beside it. The Parsee knight was then led forward by the secretaries; he was a tall, fine old man, with a most benevolent expression in his dark eyes and on his lofty brow. He was dressed in the costume of his nation—a flowing and snowy-white robe girt round the waist with a rich scarlet shawl of Cashmere, and on his head the stiff square cap, covered with deep lilac cotton, which was originally a badge of degradation and inferiority imposed on his race by the Hindoos (as the yellow cap was during the middle ages on the Jews), but is now retained by the Ghebers as an honoured memorial of their adherence to their ancient faith. The governor presented him with the golden gift in the Queen's name, informing him that it was a token of her Majesty's esteem, and of her sense of the munificence he had displayed towards her subjects, he having in the course of a year bestowed the immense sum of L.90,000 in charity on Europeans. The Parsee listened with looks of intense gratification; and when the governor ceased speaking, drew a paper from his girdle, and read his answer of thanks very intelligibly. He was then presented to the ladies near him; and his little daughter was introduced. She was a lovely child, of about ten years of age, wearing a head-dress similar to her father's, and in her nose a splendid ring, about the circumference of half-a-crown, to which were suspended an emerald and two large pearls. This ornament is by no means unbecoming, and is equivalent in signification to our wedding-ring. We learned, however, that the little Perojeebhoy was not betrothed, as is usual at her age, her father, with singular liberality, leaving her the privilege of choosing her husband; but that he judged it expedient to conform to the prejudices of his caste by making her wear the nose jewel. Her attire otherwise consisted of a scarlet satin tunic covered with figured lace, trousers of the same materials, a close jacket of dark-blue satin, and four necklaces—one of emeralds, another of sapphires, and the others of large pearls and diamonds: these costly ornaments were valued at L.10,000, or a lac of rupees. The Parsee girls are allowed to mix in society till they attain the age of twelve, when they are closely shut up in the zenana; and it is not considered etiquette to make even an inquiry after their health of their husbands.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy owes his immense fortune, estimated at L.300,000 a year, solely to his industry and energy. He was originally a bottle-*wallah*, or seller of old bottles; but by carefully husbanding small gains, and living frugally, was at last able to speculate in opium, and other branches of Oriental traffic. His commercial genius directed these speculations so judiciously, that he is now the richest of his race, and the gold thus won is used for the noblest purposes. The sum mentioned above on the authority of the governor, an hospital erected and endowed at his own expense, a causeway to unite the islands of Salsette and Bombay, formerly a dangerous passage—are but a few public instances of his beneficence. When he drives out, he has always a bag of *pice* (halfpence) beside him to throw to the poor, and is of course followed by a strange and motley crew. Dancing followed the presentation, and terminated at eleven by the performance of 'God save the Queen.' We asked the young Parsee if *she* would like to dance? She replied very quietly, 'No: when I wish for dancing, I need not do it myself; I get people to dance for me; and I wonder the rich English do not so likewise, instead of dancing themselves.' She made the same observation with regard to music, a stretch of philosophical contempt for the fine arts which we found much more difficult to pardon. At eleven we retired for the night, passing again through the picture-gallery, the floor of which was now partially covered with sleeping figures, closely muffled in long robes, and extended on mats; one Parsee boy being distinguished from his companions by a floating drapery of silver gauze over his head and shoulders. Through the partially-open jalousies shone the lucid stars, looking so clearly bright and solemn, that (but for the mosquitoes) one longed to keep a vigil on 'the house-top,' and watch their silent courses. But the shrill horn of the tiny tormentors hovering round us forbade the wish: this is *their* hour, and their reign is a despotic one. No marvel one cannot see a feature of the dark visages of the sleepers; they are muffled from the burning sting or bite of these evil genii, who as effectually destroy repose as if they were so many troubled consciences.

At the end of the corridor stood an unkindled *chiggry*, or iron basket of charcoal, with a kettle and a fan near it, in case the 'ma'am sahibs' should require tea in the night; and near it sat our seapoy Juan, a tall graceful Hindoo, waiting our coming with his sword beside him, before he also went to sleep, which he did on the mat outside our silken screen. A cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter, constituted our evening meal, and then we prepared for rest. The lamps of cocoa-nut oil were placed on the matting; the mosquito net had been already let down, as, if kept up after five o'clock, there is a chance of a mosquito finding a hiding-place within it. The bed itself is raised from the floor, and stands on small stone pedestals, hollowed, and filled with water, to prevent the ascent of ants or other insects. Getting within the mosquito net *must* be a very rapid achievement, and is effected while the *ayah* waves a large fan round, to keep off the tiny foe; it is then closely secured, the candles extinguished, and all seek repose. This, nevertheless, is sometimes difficult of attainment, as occasionally the heat at night is intolerably oppressive, and the noises are varied and ceaseless: snakes hiss; a certain unknown insect snores so like a man, that at first I laid the blame of the disturbance on Juan; and the jackals that cross over from Elephanta in search of prey, utter their shrill wail, which bears a painful resemblance to the cry of an infant. Towards midnight, lights glancing by the palm-trees near the tank, the sound of the tom-tom, and of an instrument very like a bagpipe, announced a native wedding in the village, recalling the beautiful parable of the Bridal Virgins; and before the last shrill tones became inaudible, we were in the land of dreams, gazing on home images, and hearing long silent voices; for in sleep the East and its gorgeous visions were invariably forgotten, and we were again in that little northern isle which has no equal either in the Western or Eastern world.

THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

It was the 20th of March 1827. In the poorly-furnished apartment of a small house in Baden in Austria, an old man was making preparations for a journey. He hastily folded within a knapsack a few changes of linen. The weather was cold, the windows were covered with hoarfrost, and yet only a few dying embers burned upon the hearth. Either the old man's mind was too deeply engrossed to think of feeding the flame, or perhaps his scanty resources needed careful husbanding to meet the expenses of his approaching journey.

In truth, the aspect of the room bespoke a state of want rather than of affluence. A bed with curtains of faded green serge, a few antique arm-chairs of varnished wood, covered with well-worn tapestry, a walnut table, and a harpsichord, composed its entire furniture. The harpsichord was strewed with music, partly in manuscript; and a flying sheet covered with nearly illegible notes, and disfigured by numerous erasures, showed

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what had been the old man's recent employment. The occupier of this desolate abode was between fifty and sixty years of age. His lofty forehead, encircled by locks of silver gray, beamed with intelligence, although he appeared bowed down beneath the weight of some great affliction. A dark fire kindled in his hazel eyes, and his cheeks, glowing with one bright feverish spot of hectic colour, contrasted strangely with the deadly paleness which overspread the rest of his countenance. When the knapsack was made up, the old man approached the table, on which lay an open letter, stamped with the Vienna postmark. He took it up, and stood a while with his eyes fixed on its contents, though it only contained these few words:—

'My dear Uncle—Pardon me the grief which I am occasioning you; but implicated in an unhappy transaction, I have just received an order to quit Vienna, whence I am commanded for the future to absent myself. I beseech you to come to my aid: you alone can save me. Adieu. JOHN.'

This letter came from a nephew whom he had brought up, and whose disorderly conduct had rendered necessary the rigorous mandate which now banished him from the capital.

When the old man had perused it once more, he appeared confirmed in his resolution, and with his knapsack in one hand, and his walking-stick in the other, he prepared to set out. But on reaching the threshold, he turned back, and casting a look of deep regret on this modest asylum, where he had long and happily dwelt, he sighed; then, as if attracted by a magic charm, he returned to his harpsichord, and quickly laying down what he held in his hands, he ran his fingers over the discoloured notes of the instrument. His gloomy and dejected countenance was gradually lighted up with an expression of intense happiness, and a sublime strain ascended towards Heaven, a fitting hymn of praise to the Almighty.

As he plunged into these regions of harmony, it seemed as if his spirit had bid adieu to earth, and soared to the realms above in search of consolation. But soon all was again silent; the old man wept; he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed—'And to think that I can hear nothing!' Alas! he was deaf.

The poor pilgrim again took up his staff, and set forth on his journey. At the turning of the street, he once more looked round on the humble dwelling where he had passed the last ten years of his life, shut out by his infirmity from the sounds of the external world. Music for *him* only existed *within* the soul. He walked on into the country; for, by way of husbanding his small store, he was going on foot from Baden to Vienna. The evening closed in: the old man stopped before a peasant's cottage. He had presumed too much on his strength, having expected, before night closed in, to reach Vienna, from which the village of Baden is only ten leagues distant. He had walked vigorously, but night approached, and he felt his strength failing him. He knocked at the door; a young girl opened it, asking him what he wanted. The old man, who guessed her question from the movement of her lips, replied, 'Hospitality, my good girl.' 'Come in then: there is always a welcome at my father's hearth for the benighted traveller.' Thus cordially invited, he entered a large room, where the frugal evening repast was smoking upon a homely table. A cover was quickly laid for him near the father of the family, and he sat down to table with the friendly household group. After supper, he seated himself in an old leathern arm-chair by the chimney-corner: a cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth. The mother and daughter cleared the table, whilst the father opened an old harpsichord, and the three sons took down their instruments which hung against the wall. They consisted of an alto, a violoncello, and a hautboy.

The performers attuned their instruments, the mother and daughter seated themselves with their work near the fire, where a single lamp afforded the needful light. The father gave the signal, and the four musicians began a piece with that *ensemble*, with that knowledge of measure, which the Germans possess beyond all other nations. By degrees their eyes kindled, divers emotions were depicted on their countenances, they abandoned themselves to the ardour of the sentiment with which they were transported. The two women listened whilst they almost held in their breath. Their work fell from their hands. The music ceased—they exchanged looks of delight—the young girl kissed her father's gray hairs with emotion: they forgot the presence of their guest. He had followed all their movements with a longing eye, for his deafness prevented his hearing a single note of the music which had so deeply affected them.

'Oh how happy you are,' he said with a faltering voice, 'to be able to enjoy this delicious pleasure! Alas! it is long since *I* have been able to hear either the human voice, or music, which is the voice of God. When I go out to meditate in the forest, I *feel* indeed the wind which blows around me, but I *hear* not its mighty voice, whilst it shakes the trees, or murmurs among the leaves, mingling with the general harmony of nature. When I return from my walk at the close of a fine summer's day, I can indeed see the young shepherdess as she leads her flock to be watered at the fountain, but I cannot hear either her joyous song or the tingling sound of the sheep-bells. I can see the lark fly swiftly to the valley where her nest lies hidden, but I hear not her melodious voice mingling with the whisper of the breeze. Oh, music! harmony! it is my life; but, alas! its *vocal* expression is lost to me for ever. Let me, I pray you, read the pages which have so deeply stirred you.' He rose, took the sheet in his hand, a sudden paleness overspread his features; he sunk upon his seat overwhelmed with emotion.

He had just read upon the cover, 'Allegretto, from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven.' All gathered around him, and inquired the cause of his agitation. When he was able at length to command his voice, he arose from his seat and said, '*I am Beethoven!*' At the sound of this name the father lifted his woollen cap from his head, and the sons bowed with the deepest reverence. Beethoven pressed their hands in his, and wept for joy. The good peasants kissed these venerated hands; for this man they felt was the genius who had lightened for them the daily burthen of life—the genius so honoured in Vienna, that when he took his daily walk, the passers-by exclaimed, 'There is Beethoven!' and silently made way for him, lest they should interrupt his meditations. The peasants looked with unwearied delight on that noble brow where grief had indeed stamped its fatal marks, but which still was encircled with the halo of genius.

Beethoven then seated himself at the harpsichord, and desiring the young people to take up their instruments, he played for them his own symphony. It was a moment of unspeakable happiness.

When they had finished, Beethoven *improvisé'd* sublime melodies: his spirit, breaking through the bonds which enchained him to earth, seemed to rise triumphantly towards Heaven.

The poor harpsichord under his hand gave forth unwonted sounds—sometimes majestic as the voice of thunder, sometimes mysterious as the sighs of the dying.

Alas! it was the song of the swan! A part of the night thus glided on. The bed usually occupied by the father of the family was prepared for Beethoven, and he was constrained to accept it.

During the night he became feverish, and to cool his burning brow, he arose and went out into the open air too slightly clad. The air was bitterly cold: the wind groaned in the branches of the trees, and penetrating rain drifted over the country. When the old man returned, he was benumbed. The dropsy from which he had long suffered mounted to his chest, and too soon it became apparent that all remedies were useless. He was with difficulty transported to Vienna, where he was

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visited by a physician, who pronounced his case a hopeless one. Hummel, his dearest and truest friend, heard of his danger, and flew to attend him in his last moments; but he was almost insensible. The words he sought to utter expired on his pallid lips. Still he recognised his early friend, and thanked him with a mournful smile. Hummel pressed the icy-cold hand within his own with deep emotion.

When the dying man felt the pressure, his glazed eye kindled with a momentary consciousness.

He sunk back upon the pillow. With a gentle sigh the spirit had fled!

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A series of beautiful experiments of a most interesting character has been made at the establishment of Professor Glukman, Sackville Street, Dublin, before a number of scientific gentlemen, who deemed the results in the highest degree satisfactory. The principal object sought was to ascertain, among other appliances of the electric light, its power and capability of producing portraits by means of the Daguerreotype as a substitute for the solar rays. In the effectuation of this process the several experiments proved eminently successful, and afforded the greatest satisfaction to all who had the privilege of witnessing them. The electric battery employed was that of Mr Glassford, and under his direction. The illumination obtained was of the most sunlike brilliancy, and remarkable for its steady and luminous bearing on every point towards which the focus of the reflector was directed. The first experiments were on plates prepared by the ordinary process—the battery being managed by Mr Glassford, and the camera and Daguerreotype process by M. Glukman. Portraits were instantaneously produced — the marked fidelity of outline in which, with the depth and delicacy of shade, elicited the highest admiration. After the complete success of the experiment in that respect had been established, a new test of its power was essayed—namely, the preparation of the glass or plate on which the portrait is fixed by means of the electric light. In this novel and ingenious appliance the utmost success also rewarded the efforts of the experimentalists. Surgeon Lover took the direction of the battery; and Mr Glassford having occupied 'the chair,' an exquisite portrait of that gentleman was produced in a few seconds. Messrs Galbraith, Yates, and others, who took much interest in the proceedings, also tested the agency of the new power, and expressed themselves delighted with the result.—*Freeman's Journal.*

WHAT ALL MUST EXPECT.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintances will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay when the high matters of death, and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more things are to come: it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr Chalmers's Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

A BENEVOLENT METHOD OF SERVING ONE'S SELF.

An Italian gentleman, with great sagacity, devised a productive pump, and kept it in action at little expense. The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of northern Italy, from which it was distant but a few miles. Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use, and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveller, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travellers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put in requisition the services which the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night many a dusty and wayworn pilgrim plied its handle, and went on his way, blessing the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger. But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew that in that sultry climate the liquid would be more valued from its scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He therefore, in order to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump, so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it. Under these circumstances, the pump raised far more water than could pass through its spout; and to prevent its being wasted, the surplus was conveyed by an invisible channel to a large reservoir judiciously placed for watering the proprietor's own house, stables, and garden, into which about five pints were poured for every spoonful passing out of the spout for the benefit of the weary traveller. Even this latter portion was not entirely neglected, for the waste pipe conveyed the part which ran over from the ladle to some delicious strawberry-beds at a lower level. Perhaps, by a small addition to this ingenious arrangement, some kind-hearted travellers might be induced to indulge their mules and asses with a taste of the same cool and refreshing fluid; thus paying an additional tribute to the skill and sagacity of the benevolent proprietor. My accomplished friend would doubtless make a most popular chancellor of the Exchequer, should his Sardinian majesty require his services in that department of administration.—*Babbage's Thoughts on Taxation.*

EARTH NUTS.

The earth chestnut is the indigenous growth of our soil; but, like the potato plant, before its introduction into this country as an article of sustenance, it is now quite neglected, and nobody thinks it worth while to have a plant in his garden, although it is as plentiful in its native and wild state as the potato is in Peru, or in the first place of its discovery. Yet, by cultivation in two or three years, it will, I have not the least doubt, produce as large a quantity per acre, of a root three times more nutritious than the potato, and at less than one-fourth the expense. The plant is known to almost every schoolboy; it grows in old pastures, and is called in these parts jar nuts, earth nuts, or earth chestnuts. The plant is like a small key, rather larger than a parsley plant, and something like that also; it bears a white flower, and is to be found in almost all old pastures in any part of England. I planted some roots of these nuts (but they may be produced from the seed as well) in the year 1840, and they came up beautifully; and in the summer, when I dug them up, I found some of them two inches in diameter, and nearly as large as a man's fist. I roasted some of them, and found them delicious. They something resemble in taste the sweet potato of Virginia, or roasted chestnut of our own growth. They are a rich vegetable production, containing more of the elements of nutrition than the potato by three times at least, and will be relished as well by the community as soon as they can be introduced.—*Correspondent of Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 278. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849. Price 1½d.

LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

I am a literary man—that is to say, I have only my inkstand for my bank, and have no income to look forward to but what dividend my brains can afford me. I do not, however, grumble at my profession, for I weigh its advantages against its evils, and find they are both nicely balanced, which I take to be as average a state of living as we should expect. Favourable critiques have ceased to make me vain, for I have passed my first youth; and depreciating ones are no longer causes of annoyance, for I express my own opinion at times contrary to that of many others, and must expect others in return to do the same. I never abuse publishers if they do not heap money on me when any work I have sold them makes a 'hit;' on the contrary, I am glad of it, because its publication has been a speculation on their part; and had it not succeeded they would have been the losers, whereas I was safe either way. And lastly—which possibly will not be believed, but I don't care—I am never sore when another book in my own line achieves a success, because it most probably creates new readers still; and so, indirectly, we are all benefited thereby. Writing for periodicals and journals is very wearing work. Sometimes I am very worn and jaded with family matters and the countless engagements of a London life, even when I begin; and sometimes I catch myself heaving a deep sigh whilst penning what may chance to be considered my best bits. But I reflect that possibly my earnings are lightly got in comparison with those of others; and I know, from what I am about to allude to, that many believe they would be supremely happy in my position.

I have worked very hard for these last ten years; and by constantly keeping my name before the public, and now and then by fortunately observing something which they themselves perhaps knew of, and placing its actuality in a pleasant or appropriate light before them, have been considered as one of a somewhat insecure class—that of 'popular' light authors. Hence my name is tolerably well known, as I find from letters which arrive from remote parts of England, bearing unknown postmarks, asking for my autograph 'to add to a collection which,' &c. But I am assured of this, in a manner certainly more troublesome, by certain individuals to whom I am about to allude.

Unless one is in a position to become acquainted with them, nobody can form an idea of the swarms of aspirants bursting to appear in print in London, and, I doubt not, the United Kingdom generally. Editors of magazines know the number of immature communications they receive, aiming at the higher styles of composition, but they do not come in contact with the authors. The manuscripts are 'left with the publishers,' and are called for, and that is all. It is only your accessible authors who understand fully the daring energies of the 'great unprinted' of the present day.

If we by chance encountered a man who all at once, not being hitherto accounted a mechanic, fancied he could make a church clock, and proceeded gravely to file out pieces of brass, and fix them in certain positions, with the notion that they would work, and inform the town of the time of day, we should say he was remarkably foolish, to use no stronger terms. And yet every known literary man will tell you that every week he has a novel sent him, in manuscript, either by a friend or through his introduction, the first work of a person who, with scarcely a knowledge of putting down a phrase, or the simplest elements of the art of composition, dashes at once at the conventional three volumes, and, as is usual in such cases, only building the characters from types that struck his fancy on reading, and which he thought he could imitate, instead of originating, introduces us to all those old friends in slightly new dresses, characteristic of such productions. The subsequent history of these works is always the same. The literary man is worried into taking the manuscript to a publisher, but of course he cannot recommend it. It is returned, and the author, burning to rush into print, pays heavily for some feeble utterer of false novels to bring it out. Favourable notices in the reviews are begged by all sorts of private manœuvres; people read these, get the work, and are grievously disappointed; a heavy stock remains on hand, and the author gets off luckily with the loss of a hundred pounds. I have remarked that the majority of these amateurs are ladies; and here at times one's gallantry is severely tested. But it is always in the end kinder and more charitable to crush these aspirations at once, than, by a seeming approval, to lead the writers into all kinds of quicksands and difficulties.

The amateur novelists are bad enough in their way, but they are nothing to the dramatists of the same order. It does not appear to be generally known, even amongst many actual authors, that to write a play which shall have a chance of success requires not only great terseness, and almost epigrammatic closeness of expression, but also a practical knowledge of the mechanical exigencies of the theatre—a story in which a peculiarly constructed or *culminating* interest is needed, and an experience in the action of the different scenes—all which being not attended to, will weary the public, and make them hiss. But our aspirants do not think of all this. One of them calls upon a friend, who may have had one or two successful pieces produced, and something like this conversation ensues:—

Amateur. I wish you would look over a piece I have got here. [*The literary friend trembles, as he knows that in his chiffonnier closet there are a score of manuscripts sent for the same purpose, with polite notes.*] If you would

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send it to a manager, *your* recommendation would do anything. [*This is the old story, the amateur forgetting that the author might compromise his reputation for judgment by so doing.*]

Friend. Well, what is it?

A. It's in five acts. [*The countenance of the friend falls, he having thought that it was a harmless farce.*] It's called 'Francesca.' I've taken the subject from old Italian history. There's a great character for —— in it. A friend spoke to him about it, and he appeared to like the notion. [*This is the most fatal rock upon which the barks of the amateurs are wrecked. They get some one who knows a performer to mention it to him, and the poor man, not wishing to offend, or driven into a corner, says he thinks the idea good.*]

F. Ah; do you know much about the mechanical appliances of a theatre?

A. Not a great deal. I have gone for poetry and—if I may call it so—elevated writing.

F. Yes, I see. [*The friend looks over the manuscript, and sees speeches of two or three pages long; and the piece altogether would play about seven hours.*] I have not got the time to read it, but I will give you a note of introduction to Mr ——, the manager, and I am sure he will pay attention to your views.

A. [*Emphatically.*] Oh—thank you.

The note is written, and the author starts off filled with visions of a great success and being called before the curtain. He leaves his piece, and the first glimpse is sufficient to show that it is an amateur work—one of the hundreds poured into a theatre during a season. The manager wishes you would really not introduce such rubbish to him. The manuscript is thrown by amidst a pile; and the author every week begs you will make an application for its return, as he has called often and can get no reply. Then when he gets it, he hunts you down for introductions to other theatres, and always with the same effect; and at last, finding this piece rejected everywhere, he sets to work and writes another, assumes a coolness towards you, and fastens on another writer.

The most indefatigable class, however, are the aspirants to periodicals, and small poets. During my connection with a tolerably well-known 'monthly,' scarcely a day passed but one called, either an acquaintance or with a letter of introduction. It was the same story with all. 'They knew I could do anything with ——. Would I get the article into his magazine if, upon reading, I thought it suitable?' I really did read a great many of these, but none were ever available. If the notion was original, the style was either immature or over-elaborated; and if betraying some knowledge of construction, the articles were nothing more than clever imitations of popular writers. The would-be aspirants to light literature were the most painful—those who thought it comic to use such phrases as, 'the immense sum of eighteen-pence,' or, 'that specimen of sable humanity yclept a chimney-sweep;' or believed that humour consisted in a simple change of synonymes, such as calling an old maid an 'antiquated spinster;' or in that elaboration of meaning by which a dancing-master was described as 'a professor of the saltatory art' (which, according to the present style, he is *not*); and the simple word 'married' could only be explained as 'led to the hymeneal altar.' In fact, the drollery chiefly aimed at was of the school in which police cases are written by facetious reporters. I once heard from the treasurer of one of our largest theatres, that in the course of twelve years he never knew an amateur play accepted; and I may add, in like manner, that during my connection with the magazine I never knew an amateur 'funny' paper made use of. Yet the constant rebuffs do not check the aspirants. With the elasticity of Indian-rubber balls, which would be invaluable otherwise directed, the harder they get knocked down the higher they rebound.

The poets, as a mass, are less troublesome, for the fashion-books and annuals open some refuge to them. Besides, their productions being usually comparatively short, they can with less expense get them printed and published. In this latter case it is curious to observe that the preface is always the same. The author invariably remarks, that 'several kind, but in this instance, he fears, too partial friends, have suggested the publication;' and then he assumes the habits of the 'lion' in society, loves to read his own works, gasps for notices, and believes, in common with most young authors, that his ideas have pervaded the entire world.

Perhaps the aspirants will now ask, 'How does anybody begin?' If they are curious to know, I will tell them how I began myself: and I pray them not to accuse me of egotism, which would be most contemptible, but rather look upon the statement as a wish to show them that I am practical and somewhat experienced, when I say that I have written several novels, and produced several plays, which have met with more or less success; that I have now and then attempted poetry, when applied to by composers for the words of ballads; that I have written sketches for magazines, criticisms and notices for newspapers, and paragraphs for light ephemeral periodicals; in fact, that I have gone through all the work which a man must be *au fait* at to attain even the humblest position in the high-pressure literature of the present day.

I began, then, as every profession ought to be commenced, with the rudiments. I used first to make up, with great care and trouble, small paragraphs and notions which struck me as I walked about, for little penny publications, and put them, unknown to any one, into the editor's box. This was when I was at school. Sometimes these were printed—which was a circumstance of great but secret glory to me; sometimes they never appeared, and I heard no more of them. After a time, I began to see the style which was usually the most fortunate. I found that little domestic sketches, made from actual observation, and not comic invention, were readily accepted. The materials for these were within my grasp; indeed, never having read much, I did not attempt to soar beyond them. My paragraphs grew to sketches; my sketches to more finished delineations; and at last I tried a short story, and sent it to a periodical which was exactly the size of the old 'Mirror.' It was directly accepted and printed; and with an engagement forthwith to write at half-a-crown a column, I considered my fortune made.

The periodical failed; but I was still so delighted at communicating my notions to (as I considered) the world, and fancying they sympathised with some of them, that I went on writing for nothing, when certainly I ought to have been at times attending to something else. I then went to study abroad; and an adventure occurring to me, which found its way into the London papers, I was applied to by the editor of a magazine to send in an account of it. This was an honour I had never dreamed of. I transmitted my seven or eight pages, and they appeared. Two or three kind opinions were passed on the article; and I soon found myself a regular contributor. I then began a story, to be finished in two chapters, one each month. There was something in the first that appeared to please my readers, and the editor asked me if I could not elongate it into six. When the fourth was sent in, I was asked if I could not extend the sketch to the length of a three-volume novel. I was so frightened at this that I took two days to consider; and at last, in great nervous anxiety and mistrust, acquiesced. With this novel possibly you may be acquainted; and its completion and tolerably-favourable reception brought me up to London. But otherwise I should never have conceived so daring a project.

From this time I got a great deal to do, but I never sought it. An engagement to write small essays on social topics for a paper, led me to the position of the theatrical critic, on the secession of my predecessor; the principal reason for this being that my style and opinions were known to the proprietors. Then, as from

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constant attendance I got experienced in dramatic matters, and saw tolerably well what would, and what would not succeed, the authors used occasionally to ask my opinion about hazardous points or effects in their works; and finally, one suggested that I should join him in concocting a piece. Fortunately this was very successful, and I learned more on its production than years of mere observation before the curtain would have taught me. Then I tried a play, at a minor theatre, myself, and had ten shillings a night for it. Several pieces in two and three acts followed, with varying luck, but never very bad; and now I have produced a dozen. But I should think myself crazy to start on a five-act piece, like all those which the aspirants wish to have forthwith accepted and represented.

I have thus endeavoured to show that the progress of a literary man is very gradual—step by step, and each step made sure before the next is taken. Amateurs think because at times an author comes suddenly and brilliantly before them, whose name they were hitherto unacquainted with, that this *coup* has been obtained all at once. It is not so, however. Be sure that he has worked long and patiently at other matters, and commenced with the humblest compositions, and anonymously. Rare instances to the contrary occur, it is true; but every rule has exceptions except one—and that is, when an amateur, unprepared by experience, and for no other purpose apparently than the mere gratification of a little vanity, produces off at once a mass of manuscript, the best thing he can do with it, to avoid much expense and disappointment to himself, and the chance of occupying the time and compromising the recommendation of his literary friends, is to put it in the fire. A. S.

OPTICAL MAGIC OF OUR AGE.

Any one who is at all familiar with the optical illusions and scenic effects which form a favourite portion of some of our public exhibitions, must be convinced that the art of producing these phenomena, with their various and mind-bewildering play of colours and change of character, has attained great perfection. But probably few persons are in the least degree acquainted with the manner in which the appearances they so much admire are produced. It will therefore be possibly an interesting subject to many, if we glance first at the optical phenomena themselves, and then proceed to explain the method of their production.

The magical effects which owe their origin to the magic lantern, are those which will chiefly occupy our attention; and it will be found that the position of this ingenious instrument in the popular estimation is very far below that which it deserves to occupy. In fact, all those appearances which so much perplex, surprise, or please us in exhibitions of this kind, are entirely due to various ingenious contrivances appended to, or in connection with, this instrument, although this fact is but little known generally. This instrument, as now employed, is the same in principle as it was when first invented in the middle of the seventeenth century by the universal genius, Kircher; but in common with most other optical apparatus, it has largely benefited by the advance of mechanical and mathematical science, and is now constructed in a form apparently little capable of further improvement. Essentially, it consists in its improved form of a powerful source of light, of two double convex lenses which concentrate the rays, and direct them upon the picture placed in front of them; and of two other lenses which concentrate the rays after they have passed through the picture, and direct them on the disk where the image is beheld by the spectators. There is a little contrivance of some importance which has been added by Messrs Carpenter and Westley of London to the extremity of the brass tube holding the second pair of lenses, by which some of the extreme rays are cut off, the effect of which is to give a great degree of distinctness to the depicted image, although with some sacrifice of illuminating power. This contrivance consists simply of a brass ring, and may be adopted or removed at pleasure. From this casual description of the instrument, it will be manifest that the various delusions and singularities of effect we are about to describe are referable not so much to any alteration effected by modern science in the principal instrument, as to the accessories of the exhibition. But let us admit the reader into the mysterious apartment, where science can bid to appear more and more strange phantasms than ever obeyed the summons of enchanter's wand.

And first about the *Phantasmagoria*. In 1802 a French gentleman, a M. Philipstal, astonished crowds of people in London by an optical exhibition which he entitled the Phantasmagoria. It was a soul-appalling spectacle to those who had hitherto been ignorant of the wonders of light and shade! The spectatory was a room where no light but that of a dismal oil-lamp hanging in the centre was admitted. On the assembling of the audience, this lamp was drawn up into a chimney, and a pitchy gloom overspread the place. Presently the soft and mournful notes of sepulchral music were heard, and a curtain rose displaying a cavern, on the frowning walls of which were depicted the forms of skelotons and spectral figures. The music ceased: the rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance. Gradually it became louder, until at length vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied with peals apparently of the deep-toned organ of the skies, gave all the impressions of a tremendous storm. The thunder and lightning continued at their height, when suddenly a small cloud of light appeared in the air; it gradually increased in size, until at length it stood revealed a ghastly spectre, around whom the lightning gleamed in fearful reality. Its eyes moved agonizedly from side to side, or now turned up in the sunken eye-socket, the image of unutterable despair. Away, back to the dim abyss from whence it came, it was seen swiftly to retire, and finally vanished in a little cloud, the storm rolling away at the same time. Then came other phantasms, some of which rushed up with apparently amazing rapidity, approaching the spectators, and again as rapidly receding—to return clothed with flesh and blood, or in the form of some well-known public personages! After a display of a number of similar apparitions, the curtain fell, and the lamp was uncovered; the spectators departing with expressions of great astonishment at what had been seen. Such was the early introduction of the Phantasmagoria to the honours of a public exhibition.

This variety of optical effect, although occasionally resorted to since that time, has only recently been reintroduced at some of our public places of resort in more than its original power. In some of these exhibitions the effect on the mind is indescribable, and in a less enlightened age would be far from desirable; but all are now so well acquainted with the source of the awful and mysterious beings which appear to present themselves to the eye, that the exhibition simply creates wonder where it would formerly have excited superstition or alarm. Images of birds on the wing are introduced with great force: the bird is seen rapidly moving its pinions, apparently at a great distance, then swiftly approaching and increasing in size. Motion is also given to its eyes; and when a particularly solemn-looking bird, like the owl, is selected, the effect is, to say the least, very remarkable. Scenes are now introduced in which a movement of figures is managed with great adroitness—a fiery snake, for example, may be seen winding its undulating body across some in-caverned pool. Then appears a fairy scene, where fountains are playing, and Cupids flying about or shooting at a target in whose centre—to carry

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out the poetical idea—is a bleeding heart: or, through a narrow gorge, we catch a glimpse of a lake encamped round about by tall mountains; and behold! some Undine or water-spirit, with her attendant sprites, appears in a majestic chariot drawn by the most graceful of swans, whose long necks are elegantly bent into the waters every now and then! Again, a cloud of fire hangs in mid-air, enlarges, brightens, and rolls gradually aside, disclosing one of the mythological impersonations seated in the *quadrijuga*. A favourite concluding scene is a British oak. While the spectators are looking on, and listening to—of course—'Rule Britannia,' suddenly, in every bough, behold! a flight, a whole flight of sailor-boys waving the Union Jack: the trunk opens, and out steps the sailor-prince; presently the sailors in the branches take their flight, the prince once more is received into the mighty trunk, and the scene vanishes.

Some of the minor phantasmagoric displays descend to the ludicrous. The spectacle of an industrious cobbler, who heaves long-drawn gasps for breath, and busily plies his arms, is much admired among this series; and the knowing look of the eyes is wonderfully productive of merriment. The next scene is a view by the sea-side, where a bathing woman is seen dipping a reluctant little girl into the rolling waters: smiths are seen hammering ferociously upon their anvils: shoe-blacks are giving exquisite lustre to boots: old men are breaking up stones, or bowing politely, and unbonneting to draw forth the charities of cottage-door lingerers: the chameleon is well shown in all his versatility of tint: and roses, tulips, and other flowers, including cauliflower, blossom with Cupids, white and black, or other representations grotesque as unexpected. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is the feat of a man asleep in a bed, who swallows rats and mice by the dozen, and without awaking!

The explanation of these varied effects is very simple: the phantasmagoric displays are always shown upon a transparent screen; a broad piece of *Nainzooks* muslin wetted with water, and fixed in a convenient position, is better than any other contrivance whatever. The magic lantern, slightly modified, is the instrument employed for developing the images, and is thus managed:—it is either held in the hand or placed upon a little railway: it is then brought close up to the screen, the light being shaded by the hand; and when sufficiently near, the hand is removed, and there appears on the screen a little cloud of light without any definite image depicted in it. The lantern is then gently carried backwards, and there appears on the screen the gradually-enlarging image of some spectre, or other object, which appears rapidly to approach the spectators. On bringing the lantern back again nearly up to the screen, the spectre seems to recede, and finally vanishes in the little cloud spoken of: thus is the astonishing effect of advancing and receding images accomplished. It requires of course some little arrangements as to focus; and mechanical contrivances for effecting this have been applied to the carriage of the lantern successfully. Sending up a balloon is well exhibited by this means: the balloon, at first swelled in all its vast proportions, presently becomes smaller and smaller until it is lost to sight; and by a little swaying of the lantern from side to side, the undulating character of its motion is well represented. By using two, three, or even four lanterns in the hands of several clever assistants, a surprising degree of life can be given to the scene. One manages the flying Cupid; another the moving chariot; a third the fountain; and so on. By means of *two* lanterns, Fame may be made to descend from the skies and plant a laurel-wreath on a warrior or a statesman's brow. The opening of clouds is effected by drawing gently aside two slips of glass which cover the slider containing the picture; the figure behind thus seems to step out of the clouds. Movement is communicated to the figures in various ways: sometimes in the manner already described, by a separate lantern; more frequently by a double slider, one slider being painted black, with the exception of a clear space, through which the head or some one of the limbs is shown or obscured at pleasure: thus a cook carrying in a pig's head alternately loses and regains his own by moving the slider to and fro. The rolling about of spectral eyes is effected by painting them upon a slider which moves from side to side, the eyeballs showing through the eye-sockets of the image with singular effect. A water-wheel is set in motion by a double slider, on one of which the landscape is painted, on the other the wheel; and this one is moved round by a pinion-wheel working into a cogged rim. The reeling motion of a ship is given by a slider moved up and down by a lever. A little reflection will soon show the infinite number of movements which by these simple means may be effected. A very strange effect is sometimes produced by giving the lantern a sudden shake, when the images will seem as if seized with a cold shudder.

Leaving, however, the chamber of scientific horrors and supernaturalities, let us advert briefly to the more recent and beautiful discovery, the *Dissolving Views*. Very few persons are, we believe, at all aware of the means by which the exquisite effects of these exhibitions are accomplished; yet they are surprisingly simple. A country landscape, basking in the warm glow of a July sun, lies outspread before us; the fields are golden with corn, the trees in full verdure clad, and the water tumbles, half in play half at work, upon the over-shot wheel of the mill in the foreground. A change comes o'er the spirit of the scene: the sky loses its warm and glowing tone; a cold, gray, ghastly look creeps over the picture; the air darkens; the babbling stream is stayed in icy bondage; the wheel has stopped, and icicles a foot long hang from its spokes and rim; the trees are leafless; the fields are brown and naked; the path is covered with snow; and the flickerings of a roaring fire are seen through the cottage windows. But, marvel of marvels! the sky grows thick and lowering, and a few flakes of snow are *seen to fall*. Presently a thick shower of snow descends. The illusion is complete, and it requires some little self-recollection to form the conception that, after all, it is a mere picture we are looking upon. The snow-storm passes over, the sky and air gently resume their warmer aspect, leaves come on the trees, the snow melts away, the brook runs again, and the wheel resumes its duties, for summer has returned! This sketch presents us with the leading features of the Dissolving Views: let us now explain how the changes are brought about.

To exhibit the Dissolving Views, two lanterns of equal size, and placed on the same platform, are necessary. In the one we will suppose the summer scene; in the other, the same scene, but in its winter dress. Now, immediately in front of the brass tubes of both lanterns is a circular disk of japanned tin, in which a crescentic slit is perforated half round near the rim. This disk is made to revolve on an axis which passes between the two lanterns, and is moved by a little handle behind. The rays of light proceed through the slit on to the screen, but only allow those of one lantern to do so at one time, the tube of the other being shaded by the imperforate part of the disk. The rays of the summer scene are now pouring through this slit, while those of winter are obscured by the other part of the disk. The lanterns being properly arranged, so as to cast their images on precisely the same place on the screen, the exhibition begins. Summer is shown for a little time; then by means of the little handle the disk is very gently turned round, and thus while, from the crescent shape of the slit, the rays of one lantern are gradually cut off, those of the other are at the same time gradually allowed to fall on the screen, until the disk is turned quite round; and now the tube through which summer shone is obscured, while the colder light of winter from the other tube streams through the slit in the disk. The effect to the beholder is the gradual and imperceptible transition of the one scene into the other. If the reader will be so kind as to suppose that his two eyes represented the magic lanterns, and will close one eye first, and then gently lift the lid while he shuts down that of the other, he will obtain a perfect idea of the dissolving mechanism. The plan of the perforated disk, which, as being the most gradual, is the most perfect, is the plan observed in the instruments we have seen of

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Messrs Carpenter and Westley's make; but there are other and simpler means of effecting the same object, the principle remaining in every instance the same; namely, the gradual blinding of one lantern, and unblinding of another. To produce the falling of the snow, a slider is introduced upon the previously blinded side, a cap is unscrewed off the disk, and so both tubes shed their light on the screen. The slider is painted black, with little dots scraped out to represent snow-flakes; and on its being set in motion by a wheel, the appearance on the screen of these moving dots of light is exactly that of snow-flakes falling. We have understood that the best effect is produced by drawing a piece of perforated paper slowly upwards in the place where the sliders go. This principle of causing the light from two lanterns to fall upon the screen—the one producing the picture, the other introducing some fresh elements into its composition—is largely applicable for the development of other effects besides the falling of snow. By representing a Lapland scene with one lantern, a beautiful resemblance of the Northern Lights, or aurora, can be thrown on the sky by means of the other lantern, and when well managed, the effect is most extraordinary. Lightning or a rainbow is thrown on the scene by the same means. The flickering fiery glow of a volcano, or a ship on fire, is managed by quickly moving the fingers, so as alternately to intercept and give passage to the rays streaming from the tube: this appearance, too, is very singular and *real*.

A word now about the *Chromatrope*—literally, the *colour-turner*. The image on the screen produced by this instrument may be described for those who have not seen it as strongly resembling that presented to the eye by the kaleidoscope. A mixed, moving multitude of colours, vying in lustre with the precious stones, are seen whirling together, threading in and out; now, as it were, blown from a trumpet-mouth, now pouring back into the same, and in their revolutions producing a variety and perplexity of patterns which would weary even the eyes of a manufacturer to gaze upon. These results are produced by means of compound sliders, two or three in one. Two of these are movable, the third is often fixed. They are painted variously in designs of different colours, consisting generally of some combination of circles or other mathematical figures: all the portion of the glass containing no figure is painted black. The movable glasses are turned in different directions by a handle attached to the slider, and the result is the complicated play of colours and forms which is depicted on the screen. A somewhat similar but more varied effect was produced soon after the invention of the kaleidoscope by Sir D. Brewster, by adapting that beautiful instrument to the magic lantern, and was exhibited by a celebrated chemical lecturer to his class. But the present is the simplest form, and in the beauty of its images leaves little to be desired. Two lanterns are commonly employed in its exhibition, so as to avoid any stoppage of the performance. The appearance of a fountain casting up water is managed by a variety of the same contrivance as the Chromatrope. The introduction of this variety of optical image is recent.

The exhibitions which have received the fantastic titles—the *Opaque Microscope*, and the *Physioscope*, are very pleasing of their kind, and may be readily made intelligible to the reader. By the contrivance entitled the Opaque Microscope, the images of medallions, bas-reliefs, Paris-plaster casts, and other opaque objects, are thrown on the screen, and produce a singular *raised* effect. The surface of these objects is very highly polished, and they are introduced within the body of the lantern: a strong light there falling upon them in a particular position is reflected from their surface on to a concave mirror, and thence through the lenses of the tube of the lantern on to the screen: thus the image is produced. The Physioscope is apparently a modification of Sir D. Brewster's contrivance for the exhibition of what he calls the Catadioptrical Phantasmagoria. The visitors to the Royal Polytechnic Institution used nightly to be diverted by beholding a benevolent old gentleman's half-figure in gigantic proportions upon the screen. For their amusement this old gentleman used to drink wine, eat buns, gape and sneeze, all of course in the most life-like manner; and generally finished the exhibition by standing gradually up, and revealing a stature as tall as any of the monsters commemorated in fable or in song. This really remarkable exhibition is produced in the following manner:—in an apartment out of sight of the spectators are a large concave mirror, a powerful light, and the person whose figure is to be thrown on the screen. He is so placed that the rays of light reflected by his person are received by the mirror, and, collected by it, are reflected through a lens, and then directed on to the screen, where they appear in the form of a gigantic image. Other objects may be effectively exhibited by the same means; and some singular and startling effects are capable of being produced, such as the decapitation of a warrior, and restoring his head again, and such-like, by intercepting a part of the reflected rays from the mirror by means of a prism. In this, as indeed in all the other exhibitions, everything depends on the power of the artificial light; and the oxyhydrogen lime-light is the best for this purpose. The electric light, could it be made steady and permanent, would prove valuable. In exhibiting the human face, the glare has the disagreeable result of causing the eyes to blink, and thus in some measure interfere with the perfection of the image.

The last marvel of our modern optical magicians that we shall notice is the *Diorama*. This beautiful method of exhibiting optical effects is, we believe, the invention of M. Daguerre and another gentleman. In the production of a life-like impression on the eye, this Diorama is unequalled by any other contrivance: it is nature itself. All the accidents of the landscape—sudden gleams of sunshine, the passage of a cloud, the dim diffusive light of early morning or approaching night, are all thrown in indescribable beauty and truthfulness upon the painting. The solemn soul-subduing influence of some of the scenes which have been exhibited at the Regent's Park in the metropolis cannot be conveyed in words. The destruction of an Alpine village by an avalanche can never be forgotten after it has been once seen. The manner of effecting this representation is strikingly simple: the spectatory is a darkened room, which revolves upon rollers; the sight-aperture, or proscenium, is of moderate size, and through it is seen a large painting representing some scene or celebrated locality. The light is thrown upon this picture from above, through ground-glass; and arrangements exist, by means of shutters and blinds, to modulate the tone of the light cast upon the picture, so as to imitate with the nicest accuracy the natural effects of light and shadow. Some parts of the painting are transparent, permitting light from behind to be employed with great effect, where a chapel or such-like scene is to be lit up at night. By having two pictures, the spectators are insensibly carried round to behold first one, and then the other. In some large continental dioramas several pictures are employed. Few who have witnessed the changes represented in a well-managed dioramic exhibition, would believe that the whole art consisted, as we have seen, in a skilful manner of operating with light.

Before concluding this article, we may be allowed to express pleasure at the rational amusement which may be afforded by means of the simple instrumentality here variously described, in addition to the lighter diversions also spoken of. The various sciences of astronomy, natural history, meteorology, botany, anatomy, geography—are all capable of the most beautiful illustration by the same means as, when amusement is the object, will develop all the phenomena of the Phantasmagoria and Dissolving Views. Need we repeat it? This is simply the magic lantern fitted with the appliances of modern science. Well is it for our age that the powers conferred by science on man are no longer, as formerly, prostituted to enslave the mind in the bondage of heathen ignorance and superstitions. Far from feeling terror, even a child would now laugh at what once made the stoutest heart quail in the courts of Grecian and Roman temples—the apparition of the so-called 'divinity' on the wall of the building, or amid the fires of the sacrificial rites. There

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is every reason to believe that to ends base as these, as dishonouring to the Former of all things, as enslaving to the minds of the people, were the interesting phenomena of light and shade of which we have here spoken once, and for a protracted period, made subservient. The optical magic of our age, we may thankfully say, sets up no claim to the supernatural.

MR ROBERT SIMPSON'S COURTSHIP.

About three years have elapsed since Mr Robert Simpson succeeded, at the demise of Mr Isaac Simpson, ironmonger by trade, fishmonger by Livery, and common councilman of the City of London by election, to the prosperous business and municipal honours established and acquired by his respectable, painstaking parent. Some natural tears he shed; but, the exigencies of business and the duties of his corporate office—replacing, as he immediately did, his father in the representation of the important ward in which his shop was situated—not permitting a protracted indulgence in the selfish luxury of wo, he fortunately recovered his equanimity in a much less space of time than persons acquainted with the extreme tenderness of his disposition had thought possible. Mr Robert Simpson, albeit arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, was still a bachelor; and not only unappropriated, but, as ward-rumour reported, unpromised; at perfect liberty, in fact, to bestow himself, his very desirable stock in trade, business premises, and three freehold houses in the Poultry, upon any fair lady fortunate enough to engage his affection, and able to return it. Indeed to this circumstance, it was whispered at the time of his election, he owed his unopposed return to the municipal niche so long and worthily occupied by his departed father; Mr Crowley, the highly-respectable spectacle-maker, having suddenly withdrawn from the contest on the very day of nomination; thereto induced, hinted gossips of the City, by the fact that Miss Crowley, who chanced to meet Mr Robert Simpson on the previous evening at the house of a mutual acquaintance, had been by him most courteously and gallantly escorted home. The matrimonial inference drawn from so slight a premise as a few minutes' walk along unromantic Cheapside, by gas, not moonlight, proved, as might be expected, an altogether erroneous one. The Fates had other views regarding the prosperous ironmonger; and as those 'sisters three,' like most ladies, generally contrive to have their own way, Mr Simpson was ultimately quite otherwise disposed of; and Miss Crowley, for aught I know to the contrary, remains Miss Crowley to this day.

Not that Mr Simpson was by any means insensible to female fascination: he was, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, somewhat too susceptible; an ardent admirer of beauty in all its hues and varieties, from the fair and delicate grace and beauty of the maidens of the pale north, to the richer glow and warmer tints of orient loveliness. The strict surveillance of his honoured father, joined to a constitutional timidity he was quite unable to overcome, had, however, sufficed during that gentleman's lifetime to prevent rash impulse from eventuating in rash deed. He was also, I must mention, extremely fastidious in his notions of feminine delicacy and reserve; and his especial antipathies were red hair, or any hue approaching to red, and obliquity of vision of the slightest kind. Such was the Mr Robert Simpson who, about two o'clock on the afternoon of March the 1st, 1847, stepped, richly and scrupulously attired, into a Brougham, specially retained to convey him to dine at his friend Mr John Puckford's modest, but comfortable establishment at Mile End, where he was by express arrangement to meet his expected, expectant bride. Before, however, relating what there befell him, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of certain important incidents which had occurred during the three previous days.

On the evening of the preceding Tuesday, Mr Simpson, finding himself at the east end of the town, and moreover strongly disposed for a cup of tea and a quiet gossip, resolved to 'drop in' upon his new acquaintance Mr John Puckford, hoping to find him and his wife alone. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment; for he had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the knocker, when he was startled—Mr Simpson was, as I have before hinted, a singularly bashful person in the presence of the fairer and better half of creation—by the sound of female voices issuing, in exuberant merriment, from the front parlour. There was company it was evident; and Mr Simpson's first impulse was to fly: as the thought crossed his mind, the door opened, and Mr Puckford, who chanced to be in the passage, espying him, he was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and was speedily in the midst of the merry party whose gaiety had so alarmed him. That the introduction was managed in the usual way, I have no doubt; but the names, however distinctly uttered, seem to have made no impression upon the confused brain of the bashful visitor; so that when, after the lapse of a few minutes, he began to recover his composure, he found himself in the presence of three ladies and one gentleman, of whose names, as well as persons, he was profoundly ignorant. The ladies were two of Mrs Puckford's married sisters, and Miss Fortescue, a young lady of reduced fortunes, at present occupied as teacher in a neighbouring seminary. The gentleman was Mr Alfred Gray, a bachelor like Mr Simpson, but nothing like so old, and scarcely so bashful. Mrs Frazer, the eldest of the two sisters, a charming lady-like person, of, you would say, judging from appearances, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, seemed—after some oscillation between her and Mrs Holland, whose fuller proportions, dark hair, and brunette complexion, contrasted not unfavourably with the lighter figure, and fair hair and features of her sister—to engross Mr Simpson's whole attention, and to arouse after a while all his conversational energies, which, by the way, were by no means contemptible. Mr Simpson's time was come: ere a couple of hours had fled, the hapless ironmonger was hurt past all surgery; had fallen desperately in love with a married lady, and the mother of three or four children! On the only single female present, Miss Fortescue, Mr Simpson had bestowed but one glance on entering the apartment: that had been quite sufficient to check any desire for a more intimate perusal of her features. The lady combined his two antipathies: her hair was decidedly red; and a strong *cast*, to use a mild term, detracted from the uncommon brilliancy of her mind-glancing eyes. She took very slight part in the conversation; and that little, so absorbed was Mr Simpson, was by him utterly unheeded. She wore, like her friend Mrs Frazer, a plaid-dress, and the baptismal name of both was Mary.

The ladies departed early, and Mr Simpson and Mr Gray followed their example a few minutes afterwards. 'Mr Gray,' said the former gentleman, as he took leave of his companion at the end of the street, 'what is that charming person's name? I have quite forgotten it.'

'Which charming person?' inquired Mr Alfred Gray with a quiet smile.

This Mr Simpson thought a very absurd question; he, however, replied—'The lady in the plaid-dress: Mary, Mrs Puckford called her.'

'The lady in a plaid-dress, whom Mrs Puckford called Mary, is a Miss Fortescue: she is a teacher of music and drawing,' rejoined Mr Gray with demure accent. It was too dark for Mr Simpson to see his eyes.

'Thank you, sir: good-night,' rejoined the enamoured municipal dignitary. Mr Simpson was soon at home, and before an hour had elapsed, had carefully penned, and posted with his own hands, a letter to his friend Puckford. He then retired to bed, and dreamt dreams.

'Sarah,' said Mr Puckford the next morning to his wife after reading a letter, just delivered, with a perplexed expression of countenance—'did Mr Simpson seem to you particularly struck with Mary Fortescue yesterday evening?'

'With Mary Fortescue? Surely not. Why do you ask?'

'Only that here is a letter from Simpson professing violent love for her; and stating his determination, should

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you and I be able to assure him, which he scarcely dares venture to hope, that she is disengaged, to immediately solicit her hand in marriage!'

'Gracious!—Is it possible?'

'Read the letter yourself. Her beauty, he observes, is, he is quite sure, her least recommendation. Comical, isn't it?'

'Well, it *is* odd; but she is, you know, a most amiable creature; and will make, I am sure, an admirable wife.'

'And he, too, that so especially detests red hair, or the slightest twist in the organs of vision'——

'Mary Fortescue's hair,' interrupted the wife, 'can scarcely be called red: a very deep gold colour I should say'——

'Very deep indeed—remarkably so,' interjected Mr Puckford.

'And as to the slight cast in her eyes, *that* no one observes after a few days' acquaintance with her.'

'I suppose we may with a safe conscience assure him that she is not engaged?'

'Of course we may. It is a wonderful match for her, and we ought to do all we can to forward it. Friday next, the 1st of March, is Alfred's birthday; suppose you ask him to dine with us on that day to meet her? We need have only the same party he met yesterday evening.'

This was finally agreed upon; and accordingly, as soon as he had finished his business in the City, Mr Puckford, previous to returning home, called on Mr Simpson. He found him in a state of great excitement, which, however, gradually calmed down after Mr Puckford's solemn assurance, which he gave unhesitatingly, that the charming Mary Fortescue was certainly disengaged; and, in his opinion, by no means indisposed to entertain an eligible matrimonial proposition. All this was balm to the stricken Simpson; and after several failures, he at last succeeded in inditing a formal offer of his hand and fortune to the lady of his affection; of which impassioned missive Mrs Puckford was to be the bearer; her husband undertaking that she would exert all her eloquence and influence to secure acceptance of the proposal.

'And now, Puckford,' said Mr Simpson, 'we'll have a glass of wine, and drink the future Mrs Simpson's health. What a charming ornament,' he added with a sort of rapturous sigh, as he placed the decanters on the table—'what a charming ornament she would be to this fireplace!'

'An odd expression that!' thought Mr Puckford, forgetting that the speaker was an ironmonger, and dealt in such articles. In fact, from the way in which Simpson had been rapturising upon Miss Fortescue's charms, a doubt of his friend's perfect sanity had sprung up in John Puckford's mind; and he shrewdly suspected that the affair would terminate in a *de lunatico inquirendo* instead of a license.

'Do you know, Puckford,' said Mr Simpson with a benevolent, patronising air, after the third or fourth glass—'do you know I fancy there is a great likeness between you and Mary Fortescue?'

Mr John Puckford, the reader must understand, was a handsome young man with a brilliant florid complexion, perfectly-agreeing vision, and light-brown hair. No wonder, therefore, he was more startled than flattered by the comparison. The colour mounted to his temples, and a conviction of Simpson's utter insanity flashed across his brain. 'Mad as a March hare!' he mentally ejaculated; at the same time resolving, should the paroxysm grow dangerously violent, to knock him down with one of the decanters; both of which, as two could play at that game, he drew, as if in doubt which wine he would take, to his own side of the table. Mr Simpson, mistaking the nature of his friend's emotion, added, 'Don't suppose, Puckford, I intend any absurd flattery!'

'Not at all, Simpson; I didn't suppose anything of the sort, I assure you.'

'To be sure not; nothing is more contemptible. You are a good-looking fellow—very: but of course I couldn't mean that you, a man, are to be compared to Mary Fortescue.'

'I should think not!' drily responded the more and more mystified and bewildered Puckford.

'Exactly: you do not resemble each other about the eyes, either in colour or expression.'

'Oh!'

'No: as to hair,' continued Mr Simpson meditatively, 'yours, there can be no doubt, is decidedly the lightest.'

'It's coming now,' thought Mr John Puckford, grasping at the same time one of the decanters, and eyeing his friend intensely.

Mr Simpson, quite misinterpreting the action, added quickly, 'Do, my good fellow, fill me a bumper, and we'll drink her good-looking friend's health—the lady, I mean, with the dark silky hair and brunette complexion. Do you know,' continued the complacent Simpson, crossing his legs, throwing himself back easily in his chair, and hooking his thumbs to the arm-holes of his waistcoat—'do you know that, if Mary Fortescue had not been at your house yesterday evening, I might have'——

What the worthy ironmonger might, in the case supposed, have done or said, must be left to the reader's imagination, for on the instant a clerk hurriedly entered the apartment, to announce that an important customer awaited Mr Simpson in the counting-house below. Hastily rising, Mr Simpson shook hands with his friend, and both departed their several ways: Mr Puckford bearing off the epistle addressed to Miss Fortescue, and musing as he went upon lover-madness, which, he fully agreed with Rosalind, deserved chains and a dark house quite as much as any other variety of the disease.

The next day Mr Simpson received a note from Mary Fortescue, modestly and gracefully expressed, in which, with charming humility, and many expressions of gratified surprise, the offer of his hand was—on one condition, unexplained, but which rested altogether with himself—gratefully accepted.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 1st of March, Mr Simpson, as I have before stated, entered a Brougham, and directed the driver to make the best of his way to Mile End. It was a fine bright and exceedingly cold day; but notwithstanding the nipping eager air, the love-lorn ironmonger, as he approached the house which contained his charmer, was in a state of profuse perspiration and high nervous excitement. Once more he drew from his pocket the fairy note, and glanced over the modest, grateful, delicately-feminine expressions. 'Dear lady,' he audibly exclaimed as he finished about the five-hundredth perusal of the familiar lines—'dear lady, she will be all tears and tenderness!'

About a minute after giving utterance to this consolatory reflection, Mr Simpson found himself in Mrs Puckford's presence, who, congratulating him on his punctuality, and pointing to the door of the front apartment said, 'There is only *one* lady there, and you know *her*.' Mr Simpson's heart leaped and thumped, as if desirous of bursting through his green velvet waistcoat. He stepped desperately towards the door, and essayed to turn the brass handle; but so profusely did the bashful man's very fingers perspire, that they slipped round the knob without turning it. The second trial, with the help of his cambric handkerchief, was more successful, and the lover was in the presence of the lady.

Certainly it was she! Mrs Frazer, the hapless Simpson's Mary Fortescue, was there in bodily reality. But the grateful humility, the 'tears and tenderness,' prefigured by the charming note!—— Oh Alfred Gray!

The unruffled ease, the calm, reserved politeness with which Mrs Frazer received him chilled his enthusiastic fervour wondrously. His perspiration became a cold one, and in a few moments he felt as if enveloped in coatings and leggings of Wenham-Lake ice. Recovering himself as speedily as he could from the shock of this unexpectedly-chilling reception, Mr Simpson stammered forth something about his extreme good fortune in having obtained a favourable response from so amiable a person, *et cetera*.

'Certainly,' replied the lady, 'I think you are *very* fortunate, Mr Simpson.' And then, by way of saying something particularly civil, and to relieve the modest man's

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embarrassment, she added, 'But few men have, like you, sufficient discrimination to discern and appreciate attractions which lie hidden from the merely superficial observer.'

Poor Simpson gasped for breath! He was literally dumbfounded! Here was modest gratitude, to say nothing of 'tears and tenderness,' with a vengeance! Miss Fortescue, with a precarious salary of some twenty pounds per annum, exclusive of bread and butter, was, in her own opinion, conferring a tremendous obligation upon a civic dignitary worth at least twenty thousand pounds, by accepting him for a husband! That was quite clear; and although Mr Simpson was too much in love to deny such a proposition in the abstract, still it was, he thought, scarcely consistent with maiden modesty to state it so very broadly.

Notwithstanding his amazement, Mr Simpson, as soon as he recovered breath, continued, so well had he studied for the occasion, to get out a sentence or two about the superiority of connubial to single blessedness. This sentiment also met with ready acquiescence.

'Oh dear, yes,' said Mrs Frazer; 'I would not have been an old maid for the world!'

'Well,' thought the astonished admirer of feminine reserve, almost doubting the evidence of his ears, 'this is certainly the frankest maiden I *ever* conversed with!'

A considerable pause followed. Mrs Frazer, seated upon a sofa, played with the luxuriant auburn—really auburn—tresses of her nephew Alfred.

'A handsome boy,' at length remarked Mr Simpson. 'It's a pity that he hasn't different coloured hair!'

'A pity!' exclaimed the lady: 'I think it beautiful! And,' added she, looking the astonished man somewhat sternly in the face, 'I should be well pleased if all *our* children had hair of the same colour!'

This was a climax! Simpson leaped to his feet as if impelled by the shock of a galvanic battery. '*Our* children! Well, after that! But I must be dreaming,' thought the fastidious ironmonger, as he wiped the perspiration from his teeming forehead; 'labouring under some horrid enchantment.'

Dreaming indeed, and to be swiftly and rudely awakened. The door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom Mrs Frazer immediately introduced with—'Mr Simpson, my husband Mr Frazer!'

The blow was terrific! Simpson staggered back as if he had been shot. He glared alternately at the husband and wife for a few seconds; then, pale as his shirt collar, tottered to a chair, and sinking into it, ejaculated with white lips, 'Oh!'

'What is the matter, sir; you look ill?' said Mr Frazer.

The bewildered man made no reply. His brain was whirling. 'Who on earth, then, *had* he been courting?'

A loud knock at the street door somewhat aroused him. 'My sister, I daresay,' exclaimed Mrs Frazer.

'Her sister! Possibly *his* Mary might be the brunette; and yet—— There were but three females present on that fatal evening, besides Mrs Puckford, that he distinctly remembered; and perhaps'—— Vain hope! the door opened, and the brunette and two gentlemen entered—'Mr and Mrs Holland, and Mr Alfred Gray.'

All illusion was now over. He, Robert Simpson, wealthy tradesman, respected fishmonger, and common councilman, was the betrothed husband of a red-haired damsel with a decided cast, with whom, moreover, he had never exchanged a sentence! His first impulse, as the certainty of his miserable fate flashed upon him, was to strangle Alfred Gray out of hand as the author of his destruction, when fortunately another *rap-tap* arrested his fell intent.

'Miss Fortescue at last!' cried Mrs Frazer, as if announcing glad tidings.

'Oh!' ejaculated the accepted suitor, dropping nervelessly back into the seat from which he had just risen—'Oh!'

He was seized with a sort of vertigo; and what occurred, or how he behaved for a considerable interval, he never distinctly remembered. He was, however, soon seated at table by the side of his affianced bride, Mr Puckford saying grace. This was the *actual* state of affairs; but poor Simpson's impression at the moment was, that he had been led out to sudden execution by an enormous Jack Ketch with red hair and a frightful squint, and that his friend Puckford was the chaplain reading the funeral service. Gradually, however, his brain cleared, and he grew cooler and more collected. Upon reflection, his position did not appear so *very* desperate. As to Mrs Frazer, all that was of course over, past praying for, and he must dismiss it from his mind as speedily as possible. The lady beside him, who he could see was almost as discomposed as himself, was, he had no doubt, a sensible person—her letter was sufficient evidence of that; and when he had explained the unfortunate mistake that had occurred, which he would by and by take a quiet opportunity of doing, would no doubt release him from an engagement he had never intended to contract. He would, moreover—Simpson was anything but a churlish or ungenerous man—bestow upon her a marriage-portion of, say, four or five hundred pounds, which would doubtless enable her to marry respectably, and thus console her for her present disappointment. Thus philosophising and reasoning, Mr Simpson's spirits, considering the suddenness of the shock he had endured, rallied wonderfully, and he was enabled to address a few words of course to Miss Fortescue in almost a cheerful voice and manner. The lady's answer was uttered in the gentlest, sweetest tones he had ever listened to; and Mr Simpson was a connoisseur in voices. The conversation continued; became general; and the dinner, commenced so inauspiciously, passed off, considering all things, remarkably well. After dinner Miss Fortescue—her friends, who greatly esteemed her, generously drawing forth her powers—appeared to great advantage. Her mind, of a superior order, had been well cultivated, and her conversation was at once refined, sparkling, and sensible. Mr Simpson was surprised, pleased, almost charmed. Music was proposed, and she sang several songs admirably. Mr Simpson determined to postpone his explanation—necessarily an unpleasant one—till the next day, when he would do it by letter. The party separated about nine o'clock; long before which hour it had several times glanced across the ironmonger's mind, that a dislike of any particular coloured hair was, after all, a very absurd prejudice: as to the *cast*, that, he was satisfied, was so slight as scarcely to deserve the name. It had been arranged that they should all dine with the Frazers the day after the next; and as Mr Simpson handed Mary Fortescue into the cab, in which Mrs and Mr Frazer were already seated, she whispered, 'Oblige me by coming on Sunday half an hour before the time appointed: I have something of importance to say to you.' Mr Simpson bowed, and—how could he do less?—raised the lady's hand to his lips. The carriage drove off, and the worthy man was left in the most perplexing state of dubiety and irresolution imaginable. He began to think he had gone too far to recede with honour; and, what was very extraordinary, he felt scarcely sorry for it! At all events, he would not act rashly: Sunday was not far off: he would defer his explanation till then.

Mr Simpson, punctual to his engagement, found Miss Fortescue awaiting him alone. He felt on this occasion none of the violent emotions he had experienced on the previous Friday. His heart, instead of knocking and thumping like a caged wild thing, beat tranquilly in his bosom; yet it was not without a calmly-pleasurable emotion that he met the confiding, grateful smile which beamed on his entrance over the lady's features. Seating himself beside her, he, with respectful gentleness, requested her to proceed with the matter she wished to communicate. She blushingly complied, and speedily beguiled him, if not of his tears, which I am not quite sure about, of something, under the circumstances, far more valuable. 'Her family, not many years before in apparently affluent circumstances, had been, by reverses in trade, suddenly cast down into extreme poverty. The only surviving members of it, her mother and youngest sister, had been long principally dependent on her exertions for support.

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The assistance she had fortunately been able to render had hitherto sufficed them; but of course, if she married, that source of income must fail; and she never *would* marry—indeed she had never, till surprised by his generous offer, contemplated marriage—but she was even now fully resolved never to do so unless—unless'—— Mary Fortescue paused in her narrative, and her timid, inquiring glance rested anxiously upon the varying countenance of her auditer.

Mr Simpson was not made of adamant, nor of iron though he traded in the article; and no wonder, therefore, that the graceful manner, the modest, pleading earnestness, the gentle tones, the filial piety of his betrothed, should have vanquished, subdued him. Her features, plain as they undoubtedly were, irradiated by the lustre of a beautiful soul, kindled into absolute beauty! At all events Mr Simpson must have thought so, or he would not have caught the joyfully-weeping maiden in his arms and exclaimed, in answer to her agitated appeal, 'Unless your home may be theirs also? Be it so: I have, thank God, enough and to spare for all.'

Thus was oddly brought about, and finally determined on, one of the happiest marriages, if Mr Simpson himself is to be believed—and he *ought* to know—that holy church has ever blessed. Should he attain, of which there is every reasonable prospect, the dignity of Lord Mayor, he will, I am quite sure, attribute that, as he now does all fortunate events, to his supreme good-luck in having unwittingly fallen in love with another man's wife!

HURLBUT ON HUMAN RIGHTS.*

Although this cannot be considered as either a complete or a classically-written treatise, it possesses a strong claim upon our notice, in as far as it is an attempt to trace the true natural root of human rights in the human constitution itself. The author, an American lawyer, is an adherent of the doctrines of Gall, which is only saying that he acknowledges a definite mental organisation in man as a department of nature—a doctrine which has led this school to many views of human happiness and destiny now rising into importance, even amongst those who start most at phrenology in its ordinary—we might say vulgar, acceptation.

'The duty of the legislator,' says Mr Hurlbut, 'is simply to conform to natural truth. If Infinite Goodness has ordained the employment of the human faculties for the attainment of happiness, and invited their activity by surrounding them with the means of employment and gratification, human wisdom has but one work to perform—and that is, to reduce the means of happiness to possession according to the natural design. . . . . The law is merely *declaratory* as to all natural rights. It does not create, but enforces them. . . . If the law forbid that which nature allows, it restrains human liberty. If it enjoin a duty which nature does not impose, it inflicts an act of tyranny upon man. If it confer a right which nature has not ordained, it robs some one or many of that which it confers, and works injustice among men.' How can we avoid this tyranny? 'Nature outraged appeals from human to divine laws. We have but to know ourselves and our natural relations, and we may be redressed at once.'

'Man,' pursues our author, 'has a right to the gratification, indulgence, and exercise of every innate power and faculty of his mind. The exercise of a faculty is its only use. The *manner* of its exercise is one thing; *that* involves a question of morals. The *right* to its exercise is another thing, in which no question is involved but the existence of the innate faculty, and the objects presented by nature for its gratification.'

Mr Hurlbut then argues that, as life has been given by the Creator, it is a right as against all but the donor; as God has surrounded man with the means of happiness in conformity with his nature, he has further a right to happiness. Having a right to happiness, man has also a right to employ the means for its accomplishment which the Creator has conferred upon him in certain innate desires, emotions, and faculties. 'Here is the consummation of man's rights.' There is, however, 'a wide difference between the rational gratification of human desires, and the abusive indulgence of them. There is the same difference as between eating and gluttony—between drinking and drunkenness—between mirthfulness and satire—between justice and vengeance. We are not contending for the abuse, but for the enlightened gratification of man's natural desires; not justifying violence to the laws of the Creator, but struggling for conformity to them. We are seeking to establish the divine origin of human rights, and not the divine origin of human transgressions. Here will be found no apology for vice, but a vindication of virtue.'

It has been a favourite doctrine, that 'the individual substantially bargains with society upon becoming a member of it, by surrendering a portion of his natural rights for certain acquired rights or advantages which the laws of government may confer.' Mr Hurlbut denies this, and shows that, the love of society being one of the natural appetites, it is itself a right, instead of a reason for the surrender of rights. 'The social state emanates from our proper nature, and must not contradict or wrong it. There need be no war between society and the individual man; and tyranny alone declares it.'

Mr Hurlbut regards government—that is, we presume, government as it ought to be—as an expression of the aggregate of morality that may be in a country. A nation composed exclusively of high moral characters, each of whom was a law unto himself, would require no coercion. But, as mankind actually exist, this is necessary. 'A large share of the members composing the social body is constituted of persons in infancy and youth—periods in human life when the passions are strongest, and the intellectual and moral forces have the least control over them. The process of moral and intellectual culture is not perfected, and the advantages of experience and reflection have not yet been attained. Here, then, are defective characters placed in the midst of society, and their restraint is necessary for the safety of its members.

'Again, as we have seen, the mental constitutions of the different adult individuals of the human race vary indefinitely. All are *alike*, but not *equal*. Uniformity of *kind*, but inequality of *powers*, seems to have been the rule of nature when she formed the character and appointed the destiny of the various members of the human family. It is easy to perceive this disparity in the physical proportions, strength, and appearance of different individuals. Their intellectual and moral powers vary no less, as is established by phrenological science. The same divine hand which made "one star to differ from another star in glory," has made one man to differ from another in the strength and activity of the various instinctive, moral, and intellectual forces of his mind. All men may rise upward from their starting-point, but he whom nature has favoured most may retain his advantage even to the end.' Government, accordingly, becomes necessary, 'in order that there may be imposed upon the actions of each individual in society such moral restraint as is felt by a man having the best moral and intellectual endowment and culture. In other words, government ought to prescribe such limits to individual action as are sanctioned by reason and natural morality.'

'A just government,' adds our author, 'will impose no restraint upon man which his own moral nature and enlightened intellect do not sanction. A good and proper man ought to feel no restraint under government but that of his own enlightened nature. The law of government and the law of his own mind ought to present the same limit to his actions. Government no more directs him than he directs the government. The obligations of the law and those of humanity are to him

* Originally published in the 'Phrenological Journal;' reprinted cheaply by Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh. 1847.

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one and the same. If the laws are just, they are the offspring of his moral nature. The obligation of the laws is derived from their moral fitness. His submission, then, is not to man, but to the Creator; not to government, but to himself—to his better, his superior self. If he make a sacrifice, it is upon the altar of his own happiness: he surrenders no right *but the right to do wrong;* he gives up no privilege but the *privilege of erring.* But he had no right to transgress a rule of action prescribed by his superior nature to effect his happiness. He surrenders no positive right, therefore, when he becomes a citizen of a just and free government. He is yet as free as his own true nature ever allowed him to be.'

Mr Hurlbut then asserts the right of man to adapt government to the constitution of his nature. 'The next great requirement of humanity is—*that the laws shall be general in their scope and application, equal and impartial to all.*

'If the aim of all mankind be happiness, and if that depend upon the same rule of intellectual and moral action, then the rule prescribing or limiting that course of action must be the same for all men. Hence the demand of all the enlightened world, that the laws shall acknowledge the equality of all men; not the equality of their physical, moral, or intellectual powers, but the universality and equality of human rights. The doctrine of human equality is not understood by all who assert it. Legal equality exists where the laws create no factitious greatness, confer no partial privileges, and deny no natural rights. So that if the laws be adapted to the constitution of the human mind, and apply to all men alike, or are just and general, affecting all men alike, then all men are equally regarded, protected, and punished by those laws, and legal equality is established. But the inequalities arising from the disparities of men's physical and mental constitutions will still exist. One man will have the advantage of another still; but he will owe it to the laws of his organisation, and not to the laws of man. So far as human legislation has gone, it has left him as it found him—strong, if he were strong before, and weak if he were weak. It has guaranteed the *freedom* of his nature, not the *powers* of it. It has kept his course free from human obstruction. It has conferred neither rights, nor privileges, nor powers—but protected all, and all alike. It is not the fault of the law if he is still weak, as it is not the boast of the law if he is now strong. It made him neither. It took him as he was, and kept him as it found him. The most perfect human laws can claim no higher merit than that they have followed nature; not having conferred the rights of humanity, but guaranteed and defended them; not having bestowed powers upon any man, but having kept him free from obstruction in the exercise of his natural faculties. The boast of the laws should be, that they have not obstructed the true course of humanity; that they have neither advanced nor retarded any man; but that they let him alone to work out his happiness in the exercise of his own true nature, according to its beautiful harmonies, and to attain happiness in accordance with the laws of his mind.'

Our author is strong in his denunciations of that kind of legislation which seeks to confer local and special benefits. It is a kind apparently in great force in his country, and unhappily it is becoming somewhat formidable in ours. He adds—'The legislator properly represents the state, the whole people; nay, humanity itself. He is the guardian of human rights, not the promoter of selfish interests. He should be moved from within, not from without; and if he considered only the justice of general laws, he would act under the impulses of his enlightened sentiments alone. No bribe would tempt his integrity, and his only reward would be the reward of virtue. What dignity, what moral grandeur in his work! He toils now for humanity. Not for particular men, but for mankind he labours; not for the present, but for all time he rears the structure of human government, and adorns the temple of justice. He becomes the student of nature, and reverences her laws. He proclaims the rights of man, asserts their sacred inviolability, and keeps the high course of humanity free from obstruction. He is the friend of all rights and the foe of all privileges.'

In descending to details, Mr Hurlbut advances upon ground where we cannot follow him. We would, however, recommend his treatise to the class of minds which desiderate rational inquiry into such subjects.

ADVENTURES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

One error appears to prevail almost universally respecting the great Deserts of Africa, whose aspect is supposed to inspire melancholy by suggesting ideas of death. This is in direct opposition to our own experience. On many a day have we ridden through these fiery wastes, accompanied by natives of the Nilolie Valley, or Arabs from the borders of the Red Sea; and on these occasions, instead of depression and sadness, have felt the most buoyant cheerfulness, and an inexpressible enjoyment of life. Among all the things around you, there is nothing that can die. You seem to have overstepped the boundaries of mortal existence, and to be moving within the regious of immortality. The sun pouring down its rays through an unclouded sky; the endless expanse of rocks and sand, seemingly rendered transparent by excessive light; and the elasticity, purity, and sweetness of the air, which almost intoxicates you by its exhilarating qualities, render the traversing of the Desert a source of more than ordinary pleasure. That many who have made the trial think differently, is to be accounted for by accidental circumstances. They have been suffering perhaps from ill health, or been rendered dejected by other causes, and have attributed to physical influences what should rather have been ascribed to the condition of their minds.

These, however, are the feelings with which the generality of mankind regard the Desert. History and poetry have peopled their fancy with varied images of terror: whirling sand pillars reaching to the clouds; trackless regions unblessed with spring or fountain; an unstable soil in perpetual motion, rolling like the waves of the sea before the wind, and ever ready to submerge the luckless traveller; fierce tribes of men addicted to pillage and murder; scorpions, serpents, pestilential blasts, and death by suffocating heat. But the spirit of enterprise overcomes everything. Trade perpetually conducts caravans across these burning tracts; and curiosity and the love of science from time to time impel single adventurers to despise the sand-storm and the simoom, and to penetrate into these half-fabulous solitudes, in which the venerable traditions of antiquity are found side by side with the offspring of modern ignorance and superstition.

When we were ourselves in Egypt, invincible obstacles prevented our approach to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. We have therefore read with deep interest the narrative of Mr Bayle St John,* who was more fortunate than ourselves, since he succeeded in reaching the site of the oracle and the celebrated Fountain of the Sun. He was lucky enough to find at Alexandria three gentlemen, who consented to become his companions; and on the 15th of September 1847, started in the direction of the Arab's Tower. The four travellers were mounted on asses, camels carried their tent and baggage, and they were accompanied by a number of donkey boys and two Moggrebins or African Bedawins. For various reasons, the natives who attend you on such expeditions are greatly given to multiply the dangers of the way. First, ignorance is always prone to the marvellous; second, the persons whom they meet returning from the place to be visited are apt to exaggerate, in order to enhance their own intrepidity; and third, if they

* Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St John. London: Murray. 1849.

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are expected to face thirst, fatigue, fevers, robbers, and assassins, it is but fair that their reward should be augmented in proportion to their risks. We were ourselves fortunate enough to meet with Arabs of a better class, who made light of real dangers, and exhibited unusual disinterestedness and forbearance. But they were evidently exceptions to the general rule; at least old Yúnus, who conducted Mr Bayle St John to Siwah, was one of those unprincipled and uncompromising vagabonds who are too commonly found on the frontiers of all countries, more especially in the East.

The region over which they travelled for several days lies along the borders of the sea; and though represented almost by a blank in our maps, exhibits tokens of having been well cultivated and extremely fertile in antiquity. Tanks, wells, cisterns, fountains, and streams of water existing in great numbers, attest the industry of its ancient inhabitants, and justify the reports transmitted to us by historians. But it is now no longer the abode of civilisation. Instead of husbandmen and vine-dressers, merchants and shipowners, we only encounter a few straggling Moggrebins, half shepherds and half thieves, who vanish at the approach of a powerful caravan, but lie in wait and attack stragglers, whom they pillage, and occasionally assassinate.

The party in whose company we are about to proceed to the Oasis having remained two days at Abusir, the Taposiris of Egyptian geography, and made during that time all necessary arrangements, on the 18th of September committed themselves to the perils of the Desert. The sheik who was to be their guide lingered very naturally about his tent, loth to quit his young wife and the command of his clan, however small, in order, for gain, to herd with those whom he regarded as unbelievers, and to brave in their society thirst, pestilence, and famine. Gold of course prevailed ultimately. Having held an affectionate dialogue with his helpmate, and given a great deal of good advice to his son, Yúnus put the diminutive caravan in motion. In this march, though they kept moving till midnight, little way was made. Next day also the spirit of lingering prevailed. The guides were restive; the travellers not yet invested with that authority which habit and distance usually confer on them; and so it was late in the afternoon before they recommenced their march. But with the Arabs little difference is made in travelling between day and night; or rather, we should perhaps say, they prefer the latter, partly through prudence, and partly through an instinctive hankering after that excitement which new scenes, beheld by star or moonlight, everywhere afford. Few objects presented themselves to arrest their curiosity. Close upon dusk they passed the ruins of a fortified camp, and three hours later a Saracenic castle, which, standing amid the white sands on the beach, awakened in their minds many associations of legend and romance. Then, again, about the witching time of night, they spread their mats upon the rocks, enjoyed their pipes, and having further fortified themselves with brandy and water against the cold, slept in their cloaks beneath the open sky. In this way they proceeded day after day, sometimes pausing to examine the ruins which presented themselves on the route, now and then meeting kafilas going down into Egypt to buy corn: here pitching their tent to defend them from the chill blasts of the Mediterranean; and there, overcome by weariness, omitting this precaution, and contenting themselves with the shelter of a rock.

The reader, perhaps, has studied Plutarch, or Quintus Curtius, or some other historian of Alexander the Great. In that case he will remember that the Macedonian conqueror pursued exactly the same route, though with far greater celerity, when he undertook his expedition to Ammon's Temple, in order to strengthen among his followers the belief that he was sprung from a Divine source. In his case there was greater haste than prudence. Four days after leaving the border of Lake Mareotis, the future site of Alexandria, he and his companions were in danger of perishing from thirst, and were at length saved only by the occurrence of copious showers, which enabled them to fill their water-skins. It was customary, however, in those times always to look for marvels, into which, by a peculiar system of interpretation, they converted whatever they saw. The Macedonians lost their way in the Desert, when a flight of crows making its appearance, guided them through the dangerous passes until they beheld the verdant Oasis expanding before their eyes. In the protracted duration of traditions we put less faith than many others; but from the nomenclature of the Desert, it appears that a wild gorge in the interior still retains the name of the Pass of the Crow, from the fact, perhaps, that that bird is constantly observed there. Mr Bayle St John and his companions lost their way, like the Macedonians, and were extricated from their difficulty by following in the wake of a couple of crows, which, they concluded, were flying towards the Oasis. In the Valley of the Nile there is a particular mountain, which, though several hundred miles from the Mediterranean, is habitually covered with flights of the Damietta duck and other aquatic birds. They doubtless find some favourite food in the Nile at that spot, and therefore proceed thither in numbers, which sometimes render all the rocks in the neighbourhood almost black. The constant presence of the crow in the pass which bears its name, may probably be accounted for in the same way. On the night after this adventure, they found themselves under the necessity of traversing a series of hollows, that remind us of those which intersect the route between Tajara and the Abyssinian Highlands. For some time they had been journeying along a lofty ridge, from which it became necessary to descend by forcing the camels down a narrow and precipitous declivity, full of danger and difficulty. At the bottom they halted three or four hours to wait for the moon, in a position sufficiently romantic and uncomfortable. A north-east wind, cold and cutting, came whistling over the tops of the hills, and seemed to be sucked down into the hollow, where they sat on the chilly stones enveloped in their cloaks, or lay prostrate to catch a brief space of sleep. 'On all sides,' observes the traveller, 'perpendicular masses of rock reared themselves, black and frowning, looking like a vast ruined wall encircling us; whilst overhead the Milky Way spanned the heavens, and all the constellations shone with a brilliancy known only in the East, and, I may add, in the Desert. At about ten the moon lifted up its slightly-depressed orb over the vast pile of rocks, and we were soon again in motion, right glad to escape from so bleak a spot. A few hundred yards ahead, after passing a narrow defile, an extraordinary scene burst upon us. Whilst the irregular line of rocks continued close on our left, we suddenly beheld to the right a great chasm; and beyond, glittering in the moonlight, and clothed by it, no doubt, with yet stranger forms, and more gigantic proportions than nature had afforded, a huge pile of white rocks, looking like the fortifications of some vast fabulous city, such as Martin would choose to paint, or Beckford to describe. There were yawning gateways flanked by bastions of tremendous altitude; there were towers and pyramids, and crescents and domes, and dizzy pinnacles and majestic castellated heights, all invested with unearthly grandeur by the magic beams of the moon, yet exhibiting, in wide breaches and indescribable ruin—evident proofs that, during a long course of ages, they had been battered and undermined by the hurricane, the rain-shower, the thunderbolt, the winter torrent, and all the mighty artillery of time. Piled one upon another, and repeated over and over again, these strangely-contorted rocks stretched away as far as the eye could reach, sinking, however, as they receded, and leading the mind, though not the eye, down to the distant plain below. In vain did our eager glances endeavour to ascertain the limit of the descent to which we had so abruptly come. The horizon was dissolved in a misty light; but stars twinkling low down, as if beneath our feet, showed that we were about to abandon, once for all, the great

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range, along the summit of which we had toiled during so many nights and days.

'A gorge, black as Erebus, lay directly across our path; and we had to make a detour to the left in order to reach the place where it is practicable for camels. Here there was a pause; for again the generally patient beasts hesitated, and moaned, and backed, and drew up their long necks, and huddled together; as well, indeed, they might. The declivity was steep, and filled with heavy shadows. Precipices hemmed it in on every side; and here and there we could distinguish a huge fragment of rock standing like a petrified giant in the way, and catching perchance on its bare scalp some stray beams of sickly light. But down we did go; the camels, when once the impetus was given, carried forward by the weight of their burthens, yet keeping their footing with admirable sagacity; we, almost in the same manner, each leading by the halter his long-eared monture. In truth it was a picturesque scene: partly lighted by the slanting rays of the moon, partly buried in broad masses of shade, and only requiring a few Bedawín heads appearing from behind the jagged rocks, and the flash of a gun or two, to make it worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. According to our guides, some probability existed of such an illumination taking place; and our imaginations were thus supplied with materials to work on, as in the solemn hush of that romantic night we scrambled, slid, staggered, almost rolled down.'

Having thus reached the bottom of the gorge, they there bivouacked for the night; and next day, after the usual quarrels and altercations with the guides, moved along the base of a series of white and red cliffs, passed the Hill of the Cannons, and traversing an exceedingly rough and rocky tract of country, entered upon a plain, where they discovered the first signs of vegetation since leaving Alexandria. By these they were inspired with such feelings of pleasure, that although they consisted of nothing but a number of huge thorns, they could not, as the traveller expresses it, take off their eyes from the green of their leaves. They were now drawing near to what, in the poetical phraseology of the Arab, is called the Gates of the Milky Mountains. Their Bedawíns always took care to keep them in a state of perpetual expectation, and indeed would themselves appear to have looked forward hourly to the occurrence of some unfortunate disaster. Already several times had they been surrounded by the elements of strife, and only escaped what might have proved a fatal encounter by the prudence of the Cyclops who had taken them under his protection. Now, however, danger seemed to approach in a formidable shape. Weariness and want of sleep had sharpened their powers of apprehension. The heat was terrific. They were standing in their tent faint and dispirited, when they descried some objects ahead, which created the usual interest and excitement. 'Pipes were laid aside and guns taken up. For aught we knew, the *Manser* might be coming down upon us. It soon appeared, however, that a large caravan was approaching; still there might be cause for alarm. To what tribe did these strangers belong? If hostile to the Waled Ali, a collision might take place. Presently we beheld a number of armed men advancing ahead of their camels. Our tent, no doubt, had attracted their attention, and roused their curiosity, perhaps excited their alarm. They came on cautiously, as towards an enemy, with their muskets half presented. One of them at length detached himself, and drew near us, keeping a little out of the direct line, possibly to allow his companions an opportunity of firing in case of necessity. He was a strapping giant, above six feet high, with a fine open countenance, high Roman nose, and reddish complexion. I could not help admiring the appearance of this young lion as he crept along, slightly bending, with his gun thrown forward, gazing at us with eyes in which distrust and curiosity were amusingly blended. As he approached, Yúnus, who had more of the tiger in his composition than the lion, went with the same precautions to meet him; and we heard them both, with the infernal suspicion perhaps necessary in the Desert, bring their weapons to full cock ere they came to close quarters. A moment afterwards, however, hand-shaking and embracing succeeded; and the whole party coming up, our little encampment was soon filled with a set of ruffianly-looking young fellows, with skull-caps, that had been white, pulled nearly over their eyes, with brown blankets wrapped closely round them, and tucked up in marching trim, and shoes of various colours in various degrees of dilapidation. Many had daggers and pistols in their belts, from which were suspended shot and powder-purses, with an amulet or two; and all were armed with long guns, some with the addition of bayonets.

'Now began a prodigious number of mutual inquiries, all in cut-and-dried phrases, after one another's health, each of the new-comers thinking it necessary to ask at least ten times of each of our companions how he did. The most satisfactory answers were invariably given; but the anxiety and solicitude of these kind people were not easily soothed. They seemed really afraid that some peculiar source of sorrow might be suppressed through mere delicacy. Exquisite display of the finest feelings of the human breast! I wish I had not detected certain covetous glances at various articles of property, and that this affectionate meeting had terminated in any other manner than a general cry for drink, and a rush at our water-skins. They were but ill supplied for their journey. Improvidence, or poverty, or both, had presided over their arrangements. I could only see about five small *kúrbehs* distributed among the thirty or forty camels that crowded past laden with heavy bags of dates. However, the thirsty souls were not unreasonable; they were made to understand that we could not satisfy the wants of the whole party, and we only spared two or three draughts of water to those that seemed the heads of this band of youths, among whom he who had advanced to reconnoitre was the chief. We received in return for our limited civility a small pile of fresh dates of excellent quality, and the information that there was no fever reported at Siwah; the party, which came from some point on the coast to the west, had only been as far as Garah, where they had obtained their winter's provision of dates. They were good-natured, but rough customers. I should not have liked to have encountered them beyond the range of Yúnus's bland eye.'

They now passed through the little Oasis of Garah, where they were well received, and reached the great valley, which, for its extreme beauty, was denominated by the ancients the Island of the Blessed. The character of its inhabitants, however, had greatly changed since those days. Instead of being hospitable and genial, they have now degenerated into a horde of savages, fierce, bigoted, vindictive, and disposed to thrust the stranger from their doors: for the honour of the children of Ishmael, it should be stated that they were not Arabs, but descended from the Berber race, which would appear to be scattered under various names over all the eastern division of the Sahara. Out of consideration for the Bedawín who brought them to Siwah, they were granted a conditional permission to remain; taking advantage of which, Mr St John explored the valley in its whole length and breadth, visited the ruins of Ammon's Temple, the Fountain of the Sun, the Hill of Tombs, and the margin of those salt lakes which, encircled with a glittering snow-white rim, connects the Oasis with the Desert: what still remains of natural beauty and fertility may be said fully to justify the descriptions of the ancients. Everywhere you behold magnificent palm groves which produce valuable dates, gardens of superb pomegranate-trees, and apricots and bananas, equalling in richness those of Boretta. The olive also, as in El-Fayoom, interposes its dusky verdure among the clumps of brighter green, and large expanses of bursin or Egyptian clover, interspersed with brooks

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and rills, separate the orchards and the groves. The chief town, Siwah-el-Beber, constructed with blocks of rock-salt, rises in a castellar form, tier above tier, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and glitters like a pyramid of tinted snow in the sun. But into this the strangers were not permitted to enter. In these were the women of the Berbers, whom it was not permitted to any other eyes than those of the Muslims to behold. Fearful this rule might accidentally be broken, the natives desired to terrify away the travellers as speedily as possible; and without doubt succeeded in thoroughly disgusting them. They fixed, therefore, upon an early day for their departure; and the occurrence of the following scene may be supposed to have hastened their movements:—The travellers are seated in their tent, having made all the necessary preparations for their departure, and are discussing in a friendly manner as to whether their evening's entertainment should consist of grog or tea. 'The vote having been given for the latter, Derweesh and Saad, who had been heard through the canvas astonishing the weak minds of the Bedawins by accounts of the "fast" life they led in Alexandria, received orders to light the fire, to boil the water, and to skim it; for at Siwah a thick scum always rises to the surface as soon as it begins to warm. Our kettle was nothing but a tin can, employed for a variety of purposes; none, however, more important than this. Well, a cheerful blaze was soon lighted up, and the two lads crouched down to it, spreading out their blue shirts to keep off the wind that came sweeping along as usual, howling amidst the palm groves, and threatening at every moment to bear away our little tent. By this flickering light we could discover our patient donkeys still weary, after four days' rest, hanging their noses in melancholy companionship together close along the wall of the plantation near at hand; and the surly Yúnus casting ever and anon towards us a sinister glance from his remaining eye; and the good-tempered Wahsa showing his white teeth; and old Saleh mumbling and shaking his long thin beard—all three crowded round some mess of their own making; and we could dimly see the camels at no great distance, either holding their heads erect, or working their way here and there in spite of their fettered legs; and in the background the huge dark mass of the town of Siwah rising in sullen silence against the sky.... Our conversation that evening was not of long continuance. One by one we stretched out to repose in anticipation of the labours of the next day, and a general silence soon prevailed. The fire had gone out, our guides and attendants had sought shelter from the wind in little nooks formed by the zembeels and bean bags, and the whole encampment would probably have been soon wrapped in slumber, had not the report of a gun close at hand among the palm-trees aroused us. It was pretty evident that some evil-disposed person had crept up behind the wall, and taken a shot at the Nasára. Luckily he could not aim, and was too cowardly to try his fortune a second time. However, Mr Lamport, who was the first to understand what was going on, put out the lantern at once, for there was no knowing how many ruffians were prowling about anxious to make a target of us; and we quietly waited events, making our preparations in silence to resist any attack unless of overwhelming numbers. Presently a crowd of people were heard coming with loud cries from the direction of Siwah, and we could soon distinguish the name of Yúnus several times repeated. It appeared that his friends within the city had heard the report, and being aware of the feeling that existed against us, because we were Christians, and against him for bringing us, had come out to see what was the matter. They expressed great sorrow at what had taken place, and some of them resolved to remain all night in the neighbourhood of the tent. We now understood that there was a large party at Siwah, who, if they had their will, would massacre us at once; and unpleasant reports reached us that twenty-four individuals had leagued together to waylay us on our return towards Garah. However, sleep being absolutely essential, we arranged our carpet-bags so as to protect us as much as possible in case half-a-dozen slugs should intrude into the tent, and soon forgot the incivility of which we had been the objects.' The return to Egypt was accomplished in the utmost haste. Some fresh ground was gone over; but the novelty, and therefore the interest of the Desert, had been exhausted. Compelled to live on bad food, to drink bad water, and to sustain the annoyance and everlasting quarrels and bickerings with their guides, it was with unusual pleasure that, after a journey of nearly forty days, they found themselves once more in Alexandria, amid the comforts of a comparative civilisation, and in the midst of genuine friends, who had almost given them up for lost, and were engaged in urging the pasha to send out a body of horse in search of them.

QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

WHOEVER has read the 'Ornithological Biography,' one of the most delightful of all contributions to scientific literature, will hear with great interest of the appearance of another work of the same kind, and by the same author, although on the present occasion Audubon has had the assistance of Dr Bachman. The non-scientific reader will perhaps be startled at the outset by the title '*Viviparous* Quadrupeds,' and inquire what animals of the kind are *oviparous*. The expression, we presume, is intended to distinguish quadrupeds, popularly so called, from the four-footed oviparous reptiles; but we doubt whether, in its general application, it would answer even this purpose, since some of the lizard tribe (though possibly not American varieties) are viviparous—that is to say, the young are born alive, the eggs being hatched within the body.

This is the first attempt—except those made by early writers, when the number of species known was inconsiderable—to give a complete description of the quadrupeds of America; and the authors have been compelled, in the course of their researches, to consult the various scientific journals for the information scattered throughout the papers both of American and European zoologists. They have themselves described, however, not from stuffed specimens, but from the living or recently-living animal; and in the department of 'habits' more especially, their information appears pretty generally to have been drawn either from their own observation or other original sources. The book, therefore, independently of its scientific importance, possesses a strong interest for the general reader; vast numbers of whom, in these comparatively well-informed days, have at least that smattering of science which enables them to obtain instruction from entertainment.

We are told in the introduction that the history of the habits of the quadrupeds was the production of both authors; but occasionally there occurs a passage which is Audubon all over. Who can doubt from what pen comes this description of an assembly of flying squirrels? 'We recollect a locality not many miles from Philadelphia where, in order to study the habits of this interesting species, we occasionally strayed into a meadow containing here and there immense oak and beech-trees. One afternoon we took our seat on a log in the vicinity to watch their lively motions. It was during the calm warm weather peculiar to the beginning of autumn. During the half hour before sunset nature seemed to be in a state of silence and repose. The birds had retired to the shelter of the forest: the night-hawk had already commenced his low evening flight, and here and there the common red bat was on the wing; still, for

* The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America. By John James Audubon and the Rev. Dr Bachman. Vol. i. London: Wiley and Putnam.

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some time not a flying squirrel made its appearance. Suddenly, however, one emerged from its hole and ran up to the top of a tree; another soon followed; and ere long dozens came forth, and commenced their graceful flights from some upper branch to a lower bough. At times one would be seen darting from the topmost branches of a tall oak, and with wide-extended membranes and outspread tail gliding diagonally through the air, till it reached the foot of a tree about fifty yards off, when, at the moment we expected to see it strike the earth, it suddenly turned upwards and alighted on the body of the tree. It would then run to the top, and once more precipitate itself from the upper branches, and sail back again to the tree it had just left. Crowds of these little creatures joined in these sportive gambols; there could not have been less than two hundred. Scores of them would leave each tree at the same moment, and cross each other, gliding like spirits through the air, seeming to have no other object in view than to indulge a playful propensity. We watched and mused till the last shadows of day had disappeared, and darkness admonished us to leave the little triflers to their nocturnal enjoyments.'

These little creatures enjoy life only during the night. They become tame in a few hours, and show little disposition to change the residence that is allotted to them. One of them, with its young family, was taken from a hollow tree, carried home in the finder's hat, and placed in a drawer with a chink open to admit the air. The mother, however, made her escape, and some fears were entertained for her progeny, as they showed no disposition to eat. They seemed to thrive, notwithstanding, and were always in good order—a circumstance that was at length accounted for by the discovery, that the mother sacrificed her gambols on the trees to her natural affection, and, stealing in by the window, passed the night with her offspring.

The migration of the northern gray squirrel towards the east is curious. They are stopped neither by mountains nor rivers, but march on in vast troops, devouring the corn and wheat wherever they pass, and filling the farmer with dread. As on ordinary occasions the squirrel has an instinctive dread of water, some stories have been invented to account for their being able to cross rivers. One of these, which is believed by many, is that they float across on a piece of bark, raising their broad tails by way of a sail! Our authors, however, saw them swimming, and some so unskilfully that they were drowned; while others were fain to rest on the long steering-oar of the boat.

The squirrel is preyed upon by many animals, but more especially by the snake; and the common mode of accounting for so agile a creature being caught by its sluggish enemy, is to suppose that it has been 'fascinated,' or paralysed by its deadly glance. Our authors, however, contend that there is no fascination in the case, but that the squirrel is either transfixed with horror, or induced to approach by simple curiosity. As an instance of the latter feeling, they mention having seen one come down from a tree to inspect a beautiful little scarlet snake, not much larger than a pipe stem, and scarcely able to master a grasshopper. But this, we submit, is no case in point; for the squirrel, like other animals, is doubtless well acquainted with the strength of his enemies. We once witnessed an instance of what very much resembled fascination in the case of a bird. It was a canary, so admirable a songster, that when we put him out in our balcony in London, he usually gathered a crowd of listeners in the street. There was in the house at the same time a Tom-cat, as black as night, a quiet and sagacious old gentleman, but to whose appearance the bird could never be reconciled. Tom frequently crept up to its cage, and stole its bread and cake; but although he never made the slightest attempt at personal violence, the canary on such occasions always fluttered and squeaked as desperately as if it apprehended murder. With us it was on such good terms that it would come upon our finger, to be taken out of the cage for a fly about the room; but on one unfortunate day a third individual was present unobserved. The canary flew up to a corner of the ceiling, and at that moment we caught a view of the head of the Tom-cat protruded from beneath a table-cover which had concealed him. The discovery was made too late; for at the same instant the canary, after a flutter or quiver, darted right down into the mouth of the animal, and was crushed to death with one movement of his jaws.

Tom's American relations in a wild state—the Indians of the cat race—are represented in these pages as rather interesting in their character. They have all the external marks of ferocity, and but little of the reality: they look claws, but use none—but when flight becomes hopeless, they turn to bay, and grapple in infuriated despair with either man or dog. They are sometimes hunted with packs of foxhounds, and on these occasions the wild-cat exhibits 'an exercise of instinct, so closely bordering on reason, that we are bewildered in the attempt to separate it from the latter. No sooner does he become aware that the enemy is on his track, than, instead of taking a straight course for the deepest forest, he speeds to one of the largest old fields overgrown with briery thickets in the neighbourhood; and having reached this tangled maze, he runs in a variety of circles, crossing and recrossing his path many times; and when he thinks the scent has been diffused sufficiently in different directions by this manœuvre to puzzle both men and dogs, he creeps slyly forth, and makes for the woods, or for some well-known swamp; and if he should be lucky enough to find a half-dried-up pond, or a part of the swamp on which the clayey bottom is moist and sticky, he seems to know that the adhesive soil, covering his feet and legs, so far destroys the *scent*, that although the hounds may be in full cry on reaching such a place, and while crossing it, they will lose the track on the opposite side, and perhaps not regain it without some difficulty and delay.'

This is indeed a curious part of the instinct of animals—the knowledge they have that they are betrayed by their scent. On other occasions the wild-cat is described as making a desperate, and therefore temporary effort, to get some distance ahead of its pursuers, when, instead of continuing to run on, which it feels would be unavailing, it loses time, as an inexperienced looker-on might suppose, by traversing repeatedly from end to end the trunk of a fallen tree. It then makes a sudden spring, and leaps, without touching the ground, into the branches of a neighbouring tree; and climbing to one of its highest forks, awaits, closely squatted, the arrival of its enemies. The result usually is, that the dogs, confounded and wearied out by the scent on the tree, which they can trace up and down, and down and up, a dozen times over, but not a foot farther along the ground, are soon at fault, and the huntsmen calling them off from the hopeless search, give up the chase.

A wild-cat hunt of this kind, but with a different termination, is described in our authors' best manner. The cat is for a time difficult to find, but at length some of the more experienced dogs begin to give tongue, and onward goes the trail through a broad marsh. '"He will soon be started now!" "He is up!" What a burst! you might have heard it two miles off—it comes in mingled sounds, roaring like thunder, from the muddy marsh and from the deep swamp. The barred owl, frightened from the monotony of his quiet life among the cypress-trees, commences hooting in mockery, as it were, of the wide-mouthed hounds. Here they come, sweeping through the resounding swamp like an equinoctial storm—the crackling of a reed, the shaking of a bush, a glimpse of some object that glided past like a shadow, is succeeded by the whole pack, rattling away among the vines and fallen timbers, and leaving a trail in the mud, as if a pack of wolves in pursuit of a deer had hurried by. The cat has gone past. It is now evident that he will not climb a tree. It is almost invariably the case that where he can retreat to low swampy situations, or brier patches, he will not take a

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tree, but seeks to weary the dogs by making short windings among the almost impassable brier patches. He has now been twisting and turning half-a-dozen times in a thicket covering only three or four acres—let us go in and take our stand on the very trail where he last passed, and shoot him if we can. A shot is heard on the opposite edge of the thicket, and again all is still; but once more the pack is in full cry. Here he comes, almost brushing our legs as he dashes by and disappears in the bushes, before we can get sight of him and pull trigger. But we see that the dogs are every moment pressing him closer, that the marauder is showing evidences of fatigue, and is nearly "done up." He begins to make narrower circles; there are restless flashes in his eye; his back is now curved upwards; his hair is bristled nervously forward; his tongue hangs out; we raise our gun as he is approaching, and scarcely ten yards off—a loud report—the smoke has hardly blown aside, ere we see him lifeless almost at our very feet: had we waited three minutes longer, the hounds would have saved us the powder and shot!'

A fox is described as hunting on his own account, and watched in his operations by one of our authors, who, after the animal has been successful in capturing a bird, puts his gun instinctively to his shoulder. He is stopped, however, by the reflection, that the marauder had only obeyed an instinct of his nature, and obtained a meal in the prescribed way; that he killed only a single bird, instead of murdering, as man would do were he able, the whole covey; and that he took no wanton pleasure in the destruction of his prey, or in exhibiting his spoils to his companions, but was perfectly content to satisfy his hunger. This is good reasoning, and well befitting a philosopher, as contradistinguished from a mere sportsman.

The fox is frequently hunted in his turn, and on such occasions displays a sagacity which is altogether wonderful. 'The late Benjamin C. Yancey, Esq. an eminent lawyer, who in his youth was very fond of fox-hunting, related the following:—A fox had been pursued near his residence at Edgefield several times, but the hounds always lost the track at a place where there was a footpath leading down a steep hill. He therefore determined to conceal himself near this declivity the next time the fox was started, in order to discover his mode of baffling the dogs at this place. The animal was accordingly put up and chased, and at first led the hounds through many bayous and ponds in the woods, but at length came running over the brow of the hill along the path, stopped suddenly, and spread himself out flat and motionless on the ground; the hounds came down the hill in pursuit at a dashing pace, and the whole pack passed, and did not stop until they were at the bottom of the hill. As soon as the immediate danger was over, the fox, casting a furtive glance around him, started up, and ran off at his greatest speed on his "back track."'

An anecdote is given of a wolverine, which, on getting his leg into a trap, carried off the whole concern, weighing eight pounds, a distance of six miles. This he did, not by dragging the trap after him, which the snow and hanging branches of the trees would have rendered the next thing to impossible, but by taking it up in his mouth, and running on three legs.

We are not aware that an opportunity has frequently occurred of observing a hybernating quadruped in his state of torpidity; but this occurred in the case of a ground hog, or wood-chuck, which was kept in a house as a pet. Its chamber was a large box supplied with a bed of hay, and on the approach of winter this was placed in a warm corner of the room. The instinct of the animal, however, was not to be deceived. The time for its winter sleep had arrived, and entering the box, it arranged its couch with care, and became torpid. After six weeks had passed, it was taken out of the box, and found to be inanimate, and as round as a ball, its nose pressed upon its abdomen, and covered with its tail. It was rolled over the carpet again and again without effect; but after being laid down for half an hour close to the fire, it slowly unrolled itself, raised up its nose, and looked round in bewilderment. It was now replaced in its box, when it went to sleep as before, and so remained until spring.

The habits of the Florida rats in America, as regards their habitations, are highly curious. In some places they burrow under stones and ruins; in others they remain in the woods; in others, in swampy situations, they pile up a cone of dry sticks; and in others still, they make their nests in the forks of lofty trees. 'About fifteen years ago, on a visit to the graveyard of the church at Ebenezer, Georgia, we were struck with the appearance of several very large nests near the tops of some tall evergreen oaks (*Quercus aquatious*); on disturbing the nests, we discovered them to be inhabited by a number of Florida rats, of all sizes, some of which descended rapidly to the ground, whilst others escaped to the highest branches, where they were concealed among the leaves. These nests, in certain situations, are of enormous size. We have observed some of them on trees, at a height of from ten to twenty feet from the ground, where wild vines had made a tangled mass overhead, which appeared to be larger than a cart-wheel, and contained a mass of leaves and sticks that would have more than filled a barrel.'

Of all the animals described in the present volume, the skunk is the most curious, and the most detested. It has claws and teeth, but is too timid to use them, and is so slow of foot that it might seem to be completely in the power of its enemies; but the most ferocious of these, while still at a distance of many feet from their prey, turn tail, and fly, or run their noses into the earth, and roll and tumble, as if in convulsions. As for a man, he usually runs from the little animal, which is only seventeen inches long, as if a lion were at his heels. The means furnished by nature for this creature's defence, is simply a liquid, contained in two small sacs on each side of the tail, and which it is able to discharge at its enemies to a distance, as measured by our authors, of fourteen feet. It takes an unerring aim, saluting a dog in the face and eyes, and setting the animal distracted with pain and inexpressible loathing. So offensive and so permanent is the odour of this liquid (which has nothing to do with the ordinary excretions), that clothes once sprinkled with it are useless. No washing, no perfume, not even burying them for a month in the earth, has the slightest effect. The following is an account of the adventure of one of our authors with a skunk:—'It happened in our early schoolboy days that once, when the sun had just set, as we were slowly wending our way home from the house of a neighbour, we observed in the path before us a pretty little animal, playful as a kitten, moving quietly along: soon it stopped, as if waiting for us to come near, throwing up its long bushy tail, turning round and looking at us like some old acquaintance. We pause and gaze: what is it? It is not a young puppy or a cat; it is more gentle than either: it seems desirous to keep company with us, and, like a pet poodle, appears most happy when only a few paces in advance, preceding us, as if to show the path. What a pretty creature to carry home in our arms! It seems too gentle to bite; let us catch it. We run towards it; it makes no effort to escape, but waits for us; it raises its tail, as if to invite us to take hold of its brush: we seize it instanter, and grasp it with the energy of a miser clutching a box of diamonds; a short struggle ensues, when—faugh! we are suffocated; our eyes, nose, and face are suddenly bespattered with the most horrible fetid fluid. Imagine to yourself, reader, our surprise, our disgust, the sickening feelings that almost overcome us. We drop our prize, and take to our heels, too stubborn to cry, but too much alarmed and discomfited just now to take another look at the cause of our misfortune, and effectually undeceived as to the real character of this seemingly mild and playful little fellow.'

It would be easy to multiply extracts of this kind;

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but the above are sufficient to show the style and character of the book. Scientific readers will find in it information of more value, to which it is not our province to direct their attention.

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY.

At the seventh annual meeting of the London Early-Closing Association, held on Tuesday se'nnight, at which the Marquis of Blandford presided, Mr Williams, M. P., pithily pleaded the cause of early shop-shutting by a reference to his early life. He said—'No man in England had felt the disadvantages of late shop-shutting more than himself. He came to London at the age of fourteen, and the first situation he obtained was in a draper's house, where he served twelve months for L.6. At the end of the twelve months his first ambition was—leaving Wales as a poor boy—to be enabled to do something for his mother. (Cheers.) He saved just enough to buy her a pound of tea, for which he paid 8s. (Hear and cheers.) He used to sleep under the counter, and he had no doubt that many whom he addressed slept under the counter, if they were not too proud to own it. (Laughter.) He then moved from the situation where he had wages, to one at the west end, where he had a salary. (Laughter.) There was a difference between wages and a salary. (Laughter.) His great prayer and aim was to do his duty to his employers, and assist his poor relations in Wales. (Cheers.) He used to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and go to bed at two o'clock the next morning. Many a time had he sat down on his bed to rest himself for a moment, before he undressed, and many a time had he found himself, at six o'clock in the morning, almost as tired, with his clothes on. (Hear.) Was there any state of slavery so bad as that? He had to bear with it, for he had no one that would give him twenty shillings to support him until he got another situation. The only time he had to read was between two and six o'clock in the morning, and he sometimes did so by the light of the gas in the window, until he was discovered, and censured for so doing.'

THE CHANCES IN MATRIMONY.

The Belgian statistical documents, which have been kept with great care in that country, show that the annual number of marriages, regard being had to the increase of the population, maintains constantly the same proportions—nay, that it varies less even than the number of deaths; although this latter event is not, like the former, an act of the will. But more than that, not only the number of marriages continually recurs, but the proportion of bachelors marrying spinsters, bachelors marrying widows, widowers and spinsters, widowers and widows even, perpetually reappear; and these last unions, however few in number, manifest a remarkable identity, of which there exist few stronger instances in statistics. Indeed the harmony of ages is so general, that it almost seems as if severe penalties had been appended by law to marriages between persons of disproportionate years. These instances, standing prominently out from a long series of studies, induce M. Quetelet to conclude that the *liberum arbitrium*, as far as social phenomena are concerned, is restricted within very narrow limits; that, in point of fact, indisputable as it may be for each individual, it is effaced, and remains without any perceptible effect when the observations embrace mankind in the mass; for man is as sociable on the one hand as he is selfish on the other—he voluntarily renounces a great part of his individual caprices, pleasures, feelings, and liberty, in order to form an aliquot part of aggregate society, the circle, the city, or the nation to which he belongs.—*Prospective Review.*

FAITHFUL SHEEP-DOG.

We have heard an anecdote connected with the Inverness floods which is worth recording. The scene is the river Conon, near to Brahan Castle. In an island, about 200 sheep were pasturing—so that when the swelling river changed the dry land into a deep swamp, all were in imminent danger of being drowned; there was no possibility of reaching them; and in this dilemma a faithful colly was sent for, and told that the sheep required his aid. The hardy beast soon breasted the billows, entered the island, and tearing down a portion of the enclosure that penned in the flock, he drove them to the only safe spot, keeping watch and ward round them for two days, until the river subsided low enough to make the fords passable.—*Inverness Courier.*

THE MODERN DANAË.

In vain! in vain! it will not be,
There is no answering sign;
Unheeded thy heart's worship lies
On that fair idol's shrine.
She sees not, boy, thy graceful form,
Thy frank and manly face,
Where all that's bright, and pure, and good,
Hath left its holy trace.
She does not hear the voice of song
That thrills to every heart,
And bears the very sense away
By its resistless art.
She does not *feel*, when all on fire,
The poet's fancies pour,
In bursts of eloquence divine,
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W. AND R. C.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray, 1843.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 279. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849. Price 1½d.

USE AND ABUSE OF MEDICINE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

The English public attach too much importance to the mere administration of medicine. They appear to think that for every complaint medicine is to be taken; that the chief, if not the only duty of a medical man, is to prescribe and administer drugs; and that medicine is the sole cause of every change in a disease, whether for better or worse, which follows the use of it. In all this there is much error. An illustration will at once show what is meant, and prove its truth. Take a case of indigestion. The disease may have arisen from excess or impropriety in eating or drinking, or from some other bad habit continued through ignorance, necessity, or self-indulgence. In the majority of such cases, if the cause be removed, the suffering will cease. If the medical man, however, were to content himself with pointing out the cause, and directing the patient to avoid it, and were to prescribe no medicine, such is the inveterate expectation of physic, that most patients would go away dissatisfied. Medicine is therefore given, *together with* directions to avoid the injurious habit; the patient recovers, and the drugs get the credit. Too often the cause is repeated, and the same process of cure is again and again submitted to. It is not to be supposed that *all* cases of indigestion belong to the class from which the above example is taken. There are some in which the cause may not admit of being removed; those arising from mental anxiety, for instance; others in which, owing to great debility in the stomach, the suffering is very disproportionate to the offence. In both these medicine may be legitimately and usefully employed to *palliate* suffering, until time can be gained for effecting a more radical cure by other means.

It is important to know that there is great power in the human body to throw off disease, and to restore health, without any help, when the cause is temporary, and has ceased to operate. This power alone is sufficient to cure many diseases, not merely the trifling, but even in many instances the more severe ones. Suppose a cold has been taken, and the subject of it is a little feverish. In the mass of cases the patient will get well without any medical assistance. The duty of the medical man, if called in, is to find out whether there be any serious disease: if there be, he will treat it; if not, little further may be needed. He may *palliate* suffering, and may *shorten* the illness—both good things; but nature would effect a cure without him. Again, suppose a case of measles, scarlet fever, or typhus fever. The disease has arisen from a contagious poison, and it will run a certain course. Some cases are very mild. In these the medical man has little to do but to keep the patient out of harm's way, and to be ready to act if the case becomes more severe. Each of these diseases is liable to become complicated with serious internal changes, or with a dangerous failing of the strength. A case that is mild to-day may be severe to-morrow. The prompt attention of a professional man in these circumstances may save life. If it were known, however, beforehand that the case would be mild, it might be safely left to nature. In the case of typhus, it will be important to find out the *cause* of the attack, with a view to its removal, or to the removal of other members of the family from the sphere of its influence. Suppose, lastly, a case of *erysipelas*. It may be the most trifling or the most serious disease imaginable. Many cases are so mild, that they might very safely be left to themselves; others are so severe, as to baffle the highest professional skill. How often do we find the cure of the trifling cases ascribed wholly to the drugs taken, whether from the hand of a regular or an irregular practitioner; whether in the ordinary doses of the Allopath, or in the inconceivable dilutions of the Homœopath.

The habit of looking to physic for everything, and of taking it to excess, prevails much more in England than in Scotland; and the difference depends very much upon the difference in the circumstances of the medical profession in the two countries. Originally, the English apothecary was a dispenser of medicines only, and not a medical practitioner: he compounded physicians' prescriptions. About the close of the seventeenth century, the apothecaries in London and its neighbourhood began generally to prescribe, as well as to dispense medicines.

The encroachment was resisted by the College of Physicians; and from a pamphlet published in 1724, defending the apothecaries, it seems that they only claimed permission to prescribe for the poor. Even so lately as 1812, the parties who were instrumental in obtaining the present Apothecaries' Act express the opinion, 'that the management of the sick should be as much as possible under the superintendence of the physician.' Since 1815, the course of instruction, and the examinations instituted by the Apothecaries' Company, have been gradually improved; so that the apothecary of the present day, instead of being ignorant of physic, as his prototype was, is a well-educated medical man; and, in point of attainment, may fairly rank with the surgeon.

Whilst the education of the apothecary has been thus improving, and his position changing from that of a dispenser of medicines to a medical practitioner, the mode of remunerating him has not changed correspondingly. The old apothecary appears to have been paid for his medicines only, no account being taken of his visits or advice; for it has been only very recently decided by the judges that a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company can legally claim compensation for his visits

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and his time. Many are still paid almost exclusively by their charges for medicine, and nearly all look to this as the chief source of their income. A very few charge cost-price only for their drugs, deriving their gains from charges for their visits. A still smaller number of general practitioners supply no medicines, but write prescriptions, and are paid solely for their visits and time.

It is easy to see that the practitioner who is remunerated chiefly by payments for medicine, is not only subjected to the temptation, but is often really obliged to send more medicine than is needed, in order to be able to live. It is not meant that medicine is sent which will do harm, but patients are often called upon to swallow innocent, though not always agreeable drugs, instead of being required to pay for the really useful article—namely, the medical man's time and skill. A community so trained of course think all this medicine useful and necessary; an irrational faith in its powers is fostered; and they would feel dissatisfied with the man who should adopt the more straightforward and honest practice of sending them no more drugs than are good for them. The evil is not confined to the public: it has been equally felt by the medical man. He has been a petty trader rather than a professional man; his self-respect has been lessened by having to supply under really false pretences, and to charge for an article not wanted; his position in public estimation has been lowered by the gradual discovery of the real state of things; and too often an unfounded degree of confidence in drugs has been fostered in his own mind. He gives physic for the sake of the pay, until he ends by believing in its necessity. A habit of meddlesome activity is apt to be engendered, by which not a few patients are made worse instead of better. His practice also suffers; for the public, finding themselves dosed with unnecessary drugs, often run into the opposite extreme; and losing all confidence in them, and in regular practitioners, fly to hydropathy, homœopathy, and other forms of error or imposture.

In Scotland a different state of things has prevailed. There they have druggists, surgeons, and physicians, but no apothecaries. The surgeons sometimes supply their own medicines, charging a low price for them, but more frequently they only prescribe. The duties of the 'general practitioner' are performed by surgeons, often by physicians, who in that case charge only a small fee; and very commonly by gentlemen possessing at the same time a surgeon's diploma and a physician's degree. Most of the leading physicians in Scotland are 'family physicians' in a great number of families—that is to say, they are the only medical attendants. At the same time, being the most eminent men of their body, they are applied to as 'consulting practitioners' in cases of greater difficulty or danger. The physician in Scotland retains the place which he has always held, whereas in England he has been almost superseded as a 'family physician' by the advancement of the apothecary, and he is too often regarded as a consulting practitioner only. It will be at once seen that the temptation to give unnecessary quantities of medicine has been much less in Scotland than in England, and that this fact will explain the corresponding difference in the habits of the profession and of the public in the two countries.

The remedy for these evils is simple. Let the public be made to understand that the money which they pay to a medical man ought to be given chiefly for his time and skill, rather than for drugs. Except in remote country districts, it would probably be an advantage if medical men kept no drugs, but only wrote prescriptions. This would remove every temptation to the evils which have been described, and would also render the professional intercourse of the consulting and general practitioner more satisfactory. When two medical men agree upon a plan of treatment, it ought not to be in the power of one of the two to yield to the temptation, which may be presented in various ways, to adopt a different practice from that which has been settled between them.

Whilst the evils adverted to admit of remedy, there is another class of evils far less remediable, not arising from the abuse of medicines, but still connected with the relationship between medical men and the public. It is very much to be regretted that even the most intelligent portion of the community have not, and perhaps never can be expected to have, the knowledge of physic required to enable them to compare justly the merits of one medical man with another, or of medical men with quacks. It is the right of each person to choose among a number of practitioners, regular and irregular, the one that he will employ, and to choose among rival systems that by which he will be treated. Yet nothing is more certain than that few persons are qualified to choose well. Their selection, even if it happen to be a wise one, is more likely to be determined by bad than by good reasons. There is much truth, as well as some exaggeration, in Dr Johnson's remark, that 'a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficience.' This is a very discouraging circumstance in the life of a scientific physician, as compared with that of a member of either of the other learned professions. One or two illustrations, taken from actual observation, will show the kind of difficulties which the public encounter, and by which they are liable to be misled.

The cure of a patient is accounted, and, with due precautions, ought to be accounted, a proof of skill. But the recovery of a patient is not always a proof of skill, nor even of the absence of ignorance on the part of the practitioner; for to keep a patient from immediate death is only one part of a medical man's duty. Take, as an example, rheumatic fever. The patient's suffering is excruciating, yet he seldom dies during the attack. Suppose two similar cases, treated by two different medical men, or one by a regular, and one by an irregular practitioner. Both patients will probably escape death, and both the practitioners will therefore probably be accounted skilful. But on further inquiry, it may be found that one case lasted four or five days only, the other twenty or thirty. Is it nothing to have saved a patient several weeks of agony? Both, however, at last resume their duties. It may then be found that the one can do anything that he was able to do before his illness, and with the same comfort; whilst the other begins to suffer, sooner or later, from symptoms which turn out to have their origin in disease of the heart, left by the rheumatism. Both these cases were reputed to be 'cured,' but surely the cure was a very different thing in the two cases. The one patient continues well; the other is an invalid from the first, and after a few years, dies of dropsy: yet the public know no difference.

The disease to be treated may be an *incurable* one. Patients or their friends are too ready to think that it does not matter by whom an incurable disease is treated. There is the greatest difference, however, in the amount of suffering to be endured, and in the length of life in such cases, according as the treatment is judicious or otherwise. But the greatest difference between different medical men, and especially between medical men and quacks, in incurable diseases, as well as in others, is in their skill in finding out what the disease is; in other words, in what is technically termed the art of *Diagnosis*. An ignorant medical man, conscious of his inferiority to abler ones in this branch of knowledge, often plumes himself upon being still able to *treat* disease as well as they can. But it is easy to show that, both in curable and incurable cases, the correct treatment must be *based* upon correct diagnosis; and therefore that the man who is inferior in the one art, must, in the great mass of cases, be inferior in the other also. A patient seeks advice, and,

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without perhaps suspecting it, is in the early stage of consumption. How much may depend upon the positive discovery of the real disease! To say nothing of cure—which, if it is to be hoped for at all, can only be in the earliest period—nor of the prolongation of life by judicious change of climate, the discovery of the disease may affect the question of marriage, of entering into or leaving business, and of life insurance. Again, another patient seeks advice who suspects that he is consumptive. A man unskilled in diagnosis can only give an equivocal answer to the inquiries made, whilst another, better informed, may be able to state absolutely that the disease is not consumption, and that there is no reason to fear that disease, and so may dissipate at once the fearful anxiety of the sufferer and his family.

Another patient suffers from dropsy. One man treats it by rule, and for the time gets rid of it, but does no more. Another discovers the cause of it, and gives the patient such further directions as may prolong his life for years. A patient is the subject of disease of the heart, but does not know it. A man who can detect it is able to apprise him of it, to warn him against injurious or dangerous habits, and so to prolong his life, and enable him to make arrangements in anticipation of a sudden death. Another patient *fears* that his heart is diseased, and seeks to have the question determined. A practitioner, skilled in diagnosis, may be able with certainty to assure him that the disease is only nervous palpitation, and is wholly free from danger.

In *curable* diseases the importance of skill in diagnosis is even greater than in incurable ones. A patient is the subject of *scurvy*. One man does not know the disease, and cannot therefore treat it, and the patient dies. Another sees what it is, gives lemon-juice, restores health in a month, and then points out the causes from which it has arisen, and thereby enables the patient to avoid the disease in future. The ignorant medical man and the impudent quack, if asked the question, will no doubt answer that they can cure scurvy as well as the ablest man in the land. So they can, when they are told that the case to be treated is scurvy; but ere they discover this the patient dies.

A female seeks advice with a pain in the side. One man sees in it a pleurisy, bleeds the patient, and throws her down for months. Another sees it is a nervous pain, strengthens the patient, and cures her in a month.

A patient is seized with symptoms of high fever. One practitioner sees that it is the beginning of typhus, husbands the strength, and saves him. Another believes it to proceed from an internal inflammation, bleeds largely, and so takes away that power which alone could resist the fatal poison of the disease. All these instances are taken from observation; and the same observation has shown that the patient and friends rarely see the difference between the two practitioners, and that they not unfrequently blame and discard the skilful one, and laud and patronise the ignorant or the dishonest one.

A medical man is often very unduly praised or blamed for changes which arise from the natural course of the disease, and with which he may have nothing to do. The same disease runs a very different course in different cases, from causes with which we are but imperfectly acquainted, and quite independently of any difference in treatment. The course of *consumption* will afford a good illustration of this truth. One case will get rapidly and progressively worse, and will end fatally in a few months, whatever treatment is adopted. Another case will begin and go on in the same way as the first up to a certain point: the patient will then improve, and perhaps appear to get well. After a time he relapses again; and these alternations of comparative health and severe suffering may occur many times, and the disease be protracted over a period of many years, ending fatally at last. The medical man commonly gets the credit of being the cause of each change, whether for good or ill, and is praised or blamed accordingly. Such cases are a fertile source of reputation to irregular practitioners, who claim credit for the improvement, and easily find something, or some person, to blame for the aggravation of the disease.

A surgeon is consulted in the early stage of a serious disease. The nature of it is yet doubtful: he may think the case trifling. The illness goes on; the patient becomes worse; consults another surgeon. The nature of the disease has then become plain, and is announced accordingly. The first surgeon is accounted a blunderer, the second skilful; yet the very reverse may be true.

A surgeon makes a clear mistake; the patient finds out that he has done so, blames and discards his adviser for ever. The surgeon may, notwithstanding, be a very able and a very skilful man. There is no man living who does not make mistakes sometimes.

Two medical men are consulted in succession: each gives a different opinion. The patient almost invariably assumes that the *second* is right, and blames the first. If the two men previously occupied an equal professional station, the one opinion should still be regarded as equally good with the other, until further evidence has shown which was right.

Another error consists in supposing that a medical man cannot have acquired much experience until he is considerably advanced in life. The frequent consequence of this is shown by the adage—'A physician cannot earn his bread until he has no teeth to eat it.' The late eminent surgeon Mr Liston has well exposed this error in the following words:—'Years are not the measure of experience. It does not follow that the older the surgeon is, the more experienced and trustworthy he must be. The greatest number of well-assorted facts on a particular subject constitutes experience, whether these facts have been culled in five years or in fifty.' One man advantageously placed may have seen more patients at the age of thirty than another has seen at seventy. But the number of patients seen is not the only guide to the amount of experience. One man, from natural ability, or industry, or the stimulus to think, furnished by the circumstances in which he is placed, sees more and reflects more, and therefore extracts more experience from one case than another does from a hundred.

An excessive confidence in physic, if not the parent, is certainly the nurse of quackery or irregular practice, both without and within the pale of the profession. Whilst there is suffering to be relieved, there will be found ignorant and weak men, who deceive themselves, and dishonest men, who deceive others, in professing to have the power of relieving it. Examples of cure are adduced, circulated, and believed, and so the fame and practice of the empiric are extended. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the subject of quackery: the question is too large for the end of an article like this, but one or two remarks upon it may not be without their use.

Medical men and the public commonly take different views of this subject. Medical men are charged with professional prejudices, and with interested motives, which shut their eyes to the truth. They, on the other hand, think that the public are not qualified to discern, until schooled by a disastrous experience, the deceptions practised upon them. We believe that it is not the interest of medical men to oppose any improvement of their art, and that, as a body, they do not think it to be so; and as to professional prejudice, we ask for evidence of the existence of anything more than a due measure of scientific caution. History will show how many infallible remedies for various diseases have been vaunted and forgotten: for how many improvements can history show us that we are indebted to quacks?

But cures are adduced, and respectably attested. Facts are stubborn things—how are these to be set aside? Some of them are true, and some of them are false. The history of empiricism is full of interest to the mental philosopher. The phrenologists have an organ of wonder; and of the existence of the *faculty* ascribed to this

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organ, we think it is impossible to doubt. Whatever is new or marvellous has an irresistible attraction for some minds; to doubt the marvel is to rob them of their idol. What they love they cling to; and without a particle of conscious dishonesty, they will solemnly attest to be true that which is plainly and indubitably false. History will place beyond the power of any to doubt the assertion, that it is impossible to invent statements more absurd and more false than some which have been attested as facts by intelligent and respectable persons. One instance of this kind may be given from the life of an individual, of the value of whose pretensions most persons will probably by this time have formed the same opinion. St John Long professed to have a liniment which would cure consumption; and he declared it to possess this remarkable property—that when rubbed upon the chest, it would produce a sore upon the skin over the diseased part of the lung, but would produce no effect upon the skin over the sound parts. Many persons of rank, intelligence, and undoubted integrity attested the truth of this statement in a court of justice. Yet the fact so attested was undoubtedly false, and few persons probably now believe it. The public caressed St John Long, enriched him, and when, in spite of his own liniment, he fell a victim himself to consumption, they raised a splendid monument to his memory. The liniment still exists, and consumption finds as many victims as ever. Can it be a matter of surprise that medical men, whose pursuits necessarily familiarise them with a long succession of such frauds or follies, should be slow to believe the reports of improbable or impossible cures, which are propagated by silly, sanguine, or wicked men, even when they are attested by respectable and disinterested persons? But some of the recoveries are real: how is the argument in favour of quackery drawn from these to be disposed of? The explanation will be different in different cases.

It is not by the result of a few single cases that the benefit of any plan of treatment can be judged of. It is only by a comparison of the results of a large number of cases treated in one way, with an equal number similarly circumstanced, treated in another way, that the truth can be arrived at. Such a comparison the public have neither the opportunity nor the requisite knowledge to make. Take a number of cases of any curable disease, and treat them all in the worst possible way, and a few of them will be almost sure to get well. The most ignorant quack will therefore be able to adduce some recoveries, which he will parade as cures. The failures *he* will take care not to talk about; and no other person will think the matter worth his trouble. Thus a number of persons may die who could have been cured; still more may have been kept in protracted suffering; and the public can never know these facts. An occasional recovery, well advertised, either by zealous friends or in the usual newspaper channel, will make a reputation that will often wear long enough to accomplish the author's purpose, by filling his pocket.

All quacks are not to be placed upon the same level, nor are they all without the limits of the medical profession. The essence of quackery is one spirit assuming many shapes. Universally it ministers to the love of the marvellous, by its reports of wonderful cures, generally effected by some *novel* means: it profits by the pain which doubt, or suspense, or absolutely blighted hope inspires; and it soothes and pleases by confident promises to do that which is impossible. It builds up a reputation out of the ruinous materials of the reputation of others which it has pulled down: it creates a danger that it may have the honour of removing it: it conjures up disasters which would have come but for its timely and providential interference: it blows its own trumpet, and persuades or pays others to blow for it: it often makes a profession of pure disinterestedness, whilst it is always purely selfish, although it often for a time ingeniously hides the vice.

We will now briefly indicate a few of the ways by which an explanation may be given of most of the 'cures' attributed to quacks, admitting at the same time that they may at times do good by accident: and also that *many* cures ascribed to the regular doctors might fairly be attributed to the causes here pointed out:—

1. The regulation of the diet—the omission of excessive drinking, or smoking, or the correction of some other bad habit, may have done all the good. Examples: cases of indigestion, nervous depression, &c. 2. The natural powers may have effected a cure in many cases, independently of, or in spite of other means employed at the same time. Examples: common cold, slight fever, mild cases of erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, &c.; and even some more severe diseases. 3. The improvement may be a part of the natural course of the disease. Example: some cases of consumption, as previously explained. 4. A trifling disease may be mistaken for a serious one—as a cold for consumption—and the latter disease may then appear to have been cured. So an innocent swelling may be mistaken for cancer. 5. We have known patients convalescent from serious diseases, before they had regained their wonted strength, become impatient, consult an irregular practitioner, and then give him credit for the subsequent improvement, which was simply due to the gradual return of health under the influence of natural causes. 6. Faith.—The confident expectation of benefit cures many. This is especially seen in nervous diseases. Many years ago Dr Beddoes and Sir H. Davy were engaged at Bristol in experimenting upon the effects of breathing various gases. Sir H. Davy wished to observe the effects of the respiration of some gas upon a patient suffering from palsy. Before using the gas, he noted the temperature of the patient's body, and for this purpose he inserted the bulb of a small thermometer under the tongue. The man imagined this little preliminary proceeding to be the means of cure, and immediately declared himself cured. Innumerable examples of this kind might be culled from the records of science. 7. Injudicious medical men not unfrequently do harm, as by bleeding, purging, and otherwise depressing patients who really require support. Suppose a homœopathist then called in, and doing what we take leave to assume as nothing, the patient may gain time to recover strength, and appears to be benefited. 8. There are some diseases which we have little or no power to *cure*, but which ordinarily cease after a time of themselves—such is the suffering produced by the passing of gall-stones. A patient may have been treated for months by a surgeon without benefit; another surgeon or a quack is then consulted. The disease ceases sooner or later spontaneously, and the last-comer takes the credit, which is due to neither, but solely to nature.

In conclusion, we must guard against an inference which would not be warranted, but which an inattentive reader might draw from what has been said—namely, that we have no faith in drugs. Although we do not believe much which is currently received, both in the profession and out of it, we have the firmest faith in the benefit to be obtained from the proper use of drugs. We will refer to a few facts, as examples only of the kind of evidence upon which our faith rests. We appeal, then:—1. To the case of ague.—It will go on for months if left to nature; it will ruin the general health, and destroy life. It may be stopped in most instances, at almost any period of its course, by a single dose of quinine, and almost always by a very small number of doses. 2. To cases of anæmia or bloodlessness.—A girl blanched, feeble, and useless, becomes rosy, strong, and fit for any work under the use of a short course of iron. 3. To the immediate benefit often afforded by opium in asthma, colic, neuralgia (tic), rheumatism, and many other spasmodic and painful diseases. 4. To the benefit of opium in delirium tremens—the trembling delirium of drunkards.—A furious maniac is restored to reason by a few doses of this drug. 5. To the benefit of opium and other astringents in dysentery and diarrhœa. 6. To

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the utility of iodine in many cases of swelled neck (bronchocele). 7. To the utility of arsenic in various diseases of the skin; of sulphur in the itch; of various drugs in St Vitus's dance, and in losses of blood from different parts; and lastly, to the utility of alcoholic drinks in certain forms of fever.

These facts might be increased, if necessary, to any reasonable amount. They are simple enough, and common enough to be verified by any one, and they admit of no dispute. We invite those who doubt the utility of drugs to seek an opportunity of witnessing them, and to reflect upon them, with a simple desire to find out the truth, and we will answer for the conclusion to which they will be forced to come.

THE CONTRAST.

It was in a town in one of the northern counties of England that a festive meeting was one evening held. The light from the chandeliers fell on a table loaded with the choicest delicacies, and glanced back again from the plate and rich cut glass with which it sparkled. It was indeed a gay sight that splendid table: the rarest wines circulated freely, and many was the glass of sparkling champagne, or rich glowing Burgundy, quaffed by the joyous company assembled there. It was a dinner where all the officers of a certain honourable corps of yeomanry-cavalry met to eat and drink, and show their loyalty to their Queen and country.

The colonel of the regiment, a peer of the realm, was acting as president on this auspicious occasion; and, to use a newspaper phrase, the utmost conviviality and good-feeling prevailed among the guests. They did ample justice to the well-furnished board, proving the sincerity of their commendation by their actions, when they pronounced both the venison and the champagne excellent, and seemed resolved to enjoy themselves to the utmost of their power. Speeches followed the dinner—toasts were proposed and drank with acclamation—songs were sung—the laugh and the jest circulated as freely as the bottle; and nothing could exceed the hilarity of the whole meeting.

Mirth and music combined to make it charming: all that money could purchase, or refined taste could desire, was there; and who would raise a voice of disapprobation?—who would call in question the propriety of such a meeting?—one which tended so strongly to create a social and friendly feeling, to give rise to acquaintances useful in life, or to promote and strengthen a kind and neighbourly disposition amongst the guests.

But this was not the only convivial meeting on that evening. A few miles from this place, had any one taken a view of the tap-room of the little beer-house called the Crown, they might have witnessed an assembly as mirthful, though less elegant, than the feast of the yeomanry-cavalry. It was a long, low room, well furnished with settles and tables, which bore the marks of many a blow, and much rough usage; the plaster walls were discoloured by smoke, and greasy from the heads, shoulders, and fingers which for years had lolled against them. Two dingy oil lamps, high upon this wall, added their smoke to that of the many pipes at this moment lighted; and certainly to a refined or fastidious taste the place would have had little charms. But there were merry voices there too; laughter and song was to be heard; the joke was not wanting; and many a rough swarthy face, resting on the broad hand, or leaning over the crossed arms, which sprawled upon the table, relaxed into a grin as some favourite topic was touched upon—some standard jest among the village gossip.

A thin, anxious, careworn-looking man entered the room whilst they were merrily laughing in this way; he looked around him with a sigh as he saw the joyous faces assembled there, and thought of his own comfortless and squalid home. They pressed him to join them: he was fretting?—he was working too hard?—he was out of work?—or what was the matter to make poor Johnson look so very wo-begone?

No; he could not stay; his wife was sick, his children were hungry, and he must return with the wages which had just been paid him for half a week's work—the only employment he had had for ten days.

But they pressed him to stay; they set before him a foaming tankard; one even offered to treat him to a pint if he would remain and sing the song for which he was so famous.

He yielded; flattery, comfort, and cheerful society carried the day over natural affection: he fully intended every draught should be the last, but there seemed always some excuse for swallowing another; and by midnight, when he attempted to return home, he was sufficiently intoxicated to be unable to walk steadily.

In company with one of his companions, who was more sober, but much more noisy than himself, he set out. The other man would shout and sing, and succeeded in making such a disturbance, that the rural policeman was seen approaching. Andrews, the noisy one, was sufficiently sober to effect his escape, whilst his quiet but stupid companion Johnson was detained by the policeman, with an assurance that he should be taken before the magistrates next morning, and fined for being drunk and disorderly in the streets at night.

It was two o'clock before the officers of the yeomanry-cavalry broke up their gay assembly. Time had flown rapidly away, and perhaps there were few who felt no surprise when they discovered the lateness of the hour. After a few hours spent in heavy feverish sleep, one of the corps rose early on the following morning to return to his own home, a distance of nine or ten miles. His temples yet throbbed with the excitement of the evening before; the shouts of merriment and applause still rang in his ear; the glittering scene still danced before his eyes. But he felt dull, heavy, and miserable—in a frame of mind to quarrel with everything, and especially himself. In the wild excitement of the preceding night, all had seemed brilliant; now he felt rather inclined to wonder where the charm could have been. He remembered all the early part of the evening distinctly, but towards the latter part his recollections were dim and uncertain; and the splitting headache which oppressed him made him conscious that he had somewhat exceeded the bounds of sobriety on the occasion.

He was a young man, and being usually a sober one, to say the truth he felt a little ashamed of himself upon this account. He returned home slowly through the cool morning air, which refreshed and invigorated him; and many a resolution did he form to avoid in future all such excesses.

Edward Gardner—this was his name—was a magistrate: it was bench day; and though he did not often attend, he resolved this morning, as a sort of penance for last night's excess, to do his duty.

Of course one part of their business was to hear the case of poor Peter Johnson, accused of being found at twelve o'clock at night intoxicated, and making a disturbance in the streets. The culprit stood before the magistrates with a countenance still more dejected than it had been last night, and his whole air and attitude betokened misery and shame.

Mr Gardner's companion on the bench, a middle-aged man, fond of talking, with pompous manners, and rather a narrow mind, interrogated the unfortunate man. 'And so, my good friend, we are to understand that you got very drunk last night—eh, my man?'

'Why, please your honour, I was a little overtaken.'

'Overtaken indeed! But what right had you to be drunk, I should like to know?—a man like you, who ought to know better! Pray where had you been drinking?'

'At the Crown.'

'The Crown! Eh! Well now, arn't you ashamed of yourself, idling away your time like that? Why were you not at your work?'

'Please your honour I have no work.'

'No work?—no wonder! A drunken, disorderly fellow like you, who would employ you? It's your own fault entirely.'

Peter Johnson only hung his head more sheepishly than before at that assertion, which he dared not deny,

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since it came from Squire Fletcher, though he felt it to be untrue; for he was perfectly willing to work when he had the opportunity, and was as seldom at the alehouse as most men in the neighbourhood. But Mr Fletcher delighted to bully the poor, at least all those who came before him in his magisterial capacity; not that he was really unkind, but it resulted from a desire to show his wit, wisdom, or judgment to the spectators, without any consideration as to the feelings of his helpless victims.

'Well,' continued he, 'I should like to know how you came to go to the alehouse at all?'

'Please your worship, I went to meet Mr Gardner's bailiff, who was to pay me for three days' work.'

'I am sorry my bailiff selected so injudicious a place to pay it,' observed the young magistrate. 'I must look to this.'

'Injudicious! Why, the Crown's a very decent house,' replied Mr Fletcher. 'The premises are mine, and Turner is as regular in paying his rent as any tenant can be. I consider him a highly-respectable man.'

Mr Gardner was silent again: he appeared to be reflecting. His companion went on—'But why could you not go home quietly when you had the money? Answer me that, my good man. No one stopped you, no one compelled you to get drunk, or to make a noise, I presume?'

'Please your worship it was not I made the noise—it was George Andrews, who was with me.'

'Oh no—I daresay it was not you?—and it was not you that was drunk! and it's not you standing here before us! I am sorry, my good fellow, extremely sorry to appear to doubt your word; but unfortunately it's not in my power entirely to credit your statement.'

'I think,' interposed Edward Gardner, 'you might let him off, Fletcher, he looks so wretchedly poor; and after all, it's not clear that it was he who was making the disturbance.'

'Ah, but then, you see, it's such a shocking habit that of loitering in the alehouse: it leads to so much evil, waste of time, and discontent and political discussions, and, above all, poaching: it's there that they arrange all their villanous plans for the destruction of our game. There is no end to the immorality it gives rise to.'

'If you think so ill of this beer-shop, shall we withdraw the license?'

'What! Turner's? No, no; I didn't mean his; it's a very respectable house: I do not accuse him of anything of the sort. However, we must fine this man one shilling.'

'Please your worship I cannot pay.'

'Eh! What did you say?' ejaculated Mr Fletcher. 'What's become of your wages?'

'It was but four shillings, your honour, and I paid two to Jackson for bread we had eaten last week.'

'And the rest—what's become of that?'

Peter remained silent, and fidgetted from one foot to the other with a desponding air.

'What! gone? all gone—swallowed—gone in your cups—eh man? Now isn't it a disgrace to such a man as you to have reduced yourself to such extremities? But you shall learn a lesson; you shall remember and take care of your money: we will commit you, and give you something else to do than to indulge in drinking. Clerk, make out the warrant.'

Whilst the clerk was busy writing, Mr Fletcher, turning to his companion, said, 'Ah, Gardner, I suppose you had a merry meeting last night?'

Edward Gardner feeling this topic to be peculiarly inappropriate to the place and the matter before them, gave a reluctant assent.

'Was his lordship in good spirits?' pursued Mr Fletcher.

'Very.'

'And the wine good?'

He nodded his assent.

'You look a little heavy,' laughed the other: 'too good perhaps. Does your head ache?'

The young man reddened, but knew not how to stop him, when their attention was suddenly diverted by the hurried entrance of a woman, pale, emaciated, and poorly clad. She carried one child in her arms, whilst two other sickly-looking creatures clung to her gown, and tried to conceal their frightened faces in the scanty folds of her clothing. Tears stood in her hollow eyes, and her frame trembled as much from weakness as from excitement.

'Oh please your worships,' cried she with frantic eagerness, putting back those who interposed to stop her, 'have pity on us, and do not send my poor husband to jail; he has seldom, very seldom, done so before; and if you will forgive him, he will never do so again; but we are all weak in temptation.'

'My good woman,' said Mr Fletcher, 'I cannot allow this noise. If Peter Johnson is your husband, let me tell you that he is here to answer for having broken the law, the dignity of which we sit here to uphold; and that it is this same law which condemns him, not we alone. Pray remember to whom you are speaking, and compose yourself to a proper and respectful manner.'

'I should be sorry to show disrespect to your worships; but pray have pity on my husband, who is a good man as times go, I assure you.'

'And pray how do you account then for his squandering all his money at the alehouse, and leaving you and your family to starve?'

'It's company, sir; and joviality and good-fellowship, your worship. If you found yourself in a comfortable, warm room, light and cheery like, merry companions enticing you, and pleasant chat, and good liquor too, would you leave it at once for a dreary, darksome house, no comfort, crying children, and hardly a mouthful to give them? Oh, gentlemen, may you never be so tempted, or feel how hard a thing it is to resist!'

'Woman, I desire you will not talk in this way! Do you mean to place us on a level, or imagine that I should succumb to the temptations which overpower your weak-minded husband? Begone! Clerk, is the warrant ready?'

'And what is to become of us?' shrieked the wife. 'Are we to starve, I and my little ones, whilst their father is in jail?'

'Constable, remove that woman,' said Mr Fletcher harshly. 'Her noise interrupts the course of justice.'

Peter Johnson was committed to prison, but his confinement was of short duration; in a very few hours he was informed that the fine was paid, and that he might return to his own home. He did so, and to his astonishment discovered that it was no longer the destitute home which he had left it. Food was there for the present, and work was promised for the future, to be dependent on steadiness and good conduct for its continuance.

This was the work of Edward Gardner: he had a conscience, and it whispered to him pretty loudly that the revellers at the Crown were only humble imitators of the gay and aristocratic party which he had joined, and that the excesses which they were obliged to punish in the poor, were equally wrong, and far more inexcusable, in the rich.

A VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

FIRST ARTICLE.

'How shall we employ ourselves this forenoon?' exclaimed a young lady to her uncle, shortly after breakfast, on the morning of a pleasant day in August. 'What would you recommend to wile away Mrs Russell's time, now that it draws near her last day in Edinburgh?'

'I must first know what you have seen before I can offer my advice on the occasion,' replied Mr Lauder. 'You cannot surely have exhausted the *lions* of our Northern Athens in a single week?'

At this moment Mrs Russell entered the room, and overhearing Mr Lauder's remark, she immediately replied, as she shook hands with the querist, 'What have we seen? My dear sir, I think we have seen every hole and corner of the fair city, and it would puzzle me to say what delighted me most. We have rambled up the Water of Leith, and drank of St Bernard's Well.

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We have looked down on it from the lofty span of the Dean Bridge, with its splendid and varied prospect of city and country on either side. We have gone through your west-end squares and circuses, with their substantial architecture of polished stone; and then, after looking down on them, as on a map, from the airy heights of your Calton Hill, nothing would satisfy Mr Gregor but that we should explore the lanes and alleys of smoky old buildings which we saw piled up in confused masses beyond.'

'Well,' said Mr Lauder, 'and what think you of Auld Reekie? Wapping or Lambeth is attractive, I presume, when compared to its dingy repulsiveness?'

'I do confess,' replied Mrs Russell, 'that I was loth to be decoyed into the grim alleys and tall narrow courts, where the light of heaven seems struggling in vain for admission; but there is certainly, after all, something grand about these substantial piles of masonry, with their half-defaced shields, and old legends and inscriptions. Then, too, we had for our guide an intelligent friend, who told us so many romantic tales and old-world stories of knights and dames of high degree; or of hobgoblins, warlocks, secret chambers, and haunted houses, that it really seemed like reading a romance, or rather perhaps like acting one, amid the very scenes where it is laid. Nor was it all romance either. All the associations of Modern Athens seem of right to belong to its venerable precursor. We were shown the residence of David Hume, and the mansion—a humble enough one to be sure—whither Boswell conducted Dr Samuel Johnson when he visited Edinburgh on his way to the Western Isles, and where he treated learned doctors and unlearned duchesses with equal bearishness. Not far from this was the haunt of Burns during his first visit to the same city—a dusky old mansion, deserted by Scottish grandees even in the days of the ploughman poet. But indeed your old scenes are a perfect haunt of poets. We were shown the dwellings of Ramsay, Scott, and Campbell; the lodgings of Gay, Smollett, and Goldsmith; the birthplaces of Falconer and Ferguson; while, ever and anon, there mingled with these some old-world story of Queen Mary and John Knox, of King James or Cromwell, of Montrose or Argyle and the martyrs of the Covenant—that I do confess I shall return to Taunton with an impression of interest and pleasure such as I did not conceive it possible any mere town-rambles could convey.'

'You do, indeed, seem to have heartily enjoyed your visit to the wynds and closes of Auld Reekie,' replied Mr Lauder. 'It is, I confess, a source of pleasure I should hardly have ventured to propose as one of your pastimes. But you would not of course omit its more popular attractions?'

Mrs Russell. You mean the Castle and Palace, I presume? We visited both with great delight; inspected the Regalia, the crown of Bruce, the sword of James IV., the ring of Charles I., and the York jewels—these strangely-interesting relics of the hapless race of the Stuarts. We peeped in too at the newly-discovered chapel of St Margaret; but we did not dare to venture over the threshold.

Mr Lauder. And pray what grim goblin haunts its hallowed precincts that you went no farther?

Mrs R. Very substantial goblins I assure you, Mr Lauder. On remarking to the old soldier who escorted us that we would need a light to explore its old Norman chancel—'A light!' said he hastily. 'Quite against orders, ma'am; the gentleman is standing on a bag of gunpowder!'

Miss Gregor. You would have laughed indeed, uncle, had you seen how papa jumped when he heard this. We thought no more of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret, or the usurping Donald Bane, and the miracles at Dunfermline. I am sure, for my part, I trembled till I saw the door safely locked on the dangerous stores. Is it not strange to turn the most ancient chapel in Scotland—as they say it is—to so vile a use?

Mr L. It is indeed, and disgraceful too. But we must remember what is still stranger, and may in some degree account for it, that the venerable chapel associated with our pious Saxon Queen has only been brought to light during the past year, after remaining for centuries unheeded and forgot. But we must not waste the forenoon in reverie or vain regrets. You have seen the Palace of Holyrood, I presume; and drunk to George Heriot's memory out of his own cup, still preserved in the magnificent edifice which he founded and endowed! You have visited the old Parliament House, the libraries, and colleges; and have even, as I understand, extended your excursions to Roslin, Hawthornden, Corstorphine, and Dalkeith. What say you to a visit to the Antiquarian Museum? To-day it is open to the public, and I shall have great pleasure in being your guide.

Miss G. La, uncle, you are surely joking! What should we see in the Antiquarian Museum?

Mr L. Much, my dear niece, that may both interest and instruct you. Besides, Mrs Russell describes her visit to the Old Town with such gusto, that I think she is half an antiquary already.

Mrs R. Nay, nay, my dear sir, you altogether mistake me. I do confess, indeed, that I enjoyed my visit to the Old Town in a way I could not have conceived possible: but as to inspecting a collection of old Roman pots and kettles, rusty pikes, and broken crockery, I must confess its merits would be thrown away upon me. I am not quite sure whether I should laugh or yawn.

Mr L. Laugh you may, possibly enough, and you shall have full permission to do so; but I am quite sure you shall not yawn. So come along: lose no more time; but get on your bonnets and shawls, and let us see if the New Town has not also its antiquities, quite as capable of yielding interest and pleasant recollections as those you discovered, so much to your surprise, in the dingy closes of Auld Reekie.

Such was the conversation which led to the visit we are now to describe, to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Mrs Russell was an English lady, who had left the pleasant glades of Somersetshire for a brief sojourn in Scotland, during which a whole host of old prejudices had evaporated at the touch of experience, like the morning mists on the hills before the rising sun. The carriage was speedily at the door: and in a short time the party alighted at the entrance of the Society of Antiquaries' Rooms, in George Street, and ascended to the gallery in which their miscellaneous collection of antiquities is displayed.

Mr Lauder walked with his companions round the room, and at the first listless glance, it seemed to promise little more than Mrs Russell's half-jesting inventory of its contents had described. He was one, however, to whom the study of Archæology was no new thing. He had learned to regard the relics of elder times as something very different from mere idle rarities designed to beguile a listless half hour, or employ the leisure of 'children of an older growth.' Having allowed them to get over the novelty of the scene, along with which there seemed some risk of their getting over its interest also, he begged them to put themselves under his guidance, and take an orderly survey of its contents, as a collection designed to illustrate the science which deals with *the unwritten historical records of our race.*

The first case to which Mr Lauder begged their attention contains what he described as relics of the *Stone Period*—a collection of hammers, adzes, spears, arrows, &c. all made of stone or flint, which have been dug up from time to time chiefly in the burial-places of the British aborigines. The large stone-hammers were popularly known during the last century, in Scotland at least, as 'Purgatory Hammers,' being designed, according to the vulgar creed, to enable the deceased warrior to knock so loudly at the gates of heaven, that St Peter might hear him without fail, and hasten to turn the key, and give admission to the Elysian fields. A different and more homely superstition conferred on

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the little flint arrow-heads—of which the Museum contains a variety of beautifully-formed specimens—the name of *Elf-bolts* or Elfin-arrows. These are regarded, even in our day, in the remoter Highlands, as well as in parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as arrows shot by the fairies, and peculiarly injurious to the peasants' cattle. Thus Wilson represents his disconsolate farmer mourning

> 'O'er harried roosts an' ankers toom,
> By warlocks riding on a broom;
> Or on a black-cat naig belyve,
> Or south-fast sailing in a sieve;
> While snaw-drifts smoore the silly sheep,
> An' dwinin' kye the *elf-shot* threep,
> Maugre the Elfin cup should keep.'

Among these curious illustrations of the rude arts of the British aborigines, and the simple superstitions of their descendants, are some very beautifully-formed flint spear and arrow-heads, a donation of the present king of Denmark, who visited this country in 1844 when crown-prince, and took a lively interest in the comparisons which such collections enabled him to make between his own rude Scandinavian ancestry and those of like barbarian simplicity in the British Isles.

While the ladies were examining these evidences of the primitive arts of Britain, and pressing Mr Lauder with questions which showed how much he had already excited their interest, he directed their attention to a collection of modern New Zealand clubs, spears, and the like relics of a southern voyage, which every sailor who visits any of the Polynesian islands brings home with him as the spoils of the southern hemisphere; and there, among the tattooed clubs and fantastically-carved oars, hung several Polynesian adzes and chip-axes of flint, exactly corresponding to those they had been examining as the weapons and implements of the aborigines of Britain and Denmark.

'But surely, dear uncle,' exclaimed Miss Gregor, 'you do not mean to say that our ancestors were ever such a set of savages as the Tahitians or New Zealanders?'

'Undoubtedly I do,' replied Mr Lauder. 'In the mechanical arts we have evidence here that they were at one time far inferior to the natives of Polynesia. Here,' said he, pointing to a rude flat-bottomed boat which occupies a stand in the centre of the Museum—'here is an ancient British boat, no doubt of the Stone Period we are now considering. It was dug up within 300 feet of the margin of the river Clyde, opposite the Broomielaw, at Glasgow. Mr Stuart remarks of it, in his notices of Glasgow in former times: "This relic of a very primitive age in the history of our country has been formed from a single piece of timber; the trunk, we may believe, of one of those giant oaks which overshadowed in their day of life the gloomy solitude of the ancient Caledonian forests, and has most probably been hollowed, with the aid of fire, by the rude hands of some barbarian Briton." This rude British boat,' added Mr Lauder, 'if compared with one of the vessels of the New Zealanders, decorated with a richly-carved prow, and furnished with a raised platform or deck, would undoubtedly compel us to give the palm of superior civilisation to the New Zealander over the early Briton. But,' said Mr Lauder, leading his companions to another part of the room, and pointing to a long canoe, also formed of a single trunk of a tree, 'let us compare it with this Malay canoe, brought home by Captain Thompson in 1833: even this, you will perceive, though destitute of ornament, is more regularly shaped, and more skilfully and neatly finished, than the ancient Clyde canoe.'

'It is astonishing indeed,' said Mrs Russell. 'I confess I now look upon that rude boat with an interest I never felt in any vessel before. Centuries—many—very many centuries ago, that and such-like vessels formed the fleets of the Clyde, where now hundreds of large steam-ships are arriving and departing every hour, and vessels laden with the wealth of distant shores daily crowd into the port of the western capital of Scotland. How interesting would it be to be able to recover some traces of the progress of these British barbarians; but every record of the interval of many centuries is lost beyond recall!'

'By no means,' replied Mr Lauder. 'We learn here, in the first place, that they were altogether ignorant of the use of metals, and constructed their weapons and implements of stone, or of deers' horn, or bone. Here, for example, is a rude lance-head of bone, found in an ancient tumulus, and almost exactly corresponding with another hanging on the walls, constructed by the modern Esquimaux for a fish-spear. One not dissimilar to this was found, at a considerable depth, in the Blair-Drummond Moss, some seven miles above Stirling, lying among the bones of a whale. The speculations which such a discovery suggests are curious indeed, but we have not now time to enter on them. It points to a remote period when the broad estuary, in which a whale could swim, not only extended inland, where now a child might wade across the deepest of its streams, but stood at a height of many feet above its present level; and yet even at that remote era the Briton inhabited the carse-land of Stirling, constructed his rude deers'-horn harpoon, and boldly waged war with the monsters of the deep. Here,' said Mr Lauder, directing the ladies to the contents of another case, 'you see the personal ornaments of the same period: bracelets or armillæ of coal, jet, or wood; necklaces of the same simple materials; combs, still ruder in construction; and even cups, basins, and porringers roughly hewn out of stone. Here, too, is the half-burnt clay pottery of the British aborigines. Some of the urns are decorated with considerable taste with ornamental patterns, yet we detect in the very finest of them that their makers were ignorant of one of the most ancient mechanical contrivances—the potter's wheel. In the Prophecies of Jeremiah, the prophet remarks, "Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels!" So that we perceive this simple device, which was familiar to the Jews more than six hundred years before the birth of Christ, was altogether unknown to our British ancestry.

'But we cannot afford to spend all day on this department of antiquities,' said Mr Lauder. 'Let us therefore examine next the relics of the *Bronze Period*, as it is styled. Here is a very rich collection of the weapons and implements of the period when the early Britons had learned the art of working in metals—an immense step in the progress of civilisation. Here we see a beautiful pair of the *leaf-shaped swords*, as they are styled, which were dug up only two years ago on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, in making the Queen's Drive; while others, dredged out of Duddingstone Loch in considerable numbers, point to this as an early seat of northern civilisation. The most common relic of this period is the axe-like weapon termed a *Celt*, one of which was found along with the swords on Arthur's Seat. These have been assigned by earlier writers as the works of the Phœnicians, if not of the Romans; but all idea of their foreign origin has been set at rest of late years by the discovery of moulds, made, some of bronze, and others of stone, indicating that the old Briton furnished himself with weapons very much as the modern sportsman casts his own bullets for his rifle.

'It is worth your while,' added Mr Lauder, 'to read when you go home the picture which Milton has so happily conceived of these first ingenious workers in metal. You will find it in the fifth book of the "Paradise Lost," where the Archangel Michael reveals to Adam the future progress of his race, and the varied displays of inventive skill and ingenuity exhibited by his descendants:—

> ——— "The liquid ore he drained
> Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed,
> First, his own tools, then what might else be wrought
> Fusil or graven in metal."

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'But I exhaust your patience, I fear?' said Mr Lauder.

'Oh no, not in the slightest,' responded both his companions. 'On the contrary, you interest us exceedingly.'

Encouraged by this assurance, Mr Lauder drew their attention to another case, which contained the personal ornaments of the Bronze Period. Some of these were of the most beautiful description. Massive gold and silver armlets; or large and heavy bronze collars for the neck, styled *Torques;* and armillæ, in like manner constructed of bronze, in the form of snakes—a common Scandinavian device. There, too, were variegated glass beads of large size, which frequently occur in the tumuli of the same period; with bronze and bone needles and pins; large and richly-decorated brooches made of bronze; a massive chain of pure silver, weighing nearly a hundred ounces, dug up in making the Caledonian Canal; and a variety of other objects, all proving the rapid progress in the arts of civilisation consequent on the discovery of the art of working in metal.

The ladies were still busy inspecting this interesting department of the collection, when a curious old clock in another corner of the large hall struck the hour of four, and warned them that they must return home.

'The clock must surely be wrong, dear uncle,' said Miss Gregor; 'it seems scarcely half an hour since we left home.'

Mr Lauder smiled, as he assured his niece that the old clock was correct and trustworthy. 'You see *the old pots and pans* are not so unattractive as you imagined. We have not gone over one-half of the collection, and it is time that we were home.'

Mrs Russell was equally unwilling to leave the Museum. She thanked Mr Lauder again and again for the very pleasant day she had spent under his guidance, and expressed an earnest wish that, should she be able to prolong her stay in Edinburgh, he would again become their guide, to inspect the remaining portion of the collection. Mr Lauder expressed himself no less gratified by the sympathy they had manifested in what he termed his favourite study of archæology, and assured them that he would greatly enjoy their company on some future occasion, to investigate the Roman and Mediæval Departments, in which the collection is no less rich than in those of an earlier date. In this understanding they returned home, discussing on the way many curious speculations, suggested by what they had seen and heard. Our readers, we trust, have been no less interested, and will be equally willing to accompany them should they accomplish their proposed second visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

A GLANCE AT THE SIKHS.

Most people have by this time formed some notion of the rise and progress of our Indian empire; but the notion is not, generally speaking, so fixed and precise as might be desirable. The time, indeed, has gone by when our dear countrymen pleased themselves with the idea that the East India Company had marched a regiment of sepoys, officered by Europeans, against the Mohammedan empire, driven the descendants of Timour from the throne, and clapped upon its own four-and-twenty heads the crown of the Grand Mogul. But this heroical illusion has given place in many minds only to other illusions, and much valuable time, therefore, is lost in arguing about shadows and mockeries. It ought to be distinctly understood—or else as distinctly denied—that the Mogul dominion had been utterly broken up, and that the English, who had their commercial interests to protect, as well as being goaded on by their jealousies of the French, found themselves struggling for life and purse among the contending elements of the crumbled empire; that they fought their way step by step, bravely and successfully, till, drunken with blood, and maddened by the rage for gold, they found themselves in a position where retreat was impossible, and the onward movement their only hope of safety; that as their territories increased, the idea at length dawned upon them that they were destined to rebuild the empire; and that although this idea was combated from time to time, chiefly by an ignorant, but generous outcry at home, the period at length came when they could no longer doubt that they were the paramount power in India, and, as such, intrusted with the fate of more than a hundred millions of their fellow-men.

While thus driven onwards by chance or fortune, the English exhibited a remarkable mixture of recklessness and timidity. At times, the Mahrattas themselves never went out 'a-kingdom-taking' with less remorse; while at other times they paused, awe-struck at the apparition of legitimacy, in the person perhaps of some brigand who had within their own memory risen from a petty robber into a king. Thus their vast empire was dotted, and is so to this day, with native states, left in greater or less independence, which serve as hotbeds of disaffection and intrigue, counteract successfully the influence of European civilisation, and keep up a chronic war from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, from the Himalaya to the sea. We have for some time past been engaged (much against our own will, as usual) in fortifying our frontier on the west and north-west, by the reduction of the Valley of the Indus, and the country of the Punjaub within that line. The lower Indus, or Scinde, to the delight of its people, has been already rescued from the savage Belooches; and now we shall no doubt be forced by recent events to *invite*, after our fashion, the warlike Sikhs to place themselves under the wing of our motley empire. This will be a most important attainment; for the Indus is, geographically, the outer ditch of our vast fortress, beyond which there are only the thinly-peopled wastes and mountains of Beloochistan and Affghanistan—utterly worthless as acquisitions, and if acquired, utterly impossible to retain.

But the reduction of the Sikhs, which would have been easy at the proper time, is now a very difficult matter; for the Sikhs are not a people, but a Sect, which, being in close *rapport* both with the Hindoo and Mohammedan mind, has a power of expansion that defies all ordinary calculations. We have now before us a history of this singular body, from which we shall endeavour to collect some particulars; and the rather that it is a task which few general readers will be tempted to undertake for themselves. The history is a work of great ability, and exhibiting indefatigable industry; but it is written only for the erudite on such subjects. The very names, which the author has drawn up in grim and threatening array on every page, are more than a sufficient barrier against the ordinary reader: it is as though a historian of Great Britain were to form in line the septs and families of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and this not for the purpose of exhibiting their distinctive characteristics, but merely the frantic spelling of their patronymics.*

The Hindoo mind is not stagnant, as many people suppose. A thousand years before the Christian era, the reform of Buddhism, as pure as the first message of Mohammed, made a struggle against Brahminism and its degrading system of caste, which deluged all India with blood. The Brahmins appear to have been successful within the empire; but the nations on the north and east became converts, and the island of Ceylon was the head-quarters of Buddha. In process of time Buddhism degenerated into a system as wild as Brahminism itself; and then came Mohammedanism, to leaven and quicken them both for a new development. Towards the end of the fourteenth century a philosopher promulgated the doctrine that 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' and thus broke the fetters of caste

* A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej. By Joseph Davy Cunningham, Lieutenant of Engineers and Captain in the Army of India. London: Murray. 1849.

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among his disciples; he was followed by another, who preached the omnipotence of faith and self-denial; and then came one who made war upon the worship of idols. As we approach the sixteenth century, we find the minds of the people, both Hindoo and Mohammedan, in a state of strong fermentation; and in the midst there arose the founder of a sect destined to become a nation.

This man, who was born in the neighbourhood of Lahore in 1469, was called Nânuk, and he set himself to the diligent study of both religions, but 'could find God nowhere. He preached one indivisible and eternal God, the equality of men, the necessity for Divine grace, and for leading a virtuous and loving life. He called his followers Sikhs, or disciples, but assumed no other superiority over them than as a spiritual teacher. He was followed by a succession of eminent men; one of whom, by interdicting quietism or ascetism, very early preserved the community from sinking into a mere sect. Another mustered his followers in a hamlet called Amritsir, which has now become a populous city. He collected the writings of his predecessors, established a tax instead of the voluntary offerings of converts and adherents, and began to accustom the people to a regular government. This lawgiver encouraged the pursuit of secular occupations, and was himself a great merchant; but one of his successors—Hur Govind—took to the trade of arms, and marched his followers to the wars of the Empire. He had a stable of 800 horses, and a constant guard of 300 mounted followers, with 60 matchlock men round his person.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Govind Singh purified and strengthened the Sikh doctrines, and this church was now called the 'Khâlsa'—saved, liberated, or chosen. The worship of the one true God, in spirit, and not by means of images, the abandonment of ceremonies of all kinds, and the acknowledgment of the perfect equality of mankind, were the grand essentials. Baptism by water was the form of initiation. The Sikhs were commanded to bathe from time to time in the pool of Amritsir, to call themselves Singhs or soldiers, to leave their locks unshorn, to wear arms constantly, and to pass their lives in war. 'The last apostle of the Sikhs,' says Captain Cunningham, 'did not live to see his own ends accomplished, but he effectually roused the dormant energies of a vanquished people, and filled them with a lofty although fitful longing for social freedom and national ascendancy, the proper adjuncts of that purity of worship which had been preached by Nânuk. Govind saw what was yet vital, and he relumed it with Promethean fire. A living spirit possesses the whole Sikh people, and the impress of Govind has not only elevated and altered the constitution of their minds, but has operated materially and given amplitude to their physical frames. The features and external form of a whole people have been modified, and a Sikh chief is not more distinguishable by his stately person and free and manly bearing, than a minister of his faith is by a lofty thoughtfulness of look, which marks the fervour of his soul, and his persuasion of the near presence of the Divinity.'

This remarkable change has been operated in two centuries upon the Jut peasants of Lahore, who were the first converts made by Nânuk to his doctrines of religious reform and social emancipation. After Govind Singh, the Sikhs must be considered as a nation, not as a church; but our limits forbid us to trace their history. During the breaking up of the Mogul empire they obtained in sovereignty the provinces of Sirhind and Lahore. 'In 1784 the progress of the genuine Sikhs attracted the notice of Hastings, and he seems to have thought that the presence of a British agent at the court of Delhi might help to deter them from molesting the vizier of Oude. But the Sikhs had learned to dread others, as well as to be a cause of fear; and shortly afterwards, they asked the British resident to enter into a defensive alliance against the Mahrattas, and to accept the services of thirty thousand horsemen, who had posted themselves near Delhi to watch the motions of Sindhia. The English had then a slight knowledge of a new and distant people, and an estimate two generations old may provoke a smile from the protectors of Lahore. "The Sikhs," says Colonel Francklin, "are in their persons tall; .... their aspect is ferocious, and their eyes piercing; .... they resemble the Arabs of the Euphrates, but they speak the language of the Affghans; .... their collected army amounts to 250,000 men, a terrific force, yet, from want of union, not much to be dreaded." The judicious and observing Forster put some confidence in similar statements of their vast array, but he estimated more surely than any other early writer the real character of the Sikhs; and the remark of 1783, that an able chief would probably attain to absolute power on the ruins of the rude commonwealth, and become the terror of his neighbours, has been amply borne out by the career of Runjeet Singh.' At the close of the last century this celebrated adventurer rose into eminence, organized, by the aid of European science, a powerful military system, and extended his dominions from Thibet to Moultan. 'Runjeet Singh grasped the more obvious characteristics of the impulse given by Nânuk and Govind; he dexterously turned them to the purposes of his own material ambition, and he appeared to be an absolute monarch in the midst of willing and obedient subjects. But he knew that he merely directed into a particular channel a power which he could neither destroy nor control, and that, to prevent the Sikhs turning upon himself, or destroying one another, he must regularly engage them in conquest and remote warfare.' The Maharajah died in 1839; and in six years after—in 1845—the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and engaged deliberately in a struggle with the British empire, which, after a momentary intermission, still continues.

The Sikhs may become able coadjutors of the English in the work of civilisation; but they are the most formidable enemies we have yet crossed swords with in India. According to the highest estimate, they are only about a million and a-half in numbers; but their increase is not according to the ordinary laws of population. Theirs is the standard both of religious and social reform; and it invites under its folds not only the reflecting and philosophical, but the desperate and depraved—the Pariahs of civilisation. The Mahrattas, who had no aid from religious enthusiasm, were merely the low castes of Southern India; and yet in a few years they became a mighty nation, which, with a tithe of the military science of the present Sikhs, would have formed an impassable barrier against the advance of the English beyond Bengal.

'The observers of the ancient creeds,' says our author, 'quietly pursue the even tenor of their way, self-satisfied, and almost indifferent about others; but the Sikhs are converts to a new religion, the seal of the double dispensation of Brahma and Mohammed: *their* enthusiasm is still fresh, and *their* faith is still an active and a living principle. *They* are persuaded that God himself is present with them, that He supports them in all their endeavours, and that sooner or later He will confound *their* enemies for His own glory. This feeling of the Sikh people deserves the attention of the English, both as a civilised nation and as a paramount government. Those who have heard a follower of Goroo Govind declaim on the destinies of his race, his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement, can understand *that* spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe to battle for the cross on the shores of Asia. The Sikhs do not form a numerous sect; yet their strength is not to be estimated by tens of thousands, but by the unity and energy of religious fervour and warlike temperament. They will dare much, and they will endure much, for the mystic "Khâlsa," or commonwealth: they are not discouraged by defeat, and they ardently look forward to

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the day when Indians and Arabs, and Persians and Turks, shall all acknowledge the double mission of Nânuk and Govind Singh.'

But even their religious enthusiasm is not necessary for the extension of their sway, for in India it is an easy matter to collect armies without the plea of religion, or anything else but pay; and on this subject our author gives a few details of the history of George Thomas, a European adventurer, who acquired a principality in Northern India. This man was bred to the sea, but deserted from a vessel of war, and took military service at Madras. He wandered to the north of India, and entered the employment of the famous Begum Sumroo; but being disappointed in obtaining her highness's hand, he went into the Mahratta service, in which he defeated a body of Sikhs at Kurnal. The soldier of fortune at length determined to set up for himself. He repaired the crumbling walls of Hansee, once an important fortress, assembled soldiers, cast guns, and proceeded, with various alternations of success and defeat, to conquer territory. He possessed at one time 10 battalions, 60 guns, and a land revenue of L.45,000. He was supposed to be ambitious of subduing the Sikhs; but his enemies were too strong for him, and he returned in 1802 into the British provinces, where he died.

The first husband of this Begum Sumroo, to whom George Thomas made love, from a private in the French service became a military chief of some consequence in India, although, as he was not connected with Sikh history, our author does not mention him. He was a native of Saltzurg, and his real name was Walter Reinhard, although, from the gloomy cast of his countenance, his companions gave him the name of Sombre. How he came to marry the Begum, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, we do not remember; but he first rose into eminence by murdering, at the command of Kasim Alee, Mr Ellis and other British officers taken in the city and factory of Patna in 1763. He then persuaded his master to endeavour to seize upon the principality of Nepaul; and they would actually have succeeded, but for the circumstance of one of the men in the secret of the enterprise getting drunk. Sombre now entered successively into two other services; but eventually set up for himself, like Thomas—hiring out his battalions to the highest bidder. At his death, the Begum took the command of the force herself, and made an excellent commandant. Among the officers who entered her service were George Thomas and Le Vassoult, both of whom proposed marriage to their mistress; but the Frenchman, unfortunately for himself, gained the prize. After his tragical death, the Begum entered into an alliance with the British government, her forces then consisting of six battalions, a party of artillery, and 200 horse. Her expenditure at this time was L.60,000 a year; but she nevertheless contrived to leave at her death a magnificent fortune, L.600,000 of which came to Mr Dyce Sombre, a grandson of her first husband, whose daughter (by an earlier wife) had married Colonel Dyce.

These instances show what may be the fortune of unaided individuals; and with so many higher influences at work in their favour, it is hard to say where the progress of the Sikhs may stop. In our opinion it ought to be advanced, not hindered, by the British. Sikhism is the intermediate step to Christianity, without which, to all human appearance, Christianity has but little chance in India. 'Our missionaries,' says Captain Cunningham, 'earnest and devoted men, must be content with the cold arguments of science and criticism; they must not rouse the feelings, or appeal to the imagination; they cannot promise aught which their hearers were not sure of before; they cannot go into the desert to fast, nor retire to the mountain tops to pray; they cannot declare the fulfilment of any fondly-cherished hope of the people; nor, in announcing a great principle, can they point to the success of the sword and the visible favour of the Divinity. No austerity of sanctitude convinces the multitude, and the Pundit and the Moolla can each oppose dialectics to dialectics, morality to morality, and revelation to revelation. Our zealous preachers may create sects among ourselves, half Quietist and half Epicurean; they may persevere in their laudable resolution of bringing up the orphans of heathen parents, and they may gain some converts among intelligent inquirers, as well as among the ignorant and the indigent, but it seems hopeless that they should ever Christianise the Indian and Mohammedan worlds.'

When we say that the progress of Sikhism ought to be aided by the British, it will occur to our readers, from the foregoing sketch, that there is no necessary or original connection between their social and religious reform and the trade of arms. The Sikhs were as zealous when they were a mercantile people, and their lawgiver a great horse-dealer; and when Hur Govind detached them from their peaceful pursuits, and wedded them to a military life, it was only because, in the confusion of the time, when the Mogul empire was crumbling in pieces, they could not otherwise have remained an undivided and flourishing body. The case is now different. There is a paramount power in India; and there is nothing extravagant in the idea that, by a series of judicious measures, the Sikhs might be led back to their original standard—'Peace on earth, and good-will towards men.'

This, however, cannot be accomplished in a day—or a generation; and the hasty politicians of our time will therefore demand that we shall either crush the Sikhs, or leave them and their country alone. They are already counting the cost of our retaining Scinde, and exclaiming that the money would be better spent in improving our original territories and civilising their inhabitants. They forget that, by the insecurity of our position, we have hitherto been forced to postpone almost all such projects; and that without a strong frontier, we should never have either the leisure or the power to do our duty to our interior dominions. The deprecators of the annexation of the Punjaub say that in the countries beyond there is as numerous and powerful a population, which in their turn will offer themselves for conquest. But this involves an error. The tribes beyond the Indus have no national union, and the Affghan cities are divided by barren mountains and deserts, and still more by antagonistic interests. The Punjaub is the last country on our frontier where there is a regular government and a concentrated population; and of this we must either assume the rule, and lead the Sikhs by degrees into habits of peace, or submit to have the territory of the Five Rivers a thorn in our side for ever.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

One evening in the month of July 1525, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intently fixed on a book, which he held open in his hand; while, but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his fleecy charge might have strayed in every direction without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his book, until, as he was passing a cottage, a voice from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

'What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good-evening?'

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

'No, good Louison,' replied the boy with a very serious air; 'I intended to call and embrace you.'

'How say you that, Pierre!' said the old woman. 'One would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again.'

'I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy,' replied the child.

'And always ready to share my luncheon with my

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little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver sixpence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life: something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me: if you remain here in this village of St Gobain, how are you ever to become great?—a man whom every one will talk of and say, "Do you know that he was once little La Ramée, the son of La Ramée the charcoal-burner and Calinette his wife?"'

'Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St Gobain. Who knows?—better days may come; and then,' added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, 'when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you.'

'Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?—Pierrot!'

But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farmhouse which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-tree, and climbing its lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

'Ah, little robber of birds'-nests, have I caught you?' said a loud good-natured voice.

'Oh, Richard, is that you?' said Pierre. 'You startled me: I thought at first it was my father.'

'Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep.'

'Oh my mother wont be very angry.'

'Yes, but that's not all,' replied Richard; 'while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.'

'I hope she will give me back my book,' said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, 'Go in; your father wants to speak to you.'

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

'Husband, here is Pierre.'

La Ramée looked up. 'What has happened to keep you so late?'

'Nothing, father.'

'To whom does this book belong?'

'To me, father.'

'Who gave it you?'

'I did, sir,' said Richard; 'I gave him money to buy it.'

'And what do you do with it, child?' asked his father.

'I read it, father.'

'You read it!' cried his father and mother together; 'and where did you learn to read?'

'I taught him,' said Richard. 'The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another.'

'A fine service truly!' said Calinette.

'If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?'

'Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!' replied Richard.

'That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?'

'That's not the question, wife,' said La Ramée: 'certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing.'

'Oh, indeed it is,' said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, 'However, father, if you would'——

'Send you to school, I suppose you mean?' interrupted his father. 'You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths.'

'Here is your supper,' said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

'May I have my book?' asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'

'Jean de Roly,' replied Pierre.

'Who was that priest?' asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

'He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother,' replied the child. 'He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Nôtre-Dame in Paris. *He* knew how to read and to write too,' added Pierre with a sigh; 'so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI., it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI., and the father of our present king, Louis XII., was so much pleased with him, that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court.'

'There, there—that will do,' cried Calinette.

'You see now *I* was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow,' said Richard proudly.

'Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wiseacre,' added she, giving her son a slight push—'go and look for your *Jean Joly!*'

'Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago.'

'But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy!'

'My father certainly burns charcoal,' said Pierre in a low tone; 'and yet he has gentle blood in his veins.'

'And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?' said his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!'

'Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing.'

'Good-night, mother; good-night, father; good-night, Richard;' said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, 'Kiss me, mother.'

'What for, child?' replied Calinette.

'Old Louison says,' replied Pierre, 'that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again'——

'What strange ideas the boy has!' said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. 'There, Pierrot; 'tis time for you to go.'

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

'Where are you going?' asked the man.

'I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you do not know.'

'I guess it, child—you're going to leave us;' and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.

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'Richard,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read; that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris.'

'Without your father's permission?'

'Yes; you know if I had asked him, he would have refused. I shall never forget you, Richard; and when I am learned and happy'—— He could say no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him, was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home.

That evening there was sad consternation in the farmhouse when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Loulou the dog.

'Pierre! Pierre!—where is Pierre?' resounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramée at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was kindly received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous he possessed. But it was different in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and having eaten it, to seek a lodging where he best could. The covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awoke early by the noise of the town; and seeing a number of children going towards a school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the gate.

The porter opened it. 'What do you want?'

'I want to enter and listen to what is going on,' replied the little stranger with simplicity.

'Who are you?'

'A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning.'

'Can you pay for admission?'

'Alas! I have nothing in the world.'

'Then I advise you to go back as quickly as you can,' said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he sat down on the step. 'The children,' he thought, 'will soon be coming out: perhaps one of them will take pity on me.'

He waited patiently until the great gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

'Are you hurt, little master?' asked Pierre.

'No, thank you,' replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramée when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child who had fallen passed by, he saluted him.

'Master,' said Pierre advancing.

'Here,' said the child, offering him a piece of money.

'It is not that,' said Pierre, drawing back his hand.

'What, then?' asked the pupil with surprise.

'Lend me one of your books, little master; I will return it when you come out.'

'What good will that do you?' said the child, greatly astonished.

'Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy.'

'Here, then,' said the pupil, giving him the first book that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When its little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. 'To-morrow I will lend you a French book,' said the child, and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning are not all-sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat: and in order to do this, however sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

'This,' thought he, 'is a just punishment from God for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh my poor mother, I have caused you grief enough without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God, give me strength to go home!'

The prayer was heard. Some time afterwards Pierre once more entered his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong, and deserved punishment, yet full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he than recognised him; for the poor child was so altered, so pale and thin, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramée. Richard caught him in his arms, and hugged him with transport.

'Oh how they wept for you!' said he; 'and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret. Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?'

Pierre smiled sadly: 'I have seen but little of Paris,' he said; 'and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?'

Just then they reached the cottage door: the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving, but it would not do. The father's eyes were filled with tears while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and the mother covered him with kisses while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

'Come,' said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, 'this is the return of the Prodigal Son. Let every one embrace him and be satisfied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow; and you, sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents not to leave home again.'

'Without their permission,' said Pierre.

'What! do you still think of returning?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Notwithstanding all you have suffered?'

'Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything!'

Astonished at this determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said—'Your desire shall be accomplished, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk: I think, brother, I'll e'en spend them in indulging our young scapegrace: what do you say?'

'I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling, I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris.'

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first time that our young hero found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unmixed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvellous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinised his name, and called him RAMUS. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended.

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His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words:—'Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father's trade.'

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

'Two years!' thought he; 'only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.' And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a young lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

'Ramus!' he cried: 'Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy!'

'My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college.'

'Well, my child, then remain,' said the master, touched by his anxiety; 'but 'tis a great pity. You would make a better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?'

'Ah, I dare not say.'

'Let us see; on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat.'

'Sir,' said Ramus with a desperate effort, 'I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night.'

'And when will you sleep?' asked the principal, greatly affected.

'During the hours of recreation!' replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labours of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honours and degrees that are conferred on learned men; and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter V. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER AND ITS SANITARY TENDENCIES.

The origin of the observance of the Passover among the Israelites is well known to readers of the Bible. But very few are acquainted with the trouble and expense entailed on the orthodox Jews who adhere to the canon law as inculcated by the 'Mishna,' particularly the portion entitled 'Helchas Passochim,' wherein is given the formula for the Passover, for the guidance of all true believers.* It is not the intention of the writer to enter into the minutiæ, but simply to show the hygienic tendency of the laws of cleanliness, as enforced in the portion of the oral law to which reference has been made.

We may premise that the Scriptural or written law, on which the rules, as enforced by the Mishnaic doctors, have been based, are to be found in Exodus, chap. xiii. 7: 'Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and then there shall be no leaven seen with thee, *neither shall there be any leaven in all thy quarters.*' The portion of this text marked in *italics* forms the data for the minute observances of those laws on which we shall treat; and in order that they may be literally and spiritually obeyed, there is a list in the 'Helchas Passochim' of every imaginable substance that may be subject to fermentation: so that the rabbins in their catalogue include under the term leaven every vegetable and animal substance which modern chemists in their tables speak of as capable of *vinous* and *acetic* fermentation.

As soon, therefore, as the Feast of Purim has passed, it is a custom, from time immemorial, for the females of every Jewish family, rich and poor, to commence the annual cleaning.* Every nook and corner, every drawer, box, and cupboard, every room, from the attic to the kitchen, and every article of furniture in them, is cleaned, for the purpose of removing all accumulations, whether of dust or other extraneous matter, because such accumulations are considered by the Doctors of the Talmud as subject to a species of fermentation, or as generating impurities, which they deem dependent on a similar law. Every room and cupboard is limewashed; and every shelf is scrubbed, to remove even any stain or extraneous impression, from the probability that such stain has been produced by fermented matter. Thus the rabbins, under the express command of religious observances, have enforced such rigid cleanliness, that the houses of Jews are rendered pure and healthy by the preparations for this annual festival. This may in some measure account for the known longevity of Israelites—the writer of this having known many who attained the ages of 100, 110, and even 120, whilst few die, comparatively speaking, very young. These facts are worthy of attention, as they have been in operation for many hundreds of years before sanitary reforms were thought of, and before scientific men had ascertained that the want of radical cleanliness in the houses of the poor often generated malignant fevers and other disorders.

In most European cities the Jews have been forced to reside in some obscure and huddled locality, where one might expect them to be more liable than the average of the population to fevers and other ailments supposed to arise from filth and want of fresh air. It appears, however, that the Jews are in fact less visited by disease than the generality of their fellow-citizens. This, while attributable in part to their superior temperance, may well be believed to be owing in no small measure to their one month of annual purification and the consequent cleanliness. It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that the plates, dishes, teacups, and saucers, knives and forks, saucepans, kettles, spoons, &c. which are used during the year, are not used for the Passover; these things being kept from year to year for this one week, or else *new* articles are purchased. In cases where poverty precludes the possibility of changing everything, there are certain formulæ showing how to purify them with boiling water, or with fire, or both, so as to deprive them of any fermentable matter which might otherwise, as in some kinds of porous earthenware, be absorbed.

The houses of the middle-class Jews, when the annual preparations for the Passover are completed, present a novel and a most cleanly aspect. Every shelf, dresser, table, tray, and cupboard, is covered with beautiful white napkins; and as each Jew has a pre-knowledge of the pains and penalties consequent on not removing

* The 'Mishna' is a digest of all the laws and usages extant among the Jews, and was published some hundreds of years since to preserve uniformity in the communities of this people, however they might be separated in many lands.

* Some idea may be formed of this annual undertaking, when it is known that Purim commences on the 14th day of Adar (see the Book of Esther); and the Passover commences on the 14th day of Nissan (Exodus, chap. xii. &c.) Hence a whole month is occupied in these important ablutions.

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all things subject to fermentation, there is experienced a sensation of purity which reacts on the mind, and disposes the sincere Israelite to express an intense gratitude to God, as if he had been actually a manumitted slave, and felt for the first time the pure air of freedom.* To these facts may be added the constant ablutions prescribed during this month by both the written and oral laws, rendering cleanliness of person a religious obligation; whence also arises cleanliness in culinary preparations. In short, it is manifest that the injunction of the lawgiver, even while one is disposed to smile at the literalness with which it is followed out, has been attended, through that very literalness, with effects of a most salutary as well as extraordinary kind.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THE 'Edinburgh Review' for April 1849, in an article on the clever novel of 'Mary Barton,' combats some of the delusions of the present day respecting the working-classes. It shows from facts the fallacy of supposing that the employers remain unaffected in their prosperity and comforts in bad times, while their workmen are thrown out of employment and starve. It shows the greater fallacy advanced by the stirrers of sedition among the working-men, that capital and labour are antagonistic, and that the share of the labourer is unjustly small. This writer comes clearly and distinctly to the conclusion that factory workers are, as a class, and taking all times together, well off, and in a situation to realise many of the blessings of life. He says —'The wages of men in most such establishments vary from 10s. to 40s., and those of girls and women from 7s. to 15s. a week. And as from the nature of the work, in which even children can be made serviceable, several individuals of the same family are generally employed, the earnings of a family will very frequently reach L.100 a year—and by no means unfrequently, when the father is an overlooker or a spinner, L.150 or L.170—a sum on which families in a much higher rank contrive to live in decency and comfort. Saving, then, out of such earnings is obviously not only practicable, but easy. Unhappily it is rare: for not only is much wasted at the alehouse (though less now than formerly), not only is much squandered in subscriptions to trades' unions and *strikes*, but among the more highly-paid operatives, spinners especially, gambling both by betting and at cards is carried on to a deplorable extent.† Much also is lost by bad housewifery; and we do not scruple to affirm that, were it possible (and who shall say that it is not?) to transport among these people those thrifty habits, that household management, that shrewd, sober, steady conduct characteristic of the Scotch peasantry, and which are so well depicted in Somerville's "Autobiography of a Working-Man," not merely comfort, but wealth and independence would speedily become the rule instead of the exception among our Manchester artisans. Even as it is, we are cognisant of many cases where hundreds—in some instances thousands—of pounds have been laid by for future calls by factory workmen.'

The writer alleges that the men who habitually labour to persuade the operatives to lay the burthen of their own sins and follies at the door of their employers are never the really distressed, 'but very generally those who have thrown up lucrative employment, because they preferred travelling and haranguing to steady and honest toil.... The plain truth,' says the reviewer, and most cordially do we concur in the whole strain of his remarks, 'cannot be too boldly spoken, nor too frequently repeated: the working-classes, and they only, can raise their own condition; to themselves alone must they look for their elevation in the social scale; their own intellect and their own virtues must work out their salvation; their fate and their future are in their own hands—and in theirs alone. Of the power of the agricultural population to do all this we should speak more doubtingly, if we spoke at all; but in reference to the manufacturing and mechanical operatives, we speak with the conviction of positive knowledge (and the facts we have just mentioned cannot fail, we think, to obtain some credit for us with most of our readers) when we pronounce that for them to be as well off in *their* station as their employers are in theirs—as well provided against the evil day of depression and reverse—as comfortable, according to their standard of comfort, in their daily life—as respectable in their domestic circumstances—little more is necessary than that they should emulate their employers instead of envying them; that they should imitate their prudence and worldly wisdom, their unresting diligence, their unflagging energy, their resolute and steady economy. It is not higher wages nor more unvarying employment that our artisans need. As it is, they are more highly paid than many clerks, many schoolmasters, many curates. But with their present habits, twice their present earnings would not mend their position. The want is moral, not material. .... The desperate delusion that the evils of society are to be remedied from *without*, not from *within*, that the people are to be passive parties—and not the principal, almost the sole agents—in their own rehabilitation, has met with far too general countenance in quarters where sounder wisdom might have been looked for.... The sounder, sterner, healthier doctrine which we have ventured to enunciate—hard as it may seem to preach it in a period of distress—is the only one which can prevent this distress from perpetual and aggravated recurrence. The language which every true friend to the working-man will hold to him is this:—"Trust to no external source for your prosperity in life; work out your own welfare; work it out with the tools you have. The Charter may be a desirable object, the franchise may be worth obtaining; but your happiness, your position in life, will depend neither on the franchise nor the Charter, neither on what parliament does nor on what your employer neglects to do, but simply and solely upon the use you make of the fifteen or thirty shillings which you earn each week, and upon the circumstance whether you marry at twenty or at twenty-eight, and whether you marry a sluggard and a slattern or a prudent and industrious woman." We are as certain as we can be of anything, that if the factory operatives and mechanics were possessed of the education, the frugality, the prudence, and the practical sense which generally distinguish their employers, no change whatever, either in the regularity or the remuneration of their work, would be needed to place them as a body in a state of independence, dignity, and comfort.'

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS.

Perhaps no one of our readers would dissent from the proposition that beauty, not rarity, is the first quality to be desired in the tenants of our parterres; and for themselves, we have no hesitation in saying that that gardener should not have the direction of our flower-borders who rejected the beautiful because it was common, to make room for the more insignificant merely because it was scarce. No, we prefer before all other considerations beauty of colour, beauty of form, and excellence of fragrance. Moreover, we are not of those who admire most that which costs most; but, on the contrary, we should be best delighted to save every guinea we could from being expended upon the tenants of our out-door departments, in order that we might have that guinea to spare upon our stove and greenhouse; the denizens in which must, beyond escape, be excellent in proportion to their costliness. We make these observations because we happen to know that effects the most beautiful may be obtained by the aid of our native plants: we have seen rustic seats looking gay, yet refreshing, from their profuse clothing of our *vinca minor* and *major*; and we will venture to wager a Persian melon against a pompion, that half the amateur gardeners of England would not recognise these flowers in their cultivated dwelling-place. Again, if any one wishes to have the soil beneath his shrubberies gladsome in early spring, let him introduce that pretty page-like flower the wood-anemone, to wave and flourish over the primroses and violets. Let him have there also, and in his borders too, the blue and the white forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, and *M. alba*. We will venture the same wager that not a tithe of our readers ever saw that last-named gay little

* The *pains* and *penalties* for retaining any fermented matter (leaven) on the Passover, involve not only moral and social excision, but also political excision.

† We have now lying before us some particulars showing the prevalence of this vice in one single factory. One man had lost L.7, another L.3, another L.2, 10s. in a single night at cards. In the same mill the losses incurred on one occasion, in the betting on a foot-race, by the hands in one department only, exceeded L.12.

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native. Mr Paxton's observation applies to them both when he says—as a border-flower, it has very high characteristics; it only requires planting in a moist soil, slightly sheltered and shaded, to become a truly brilliant object; it is equally good for forcing, very valuable for bouquets, and alike fit for windows, greenhouses, borders, and beds. Under favourable cultivation, its blossoms increase in size nearly one-half. The plants only require to be divided annually, and to have the flower-spikes cut off as the lower florets decay. By thus preventing their seeding, a very protracted display of bloom is obtained. These are not a hundredth part of the native flowers which might be introduced with happiest effect into your gardens. We have seen the broom, the honeysuckle, and the holly blended with rarer shrubs, and aiding the best conceptions of the landscape gardener; and we have seen garlands of flowers in which not one exotic was interwoven, so beautiful, that none culled from our choicest stove plants could have much excelled them.—*Gardeners' Almanac.*

THE PER CENTAGE OF POETRY THAT WILL PROBABLY ENDURE.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have made in the ranks of our immortals—and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands, and as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithes of Crabbe—and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is a hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented—or all reading will be given up in despair.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

MEDICAL INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

Dreaming, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation; not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows, to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous actions: soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain—after a nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favourable crisis: frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head: dreams about fire are, in women, signs of an impending hemorrhage: dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions: dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy: dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver: dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease of that part: dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (*incubus ephialtes*), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. We may add, that dreams of dogs, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequence of excited imagination.—*Dr Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

They flit, they come, they go,
The visions of the day;
They change, they fade, they glow,
They rise, they die away.
And all within the scope
Of one poor human breast,
Where joy, and fear, and hope,
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,
Can never be at rest.

They press, they throng, they fill
The heart where they have birth;
Oh pour them forth to thrill
Thy brethren of the earth!
In circles still they swim,
But outward will not go;
The lute-strings cage the hymn,
The cup is full, full to the brim,
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken
So that its song shall sound?
When shall the spring so quicken
That its streams shall pour around?
Wo for the struggling soul
That utterance cannot find,
Yet longs without control
Through all free space to roll,
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came
The struggling soul to aid,
His visions to proclaim
In coloured light and shade;
But though so fair to me
His handiwork may seem,
His soul desponds to see
How pale its colours be
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand
To life the marble's wrought;
But he can understand
How lovelier far his thought.
The minstrel's power ye own,
His lyre with bays ye bind;
But he can feel alone
How feeble is its tone
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be
Between man's power and will;
For the soul unchecked and free
We want a symbol still.
Joy when the fleshy veil
From the spirit shall be cast,
Then an ungarbled tale
That cannot stop or fail
Shall genius tell at last!

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

It is a curious fact, that during the war in Spain, some forty years since, when the French and English armies were alike suffering from the scantiness of provisions, the French soldiers kept up their strength much better than the English, solely because they put such food as they could get to much better account. The English soldier would take the lump of meat, and broil it on the coals till a good part of it was burned almost to a cinder, though even then part of the remainder was probably raw. The French soldiers, on the contrary, would club two or three together, and stew their bits of meat with bread, and such herbs and vegetables as they could collect, into a savoury and wholesome dish. So great was the difference between these two ways, in their effect on the strength and health of the soldiers, that it was remarked that a French army would live in a country in which an English army would starve.—*Family Economist.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 280. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849. Price 1½d.

UTOPIAS.

'Before you, had you morning's speed,
The dreamy land would still recede.'

Like Sir Guy the Seeker wandering round the enchanted castle of his ladye-love, and even when his locks had grown gray, and his knightly arm had lost its vigour, still ardently hoping and longing for one more glimpse of the fair vision that had once long ago for a moment blessed his sight—even such is the belief in utopias—a belief more of the heart than of the brain, and against which all the weapons of logic often fall broken and ineffectual. Every one has a utopia in his heart, though it may not have 'a local habitation and a name.' Every one pictures to himself scenes of ideal happiness, various as the spirits of their framers, but all lovely—day-dreams which the heart delights to contemplate, but which youth alone is ardent enough to hope to realise. This tendency has existed in every age; and hence the belief or superstition which is the subject of our remarks. But before proceeding further, the title of our article perhaps may require a few explanatory words.

In giving to an imaginary spot, in one of his Scottish novels, the title of Kennaquhair, Sir Walter Scott has very happily translated into Scotch the originally Greek term 'Utopia.' It is a place which has no latitude or longitude in physical geography; and which, accordingly, is a most suitable region wherein to place all that is too wonderful or too beautiful for ordinary earth. The term, therefore, has been applied to those representations of a so-called perfect state of human society which Plato and many after him have delighted to draw; but it is not with such limbos of vanity that we have now to do. All the utopias of philosophers are 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' when placed by the side of the living and lovely ideal worlds which have arisen like emanations from the heart of nations, and have become engrafted on their popular creeds. A brief sketch of these is what we now propose to furnish: and when thousands are rushing to a new El-Dorado on the banks of the Rio Sacramento, it may not prove uninteresting to review, among kindred subjects, the struggles of our forefathers after an equally alluring, though imaginary, land of promise.

The Greeks, who had all sorts of marvels, had a utopia also, in which the fancy of their poets could luxuriate untrammelled by the ordinary laws of nature; and this ideal realm they called the Garden of the Hesperides, and placed far away, nigh to the setting sun. As to its exact geographical position considerable diversity of opinion prevailed; and Hercules, their great hero for accomplishing impossibilities, had to inquire first of the nymphs of the Po, and subsequently of the all-knowing sea-god Nereus, as to its whereabouts, ere he started on his search. One old writer placed it 'beyond the ocean;' but if plurality of votes is to decide the question, its site was near the foot of Mount Atlas. Here, in the country where, says Diodorus, all the gods of antiquity received their birth, sheltered by lofty mountains from the scorching blasts of the south wind, and with streamlets from the heights meandering through it, and flowing on all sides round it in a serpentine course, bloomed a fair garden, where grew all manner of delicious fruits; and Ovid, pleasing the eye and the fancy more than the palate, makes trees, foliage, fruit, all of gold. The beings who presided over this fair scene were the Hesperides, sister nymphs, varying in number, according to different authors, from three to seven; while a dreadful dragon, which never slept, guarded the precincts from the intrusion of adventurous mortals. This monster is said to have had a hundred heads, and possibly had lives in proportion; but at last his extraordinary existence was cut short by Hercules, who carried some of the golden apples back with him into Greece: but Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, restored them to their native gardens, because she foresaw they could be preserved nowhere else on earth. (This conclusion of the legend is finely allegorical of the distance existing between the world of imagination and the common life of man.) As there are some who consider the wide-spread belief in 'Isles of the Blessed' as the effect of vague traditional reminiscences of the lost Eden of our first parents, we may mention for their behoof that in Paris there is an antique medal (at least there *was* one last century: for aught we know, it may ere this have been melted down in the revolutionary mint) representing Hercules and the dragon at the foot of the gold-fruited tree; and this medal, in the opinion of the Abbé Massieu, but for the male sex of Hercules, would pass for a memorial of the temptation of Eve by the serpent.

The natives of Hindoostan have a story of a great city named Baly having been submerged in the sea, whose gilded pinnacles were seen by their forefathers glittering above the waters, and whose streets are still visible in the clear depths of ocean. But as no one depones to having personally inspected this submarine abode (albeit the best of divers are on these coasts), we pass on to another which has been more fortunate in this respect, and whose story bears some resemblance to that of Jonah and Nineveh; with this difference, that in the present case the prophet would have had no occasion 'to be angry' at the ultimate fate of the city. Amid the burning wastes of sand which lie between Abyssinia and Aden there once existed, say Mohammedan writers, a great city and lovely gardens called the Paradise of Irem. But the king and people of the place (the tribe of Ad) were very wicked; so that the Prophet Houd was sent to threaten them with judg-

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ments unless they repented. But they did not; and accordingly all, except the prophet, were destroyed; or, according to another version, turned into apes! The city, we are told, is still standing in the deserts of Aden; but it is only visible to such as are privileged by God to behold it. This favour, it seems, has been enjoyed by one favoured mortal, Colabah by name, who, being summoned by the Caliph Moáwiyah, related how that, when he was seeking a camel he had lost, he found himself on a sudden at the gates of the city, and 'entering it, saw not one inhabitant; at which, being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones, which he showed to the caliph.'

Leaving the turbaned Mohammedans of the East, we shall find the imaginative spirit and vague aspirations of the northern races creating a utopia even more poetical, we think, than those hitherto noticed, and certainly exercising a more powerful influence over those who believed in its existence. Passing over, as apocryphal, Macpherson's legend of the Flath-innis, or Noble Island, authentic records show us the belief existing among the Welsh mountaineers, then just emerging from paganism. Looking from their native mountains, they beheld the sun setting, amid golden glories, over the waters of the western sea; and it was far away upon those sunset waves that they placed their utopian realm. They called it *Gwerdonnan Lian*—the Green Isles of Ocean, or the Green Spots of the Floods; and they deemed it a fairyland of bliss, where dwelt the souls of good Druids, who, being pagans, were not permitted to enter the Christian heaven. Yet, though thus the abode of spirits, it was nevertheless a material paradise: they considered that its happy shores were accessible to mortals, and that he who succeeded in reaching it, imagined on his return that he had been absent only a few hours, when in truth whole centuries had passed away. At times it was visible from land. 'If you take a turf,' says an old author, 'from St David's churchyard, and stand upon it on the sea-shore, you behold these islands. One man,' he adds, 'once got sight of them by this means, and forthwith put to sea in pursuit; but they disappeared, and his search was vain. Nowise daunted, he returned, looked at them again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and again was unsuccessful. The third time he took the turf on board with him, and stood upon it till he reached them.'

Whether this fable originated in an optical delusion similar to the *Fata Morgana*—in the prevalent tradition of the lost Atlantis, or large island in former times existing in the Western Ocean—or in vague rumours of the American continent, cannot be determined; but it is undoubted that the fable was received as sober truth by the Welsh.* It is on record that several expeditions were undertaken for the discovery of the happy islands; and the 'three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain,' lamented by Welsh bards, appear to have all been connected with it. The first of these was the expedition of Madoc, a Welsh prince, who sailed for the 'far west,' and who is believed to have reached Mexico; the second was that of Prince Gafran, who avowedly went in search of the *Gwerdonnan Lian;* the third was that of the far-famed Merlin and his bards, who likewise voyaged for the west. Considerable dubiety, it must be acknowledged, attaches to the accounts of the last of these 'disappearances,' as Merlin is said to have sailed in a ship of crystal.

A veil hangs over the fate of these adventurers: whether they triumphed, or whether they sank in mid-ocean, we know not. One thing alone is certain, that even in the savannas of the new world they were as far from success as ever. Islands of the blest, indeed, were not unheard of among the simple tribes; but they were known chiefly for the deceptive nature of their fascination. A belief of this kind still lingers among some of the American tribes; and in recent times Bertram mentions in his 'Travels through North and South Carolina' that he found it entertained by the Creek Indians. The river St Mary, he tells us, has its source in a vast marsh nearly three hundred miles in circuit, which in the wet season appears as a lake, containing some large islands or knolls of rich land. One of these the Creeks represent as 'a most blissful spot of earth;' and they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. This terrestrial paradise, they add, 'has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters when in pursuit of game; but in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths; and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing.' At length they resolved to abandon the delusive pursuit, and after many difficulties, they succeeded in retracing their steps. 'When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.'

Here, then, is the human spirit first creating an ideal paradise, and then pining for the work of its own fancy. Thus it is also with the most gifted sons of genius, upon whose spiritual eye or ear fall sounds and forms of more than earthly beauty, and who, even while enjoying the delights of human life, long for the realisation of day-dreams, nobler and more lovely far. Listen to the lay which the sweetest of lyric poets puts into the mouth of the wild Indian of the prairies; and say, as he sings of the fascination of his Isle of Founts and its sparkling waters, if the picturesque strain be not emblematic of the enthusiast-votary of high art, wrapt up in the ideal beauty which his soul beholds:—

'But wo for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake—
From the Blue Mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods shall roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest;
Had they not seen the untrodden shore?
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled;
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darkened eye:'

—the visions of the dreamy land that once had glowed before them like a new Eden, and the memory of which so filled their hearts that there was no room left for any other joy. Thus, in ordinary life, do the imagination and exquisite susceptibilities which provide genius with her divinest joys become to her at times the source of anguish. Pleasure and pain enter by the same portal, and in this way is the lot of her possessors reduced to little above that of mankind at large.

Having thus traversed the four quarters of the globe, and obtained glimpses of utopias of various kinds, and as variously tenanted—some by hoary Druids, others by beautiful women; some by apes, and some by nobody—we now start for the isles of the Pacific Ocean, to view the happy land of the Tonga people. Bolotoo—such is the name of this singular place—is a large island, they say somewhere to the north-west of the Tonga group; but a long way distant. They deem it the abode of their gods; and certainly, by their account, animal and vegetable life proceeds there on very strange principles. Its fruits, flowers, birds, and *hogs*—in the last of which it abounds—are all of rare beauty (except the pigs, we should think); and they are immortal, unless when

* We would suggest that in this, as in many other cases, natural appearances gave rise to the fiction. It is remarkable, in the case of the Hesperian gardens, as in this case, that the supposed place was held as situated under the radiance of the setting sun. The idea of a glorious land amidst this many-hued effulgence seems natural. Perhaps, for similar reasons, the Greeks of Asia Minor adopted the idea of a residence of the gods on Olympus, which they might see to the westward while voyaging on the Egean.—Ed.

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plucked or eaten by the Hotooas, or gods; in which case a new pig, bird, or flower forthwith occupies the place of that destroyed. Like all places of the kind, it is very difficult to be found; but once on a time a Tonga canoe was driven thither by stress of weather. The crew were short of victuals, and not knowing where they were, they landed, and proceeded to gather some bread-fruit; but to their utter amazement they could no more grasp it than if it had been a shadow! They walked through the trunks of trees, and passed through the substance of the houses, without feeling any resistance; and at length the Hotooas themselves appeared, and completed the amazement of the Tongese by walking through *their* bodies as if they had been of air. 'Go away immediately,' said the Hotooas; 'we have no proper food for you; and we'll give you a fair wind, and a speedy voyage home.' Profiting by the good-natured offer, they put to sea directly; and after sailing for some days with the utmost velocity, they at last got safe to Tonga. But in a short space of time they all died—not as a punishment for having been at Bolotoo, but as a natural consequence—the air of Bolotoo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death.

We cannot conclude this notice of the imaginary realms which fancy has located in various parts of the world, without adverting to the celebrated fable of El-Dorado, which for ages dazzled and deluded the most gallant adventurers of Europe. Misled by the imperfect science of his day, the illustrious discoverer of the New World imagined that one part of Southern America was nearer the sun than the rest of the world; and influenced by the fervour of his imagination, and the novelty of the scenes around him, he deemed that there the original paradise of our race was to be found. This idea of Columbus seemed to be confirmed by the reports of the natives; and soon it became generally credited that a golden region existed in the interior of the country lying between the Orinoco and the Amazons. Its rocks were represented as impregnated with gold, the veins of which lay so near the surface, as to make it shine with a dazzling resplendency; and its capital—Manoa—was said to consist of houses covered with plates of gold, and to be built upon a vast lake called Parima, the sands of which were auriferous. Among the many stories told of this wealthy region, one Martinez, a Spaniard, deponed that, having been made prisoner by the Guianians, he was by them carried to their golden capital, where he remained several years, and was then conveyed blindfold to the borders, that he might not be able to make known the approaches to that envied principality. Von Huten and his companions in arms solemnly averred that they saw—but, by a body of ferocious Indians, with whom they had a long and bloody combat, were prevented from reaching—a place containing structures whose roofs shone with all the brilliancy of gold.

The tales of this golden land were not altogether fabulous, and the recent investigations of Humboldt afford an explanation of many of these recitals. When near the sources of the Orinoco, he informs us, he found the belief in El-Dorado still existing among the natives, and he points out the district between the sources of the Rio Essequibo and the Rio Branco as furnishing the groundwork of the fiction. 'Here, in a river called Parima, and in a small lake connected with it called Amucu, which is occasionally much augmented by inundations, we have basis enough on which to found the belief of the great lake bearing the name of the former; and in the islets and rocks of mica-slate and talc which rise up within and around the latter, reflecting from their shining surfaces the rays of an ardent sun, we have materials out of which to form that gorgeous capital whose temples and houses were overlaid with plates of beaten gold. . . . We may judge of the brilliancy of these deceptious appearances, from learning that the natives ascribed the lustre of the Magellanic clouds, or nebulæ of the southern hemisphere, to the bright reflections produced by them.' Moreover, we find an old resident in Guiana representing part of the country as abounding in 'mines of white stone, in which are much natural and fine gold, which runneth between the stones like veins.' Another says—'The high country is full of white sparre; and if the white sparres of this kind be in a main rock, they are certainly mines of gold or silver, or both. I made trial of a piece of sparre, and I found that it held both gold and silver, which gave me satisfaction that there be rich mines in the country.' So late as the middle of last century, a Spanish company attempted to extract gold from these alluring rocks; but after great loss had been incurred, the undertaking was abandoned.

Though enterprise succeeded enterprise to discover this fabulous kingdom, each new adventurer experienced little difficulty in finding comrades to embark with him. The excitement in Europe was extraordinary. In Spain, we are told, 'the desire to be included in the adventure excited an eager competition, and led multitudes to dispose of their property—even landed estates—never doubting to be repaid tenfold from the treasures of El-Dorado.' For long the belief lingered in the hearts of men. In the early part of last century the Jesuit Gumilla unhesitatingly embraced the old opinion; and about 1770, Don Manuel Centurion, then governor of Spanish Guiana, was so ardent in his faith, that one more expedition set out on this luckless enterprise. Of this party only one man returned to narrate the disasters which had overwhelmed his comrades!

Thus terminated the dream of the golden utopia; and with its sad tale of rash enthusiasm we close our sketches. If of less airy form than its predecessors, it was equally delusive as they, and infinitely more fatal to the enthusiastic spirits who adventured on its search—foremost and noblest among whom was our own gallant Raleigh. All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher but still vainer dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that El-Dorado was but a fiction of their heated fancy. Toiling onwards in courageous hope, everything seemed to them to announce their approach to the golden land: rocks of mica glittering in the sunbeams were its golden barriers, the hues of sunset were its gorgeous skies. But vanity of vanities was all their searching. Hunger, and pestilence, and fatigue thinned their ranks and bowed their spirits; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a nobler fate, thus fell a victim to its high-wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

> 'All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
> Not in glorious battle slain!'

THE CHAMBER OF REFUGE.

In the year 1783 there occurred in Sicily and the south of Italy one of the most fearful earthquakes on record. In this terrible convulsion perished upwards of forty thousand people. Mountains are said to have changed places; new rivers burst forth, whilst old ones disappeared; entire plantations were removed from the spot they occupied to one far distant; and the face of the country was so altered, that a native returning to it after a month's absence would not have had the most remote idea where to seek the home he had so lately left.

It is one of the most frightful facts connected with the history of mankind that occasions of this description are always more or less seized on for the commission of crime; and the robber and the murderer, reckoning on the impunity afforded by the universal terror and confusion, not content with the horrors of the time, add to them those of their own dark deeds. Many such instances of atrocity occurred at the period we allude to; and we are about to relate one of them, not for its own sake, since it is to be feared the incident was of too common a nature to merit particular notice, but for the sake of the influence it had on the fate of two innocent and estimable persons.

In the neighbourhood of Reggio lived the Marquis Agostino Colonna, a widower, who counted a long line of

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ancestors, and had only two sons to inherit his wealth and his titles, the former of which was reputed to be very considerable; not that his manner of living countenanced this notion, but he had the reputation of being a miser, and was supposed to be hoarding immense sums for those much-beloved sons, the junior of whom was at the period of the earthquake residing in Paris with his young wife and child, as envoy from the Neapolitan to the French court; and this immense treasure was believed to be deposited in a secret chamber situated somewhere in or near the castle, but *where* no one knew except the marquis himself. In the disturbed times of our ancestors, such chambers were attached to many a baronial tower, either for the purpose of concealing treasure, or to serve as a hiding-place in case of danger, and as the value of the resource depended on the inviolability of the secret, the head of the family was alone permitted to possess it, with the liberty, however, of communicating it, whenever he thought fit, to his immediate successor.

In accordance with this custom, the eldest of the two sons, Count Agostino, was duly made acquainted with the family mystery; but in 1782 the young man being accidentally killed whilst hunting, Count Neocles became the heir. He being absent in France at the time, the old marquis, not choosing to commit so important a secret to the insecure post of those days, preferred writing certain directions by which the chamber might be discovered, depositing the sealed paper, with others of importance, in a casket, which, in case of his death, was to be opened only by his son. The marquis had a servant called Baldoni, who had been the foster-brother of the eldest son. To this man, in whom he placed entire confidence, he pointed out the casket, enjoining him, in the event of his the marquis' dying before the return of Neocles, to deliver it into his son's hands himself. Baldoni promised; but it appears that the idea of what the casket might contain had haunted his mind; and not the less that some inadvertent words dropped by the marquis led him to suspect that the key to the great family secret would therein be found. Nevertheless Baldoni might have continued honest had not a fatal temptation to be otherwise fallen in his way.

On the 5th of February 1783 an oppressive sirocco wind had thrown the inhabitants of the castle of Colonna into that state of languor so well known as one of its effects, when the marquis, who was confined to his apartment by the gout, summoned a young girl called Pepita, who had been a protégée of his late wife's, to come and sing to him. This girl had so exquisite a voice, that the manager of the small Opera company at Reggio had made her liberal offers to induce her to join them; but the marquis, by promising to provide for her at his death, persuaded her to remain where she was. She was gentle, cheerful, neat-handed, and pretty; and these qualities, together with the charm of her singing, rendered her very valuable to the old man in his declining years and sickness: insomuch, that whenever he was ill—and he was subject to long and frequent fits of gout—she was appointed his special attendant; and in order that she might be always within call, he appropriated a small room adjoining his own to her particular use. On this fatal 5th of February, however, Pepita being as languid and incapable of exertion as her betters, had retired to this little apartment, locked the door, and thrown herself on her bed, where she lay silent and still, even when she heard Baldoni knock and say the marquis wanted her. He had scarcely quitted her door, concluding her to be elsewhere, when a strange sound arose in the air, and the castle began to rock to and fro like a ship on a stormy sea. At the same time a large beam that supported the ceiling fell, penetrating the partition wall, and bringing great part of the ceiling with it. A cry from the adjoining room alarming her for her master's safety, made Pepita rush towards the door; but it was so blocked up by the fallen beam that she could not reach it: whereupon she sprung to the hole in the wall, and leaping on a table, looked through. The marquis was stretched insensible upon the ground, evidently struck down by a heavy piece of cornice that lay beside him; and Baldoni, who had just entered the room, was standing beside him. Pepita was on the point of raising her voice to ask his assistance, when she saw him rush to a corner of the room, open a press, take out a small casket, and hastily quit the room; the whole transaction being so rapid, that the girl had scarcely time to comprehend what she beheld till it was all over. Nor, indeed, had she much leisure to think of it, for the shocks succeeded each other with such rapidity, and the noise and darkness were so terrific, that she expected every moment to be her last; but, unfortunately for her, she was reserved for a worse fate. By sheltering herself under the beam, she escaped being crushed by the falling masses around her; and although the castle was destroyed by the earthquake, poor Pepita was dug out of the ruins alive, after lying under them for three days without food. A severe illness was the first consequence of this calamity; and the second was, that her hopes of a provision from the marquis were annihilated, he being found apparently crushed to death, and no will discovered. As Pepita had no friends, she was carried to a public hospital, temporarily arranged for the reception of the sufferers: and here, as soon as she was well enough to be permitted to see anybody, she was surprised by a visit from Baldoni. She had, during her confinement, had plenty of time to reflect on what she had witnessed; and an Italian herself, she was well aware of the danger she would incur, should the party principally concerned suspect her acquaintance with his fatal secret, until she had some one to protect her from his vengeance. She therefore resolved to preserve an unbroken silence on the subject till the return of the heir, Count Neocles; but, not doubting that the casket contained some valuables belonging to the family, she determined, on his arrival, to disclose what she had seen, and in the meantime to avoid, if possible, a meeting with Baldoni, apprehending that her countenance might involuntarily betray her. Nothing, therefore, could be less welcome than his visit, the more so as it was quite unexpected, and she had no time to compose her spirits or prepare her countenance for the interview. He spoke to her with considerable kindness—too much, indeed; for jealousy of her interest with the marquis had hitherto made him rather her enemy than her friend, and the altered tone alarmed much more than it encouraged her. He offered to supply her with anything she required; bade her entertain no anxiety with regard to her future subsistence; assuring her that although the marquis had left no will, he would communicate to Count Neocles his father's intentions in her favour, and her claims on the family; and finally left her, promising shortly to repeat his visit. And what rendered this sudden accession of good-will the more suspicious was, that during the whole of the conversation his countenance belied his words: no benignity was there, no sympathy, no pity. It was evident to her that he was racked with anxiety, and that, while he was speaking to her, his eyes sought to penetrate her soul; whilst she, terrified and conscious, could not summon courage to meet his glance.

Baldoni, on his part, left her, convinced that his worst fears were realised—Pepita knew his secret. He had expected no less. He had been foremost in the search for her and the marquis when it was discovered that they were both buried beneath the ruins: the one he knew to be dead, and he felt perfectly indifferent as to the other, till they reached the spot and found her alive. Till then, he had not believed her to be in that room; nor, in his haste and eagerness to fly, had he observed the rent in the wall made by the fallen beam. Struck with dismay when it was ascertained that she was there and alive, Baldoni had immediately retreated, lest the sight of him should have provoked her to an abrupt disclosure of what she had witnessed. It possibly might have done so; as it was, all she did was to point to the adjoining room, exclaiming 'My master!—my master!' And then, overcome by her sufferings, bodily and mental, she fainted, and in that state was carried to the hospital.

The unwelcome visitor soon returned; and she was more alarmed than before when she found that his professions of kindness were beginning to assume a more

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special form; and that, whilst his stubborn features expressed hatred, he wished to convey the idea that he was in love with her. This was worse than all; and anxious to elude the persecution that she feared awaited her, Pepita quitted the hospital, and sought a refuge with a sister of her mother's, who had a son called Antonio, a fine young man, who earned his bread as a vinedresser. Antonio had long entertained a *tendresse* for his pretty cousin; but her situation at the castle, and the favour in which she stood with the marquis, had so far lifted her out of his level, that when she visited the cottage she was received rather as a superior than a relation. Besides, it was well known that Pepita was to be provided for: Pepita, in short, in the estimation of the poor vinedresser, was an heiress, and far above his aim. Now she was as poor as himself; and that event, which to her was the most severe misfortune, first awakened his heart to hope. Although Antonio had never told his love, Pepita was quite as well aware of it as if he had, and had been, even in her most prosperous days, extremely well disposed to return it. She was now doubly so; there was love on one side to propel her, and fears on the other. Once the wife of Antonio, she reckoned on being free from the persecutions of Baldoni, and she would have some one to protect her from his vengeance till the return of the new master. Young, innocent, and simple, and residing under the same roof, it was not long before the priest was spoken to, and the wedding-day fixed. How they were to subsist gave them little concern. In that mild climate human necessities are with less difficulty supplied than in colder countries, where more substantial shelter and food, together with fuel and warm clothing, are required. Besides, Pepita was well aware that she could gain money by her voice if she needed it.

Whilst these arrangements were making, she scrupulously avoided Baldoni, and she trusted that he knew nothing of her movements; at all events, he seemed to have intermitted his pursuit, and she almost ventured to hope that her alarm had been groundless. But she was mistaken: Baldoni had intermitted his pursuit, which had been prompted by policy, and not by love, because he had read in her countenance that it was worse than hopeless. He apprehended his perseverance might only have served to provoke her to some decisive measures against him, and therefore he forbore; but he had his eye upon her, was informed of all her movements, and cunningly penetrated the motive of her temporary silence. It is needless to say he hated her, and her husband no less, for he never doubted that she had made him acquainted with the fatal secret; and as there is nothing so cruel as fear, he would probably have hesitated little to take their lives could he have done it without danger to himself; but that being impossible, he hit upon a scheme for securing his own safety a thousand times more barbarous.

When the period appointed for the return of the marquis approached, Baldoni one day presented himself at the cottage of the newly-married pair, with a letter in his hand, dated from Rome, and signed Neocles Colonna. The epistle was addressed to Baldoni, and in it he was desired immediately to despatch Pepita to Rome, where he had procured an engagement for her to sing at one of the theatres on very advantageous terms. The writer then gave directions as to how she was to travel, adding, that if she had any relation who could accompany her, so much the better, as she might need a protector. Your husband will accompany you of course, said Baldoni.

That the letter was a forgery seems never to have entered the mind of the girl; and to dispute the will of the master would have been out of the question; whilst to have so convenient an opportunity of communicating with the count at a distance from Baldoni was very agreeable to her. As for her husband, no misgivings assailed him, for he was not aware of any reason for entertaining any; she having prudently resolved not to make him the confidant of her dangerous secret till the marquis's arrival. Baldoni, in accordance with the orders given in the letter, undertook to arrange everything for their journey; and as quickly as their preparations could be made they started.

In due time, the marquis with his wife and son arrived; the latter a fine lad of twelve years of age. Baldoni shortly afterwards relinquished his situation in the family, and went to reside at a lonely village called Tempesta, where he associated with no one but his own household, which consisted of his wife and a lovely daughter, of whom he was passionately fond. As for Pepita and her husband, it not being the custom to interrogate great people about such matters, no inquiries were made respecting them; especially as the old woman, Antonio's mother, who was the only person interested in their fate, after a reasonable interval, received a letter announcing their safe arrival at Rome, and also their extreme satisfaction at their reception, and the engagement made for them. In less than three years after the departure of her son and daughter-in-law the old woman died; but as she had nothing to leave, there was no necessity for seeking her heirs; and thus, as is the way of the world, no more being heard of them, Pepita and her husband were soon as much forgotten as if they had never existed.

We must now request our readers to imagine a lapse of six years. Young Count Agostino, the son of Neocles, who was twelve years of age on his return from France, is now a noble, handsome youth of eighteen; romantic, bold, very fond of sport, and a capital shot. Adored by his father and mother, he enjoyed a great deal of liberty; and as there was very good shooting in the neighbourhood of Tempesta, he was in the habit of paying frequent visits in that quarter; on which occasions he frequently contrived to be benighted, and Baldoni's house being the best in the neighbourhood, he had an excellent excuse for making it his lodging. The fact was, that on one of these excursions he had met with Baldoni's beautiful daughter Lucia; and although she was some years older than himself, had fallen in love with her. Baldoni was perfectly aware of the effect of his daughter's charms, and instead of repressing, encouraged the attachment, allowing himself to indulge ambitious hopes of a union betwixt the young people; and although to any other person such a project would have appeared utterly absurd, Baldoni had his own private reasons for considering it by no means so desperate as it seemed. It is also not to be doubted that whilst his ambition on the one hand, and his paternal affection on the other, made him desire the match, the stings of conscience, which did not prompt him to restitution, were yet sufficiently troublesome to make him rejoice in an occurrence which would enable him to render back his ill-gotten gains to the family he had injured, by simply making his daughter heiress of his hidden treasures.

Ever since the death of the late marquis, a mass was annually performed for his soul on the anniversary of the earthquake; and this ceremony took place in the evening at Tempesta, in an old chapel belonging to the family of Colonna, situated on the sea-shore, which was especially dedicated to services for those who perished by sudden accident, whether by land or water. However little disposed for such solemn offices, the gay young Agostino was expected to be present at these rites; and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that, weary with his day's sport, he should be more inclined to indulge in a sly nap in an obscure corner of the chapel, than to listen to the prayers for the dead, chanted by the quavering voice of the family chaplain. At all events so it was; and on one of these occasions, so soundly did he sleep, that the whole congregation defiled out of the chapel without arousing him. Neither did any one miss him; his father and mother concluding that he intended to remain at Tempesta to shoot, and Baldoni, at whose house he had slept on the preceding night, taking it for granted that he had returned to the castle with his parents.

It was long past midnight when he awoke, and it was not immediately that he could recollect where he was; and when he did so, and comprehended his situation, he soon found that he must be obliged to content himself with his lodging for the rest of the night. There was light enough from the moon to enable him to find his way to

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the door; but it was locked; and having called as loudly as he could, without obtaining any response, he made up his mind to the worst, and settled himself once more to sleep, till the sacristan, coming to sweep out the chapel, should release him in the morning.

He had, however, scarcely fallen into a state of forgetfulness, when he was once more aroused by a noise proceeding from the altar; and turning his eyes in that direction, he was surprised to perceive a man muffled in a cloak, with a lantern in his hand, who seemed suddenly to rise out of the earth. Amazed and alarmed, for the young man was without arms, he remained silently watching the stranger, who first stooped down, then blew out the lantern, and finally, with a stealthy step, crossed to the door of the chapel and went out, locking the door after him.

Who could this be? and what could he be doing there? The face of the stranger was undistinguishable; but there was something in the air and gait that put him in mind of Baldoni. Now although Agostino was after a manner in love with Lucia—that is, in love with her as great lords are in love with maids of low degree—he was far from admiring Baldoni, whom he thought a gloomy, forbidding man, and whose designs on himself he had penetrated; and it was therefore less difficult for him to conceive some evil purpose on the part of the ex-steward, than to imagine what that purpose could be. In vain he puzzled his brain to discover it; and morning finding him quite unsatisfied, he resolved that the matter should not rest there; and as, in order to facilitate his further investigations, it was necessary to be silent with respect to what had occurred, after examining the spot where the man had emerged, and finding nothing to explain his appearance, he climbed up to one of the windows, opened it, and letting himself carefully down on the outside, made his way back to the castle long before his father and mother were out of their beds.

On the following night, unseen by anybody, the young count repaired, well armed, to the chapel, to which, as the family had a private key, he had no difficulty in obtaining access. There, in concealment, he remained till dawn, without seeing anything of the mysterious stranger. For three successive nights he met with no better success, by which time he not only began to be extremely tired of his stone pillow, but he also began actually to doubt whether he had seen what he imagined he had, or whether the whole had not been a vivid dream. For several ensuing nights, therefore, he slept quietly in his bed; but as soon as he was thoroughly refreshed, his spirit of adventure returned, and his curiosity urged him to make one more attempt. It had been on a Saturday night that he had seen the stranger; a fortnight had now elapsed, and it was Saturday again; and with a strong presentiment of success, he started once more for the chapel, and having locked himself in, took up his position in an obscure corner near the high altar; and, sure enough, shortly after the clock struck twelve he heard a key turning in the chapel door, and presently he saw the same individual enter, with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other. He walked straight up to the altar, near to where Agostino crouched, concealed by a pillar; and then placing his lantern and basket on the steps, he stooped down under the table, and took something which Agostino concluded was a key, since he immediately afterwards opened a door in the pillar adjoining that behind which the young man was concealed, and entering the aperture, shut it after him, and disappeared. In about half an hour he returned, with the basket still on his arm, locked the door, replaced the key, blew out his lantern, and left the chapel as before. Agostino not only now felt himself secure of penetrating the mystery, but he was also satisfied that the man was no other than Baldoni; and for the first time a recollection of the family tradition regarding the secret chamber, and the treasures it was supposed to contain, recurred to his mind. Baldoni had no doubt discovered it, and was helping himself to its valuable contents. It was a grand thing at eighteen to have found out this; and it would be still grander to complete the enterprise himself; and this he resolved to do. So he waited till the morning dawned, and then set about searching for the key, and the door to be opened with it: but neither could he find, nor even the smallest trace of them. What was to be done? Go to Baldoni, tell him what he had seen, and insist on a confession? But how force him to it? He was a dark, silent, resolute man, and might prefer dying, and taking the secret with him to the grave. On the whole, Agostino thought a better plan would be to wait till the next Saturday, then place himself in ambush, and just at the moment that Baldoni had opened the door in the pillar, and was entering the aperture, to place a pistol at his head, and stop him; and to this scheme he adhered.

Accordingly, when the night came, he was at his post betimes. At the accustomed hour the chapel door opened, and, as usual, Baldoni advanced to the altar, stooped down, and then, turning to the pillar, stretched out his arm to insert the key in the lock. It had been the intention of Agostino not to stir till the door was open; but in his eagerness not to lose the opportunity, he moved too soon, and the instant he emerged from behind the pillar that concealed him, Baldoni, without pausing to see who the intruder was, drew a pistol from his bosom and fired; whilst at the same moment the young count, perceiving the action, levelled the one he held in his hand, and drew the trigger. The two reports were simultaneous, and both the combatants fell. On the following morning, when the sacristan entered the chapel, he found Baldoni and the young count both apparently dead on the floor; beside them lay their weapons, an empty basket, and an extinguished lantern. News was immediately sent to the marquis, who soon arrived with a physician. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary an incident nobody could guess. Why they should have been in the chapel at all, and still more why they should have shot each other, was altogether inexplicable. Lucia declared that she had no idea that her father was anywhere but in his bed; and that as for the young count, he had not been at their house for a fortnight or more. In spite of this, the conclusion to which everybody inclined was, that Baldoni had quarrelled with the count in consequence of his attentions to his daughter, and that, for some incomprehensible reason, they had met there to discuss the question.

In the meantime, whilst everybody was guessing and wondering, the physician declared that Baldoni was dead, but that Agostino, though wounded, was not dangerously hurt, and was suffering chiefly from loss of blood; and due remedies being applied, he was ere long restored to consciousness; but as he was exceedingly weak, talking was forbidden, and all inquiries as to the meaning of this strange event were deferred till he was stronger.

In the meanwhile there was nobody more perplexed about this affair than Lucia herself. Whatever the world might think, she felt assured that there had been no quarrel betwixt Agostino and her father about her; and a thousand circumstances recurred to her that had at various times induced her to believe that there was some strange mystery connected with that chapel. In the first place, she was well aware that double the quantity of provisions they consumed were weekly provided, and as regularly carried out of the house, to be given to the poor, as her father had told her; but who these poor were she had never been able to ascertain. Then, as for lamp-oil, the quantity that was bought and disappeared was truly astonishing; added to which, she not only was aware of her father's having at different times purchased coarse clothing which he never wore, but since her mother's death he had also desired her to procure complete suits of female attire, and even baby-linen of the same ordinary description, which she had done and delivered to him, but which vanished in the same mysterious manner. Many slight observations of her own had connected these disappearances with the chapel; and she never went into it without casting her eyes around in the hope of discovering some clue to the mystery; and finally, finding none, she concluded that some political offenders or state criminals, whom her father favoured, were concealed in the vestry room, probably with the cognisance of the marquis; and this last opinion was strengthened by her

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knowledge of the sums of money her father expended, though whence he drew his funds she did not know. There was not only the amount lavished on provisions, oil, and so forth; but she knew that he had lately purchased an estate, although the transaction had been conducted with great secrecy.

On one occasion, too, when her father had been ill, and confined to his bed for some days, she remarked that he was suffering great anxiety of mind, and he was even once on the point of disclosing a secret of importance to her. He had gone so far as to swear her to secrecy, and had commenced his instructions, which were to the effect that she should fill a basket with provisions and a jar with oil; but there his communications stopped, and he said he would wait to see how he should be on the following day. On the following day he was better; and his health continuing to amend, she heard no more of the matter, whilst an attempt she once made to renew the conversation was too eminently unsuccessful to admit of her repeating it.

Reviewing all these circumstances, Lucia, who was a well-disposed girl, felt extremely uneasy. That these provisions and clothes were for some concealed fugitive she could scarcely doubt. In those days, too, and in that part of the world, such hidings were by no means uncommon. Supposing such to be the case, the supply of their necessities must now fail: she trembled to think what might be the consequences. Yet whom to apply to she did not know. She would have selected Agostino; but in the first place, he was ill; and in the second, she naturally concluded that the quarrel, if such there had been, must have been connected with this secret.

Thus perplexed, her first step after her father was interred was to send for the sacristan and question him: if there were any persons above ground in the chapel, he must know it. However, he assured her there were not; but he admitted that he had his own suspicions about the chapel too. He was not altogether ignorant of Baldoni's visits, though the latter had made it worth his while to be silent; and how he had obtained the key with which he entered he could not tell. The sacristan confessed that he believed somebody was concealed in a vault beneath the building, but the entrance to it he had never been able to discover.

'They will be starved,' exclaimed Lucia, 'if we cannot find it!' And terrified at this possibility, she resolved to take the curate of the village into her confidence. He, apprehensive of incurring too much responsibility, lost no time in applying to the marquis's confessor for advice. Now it happened, on the day before this visit of the curate's to the castle, that Agostino, being considerably recovered, and able to speak without inconvenience, had described the circumstances which had led to his being wounded, concluding his narrative with a request that no attempt should be made to penetrate the secret passage till he was well enough to accompany the explorers.

The intelligence brought by the curate, however, altered the case: there was not a moment to be lost: Agostino had no great difficulty in indicating the situation of the door, but where was the key! Baldoni had certainly had it in his hand when the ball struck him; and as he had not been able to move from the spot, the chances were, that it might be found near the pillar, and with that hope the two priests and the marquis started for Tempesta. On inquiring for the key, the sacristan said he had picked up a small one of a singular construction on the floor of the chapel a day or two before, and not knowing to whom it belonged, he had left it on the window sill; and there they found it.

The directions they had received from Agostino enabled them, after some seeking, to discern a small round hole in the pillar, into which the key fitted, and immediately a panel slided back, and discovered a flight of steps, which, having provided themselves with lights, they descended, till they reached a door which was locked; they were about to send for instruments to break it open, when, observing a hole like that in the pillar, they bethought themselves of trying the same key: the experiment succeeded; and a second door being opened in a similar manner, they found themselves in a kind of chamber about twenty feet square. It contained a bed and several articles of domestic use; whilst three individuals, huddled together, with haggard features and sunken eyes, sat crouching on the floor in the dark. These were Pepita, her husband Antonio, and a child born to them in their dismal captivity!

The poor prisoners were so reduced from want of food, and their senses so dulled by their long confinement, that at first they could hardly comprehend that relief had reached them. They had been two days without food or light, and had already quietly resigned themselves to the death which they believed awaited them. They were immediately conducted above ground, where every kindness and attention was shown them. It was remarked that the woman was much less blunted and stupified than the man, the influence of her maternal affections having operated favourably by supplying her with a constant source of interest.

As soon as they were in a state to be interrogated, Pepita, having just communicated what she had seen on the day of the earthquake, proceeded to mention the order she had received to join the marquis at Rome; and how, under the guidance of Baldoni, they had started on their journey, with a vettura provided by him. They travelled at a slow rate along the sea-shore, and had not been more than an hour on the road when a wheel came off, and they were invited to descend, and take shelter in a sort of grotto or hermitage close upon the shore, whilst the driver went to fetch somebody to repair the carriage. 'Here we waited some time,' continued Pepita; 'and as we had started in the evening, night soon came on, and after partaking of some supper, Antonio getting uneasy at the driver's absence, went out to seek him; whilst I, feeling excessively drowsy, stretched myself on the floor to rest. How long I slept I do not know; but when I awoke, I found myself in a place I did not recognise, with Antonio lying on the floor beside me fast asleep. There was a lamp burning on a small table, a bed in one corner, and the basket of provisions and wine with which Baldoni had furnished us for the journey, standing close to me. I tried to wake my husband, but could not; and being still overcome with drowsiness, I turned round and went to sleep again. The next time I awoke it was he that had aroused me.

"Pepita," said he, "where are we? What has happened?"

"I do not know," answered I. "We can't be at Rome; can we?" For my head was quite confused, and I did not remember well anything that had occurred since we left home.

'My husband's memory was very much perplexed too, and it was some time before I recollected how I had gone to sleep in the old hermitage, and before he was able to describe to me what had happened to him.

"After we had eaten some cold meat, and drank some wine out of our basket," said he, "I remember going out to look for Baldoni, but I could not find him; and a strange feeling coming over me, as if I were intoxicated, I returned to the grotto, where I saw you lying asleep on the floor. I believe the wine I had drunk had given me a relish for more, for I remember opening the basket, and applying again to the bottle. I must have drank a great deal, I am afraid, for after this, I cannot clearly recall what happened; only I think the Signor Baldoni came and said he was sorry for the accident, and that he would take us to a better place to pass the night; but which way he took me I am sure I cannot tell; but I suppose in the morning we shall learn where we are, and pursue our journey."

'I thought so too,' continued Pepita; 'and it was not till many hours had elapsed that any suspicion of foul play entered my mind; and when it did, I did not dare hint my thought to Antonio, till at length he himself began to be uneasy. Not that he had any suspicion of Baldoni; but many strange stories of travellers being betrayed into the hands of banditti by the vetturinos had reached us, and he was afraid we had fallen into some

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such ambush. As for my own apprehensions, I confess I was afraid to avow them; for if they were well-founded, I comprehended that our case was desperate; for Baldoni must either intend to take our lives, or keep us in perpetual captivity, in order to insure his own safety.

'We had no means of computing time, but we fancied about twenty-four hours had elapsed since we awoke from our heavy sleep, when we first heard the sound of an opening door and approaching footsteps. By this time our lamp had gone out, and we were in the dark; but our visitor had a lantern, and I saw that my fears were verified—it was Baldoni. He brought us provisions and oil; but when we asked him where we were, and wherefore imprisoned, he refused to tell us. All he would answer was, that he was acting under authority, and that we should shortly be released. In this story he always persisted; and sometimes he gave us reason to believe that our freedom was at hand. He said we were to go by sea, and not to return to Italy under pain of death. I believe it was this constant hope of liberty that kept us alive through all these tedious years. We never wanted for food or clothing, nor did we suffer much from cold. Neither did any incident vary our sad life, except that once Baldoni exceeded the usual period of his absence by about twenty-four hours, which alarmed us very much, and himself too, I believe; for after that, he always brought us a larger quantity of provisions in case of any accidental impediment to his coming; and it is to this precaution we owe it that we are now alive.'

The history of the melancholy six years passed in this cruel imprisonment was comprised in these few words; and as Baldoni himself was gone, no further particulars could be collected. These vaults were the secret refuge known traditionally in the family, to which Baldoni had found the clue in the casket. The amount of treasure reported to be there had been greatly exaggerated; but a considerable sum had been always left in case some sudden danger should necessitate a precipitate flight, and of this Baldoni had possessed himself. There were three entrances or exits: one under the castle; one in the old hermitage by the sea-shore; and the third, as we have seen, in the chapel.

There was every reason to believe that the wine the unfortunate travellers had drunk was drugged; and it appeared evident, from a variety of circumstances, that the wretched man had intended to send them away by sea, after alarming them to such a degree as to deter them from ever attempting to return; but the difficulty of arranging the removal, and his personal apprehensions, had delayed the fulfilment of his intentions till he was himself cut off in the blossom of his sins; an event which would have insured the death of the poor captives, but for the singular train of accidents that led to their release.

It is needless to say that the sufferers were well taken care of for the rest of their lives; whilst Lucia, who was guiltless of her father's crimes, was, at the request of Agostino, respectably married, and sent to reside with her husband to Rome.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHAT BECOMES OF DISCHARGED PRISONERS?

No one believes that imprisonment in the usual way produces reform; and the question, therefore, is highly interesting, 'What becomes of discharged prisoners?' They leave the jail without money, and without character, and are turned loose upon the world to seek a subsistence as they can. Their former haunts are the only places open to them, and their former associates the only human beings who do not turn away from them in terror or contempt. What resource have they? Is it *possible* for them to change their evil habits, and become good members of society? It is *not* possible. Crime is their destiny. Society has punished them for their transgression of its laws; its dignity is vindicated, its outraged virtue appeased; and having deprived them, by the stigma it has attached to their character, of any possible alternative, it dismisses them to their old course of villany. Society has caught a wolf; and having punished its depredations by imprisonment, it gravely unlocks the door, and turns it out—with teeth, appetite, and instinct as sharp as ever—into the sheep-walk!

If the liberated prisoner is caught again, he is of course punished for his offences as before? Not as before. He receives a *heavier* punishment, because this is the second time; because he has yielded to an uncontrollable fate; because he has done what he could hardly by possibility avoid doing. The magistrate examines the record, discovers a former conviction, and is indignant at the depravity which took no warning, but on the contrary, after a wholesome chastisement, gave itself up anew to crime. The poor wretch is awe-struck by the dignity of virtue, and is too much abashed to offer even the poor excuse, 'But I was hungry—I had not a penny—no one would give me work—what could I do?'

In Manchester, we are told in the Daily News, it is the custom of the criminal class to celebrate the liberation of a comrade by a day of carousal. They wait at the door of the prison, carry him off in triumph, and thus guard against any extraordinary circumstance, any exception to the general rule, which might occur to save him. But of late years, it seems, an opposition has started; an influence of an opposite kind is lying in wait, and now and then a brand is plucked from the burning. This opposing force, it may be thought, is the respectable class of Manchester, who have thus arrayed themselves against the criminal class. Alas! no. The good angel is a solitary individual—a humble workman in a foundry, who obeys the Divine impulse without knowing why; and without a theory or a plan, neutralises alike the destinies of the law and the allurements of the law-breakers.

This individual is Thomas Wright, an old man of threescore-and-ten, and the father of nineteen children. The following account is given by the paper we have mentioned of the way in which his attention was first attracted to the prison world:—'There was a man of a sailor-like appearance who had got work at the foundry as a labourer; he was a steady and industrious workman, and had obtained the favourable notice of Mr Wright. One day the employer came and asked if he (Wright) was aware that they had a returned transport in the place? He had learned that the sailor was such. Mr Wright desired to be allowed to speak with the man, and ascertain the fact. Permission was given; and during the day he took a casual opportunity, not to excite the suspicions of the other workmen, of saying to the man, "My friend, where did you work last?" "I've been abroad," was the reply. The man was not a liar. After some conversation, he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had been a convict. He said he was desirous of not falling into ill courses, and kept his secret, to avoid being refused work if he told the truth. Wright was convinced that in the future he would act honestly, and repairing to their common employer, begged, as a personal favour, that the man might not be discharged. He even offered to become bound for his good conduct. This was ten years ago; and the prejudice against persons who had ever broken the law was more intense than it is now. There were objections; and other partners had to be consulted in so delicate a matter. Great numbers of men were employed in the foundry; and should the matter come to their knowledge, it would have the appearance to them of encouraging crime. This was on the day of paying wages for the week. Before night, however, Wright had the satisfaction to obtain a promise that, upon his responsibility, the convict should be kept. The following day Wright went to look after his protégé—he was gone. On inquiring, he found he had been paid off and discharged the previous night. It was a mistake. The first orders for his dismissal had not been countermanded, and gone he was. Mr Wright at once sent off

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a messenger to the man's lodging to bring him back to the foundry. He returned only to say the man had left his lodgings at five o'clock in the morning, with a bundle containing all his property under his arm.' In short, notwithstanding every effort of this benevolent person to find him, the poor convict was never more heard of.

This incident made Mr Wright think as well as feel. The case was only a solitary one. He had been attracted to the man by the mere circumstance of their passing a portion of the day at the same work; but were there not hundreds of other cases, of equal exigence, which had as strong a claim upon his sympathy? He went to the New Bailey, and conversed with the prisoners, passing with them his only day of rest—Sunday. The jealousy with which the authorities at first viewed his proceedings was gradually changed into approbation; and at length, when a prisoner was about to be discharged, he was asked if he could find the man a situation. He did so. 'This was the commencement of his ministry of love. In ten years from that time he has succeeded in rescuing upwards of three hundred persons from the career of crime. Many of these cases are very peculiar; very few, indeed, have relapsed into crime. He has constantly five or six on his list, for whom he is looking out for work. Very frequently he persuades the former employer to give the erring another trial. Sometimes he becomes guarantee for their honesty and good conduct; for a poor man, in considerable sums—L.20 to L.60. In only one instance has a bond so given been forfeited, and that was a very peculiar case. The large majority keep their places with credit to themselves and to their noble benefactor. Most of them—for Mr Wright never loses sight of a man he has once befriended, through his own neglect—attend church or Sunday-school, adhere to their temperance pledges, and live honest and reputable lives. And all this is the work of one unaided, poor, uninfluential old man! What, indeed, might he not do were he gifted with the fortune and the social position of a Howard?'

There are probably very few Mr Wrights in Manchester or anywhere else; but there are hundreds of individuals in every large town in the empire who would cheerfully subscribe a small sum each to aid in the institution of a society for doing on a large scale what Mr Wright does with the limited means and power of an individual. This, we presume to think, would be the noblest of all charities. It would not, like some other public charities, including the workhouse, rob men of their social rights, and withdraw them from their social duties. It would restore to them the one by leading them back to the other; it would turn felons into citizens; and, in fine, it would save the country the expense of one or more new convictions and new imprisonments for every man rescued. Do not let us be told of impossibility, or even difficulty, in the face of the fact, that in ten years three hundred felons have been saved from a continuance in a life of villany by a poor workman in a foundry!

FURTHER PROGRESS OF ADULTERATION.

We have at various times referred to the processes by which articles of general consumption are adulterated; and we drew the attention of our readers lately to one —*mirabile dictu!*—of a beneficial nature rather than otherwise. This was the mixture of coffee with chicory, which, in proper proportions, improves the taste of the beverage, while it lowers slightly the price at which the article can be sold. We were not then aware, however, that chicory is *itself* the subject of large adulterations; and that, when advising the addition of two ounces of the powder to fourteen ounces of coffee, we could offer no security that our docile readers would not be thus indulging in a preparation of carrots, parsnips, and other vegetables, or old worm-eaten ships' biscuits, highly roasted and ground!

The best chicory is sold to the retailer at 45s. per cwt., but he can obtain it as low as *fourteen* shillings —a fact which is tolerably significant of itself. Perhaps the cunning purchaser, however, may buy his chicory in nibs; but that is of no avail, for the nibs are plentifully mixed with a kind of bread very highly baked, and broken into pieces of the proper size. That our information on this subject is correct we have no doubt, from the result of an experiment we recollect making ourselves in London some years ago. We tried the admixture of chicory first in small proportions, and then gradually to the extent of a fourth part; but all in vain. The desired taste would not come, or anything like it; and we were at length obliged to have recourse again to a grocer who had acquired the reputation of selling *French* coffee, and who took care no doubt to supply himself with the *genuine adulteration*.

The only article the trade sells at a 'prodigious sacrifice' is sugar; and on this they make no scruple of submitting to a loss of 5s., 7s., or even 10s. per cwt. The custom, no doubt, commenced when sugar was dear, and brought in inadequate quantities into the market. Some speculative grocer, to tempt and secure his tea and coffee customers, submitted to a loss on the condiment requisite for these beverages; and this stratagem being of course imitated by his rivals, became a custom of the trade. But this cheap sugar was not cheap enough; and some enterprising dealers sought 'in the lowest deep a lower still.' They intermixed with it potato sugar and sago flour, and so produced an article which they announced with great truth as being able to 'defy competition.' The public, however, must share the blame with the grocers. They will not take the trouble of calculating what the fair remunerating price of an article should be, which they can easily do by adding the duty to the publicly-known price in bond, and allowing a reasonable profit. They demand what is *cheap;* and they pursue cheapness from shop to shop till they obtain adulteration. In this country of shopkeepers there is no demand that does not meet with an almost immediate supply. Do you desire cheap tea? How can that be obtained with a duty of 2s. 2½d. per lb.? Very easily. The used leaves can be collected in large quantities, and even after deducting the expense of manipulation, can be sold to you—since you must absolutely have it so—at 3s. per lb. Cheap coffee, we have already said, is a mixture of the ground berry with chicory, culinary vegetables, and ships' biscuits; but sometimes burnt treacle or sugar is added, which confers upon the beverage a strong and peculiar taste.

But perhaps you want cheap cocoa? Why not? A good dash among the powdered beans of baked flour, common starch, sago flour, or a dozen other things of the sort, properly coloured with red ochre, will give you at once what you want. Is the desideratum cheap pepper? This is easily manufactured of rice, linseed meal, and an article (a mystery to us) called African Powder. Cheap soda is simply Scotch and English soda intermixed. Must you have cheap fruit? In that case the obliging dealer will purchase for a trifle damaged raisins and currants, and give himself the trouble to have them well sodden in treacle and water. This will make them new fruit, and you will hug yourself upon your bargain.

But if the man sells cheap raisins in the natural state, is it not an imposition in him to charge dear for preserves? Your indignation recalls him to his duty; and since in buying marmalade you will not pay for the rind of Seville oranges, he sells this to you in the candied state, and gives you the pulp for your marmalade, intermixed with apples, turnips, carrots, and other wholesome, but not very expensive matters.

Cheap soap you readily obtain, but suffer, we fear, some disappointment in its use. The adulteration here is merely water, mixed with it during the manufacture. It is sold to you at a most conscientious price, and of course before it has had time to dry. Cheap butter is produced at your demand by the admixture of flour and water—pea flour with salt butter, and

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wheaten flour with fresh butter; the proportions being one-third butter, one-third flour, and one-third water.

Many of the above-mentioned articles are not, and could not be, sold to the retailer by the wholesale houses at as low a price as he charges to the public. The difference is in the adulteration; and we repeat, the public is as much in fault as the dishonest dealer. They will not give the fair dealer even the price which he himself has paid, and he is compelled either to cheat them or 'decline business.' But is it not lamentable to think that this system of fraud pervades a considerable portion of the retail trade of this great country, celebrated throughout the world for the integrity of her merchants? Who are the men who perform such jugglerries? Are they the grave and sober citizens we see behind their counters, or passing, genteelly dressed, along the streets, or sitting, with reverent air, in their pew at church, or deciding upon far lighter crimes than their own in the jury-box? The imagination is confounded by such questions. We are ready to think that there must be a mistake somewhere; but the stubborn fact remains confronting us, that there *are* adulterations, and hundreds more than we have mentioned, and that there must, therefore, be hands to effect them, and retailers to sell with a guilty knowledge even apart from the manipulators themselves.

Such facts as we have stated throw an odium—in many cases, we believe, undeserved—upon those houses which profess to sell cheaply for the consideration of ready money. Would it not be worth the while of one of these houses to publish from time to time a list of wholesale prices (including the duty separately specified) and retail prices, thus showing the amount of profit they charge? Many higher businesses make no secret of their per-centages, and why should they hesitate—more especially since they are well aware that it is only a secret as regards them, because the public will not take the trouble of making the calculation for themselves? If this were done by a house of established character, whose profits were really fair and reasonable, it would convince the public of the stupidity and criminality of their incessant outcry for cheapness, and it would sink the dishonest traders into the scorn and infamy they deserve.

MR SMEE ON ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

THE philosophy of the present day is characterised by the desire to investigate causes rather than to speculate on effects—objective takes precedence over subjective research; and the popular inquirer asks to be informed not only of what is *done*, but *how?* To talk of gravitation now-a-days is hardly safe; people want some more definite term: they would like to have an image, so to speak, of the abstract idea. Hence the multifarious attempts to explain and clear up the abstruse and undefined in physical or moral science.

Readers of the Journal can hardly be ignorant of the fact, that for some time past it has been considered that the life-principle manifests itself by an electric or voltaic process. In No. 57 (1845),* we published an account of Professor Matteucci's researches on the subject, in which, although the phenomena examined were clearly referrible to voltaic action, yet the complete arrangement of the animal battery was not satisfactorily made out. But according to a work now before us, the title of which appears below,† there need no longer be a doubt upon this point. Mr Smee not only confirms the conclusions of prior investigators, he goes farther, and endeavours to account for mental as well as physical phenomena. 'The physiological matter,' he observes, 'required two lines of investigation: the one having reference to the ultimate structure of organic beings; the other to the actions taking place in them.... By the electro-voltaic test, the mechanism of nervous actions has been determined.... Whilst, however, electricity appears to me to be an important agent for the cure of disease, the cases in which it is especially valuable are comparatively few; and I myself regard the treatment upon general electro-therapeutic laws as more valuable than the immediate action of electricity itself.' Thus much premised, it becomes necessary to describe the battery: the author states that 'a central parenchyma,* a peripheral parenchyma, connected together, and each supplied with bright arterial blood, are necessary to life. It follows that bleeding causes death; that the supply of imperfect blood, such as carbonaceous blood, is insufficient to life. Moreover, a destruction of the central parenchyma, by injuring the brain, or of the peripheral, by destroying the body, instantly prevents the manifestations of the functions of animal life.... Now a central apparatus, supplied with a peculiar fluid, a peripheral apparatus similarly supplied, the whole connected together to form one universal total, is the apparatus desired; and such an apparatus we have in a double voltaic battery. If we abstract the proper exciting fluid from either end, or substitute any other fluid, or destroy the structure either at one end or the other, or divide the connecting portions or wires, the effects proper to the apparatus will not be manifested, and the battery will be destroyed.'

That animal membranes and fluids may take the place of metallic plates, wires, and acids, is apparent from an experiment suggested by Liebig: a pile was constructed, 'consisting of disks of pasteboard moistened with blood, of muscular substance (flesh), and of brain. This arrangement caused a very powerful deflection of the needle of the galvanometer, indicating a current in the direction of the blood to the muscle.' On this Mr Smee observes: 'In the muscles we have a nitrogenised material which is acid; in the blood we have a nitrogenised material which is alkaline; and the connecting part or nervous fibres are neutral.... The periphery or body, therefore, consists of the muscular substance, forming one pole; the cutaneous tissues the opposite; the serous fluid, which lubricates the parts, being the electrolyte. The whole forms a voltaic battery, which I shall hereafter consider in minute detail as the Peripheral Battery.

'From the peripheral battery two series of connecting media proceed—the first, the muscular nerves, or nerves supplied to the flesh; the second, the nerves distributed to the cutaneous textures. If we examine the nerve-fibres in recently-killed animals, we find that they consist of fine tubes containing a fluid, and lined with a peculiar species of fat, which may be obtained, from their prolongation into the brain, in large quantities, when the part is soaked in alcohol for a long period. In this structure we have all the conditions necessary to insulation—namely, a fine membranous tube lined with fat on its inner side, and containing a fluid in the centre; and such a structure, as far as electrical properties are concerned, would be analogous to a glass tube containing liquid.

'If we follow the course of the nerves, we find that they are prolonged to the brain, and end in the gray matter, where they again come in contact with a large quantity of blood-vessels. As the two series of nerves are not immediately connected in the brain, it follows, according to the laws of voltaic action, that another battery exists there, which may be termed the central battery.... For the integrity of the circuit, it is essential that the peripheral and central batteries be perfect; that their connection be maintained; and that a proper exciting fluid, or bright arterial blood, be distributed to each part.'

Such is Mr Smee's view of the living battery: we come next to his detail of the mode of action. For this he proposes the term Electro-Aisthenics, or a study of the various organs of sensation; and these again are com-

* See also Journal, No. 167, 'Remarkable Electric Agencies.'

† Elements of Electro-Biology, or the Voltaic Mechanism of Man; of Electro-Pathology, especially of the Nervous System; and of Electro-Therapeutics. By Alfred Smee, F. R. S. London; Longmans. 1849.

* *Parenchyma*, in physiological language, is the spongy, porous, or membranous substance which forms the bulk of some of the viscera of animals (as the liver), and the tissue of the leaves and growing parts of plants.—ED.

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prised under a new terminology: Opsaisthenics, of sight; Ousaisthenics, of hearing; Gumaisthenics, of taste; Rinaisthenics, of smell; Caenaisthenics, of touch; and last, a *sixth* sense, Somaisthenics, or bodily feeling. Blood and nerve being present in a normal condition, the integrity of the various actions is assured. The eye, for example, is stimulated by light, leading to the inference of a photo-voltaic current. By means of various chemical solutions, the author establishes the fact artificially. 'Upon exposing,' he writes, 'the apparatus to intense light, the galvanometer was instantly deflected, showing that the light had set in motion a voltaic current, which I propose to call a photo-voltaic circuit.' The eye itself is tested by thrusting a needle through the choroid coat, and another into a neighbouring muscle, and passing the animal experimented on suddenly from darkness into light, when, if carefully conducted, a slight deflection of the galvanometer is the result. With the retina and blood of the choroid coat for the positive pole of the organ of vision, we find the iris and muscles of the eyeball and eyelids proposed for the negative. The phenomena of hearing are accounted for in a somewhat similar way; the poles being the auditory nerve and adjacent muscles. The specific action can only be determined by showing that sound effects a voltaic current; and then how various are its modifications! 'The range of sounds appreciated by the human ear consists of about 12½ octaves, and perhaps extends to the 32d of a note in those endowed with most perfect hearing. From this it follows that the human ear can distinguish about 3200 sounds; and therefore it would require 3200 poles for that purpose.' With respect to the organ of taste, Mr Smee assumes the gustatory nerve as the positive pole; and states that 'we may make a voltaic battery in which the circuit shall be determined by savours, in very different methods. For instance, if we place a little per-salt of iron, with two platina poles, in a V-shaped tube, and then drop a little infusion of meat into one side, a voltaic circuit will instantly be produced.' Next in order comes the sense of smell: and here the author supposes that odorous substances determine a voltaic current, by 'facilitating the reduction of the highly-oxygenated blood;' and that the olfactory nerves constitute the positive pole of the battery. He then proceeds to establish a sense of feeling, Caenaisthenics, as distinct from Somaisthenics, or bodily feeling. The former, he says, 'is that feeling by which we derive certain impressions from without, and is never in our understandings confounded with a bodily feeling, or that sense by which we estimate the changes taking place within our own frame.' Thus Caenaisthenics may be excited by heat or cold, or by mechanical or other pressure; and it is possible to imitate this effect by varieties of voltaic apparatus. But it would appear that, in experimenting on the living body, muscular power must be exerted before the galvanometer marks any trace of a current, as will be understood from Mr Smee's statement. The subject under test was a 'black rabbit, into the *masseter* of which,' he observes, 'I introduced one sewing needle, whilst the second was placed in the subcutaneous cellular tissue. After leaving them for a few minutes, so that they might be in the same state, they were connected with the galvanometer without sensible deflection of the needle. After a few moments, the animal, not liking its treatment, made an attempt to bite my finger, and the deflection of the galvanometer instantly showed the mechanism of volition. I then gave the creature a piece of wood to bite, upon which it used all its power of mastication; and by catching the oscillation of the needle, a very powerful current was exhibited.'

We have thus, as clearly as the subject would well admit of, traced an outline of the author's peripheral battery: we now come to the details concerning the central battery. The author maps out the brain into different regions, separated by commissures: to the first, which repeats the impressions conveyed by the sensor, or aisthenic nerves, he assigns the term Phreno-Aisthenics: the second, or that by which combined impressions are retained, is Syndramics: third, the seeing of numerous objects, or hearing of numerous sounds, conveys but one idea of sight or audition; the term for this mechanism is Aisthenic-Noemics: fourth, Syndramic-Noemics, for the ideas derived from combined senses: fifth, Pneuma-Noemics, for the notion of infinity: and lastly, to quote the author's own words, 'we have to consider from whence the impulse is sent for the brain to cause action: a study which may be conveniently followed under the term of Noemic-Dynamics.... The details are exceedingly difficult to comprehend in all their minutiæ; and yet I trust, by passing gradually from the simple to the complex, the leading features of this wonderful and intricate apparatus will be developed; and though the exemplification of the structure of a single brain would occupy many acres, I can exhibit examples of the mode of acting in the several departments by ordinary voltaic combinations.

'The requisites of action, blood and nerve, are found in sufficient abundance in the central battery or brain, as that organ is literally nothing but fibres and blood-vessels. The nervous fibres are so numerous, that no estimation could be given of the myriads of which the brain is composed; in fact the whole of the white matter of the brain is composed of nerve tubes.'

We believe it was Coleridge who once met a metaphysical serving-maid at a tavern in Germany, and was surprised by hearing her express her belief that every thought, idea, or impression received generated in the brain, remained there ever afterwards, each one stored up in a minute cell, and that good or bad memory would consist in the greater or lesser power of reopening these cells and making use of their contents. If science be competent to determine the point, she was not far from the truth. Mr Smee states: 'When a man receives an impression, it is not evanescent, passing immediately away, but it is retained in the system to regulate future actions. Now, in voltaic constructions, it is not difficult to produce an action which shall influence future motions, and thus exhibit the effects of memory.

'If we take two iron wires, and place them in a solution of argento-cyanide of potassium, and direct a voltaic current through them, silver would be reduced at that wire constituting the negative pole. The two wires would be ever afterwards in different electric relations to each other; one would be positive, the other negative; and thus the effects of memory would be shown, and future actions regulated.'

As the nerve fibres all terminate in the gray matter of the brain, these terminations are taken to be the negative poles. In this way the entire body is repeated in the brain, which organ again is supposed to be double, and yet so constituted, that two impressions made at different parts of the body convey but one idea to the mind. Under the head of Syndramics the author shows that the large size of the brain, with its multiplicity of fibres and vesicles, is necessary for the reception of the endless variety of impressions made upon that organ. When it is remembered that twenty-four changes can be rung on only four bells, we may form some conception of the myriads of changes to be effected in the 2000 or 3000 elements from each organ of sense. Mr Smee considers that the brain 'probably contains room for all the most important, when packed and arranged with the absolute perfection manifested in all the operations of nature.'

Without following each step of the investigation, we may state that each portion of the brain, as enumerated above, is severally treated of in a somewhat similar process of reasoning. A few of the conclusions at which the author arrives will serve to show the mode by which he builds up his theory. 'The faculty of desiring,' he observes, 'resolves itself into a tendency to act, and is manifested when the central batteries are in a condition of excitement. Desire is to mental operations similar in all respects to tension in electric arrangements. When the desire is gratified, it ceases for a time. This phenomenon is similar to an exhausted battery in which arrangements exist for replenishing the exciting fluid; as in this case, after a time, the battery would again become active, and exhibit tension.'

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Again—'I might dilate largely upon the mechanism by which pleasure and pain may be regulated; but it will be sufficient to give a single illustration of the most simple method in which, in the voltaic circuit, a strong impression might stop action. If a very minute piece of metal be placed in a glass of fluid as a positive pole, and a large current be passed through it, the metal would instantly be dissolved, and the circuit could not be completed by that road. What is true of solid poles is true of liquid poles, or intervening fluid; and where repair is constantly necessary, as we know it is in the brain, a strong impression would more than equal the ordinary supply, and thus action, through that combination, would be stopped. The effect upon the brain by a painful impression appears to amount to more than mere exhaustion, as the part seems damaged permanently, and the action through that road does not again readily take place.'

Next in order we come to Electro-Psychology or 'properties of the mind, deduced from the voltaic structure of the brain.' This portion of the subject involves many important considerations and metaphysical speculations. Mr Smee finds a process for every faculty, even up to the idea of immortality. 'We know,' he says, 'from the very organisation of our bodies, that we are immortal; that God exists; that there is virtue and vice; a heaven and a hell. Man, in every age, in every climate, is compelled, by his very organisation, to believe these first principles. . . . Electro-noemics,' he also explains, 'should be the basis of jurisprudence. It shows that crime and pain should be associated together at the same time, because a stronger result would attend punishment inflicted the moment the crime was about to commence. Such a course is suitable for the lowest intellects, or persons of the lowest mental capacity. When, however, good principles could be effectively instilled, they would control every action, and prove far more useful.

'Electro-noemics also show that to produce a strong effect in future actions, a strong impression must be left on the brain. From this cause punishment should be inflicted upon a man in a healthy, vigorous condition, and neither ill-fed nor debased in energy; otherwise the impression would be transient or evanescent, and would not deter the party from the commission of future crime. Electro-noemics also indicate that slight and proportionate punishment invariably following crime, would have more effect than severer punishment, with less chance of its infliction.'

From the foregoing summary of Mr Smee's book, it appears to contain matter interesting to other classes of readers as well as electricians and physiologists; but we believe that the time is distant when legislators or philanthropists will discuss questions of social economy or politics in an electro-biological point of view. Still, we are willing to accept the work as another contribution towards an inquiry that has long engaged the attention of philosophers: biology, *the science of life*, is a subject of permanent interest; and if a writer do no more than provoke discussion, he may do that which will eventually elicit truth.

We here close our notice of Mr Smee's book with an enumeration of its further contents—points of the investigation into which we have not thought it necessary to enter. They are—Electro-bio-Dynamics, or the forces produced in the living body; Bio-Electrolysis, or the changes taking place in the human body; Electro-Biology of Cells, or the relation of electricity to growth, nutrition, and circulation; and last, Electro-Therapeutics and Pathology.

PARTING OF THE HINDOO BRIDE AND HER MOTHER.

[Hindoo girls are generally married at the age of five or six years, and remain under the paternal roof till they are eleven or twelve, when they are taken away by their wedded lord. The *sussoorie*, or mother-in-law, is held in universal detestation by the young Hindoo wife; for these women have generally great influence over their sons, are jealous of their affections, and misuse their power, their ignorance making them unfeeling and tyrannical. As the uneducated Hindoo female has few resources, so her love of external adornment is greater perhaps than is generally ascribed to the fair sex, and jewels and silken sheen constitute her most cherished day-dream. She dyes her feet with *alkah*, extracted from the Brazil wood, a lovely red. Cotton is steeped in this, and dried in the sun in thin patches like lint, and about the size of a dessert plate; in which state it is kept in the bazaars for the toilet of the Hindoo, whose delicate little feet, after being pared and scraped with a pumicestone by a professional female barber, are very tastefully painted with the cotton. The Hindoo females have generally fine long glossy hair, which is neatly plaited at the back of the head into a knot; the front hair is parted *à la Madona;* and the toilet is not complete without a stripe of *sindoor*, a red powder, where the hair parts on the forehead; and a *ticca*, or ornament of tinsel, or talc and gold-leaf—sometimes characteristic of caste. The rich have handsome ornaments of gold or silver, which are fixed to the forehead, and set off very much a fine Hindoo face, peeping out from under a white transparent veil. Tenderness for her offspring is the characteristic of the heathen mother: she lives for her children, and parting with them is almost death.

The *bunnia-bhow*, or *surroff's* daughter, also called *bhow-cottah-cow*—('Speak, daughter-in-law; speak!')—from its saying these words in a mournful manner chiefly during the lovely moonlight nights of the East, is, in its own climate, as interesting a bird as our 'visitant of spring.' The bunnia-bhow is of the Oriole tribe; and its yellow plumage, varied with sky-blue and white, is greatly admired. The Europeans sometimes style this lovely creature 'the mango bird,' as it makes its appearance when that fruit is in perfection.

The Asiatic connects no romantic feelings with the turtle-dove; on the contrary, from the following conversation, it will be seen how our favourite in all tender matters is looked upon; she, too, is metamorphosed into a wicked penitent, doomed to proclaim her own sins, and to wander through ages to come over the wide world.]

THE HINDOO MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER CHANDIKA.

Mother. My dear Chandika, you look very dull today, and your fingers are very slow. See, I have finished for you the wreath of *bokool* blossoms I began; and there is your string, and the little stick to string the flowers with. Look how pretty these *champas* will be in your black hair: they are like gold!

Chandika. Oh, mother, I can do nothing! Must I not soon leave you? That odious emissary from my husband's house, is he not to be here this afternoon with a *doolie?* And then, my own mother, I shall be under a sussoorie!

Mother. Dear Chandika, every Hindoo girl is disgraced if she has not a husband and a home to go to. You must look to your lord, Rajhissur, for protection. I saw him, and I am not deceiving you; he is kind, young, and handsome; and your mother-in-law is not such a firebrand as you suppose.

Chandika. I don't know: I hear all the young wives who come to our tank for water at noon, and every one is louder than another in invectives against her sussoorie. Oh I wish never to leave you!

Mother. Come, let me see your feet. Has the *naptanie* painted them neatly with *alkah?* And are the flowers nicely done on your insteps?

Chandika. Oh dear, yes: she is the handiest naptanie in this village. See, my hair is all oiled and plaited, and I have gummed on my ticca, and tied on the frontlet of gold; so there remains little else to do to my toilet.

Mother. Come, then, now, and put on your gay new red *saree* of rustling flax: it has cost six rupees, and it is one of the best. Your bracelets (*cangoons*) and armlets (*bazonbands*) are all pure silver, and your nose-ring

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is Rajhissur's most valuable gift: the pearls in it are of a fine lustre, and the garnets are sparkling.

Chandika. But my eyes are heavy, and my spirits are dull. Last night, although I did not disturb you, I went under the niem-tree; and there, as the moon shone brightly, I listened to the beautiful bunnia-bhow reiterating her sad notes. Was *she* not once an odious mother-in-law? And did she not cruelly knock her son's wife on the head for leaving an assigned task unfinished? The soul of the sussoorie should have been put into an owl instead of the yellow bunnia-bhow. Well, I fell asleep at last, and at sunrise I was awakened by the cooing of the turtle-dove. Oh, it kept wailing, 'Bow outtoo, poora poora!'—('Rise, daughter-in-law; the measure is full—is full!') She, too, was a cruel wretch, and killed her young *bow* for not pounding and filling a certain measure of rice fast enough; and for that crime she has been transformed into a dove, and can never forget her wicked deed. Oh these odious mothers-in-law!

Mother. Come, dear Chandika, my fair one; come, forget all this: I shall come and see you at the *Doorgapoojah*. How well you look in all your new things! Your skin is as clear and beautiful as the fresh peel of an onion just drawn out from between its flakes!* But there, behold, there comes your father, and the old Brahmin agent with him. Cover your face, and do not cry; I must go and cast myself at the *thagoor's* feet. Let us embrace, my own Chandika; my only child, I must away. [*She prostrates herself at the Brahmin's feet.*

Brahmin. Good woman, arise. Where is your daughter? The *sewahree*† waits, and we must reach Burdwan to-night: so bring out the young wife. *I* am answerable for her.

Mother. Just as you please, *maharaj.* [*Chandika is brought out, covered and veiled, and placed silently and sadly in the litter. The mother is left gazing, until the sewahree diminishes to a speck; then her grief breaks out in loud cries and lamentations.*

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ARE as numerous as ever, and nothing gives us so much pain as the continual rejection of papers in prose and verse, written with an apparently earnest wish to succeed; and though not exactly up to the mark, yet occasionally manifesting no small amount of taste and ability. An editor, however, must have no compassion. He stands himself before a critical tribunal, and requires to act with scrupulous indifference in rejecting what seems unsuitable. At the same time, we are of course anxious to help on aspirants for literary honours, and a word of counsel and kindness to the deserving is not wanting where it can be of service.

Correspondents, however, who favour us with hints on miscellaneous topics, are perhaps still more numerous than those who send us papers for consideration. Sometimes these communications are of an amusing kind. They reveal what seems to be the ruling passion of the writer, and go pretty far to give one a notion that society abounds in people each mad on one idea; and all thinking everybody else crotchetty and unsound but themselves.

The following candid announcement, enclosed to us under cover, will be received with much satisfaction by the world:—

'The hour is come, but where is the Man? He is ready when he is wanted! Fourteen years have I waited and watched the progress of events, since I first received the impression that on me depended the regeneration of my country. *Mihi omnis spes in memet sita.* [All my hopes are centered in myself.]—OLIVER (not Cromwell).'

A correspondent, who writes from Birmingham, suggests our giving our opinion on a matter of great delicacy and importance:—

'GENTLEMEN—You would very much oblige a great many of your readers if you would please give them your opinion on Marriage in your Journal. Is there, generally speaking, more happiness in a married or single state? Do you think that men who do not marry till they are thirty-five or forty years of age, would be happier if they did not marry at all?'

Answer—Let all bachelors marry as soon as possible; the older they are, the more expeditious they should be.—Not a bad picture of matrimonial felicity is presented in the following lines from a poem, 'Hours of Solitude,' just handed to us by the author, who tells us he was lately a private soldier:—

'Behold the hardy tiller of the soil,
The humble peasant, born to daily toil,
With what delight, when sinks the setting sun,
He hies him homeward, all his labour done.
How joys to know, attending his return,
The board is spread, the blazing fagots burn;
But sweeter still his gentle wife will wait
His weary footstep at the garden gate.
He thinks how she, through life's oft dreary hours,
Has strewed his path with love's unfading flowers;
He thinks, though providence to him denied
The glittering splendour of the sons of pride,
He is not poor, for thus, his own to prove,
The unequalled treasures of a virtuous love,
Is greater wealth, and purer rapture brings
Than all the glory, all the pomp of kings.
Such are his thoughts, as 'neath the rising ray
Of the pale moon he slow pursues his way.
Well knows his wife th' accustomed step, before
The latch is raised, or opes the cottage door.
He enters! see, her eye, for ever bright,
Now instant kindles with a clearer light;
And oh! how soon, before its smiling ray,
Fade all the cares and labours of the day.
Soon as their prattling babes to rest retire,
They sit discoursing by the cheerful fire;
In converse sweet, each kindred feeling share,
Illume the moments, and forget their care!
* * * *
Oh! prize that worth, and bless indulgent Heaven,
Whose bounteous hand a kindred heart has given,
Life's rough and dubious paths with thee to share,
Increase thy pleasures, and divide thy care!
There is a charm that words can ne'er reveal,
Known but to those who all its pleasures feel,
When some dear being sheds a lustre bright
Around our home, and fills it with delight.
When friends are near, we feel with lessened force
The little cares that cloud our daily course.
This shalt thou own when, partner of thy home,
Thou lead'st the maiden to thy peaceful dome;
And loved, and loving, prove, in every hour,
The calm pure pleasures of affection's power;
True joys, indeed, which shun the noisy haunts
Where riot reigns, and dissipation flaunts.
Nor deign to smile amid the thoughtless throng
Gay folly draws in flowery bands along.'

One who signs himself a 'Constant Reader' is concerned on a subject eminently deserving the attention of the social economist and the theologian:—

'GENTLEMEN—I think you would confer a great benefit on the male portion of the community if, in your able Journal, you would advocate the ancient custom of wearing the beard and moustache. I think it can scarcely be consonant with the design of Providence that we should addict ourselves to the practice of shaving; for if the beard was not intended to be worn, why does it grow? Shaving, therefore, is surely irreligious, and a violation of the conscience. I would suggest that there should be an Anti-Shaving Association, which, if properly begun, would soon get plenty adherents. Pardon the liberty of drawing your attention to this far from unimportant subject.'

* This is thought a great compliment in the East.
† Procession or cavalcade.

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The above sagacious proposition would scarcely please the razor and strop-making interests; which are, by the way, very active and stirring interests indeed. Some months ago, we received a specimen of G. Saunders's (of New York) Razor-Strop, certainly an advanced species of its class, seeing that it is a four-sided article, having a hone on one side, and leathern strops of graduated smoothness on the remaining three. More lately, there was submitted for our approval a droll-looking razor called the 'Plantagenet Patent.' What the Plantagenets had to do with the affair is beyond our comprehension, as we rather believe shaving was not fashionable in their day. However, that is not the point. What invited notice was the *principle* of the instrument, which gives the power of shaving without the possibility of cutting the skin. This desirable end is achieved by fixing on the side of the blade a guard resembling a metal comb, the teeth of which project a little beyond the edge. By holding the instrument at the right slope, shaving is at once effected; but if held at a wrong angle, the teeth of the comb rest on the face, bearing off the edge of the razor, and the chance of cutting is thus effectually prevented. This razor is really a very clever thing, and will be of great use on shipboard, or for people with unsteady hands; indeed there is nothing now to prevent any one shaving himself in the dark, or in a railway carriage going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. What next?

Of all the strange presents sent to us editorially, the most strange was that of a trap to place on the mouths of drains, in order to prevent the escape of bad smells! Fortunately, we had no reason to call this patent engine into operation, and are therefore unable to speak of its merits. The authorities of Gwydyr House would be competent to pronounce on the subject *ex cathedrâ*.

In this category of correspondents we may place one who subscribes himself a 'Hosier in the Midland Counties.' This tradesman begins by complimenting us on a late article, which hinted, in the most remote way possible, at the fashion among ladies of wearing inordinately long petticoats; 'a fashion,' proceeds the hosier, 'that has rendered our business almost good for nothing. Formerly, ladies bought, according to their circumstances, very elegant stockings, both silk and cotton. Hundreds of men were employed in weaving, and women in embroidering. Even servants and country girls prided themselves on a nice clean pair of good stockings, and a pair of neat shoes. What could look so beautiful as a handsome ankle and foot in a white stocking and black shoe, either crossing the street on a bad day, or tripping along the floor of a ball-room? I am sorry to say you never see anything of the kind now. I might as well shut up shop. Ladies are contented to wear sixpenny and ninepenny hose, and none of any account above two shillings. In the streets they go dragging along with ugly dirty boots; and in a ball-room you cannot tell whether they wear any stockings at all: the dresses are so long, that the room is in perpetual dust; and the gentlemen, in dancing, treading upon and tearing their clothes, and apologising. I could weep for the hundreds it has thrown out of employment, and the trade which it has ruined. The gentlemen, also, should never go into even a dining-room where there are ladies, much less a ball-room, with boots; for let them be ever so thin, they are boots still. A pair of nice black trousers, and either black or some choice (not vulgar) fancy silk stockings, with a pair of neat shoes, either tied with a bow of ribbon or a buckle, would make a man look like a gentleman if he was really not so; and then the comfort and ventilation he would have when dancing! Pray, gentlemen, take the few hints I have hastily set down, and publish, ere long, a good article on the abomination of boots and long petticoats.'

A late article, 'Hoodless, the Horse-Swimmer,' has called forth several communications, from which we select the two following:—

'"Hoodless, the Horse-Swimmer" is the heading you gave to an interesting anecdote in "Chambers's Journal;" you will be pleased to know that an occurrence similar to that narrated took place at the Cape of Good Hope. Many years since, a ship was lost during one of the tremendous gales that visit the "stormy Cape." The crew and passengers were in imminent danger of perishing, when a farmer dashed into the surge with his horse. The brave adventurer reached the ship, and returned in safety with one or more of the mariners clinging to his steed. Again he perilled life with the same fortunate result. A third and a fourth time did he risk himself in the waves, on each occasion saving one or two, till eight altogether were rescued. On the fifth attempt he was less fortunate. Whether from fatigue, or the violence of the surge, he lost his seat. His horse returned to the shore riderless! The gallant farmer perished. A monument, I believe, marks the spot, and recalls an incident honourable to humanity.'

THE LIFE BOAT.—'It was about the year 1783 that a ship ran upon the hard sand at the mouth of the Tyne. The sea was running high, and no boat dared venture out to the relief of the crew, who, taking to the rigging, were distinctly seen by observers on shore. For several days the storm continued unabated, and the poor wretches were seen morning after morning still clinging to their only remaining hope. At last, from sheer exhaustion, they dropped one after another into a watery grave. The people on shore watched them even to the last: he also fell, and no one was left.

'How different is the state of things at the present day! Let us fancy ourselves standing on some rising ground at the mouth of the same river Tyne: a violent storm from the north-east lashes the sea into a fury; a ship is observed making for the harbour; perhaps a signal of distress may be flying from the mast. How many anxious eyes are watching her from both sides of the river, as she rolls and plunges in the boiling waters! She takes the bar, when suddenly, from some cause or other, her course is altered (maybe she has unshipped her rudder), and she runs direct upon the hard sand, where every sea that strikes her washes the deck, and sends the snowy spray far above the mast-head.

'Now is the hour of peril; the life-boat is manned; she sweeps along with incredible speed; no clockwork can be more regular than the steady stroke of her double-manned oars. She dashes into the breakers, at one time looking as if she would throw a somerset, at another lost to the eye in the trough of the sea: she reaches the wreck, takes out the crew, and returns. As she comes near home, the crowd upon the beach follow her, cheering as they go; the crew is landed in safety; three hearty cheers are given, and that is all.

'For those unacquainted with nautical affairs, it may be necessary to say, that before the invention of the life-boat no boat was found that could live in a heavy sea: all boats of ordinary construction being liable to turn bottom up, and remain so. From the shape and make of the life-boat, there is no chance of such a thing: being made high at stem and stern, she resembles, when viewed in profile, nothing so much as a crescent with the horns uppermost. Beneath the gunwale is a broad layer of cork for the sake of greater buoyancy; and she is provided with air-boxes, &c. for the same purpose. It is customary to lash or tie the rowers to the thwarts or seats, which is sufficient to give one an idea of the danger of the undertaking.'

The following letter, written by a person in the country to her friend, a lady in Edinburgh, was lately put into our hands, and speaks for itself:—

'DEAR MARY—I heard a circumstance to-day, which gave me so much pleasure, that I cannot forbear mentioning it. Some time ago an English gentleman, Mr ——, was travelling in a railway-carriage, and to amuse himself he had purchased two or three of Messrs

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Chambers's publications. An article in one of these attracted his attention: it was showing the great necessity for Life Assurance. Soon after, when his tenants were all dining with him, and paying their rents, he read the article aloud to them, and recommended to them to insure their lives without delay, as it would be a good thing for their families after their death. His land-steward was so struck with what he heard, that he insured his life directly. This man, I am told, is now dying, and has the greatest satisfaction in knowing that he leaves wherewith to bring up his family. He is a Scotsman, and feels a strong desire that his boys should be educated; for if he had not got education himself, he would still have been a Roxburghshire ploughman. Well, as I understand, his sons are to be sent to Scotland to their schooling in a plain way; and this could not possibly have been done but for the life assurance. The poor man is said to be quite happy that he acted on the advice given him. I daresay Mr Chambers will be glad to hear of this instance of good being done by one of his articles.'

Novelty is the order of the day. The 'Proprietors of Hall's Wisbeach Sewing Cotton' have become publishers of a tiny periodical called 'The Olive Branch, a Journal for the Work Table,' which they distribute gratis along with their reels. When literature is thus made an associate of threads and needles, one would think it cannot help going off. As a specimen of the Wisbeach sewing-cotton periodical, we present the following from the number for March:—

'Mock Drapery Auctions.—There are few more profitable employments, to persons roguishly disposed, than buying a quantity of inferior drapery, generally the clearance of old stocks, and then travelling through the country to sell them. Mock auctions are a very favourite mode adopted, and are usually announced by some specious advertisement of "wreck," "contraband seizures," or other equally imposing terms. Candle-light, which obscures so many imperfections, is frequently employed at these sales. To avoid the impositions practised on such occasions, we would recommend those who are disposed to purchase to make a visit by daylight, as they would ordinarily do with the draper, and before purchasing, look carefully at the class of goods offered for sale. There is also an efficacious mode of ascertaining the value of piece goods. Ask some respectable draper for a few patterns, which he will generally furnish with pleasure, and compare them with those of the itinerant merchant. It is our belief that in almost every case the goods of the resident tradesman will be found much the cheaper of the two. The favourite plan of these systematic deceivers is, in the first instance, to offer something exceedingly cheap, and by that means decoy as large a company together as possible; their inferior commodities are then the more easily palmed upon the buyers. The active agency of a few allies purposely employed to secure the highest prices, for *bonâ-fide* sales, secures also the withdrawal of any articles the public are likely to obtain too cheap. It is to be remarked that the goods generally sold consist of shawls, woollen cloths, and other expensive articles, the value of which it is difficult for the most experienced accurately to determine. In purchasing articles of fashion, our female friends generally desire to have the greatest novelties, and shawls are perhaps one of their most important items. Now there is no way to form so sure an opinion on this subject as to notice their condition. You will usually see the goods of these travelling auctioneers have been folded time after time, and the creases are so many, that you with difficulty discover those originally made by the manufacturer; hence, we should say, especially notice their condition. As to woollen cloths, when in their finished state, the face being raised, it requires much judgment to tell the fineness of the yarn of which they are made—and the whole value depends on this—and the soundness of the wool. If there is one article more than another which requires to be purchased of a tradesman of character, it is woollen cloths. Any complaint would be sure to be attended to by him; and by advising the manufacturer, with sufficient proofs that the damages were occasioned by his mismanagement, any necessary compensation would be allowed. There are few, when buying, who would calculate on seeing their auctioneer friend again if required, and fewer who would ever expect, if they found him, any allowance for damages.

'We should be sorry, by these remarks, for any to suppose that we do not wish them to buy at the cheapest market. Our only desire is, to point out the fallacy of supposing that persons depending for their livelihood on the precarious sales of a few days, at very indefinite intervals, and incurring travelling expenses, can compete with the regular tradesman. It must be remembered that the latter has a character to sustain, and that his constant attention is given to select those articles that are most in request by his circle of friends.'

We close for the present this word about our correspondents by submitting the following letter, just received, to the sagacity of the reader:—

'When you see the signature at the conclusion of this, you will probably recollect having received communications from me before. It is with deep interest that I see occasionally appearing in your numbers the earnest yearning for more light and truth. I find that the putting of pen to paper for the purpose of writing a concentrated article for publication—suitable for the public eye—does not draw—the effort will not yield. I require a leading-string: I acknowledge to myself to be guided by the spirit. Far removed from literary circles, I necessarily draw deeply from the original fountain of truth for those intellectual and spiritual pleasures, the former of which I confess I believe comparatively few of my fellow-beings would be able to afford me—that is, when the subjects nearest my heart, and of the highest character in truth, were to come under notice. Subjects of paramount consideration to the whole of the human race are not likely continually to give place to those of a more trivial, though of a perfectly innocent and suitable character in their way. Without any pretensions to deep learning, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and which I consider likely to become an encumbrance rather than an aid in all that is truly valuable in lore, I have seen much of life and business, and into the recesses of the human heart, if I may use the term; indeed I have been led about and instructed in the arduous and painful career which thus far it has pleased an all-wise Providence to carry me through. When I commenced this, I was almost as ignorant of what the contents were likely to be as you were when you commenced reading, with the exception of a prevailing desire to open a vein by which I might communicate with you.

'I was induced to make the attempt, as (being requested by a sister to write to her) on Saturday evening I wrote in a few minutes, without any effort, something I have since thought might do for your Journal; and yet, had I sat down to write for that purpose, I could not have done it at all.

'I find that with me my sentiments can only be communicated easily and agreeably by letters or conversation: the latter is preferable when attainable, and the parties are perfectly at ease, able to reciprocate, and each equally open to receive the impressions of truth in all its simplicity, copiousness, and power. I will endeavour to call to mind the extract, which, with a few preliminary remarks, constituted the whole of my note.

'I believe that in any attempt to produce a formal article I cannot get on, because my thoughts are too big, too brief, and too concentrated; and though conscious that my spirit is pregnant of unutterable things, it finally says "Peace, be still." Who knows but that the sister who drew out the following may prove the midwife called in preparatory to your more able and skilful accoucheurs.

'I find that I cannot renew the essay to my sister,

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therefore I beg to refer you to her address for a note written on the 31st March 1849, from yours truly.'

This note would doubtless be worth perusal, but the world moves so rapidly, that we cannot wait for it.

ALLIGATORS BOARDED AND LODGED.

We made an excursion lately to what is called here the 'Muggur Tank,' a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully-situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills, about nine miles from Kurrachee. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters are congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is more like an overflown meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge 'muggurs,' some lying basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deeper water. They are of all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh pitched into them; they are too lazy and too well fed to make any further demonstration: the native keeper, who feeds them, then began calling to them, when they came one by one lazily along, and waddling on to the shore, each took what was given to him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly surprising. They know the keeper quite well, and if any one should take up what is not thrown to him, the keeper makes him drop it by striking him on the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful clap-traps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones even of the head of their prey like so much crust. It is probable, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for were the 'supplies to be stopped,' they would become dangerous neighbours. In fact they do at times pick up and devour a stray child left on the banks by accident or design. There are here three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is of a temperature of about 96 degrees. The two others have a temperature as high as 180 degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as crystal, and in great abundance. The females of the country repair to these springs after their confinement, to perform their ablutions, and to present their sacrifices to the 'muggurs.'—*Anglo-Indian paper.*

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Our friends in America are awaking up to this subject. They are determined not only to have *penny* postage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also across the Atlantic to the old world; and all to be established by the United States. So the question will soon be, whether Uncle John Bull or Brother Jonathan shall carry letters across the Atlantic for a penny a-piece. Jonathan can do this, and would do it, if the world should challenge him to do '*something smart.*' But Uncle John ought to do it before any one else in the world. He owes it to the colonies which he has planted all over the globe—to the millions of his children which he has sent out to live in the islands of all the oceans and seas far and near, and who want to write home every week. That is the ocean penny postage the world wants: not a penny postage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool to Boston, but a penny postage across all oceans and seas. Brother Jonathan is smart for his age undoubtedly, and would do a great thing for the world if you should once 'raise his dander' in the right direction. But we fear his purse is not long enough, nor his ships numerous enough, to establish a universal ocean penny postage. This is Uncle John Bull's mission, and we must all put him up to its fulfilment. All his children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews, at home and abroad, must tug at his skirts in their most winning way, and with filial faith and hope smiling in their eyes, meet him by the wayside, and fireside, and in all accessible moods and conditions, with this question—'*Uncle John, when will you give us an ocean penny postage?*' Don't be discouraged if he *pok pohs* at it at first, and buttons up his pockets, and talks about hard times, and all that. Keep at him steadily for a year in this way, and, like all other good-natured uncles, he will give in. Then what a jubilee there will be in thousands and tens of thousands of homes separated from each other by a thousand leagues or more of sea! Oh, Uncle John! the world would forgive you for all the unpleasant accidents you have occasioned in apportioning so much of this globe to the members of your family, if you would but give to mankind an *ocean penny postage.*—*Burritt's Christian Citizen.*

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

A few short years—and then
What changes Time hath wrought!
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem
The world, our life, ourselves are aught
But one long fitful dream.
The clouds that fly
Across the sky,
Waves tossed upon the sea,
Shadows that pass
Before a glass,
Our fitting emblems be.

A few short years—and then
Where are the hopes that shone
When youth with flowers enwreathed the hours,
And earth had but one music tone
Of joy for us and ours?
The rainbow's hues,
The morning's dews,
The blossoms of a day,
The trembling sheen
On water seen
More stable are than they.

A few short years—and then
Where is the ad'mant chain
That passion wrought, and madly thought
Nor time nor change could ever strain
Till life's last strife was fought?
A rope of sand,
A goss'mer band;
The filmy threads at e'en
The spider weaves
Amongst the leaves
A firmer bond had been.

A few short years—and then
Where is Ambition's pile,
That rose so high against the sky,
O'ershadowing all around the while,
With its proud boast might vie?
A shadow's shade,
A card-house made
By children for their play:
The air-blown bells
That folly swells
May vaunt a surer stay.

A few short years—and then
Where is the mighty grief
That wrung the heart with torture's art,
And made it feel that its relief
Time's hand could ne'er impart?
A storm that's burst,
And done its worst,
Then left the heaven more clear;
A night-mare dread,
With morning fled,
These sorrows now appear.

A few short years—and then
What of our life remains,
The smiles and tears of other years,
Of passion's joys, of sorrow's pains,
Ambition's hopes and fears?
A faded dream
To-day they seem
Which memory scarce can trace—
But seals they've set
Shall Time nor yet
Eternity efface!

AGNES SMITH.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 281. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849. Price 1½d.

REPULSION.

There are some popular maxims which have passed current for ages, perhaps from the beginning of all reflection among mankind, which nevertheless may, we think, be shown to involve some dilemma or absurdity materially subtracting from their value.

It is, for example, held as of great consequence that we avoid low and wicked company. Every parent tells his child to do so. Being seen in such company is generally regarded as sufficient to stamp any one's character. Now it may be, and no doubt is, quite true that most persons contract the character of the company they keep, and therefore *noscitur a sociis* is a justifiable rule. We should be the last to dispute the wisdom of a parent in counselling his son to avoid the society of mean or depraved characters. But what strikes us is, that just in as far as it is good for the good to keep away from the bad, so is it bad for the bad, because, associating only with themselves, they have no means of reformation or improvement near them. By the action of this rule, while there is a freedom from corruption on the one hand, there is an absence of correction on the other. So left, the rude can acquire no better manners; the wicked no better dispositions. They must each form a festering mass devoid of every healthy element.

Has it never occurred to any one to consider what is involved in the phrase—He has acted in this manner, and he must be put out of society? It is a punishment: we shall say a deserved one. Society can perhaps inflict no other. But what is to be the result? Deprived of the approbation and communion of his fellows, the delinquent is clearly doomed to become something worse. We do not, by merely ignoring his existence, negative him. He must appear, and appear, over and over again before us, and probably every time in a more malign aspect than before. It is not, then, a plan purely good for the public, however difficult it may be to devise any better. We are accustomed to hear that a father, being indignant at the misconduct of a daughter, turns her out of doors. The act excites little remark. To most people it seems right. But what is involved in it by way of consequences? No one can doubt that the victim, unless redeemed by some extraordinary accident, is destined to tenfold degradation, and a depth of guilt compared with which the first offence was a mere trifle. Considered with regard to consequences, there would appear to be something wrong in the father's act, though it may be scarcely possible to point out what it were better for him to do, seeing that he has his own honour, and that of the as yet innocent members of his family, to protect.

Manners form a comparatively trifling consideration; yet they are a question not beneath the philosophic observer of society. What chance have the humble of improving their tastes, if their superiors do all they can to obtain habitations in another quarter, frequent their own exclusive places of amusement, meet only with each other, and only know of inferior grades by report? The system of exclusiveness, from its obvious consequences, is generally condemned; but few have the candour to see or to admit the difficulty involved in the case. The fact is, as every refined person has felt, it is a positive pain to associate with persons of inferior tastes and a lower tone of manners. It seems as vain to expect that one shade of refinement will consent to blend on easy terms with another, as that any honourable man will willingly associate with one of tainted reputation. The rude, therefore, appear destined to continue rude, as far as this means of diffusing better tastes is concerned.

Somewhat akin to the thrusting out of unworthy members from society is the discharging of servants and workmen for faults. The master assumes the right to dismiss any one whom he employs, if he has occasion to be displeased with him for any moral offence, however slight. We cannot, under existing arrangements, deny this right, or say how the matter could be otherwise. But does it ever occur, either to the master himself or to society, to consider what necessarily follows on the privilege being exercised? If A is found naught in some respect by B, and is on that account thrown out of employment, he may apply for work to C; but he will be no better to C than to B. If C is to employ him, he might have as well remained with B. If C rejects him, he is as likely to be rejected by D, by E, and so on. In short, he is thrown entirely out of the way of making his bread by honest labour. There is, therefore, *this* at the bottom of it: B, in his right of discharging for a fault (seeing that others are not to be expected to put up with what he rejects), is possessed of a right to extrude men from the trade or art by which they obtain an independent subsistence. Every time he exercises the privilege, he is putting a man in the way of becoming a Pariah or a pauper. He will choose to hold by the right; but in that case he should not be surprised that there are 'dangerous classes,' or that poor-rates are leviable.

It is a necessary, though a startling consequence of these speculations, that the extremely good people are partly a cause of there being extremely bad people. They do not mean it, but they cannot help it. The seeming paradox is easily explained. In a society where a particular vice is generally prevalent, and no great or influential class is clear of it, that vice will have no very bad repute. A guilty individual will neither be persecuted nor thrust out. Maintaining his place in the world, and some share of the good opinion of his fellow-creatures, he will have no occasion to sink into extreme degradation. The very opposite is the case of

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the person who sins amidst an excessively virtuous society. He goes down into the depths at once, past all redemption. We see an illustration of this rule in the state of degraded women in England as compared with the continent. It is a complete dilemma. Virtue cannot soften her frown, and her frown produces effects by which she must be still more shocked.

It is these things which make civilisation so strange a problem. Jails, poor-houses, legions of outcasts, are as invariably its exponents as are lofty probity, vast wealth, consummate luxury, and grandeur. In a middle state of society there is, on the contrary, neither great wealth nor great poverty, neither great virtue nor great vice. Jails are moderate-sized buildings; poor-houses exist not at all. We smile at the story of the man shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, who, walking into the land with some fear, at length came to a gibbet with a culprit depending from it, and then congratulated himself upon being in a civilised country. But the subject has its side of serious truth as well as its ludicrous aspect. The object was quite sufficient to show that crime was here held in detestation, and duly punished. It would have come to the same thing if the stranger had lighted on a huge poor-house, or been let down from a balloon into the midst of a St Giles, or a Cowgate, or one of the Glasgow wynds. He might have argued in that case, 'I see that this is not only a civilised country, but a country where there is plenty of wealth for the winning. These wretched people are they whom wealth finds unsuitable for its works, and whom exquisite virtue repudiates. An excellent country for me!'

What can we say of it all? It is a system extremely favourable to clever people and good people—to those, in general, who have well-regulated minds—but deadly to all others. Continually from such a society there must be a shedding off of the inferior natures, down, and down, and down, to gnaw for a while at the feet of the prosperous and the worthy, but by and by to sink under some of the malignant physical influences to which they are exposed, and thus cease to be a trouble or a burthen. In a less advanced state of things, these people would have passed off tolerably among the rest, and lived all their days. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, good has been their evil. Wealth has doomed them to poverty—virtue has plunged them deeper into vice. Their very harshness of manners is partly owing to there being nice gentlemen ready to die of a rose in aromatic pain. Such being the case, can there be a doubt of its being only more decidedly imposed upon us as a duty, to contend with every opposing influence, our own feelings included, in endeavouring to raise up, succour, and, as far as possible, improve and redeem, those who, from the less suitable constitution of their natures, are to be ranked as the victims of society?

THE DARK CHAMBER.

Not very long ago there dwelt at Brookdale, a sunny spot of Warwickshire, one of the prettiest, merriest maidens, Phoebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon a green sward, or broke the susceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest dairymaid in the county, she nevertheless created at times such dire confusion, heartburnings, and jealousies amongst the somewhat numerous operatives on the farm, that Farmer Gadsby would frequently threaten to discharge her if she did not leave off playing the mischief with his young men. To all which good-humoured objurgation Phoebe would demurely reply, 'That it was no fault of hers: goodness knows, she gave the "jackanapes" no encouragement, and should be heartily glad to be rid of the whole pack of them!' Honest Farmer Gadsby, a man of peace, though wearing buttons, seldom pursued the colloquy much further; consoling himself as he walked off with a quiet reflection that had been framed and glazed in his family for several generations, to the effect—I am not able to quote the precise words—'That a maiden is a riddle, the true solution of which is seldom discovered till after marriage.' Phoebe, moreover, from being an orphan, 'who had seen better days'—that indefeasible claim to forbearance and consideration with all unsophisticated people—was a privileged person both with the farmer and his dame; and it was therefore with no little satisfaction, both as regarded the peace of the farmstead, and the comfortable settlement in life of the light-hearted, well-meaning, though somewhat skittish maiden, that the worthy couple observed after a time symptoms of a serious intimacy growing up between her and William Bayfield, the steady, thriving master wheelwright of Brookdale. Young Bayfield was quite a catch, as regarded circumstances, for a dairymaid, however smart and well-featured; and innumerable—in a village sense—were the exclamations of contempt and wonder indulged in by maids and matrons of the small-farmer and shopkeeper class at the *mésalliance* of a prosperous tradesman with a mere milkmaid. Little recked, however, it soon became manifest, the object of these ill-natured strictures of the displeasure of his critics; and so spirited and successful was the wooing, that the banns between William Bayfield, bachelor, and Phoebe Morris, spinster, were published within one little month of the day which witnessed the first appearance of the enamoured wheelwright in the list of Phoebe's miscellaneous admirers: converting into certainty the apprehensions suggested, by the arrival at William Bayfield's dwelling, the very day before, of an eight-day clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a gilt pier glass, and a carpet—positively a Brussels carpet! The spinsterhood of Brookdale had no patience—how could they have?—with such airs, and indignantly wished it might last, that was all!

Alas, it soon became extremely doubtful whether the modest housekeeping so sharply criticised would ever commence! The rustic incense so long and profusely offered to the pretty Phoebe had not, it may be easily imagined, tended to diminish the stock of vanity with which the merry maiden was naturally endowed. She was unfortunately far too fond of exhibiting the power which she possessed, or fancied she did, over her humble admirers. The true affection which she felt towards her affianced husband did not suffice to shield him from her coquettish, irritating arts; and just three days previous to the expected wedding, a violent quarrel between the lovers, threatening to end in a total rupture of the proposed alliance, had taken place. The cause of quarrel will be best understood by the dialogue which took place between them on the following afternoon. Bayfield, who had not slept a wink all night, nor been able to settle himself to anything during the morning, had sent a message through kind Dame Gadsby, that he wished to speak to Phoebe, and was waiting for her by the chestnut-trees. Phoebe had herself been in trouble all day, fearing she had carried matters too far; but this message at once reassured her, and she determined, foolish wench, to make no concession whatever to the wounded pride and self-esteem of her lover.

'Well, Mr Bayfield,' said she, approaching him after a purposely protracted delay, 'what have you to say to me? I understood you had resolved never to speak to me again!'

'Well, Phoebe, I *did* say so, and meant it too at the time; but you well knew I was too much in love to be able to keep my word.' Phoebe laughed. 'Come now, let us be friends again: there's a good girl.'

'Oh, I daresay; and so give you leave to show off your jealous airs again with impunity? No indeed!'

'Nay, Phoebe, it was partly, at all events, your own fault. You tried me sadly: but come, let bygones be bygones. As to young Gaythorpe, of course he thinks nothing of you; so that'——

'Don't be too sure of that, Mr Bayfield,' interrupted Phoebe, tossing her head, and pouting her pretty lip. 'Edward Gaythorpe has eyes in his head, I suppose, as well as other folk.'

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'I daresay he has,' replied Bayfield, his jealousy reawakening; 'and if you prefer him to me, even so let it be: I'll not stand in his way.'

Phoebe angrily retorted, and the result was a more vehement quarrel than before; and they at last separated, both avowing a fixed determination never to see or think of each other again. After striding nearly to the end of the long lane in which they had been standing, William Bayfield turned round, half-repentingly, just at the moment, as ill fortune would have it, that Edward Gaythorpe, who had been observing the pair from the covert of the chestnut-trees, joined his mistress, and officiously walked by her side as she proceeded homewards. Her soft eyes were suffused with tears, and she replied only by curt monosyllables to the soothing blandishments of the young farmer. Of this poor Bayfield was necessarily unaware: he saw only the ill-timed, suspicious *rencontre*, and, his heart overflowing with rage and grief, strode fiercely away towards the village. Instead of proceeding to his own dwelling, he entered (a most unusual thing for him to do, especially in the day-time) the principal tavern of the place, and seating himself in the parlour, called hastily for brandy and water.

It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Crump, a zealous recruiting officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and indefatigable trumpeter of the manifold virtues, civil and military, of that distinguished corporation, was, at the moment of Bayfield's entrance, haranguing the two or three persons present upon the brilliant advantages proffered by his lavishly-generous employers to all heroic spirits desirous of obtaining fame and fortune, glory and prize-money, where alone those desirable articles *could*, in the present stagnant state of the world, be with certainty attained —namely, in the delightful dazzling East! The magniloquent oratory of the sergeant, hot and glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clods he so pathetically addressed; and he would probably have soon ceased his funning in despair, had not his practised eye discerned in the countenance of the new-comer indications of a state of mind extremely favourable to a proper appreciation of recruiting eloquence. He consequently persevered, and by the time William Bayfield had poured the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to *drink* the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody desperation and half-scornful approval. More liquor was called for; and finally Bayfield, maddened by potations to which he was unaccustomed, acting upon his previously exasperated state of mind, accepted with reckless idiocy the Company's shilling, and was at once enrolled in the sergeant's memorandum book as a full private in one of the East India Company's cavalry regiments! As it was quite out of the question that a man in the position of William Bayfield would, whatever his present frenzy might prompt, think seriously of enlisting, a night's rest, and two or three pounds by way of 'smart money,' would probably have terminated the affair, when, just as the orgie was at its highest, Edward Gaythorpe entered the room. It required but this to raise the excitement of the new recruit to downright madness. Furious taunts and menaces were quickly exchanged: Bayfield sprang wildly up, seizing at the same time, and drawing, the sergeant's sheathed sword, which lay on the table: Gaythorpe caught hold of the poker, and a desperate struggle ensued. Bayfield received a heavy blow on his left shoulder, and at the same instant thrust the sword through the body of his antagonist. The outcries of the sergeant—the company had departed some time before—quickly brought the landlord and two or three others into the room: Bayfield was first, with much difficulty, secured; and then Gaythorpe was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon sent for. William Bayfield, thoroughly sobered by the tragic issue of the fray, was, a few hours afterwards, escorted by the entire constabulary of the place to the nearest borough town, about six miles distant, and there securely lodged in jail.

Such a catastrophe had not occurred in quiet pastoral Brookdale within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and dire was the tumult and the tossing to and fro of the bewildered mind of that small public. Phoebe Morris was in despair; her silly, coquettish behaviour had, she felt—though few others suspected it—occasioned all the mischief: and fervent were her vows of future amendment should this peril pass away. After a day or two, the excitement of the good folks began to gradually calm down. Young Gaythorpe's wound was found to be merely a flesh one, the sword having barely grazed his ribs, and consequently not at all dangerous. He was a good-natured young man; and though somewhat smitten with Phoebe's pretty face, was not at all disposed, upon calm reflection, to avenge his fanciful disappointment upon his rival. His father, too, a rather wealthy yeoman, having, reasonably enough, much higher views for his son, was very anxious that nothing should occur to prevent Phoebe's union with Bayfield. No wonder, therefore, that under these circumstances a rumour speedily gained ground that the Gaythorpes did not mean to prosecute; and that, moreover, the wounded man had no distinct recollection as to who began the fight—whether he first assailed Bayfield with the poker, or Bayfield him with the sword. It seemed, therefore, more than probable that the at one time ugly-looking affair would end after all in mere smoke.

There was apparently but one obstacle to this much-desired consummation; but that was a formidable one. The sergeant, who, in the struggle to disarm Bayfield, had received a slight cut on the cheek, which, in the owner's opinion, somewhat marred its martial comeliness, persisted that the prisoner had committed an entirely unprovoked and intendedly deadly assault upon Edward Gaythorpe, whom he had, moreover, repeatedly menaced with the direst vengeance previous to his entering the room. This evidence, it was felt, would entirely change the complexion of the case, and have the effect, if deposed before a magistrate, of consigning the unhappy wheelwright to prison, there to await his trial on something very like a capital charge at the next assizes.

The hearing of the charge had been adjourned from the following Thursday, to which day Bayfield had been first remanded, till Saturday at ten o'clock, in order to compel the attendance of Edward Gaythorpe, who had declined to obey the mere summons of the magistrate. On the Friday evening, disconsolate Phoebe Morris arrived at the Falcon Inn, an old-fashioned, straggling hostelry, in which the obdurate sergeant, accompanied by a newly-entrapped recruit, had taken up quarters for that night only, in order to be present in time at the next morning's investigation. Phoebe's purpose was to essay what effect 'beauty in tears' might have upon his iron nature. Vainly, however, did beauty, not only in tears, but pretty nearly in fits, plead to the recruiting rhinoceros: he was inexorable. 'He had,' he said, 'one duty to perform towards society, which had been outraged; and another,' glancing grimly at his plastered cheek reflected in the glass over the mantelpiece, 'towards himself, who had been injured; and those two duties he was determined to fulfil.' Phoebe was at her wits' end; and but for some very strong consolation whispered in her ear by the chambermaid of the Falcon, who had assisted at the conference, and felt greatly irritated at the sergeant's flintiness, would probably have gone off into permanent hysterics. As it was, she contented herself with one or two reproachful sobs, and indignantly withdrew from the presence of a monster whom smiles could not soften nor the tenderness of tears subdue. 'A perfect brute!' said the chambermaid, as soon as she was out of the sergeant's hearing: 'but never mind, Miss Phoebe, there's more ways to kill a mad dog besides hanging the creechur!' With which enigmatical illustration Mar-

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garet Davies—so was the angry lady named—dismissed the subject; and Phoebe found herself shortly afterwards jogging sorrowfully, yet hopefully, homewards in Farmer Gadsby's taxed cart, much musing on the possible events of the morrow. Margaret Davies, I should mention, had nursed Miss Phoebe, as she persisted in calling her, in those 'better days' to which I have alluded, and thence doubtless arose her sympathy with the afflicted fair one.

The sergeant had walked a long distance that day, and feeling more than ordinarily tired, regretted, as he undressed himself in the double-bedded room he had bespoken for himself and his recruit, that he had not desired Boots to call him. 'Never mind,' thought he, 'I shall be sure to wake by ten o'clock, and that will be quite early enough.' So thinking, he tumbled into bed, and slept without rocking.

The next morning William Bayfield was brought before a bench of magistrates, and Mr Gaythorpe, junior, being in attendance, the charge against him was proceeded with; and it was soon apparent that if no other evidence than that of the unwilling prosecutor could be obtained, nothing but a common assault, arising out of chance medley, would be substantiated. The name of Mr Crump was bawled out with immense emphasis, both inside and outside the hall of justice, by the bustling town-sergeant; but much to the astonishment of those familiar with the precise habits and punctilious attention to orders of that rigid soldier, no Crump answered to the summons. The zealous functionary was directed to proceed to the Falcon in quest of the missing witness; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with the tidings that 'No. 24, Sergeant Crump and another,' had left the Falcon at daybreak, and had not been since seen or heard of. This intelligence the town-sergeant had received from the respectable landlady's own lips. The attorney employed to defend Bayfield urged an immediate adjudication upon the evidence already heard as a matter of right; but the magistrates finally determined upon waiting for Crump till four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour for closing the office; when, if no additional evidence appeared, they would decide the case.

Poor Phoebe's heart sank within her. Still her friend the chambermaid had spoken so confidently of 'all day,' that after a minute or two she rallied amazingly, and bestowed such a shower of gracious and encouraging smiles upon the penitent prisoner, as would, if, as those story-telling poets tell us, imagination possessed wings, have raised him from the dock up to the seventh heaven. As it was, his mortal part—whatever flights the ethereal essence indulged in—remained in durance vile, tremblingly apprehensive of the arrival of Crump.

And where was that dexterous snapper-up of youthful heroism all this anxious while? Alas! himself could scarcely have answered the question.

Sergeant Crump, as I have before mentioned, feeling unusually fatigued, was soon in a state of the profoundest slumber. Not less intense was the drowsiness of the jolter-headed recruit, who snored in the adjoining truckle-bed, and whose natural heavy-headedness had been considerably increased by copious draughts of malt liquor. Long and sweetly did they slumber; till at last the sergeant, after a few preliminary twists and turns, started hastily up in his bed, impressed with a strong conviction that he had sadly overslept himself, and forthwith began rubbing his eyes. This he did partly from habit, and partly to rub out the darkness which still — fully awake as he deemed himself — seemed strangely to encase them. 'Very odd,' growled Sergeant Crump: 'it *is* dark! Well, if I couldn't have sworn I had slept twelve hours at least!' Sergeant Crump was quite right; it *was* dark, one of the darkest nights, especially for summer-time of year, as it then was, either he or any other gentleman had perhaps ever experienced. Mr Crump tried to remember if there was a moon, or at what time that luminary went down, or rose up, but could not for the life of him determine: his last and present night's experience suggesting such totally different conclusions. 'I cannot have been in bed anything like the time I supposed,' he soliloquised. 'It must be so; but it's very odd.' Diggins, the recruit, was snoring away as vigorously as if he had only just begun the exercise; and the sergeant, convinced at last that, contrary to his usual habit, he had awoke before his time, again addressed himself to sleep. By dint of perseverance he managed to doze off again, and had remained in a state of semi-somnolency for perhaps three or four hours, when he again bolted upright in his bed, thoroughly wide awake and thoroughly bewildered! It was still as dark as before; and a horrible surmise crossed Mr Crump's mind, that possibly the mechanism of the universe had somehow got out of order, and that the sun might consequently never again rise upon a benighted world!

The fact was, No. 24, 'Soldiers' Rooms,' to which, wilfully misunderstanding the landlady's directions, the sympathising chambermaid had directed the underbedmaker to convoy the sergeant and his man, was an inner apartment in a distant part of the rambling old inn, the windows of which, as well as those of the rooms surrounding it, had been closed up, to mitigate the pressure of the window-tax, and was of course nothing more than a large roomy dark closet, to which even air obtained access only through the chimney. The sole window left was at the top of a wooden partition dividing the sergeant's room from the next, and had in its time done duty as a 'borrowed light;' but inasmuch as the adjoining rooms were also hermetically sealed from the glare of day, was now at best but a borrowed 'darkness.' These rooms were usually reserved for soldiers of marching regiments occasionally billetted on the Falcon; a compelled entertainment, by the way, which is seldom of a very superior character. The reader will now be able to comprehend the cause both of Phoebe Morris's nervous anxiety and of the sergeant's perplexity.

He was indeed perplexed in the extreme. At last, jumping angrily out of bed, he groped his way, after several mishaps in which both feet and shins suffered abominably, to the door, the key of which he remembered to have left in the lock. In his haste to find and grasp it, he struck it unawares, and out it flew from its shallow, ill-fitting receptacle to the floor; and all Mr Crump's efforts to find it were unavailing. Had he been able to open the door, he would not have been much the better of it, as it merely led into another dark room, the outer key of which, for fear of accidents, provident Margaret Davies had taken care to secure. The sergeant next bethought him of the window: there must be, he argued, a window; and by means of a tentative process round the walls with his cane, he at last managed to discover its whereabout. The outside shutter was, he conjectured, closed; but how to reach it? Rousing the recruit, who by this time had pretty well slept off the effect of his previous evening's potations, he proposed to mount upon that worthy's shoulders. This was agreed to, and with some difficulty accomplished; but the sergeant, even on that ticklish eminence, could scarcely reach above the bottom of the narrow casement; and the fastenings were, he concluded, considerably higher up. In order to obtain the necessary altitude, Diggins drew his truckle-bedstead—a narrow fold-up affair, steady enough when a person was lying on it, but miserably unfit as a base for a man to stand upon, especially with another mounted on *his* shoulders—close to the wall; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the sergeant at last stood once more upon Diggins's shoulders, and was enabled to grope gingerly over the surface of the casement in search of shutter bolts, of course without success. In his wrathful energy, Crump, for a moment oblivious of the precarious nature of the base upon which he was operating, pushed angrily at the window-frame, and at once overset the equilibrium which Diggins had till that moment with so much difficulty maintained. The folding bed-

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stead heeled suddenly over; Diggins caught instinctively at the sergeant's legs; and the sergeant, in his turn, made a desperate snatch at the casement, sending in the effort his hand clean through one of the squares, clearly but painfully demonstrating, to himself at least, the absence of shutters; and then down came Crump and Diggins with stunning violence, and mutual execrations and discomfiture. Bruised, bleeding, and incredibly savage, the sergeant, having first helped to replace the bedstead of his equally savage companion, once more resigned himself to his pillow, persuaded, in his own despite, that it could not yet be day. Hour after hour they lay watching for the dawn, the faintest streak of which would have been unspeakably welcome. At last, his patience utterly exhausted, Crump sprang up, and kicked and bawled for help with all the power of his feet and lungs, in which exercise he was zealously aided by Diggins, whose appetite had by this time become ravenously sharp. Long and fruitlessly had they raved and thumped, and were just on the point of abandoning their efforts in despair, when a step was heard evidently approaching their dormitory. Presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, and the voice of the chambermaid, Mrs Margaret Davies, was heard generously demanding who it was making that disturbance at nearly ten o'clock at night, when quiet folk were just going to bed? 'Going to bed!' Crump huddled on his clothes; and having, by the aid of the light, espied the key, opened the door with a bounce. 'Going to bed!' he shouted distractedly as he glared upon the chambermaid—'going to bed!' No sooner did that amiable damsel catch sight of the haggard features and bloodstained hands and linen of the sergeant, than she plumped down in a chair, and set up a succession of the dismallest shrieks that ever disturbed and dismayed a Christian household. 'Murder—fire—thieves—robbers!' resounded through the house with an effect so startling, that in a trice hostlers, porters, waiters, with a plentiful sprinkling of female helps, came rushing hurriedly to the rescue. Nobody either could or would recognise the culprits, spite of their energetic asseverations, till the arrival of the pursy, slow-moving landlady. The screams, which had gradually diminished in intensity, then altogether ceased; and in echo, as it were, of the ejaculation of her mistress, 'Sergeant Crump and the recruit, as I'm alive!' Mrs Margaret Davies naively exclaimed; 'Mercy upon us! Sergeant Crump! Why, so it is! Then you did *not* go away this morning without paying your last night's score?'

The sergeant, who dimly suspected the jade's trick which had been put upon him, only glared frightfully at her, and hastened his toilet.

'Margaret, I thought I told you to put Mr Crump into No. 24?'

'Certainly, ma'am, you did; and I told Susy the same; but it appears she must have understood it to be No. 24 "Soldiers' Rooms." Dear me, whoever would have thought it? And, bless me, what a dreadful situation for two gentlemen in her gracious Majesty's service to have been in so long! It's quite shocking to think of really!'

The suppressed tittering of the other servants—all of them, I suspect, more or less in the secret—here burst into uproarious merriment: the sergeant, almost choking with fury, looked round for some safe object to vent it upon, but finding none, wisely kept it corked for future use.

'And to think, ma'am,' continued Phoebe's friend, 'that in consequence of this *unoommissioned* officer's long nap, that scapegrace of a Bayfield should have got off this afternoon with only a trumpery fine of five pounds; not more than half the amount of the *recollections* which the sergeant has forfeited for not being at the hall to give evidence.'

'What is that you say, —— *woman!*' exclaimed Crump, using the most vituperative epithet he could at the moment think of.

'Why, I say,' meekly replied Margaret, 'that your ten-pound *recollections*, which you gave the magistrates to appear, is declared forfeited; and that the town-sergeant is below with a warrant for the amount in case you should return to the Falcon this evening.'

The exasperation of the sergeant was unbounded. The landlady, thinking probably that mischief might come of it, drove off his tormentors; and he was left to finish his ablutions in peace.

'Oh, Sergeant Crump!' exclaimed Mrs Margaret Davies, returning at the end of two or three minutes, and holding the door ajar in her hand, 'if you please, missus wishes to know if you mean to bespeak a bed for to-night?'

Crump darted towards the door; but the playful damsel was too nimble for him, and the long corridors and staircases echoed again with her joyous merriment as she skipped away.

The account given by the chambermaid of the result of the inquiry before the magistrates was quite correct. William Bayfield was fined five pounds, or, in default, to suffer two months' imprisonment for a common assault, *without* intent, *etcetera*. The fine was at once paid, and the certificate of adjudication of course barred any further proceedings. On the next bench-day, Crump having related, amidst shouts of laughter, the trick he had been played, asked to be excused payment of his forfeited recognisance. This, under the circumstances, was, after some demur, agreed to; but he was unable to obtain even 'smart money' from Bayfield, he having been, upon the sergeant's own admission, inebriated when he accepted the Company's retainer.

The imminent peril in which her criminal coquetry had involved her affianced husband proved a salutary lesson to Phoebe, who has settled down into one of the discreetest, as well as prettiest and cheerfullest, wives in Warwickshire. Bayfield is now a prosperous man; and has recently purchased, at his wife's suggestion, the Falcon Inn, which the sudden death of the fat landlady had thrown into the market, chiefly for the purpose of assuring the succession of the business to Margaret Davies, to whose good offices he was on a very critical occasion so largely indebted. Sergeant Crump, disgusted with England, which in his indiscriminate wrath he rashly confounded with its chambermaids, betook himself with all convenient despatch to the gorgeous clime whose glories he had so frequently described; and if report speaks sooth, has discovered a still darker chamber than that of the Falcon beneath the towers of fallen Moultan.

CURIOSITIES OF GLASS-MAKING.

THE history of useful art is always interesting, not only on account of its obvious applications, but because, when examined into, we find it envelops many details which justly come under the designation of curiosities. There is doubtless no trade, however humble, that could not furnish a notable collection of facts; our own pages contain ample evidence on this point. We have now before us a work which promises well for a further contribution.* The author is already known by a treatise on the manufacture of glass, published some years since, and for lectures on the same subject delivered at the Royal Institution in London. In the present volume we have amplified details on most parts of the interesting process whereby opaque materials are converted into a perfectly transparent substance.

Without going minutely into the manufacturing operations, we may give a brief notice of them for the better understanding of what is to follow. The materials of crown-glass are—of sand, 5 measures; of ground chalk, 2; carbonate and sulphate of soda, of each 1. The sand now used, in preference to the former practice

* Curiosities of Glass-making: with Details of the Processes and Productions of Ancient and Modern Ornamental Glass Manufacture. By Apsley Pellatt. London: D. Bogue. 1849.

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of grinding flints, is obtained from Reigate, Lynn, and the Isle of Wight. When mixed together ready for melting, the compound is technically known as 'batch;' and when melted, as 'metal.' Greater opacity or brightness and differences of colour are obtained by variations and additions of oxides, alkalies, and metals before the batch is transferred to the melting-pots. The making of these pots is a material part of the process; unless constructed of the best kind of fire-clay, they will neither bear the intense heat of the furnace, nor the pressure of the eighteen hundredweight of molten glass which they severally contain: a large pot will cost L.10. The pots are dome-shaped, with a lateral aperture; there are ten of them to a furnace, each one placed opposite an opening in the wall, through which the workman takes out the melted material, which requires from fifty to sixty hours of the intensest heat before it is fit for working. As fast as the articles are made they are conveyed away to the annealing oven; on leaving which after the cooling process, which lasts from six to sixty hours, they are in most instances ready for sale. Before the repeal of the late vexatious Excise laws on glass, manufacturers were exposed to a most irritating and injurious supervision: the wonder is, that they ever submitted to it.

The tools used in glass-making are very few; two kinds of nippers (pucellas),* a pair of shears, an iron tube and rod (pontil), and a battledore-shaped instrument. More depends on the tact and dexterity of the workman than on anything else; he must have a quick eye and ready invention, as he has to deal with an article which rapidly loses its pliant qualities, and becomes intractable, and which is imperfect in appearance the more it is touched with tools. To describe the making of a wine-glass would convey a tolerable idea of the facts and circumstances. First, a ball of 'metal' is gathered at the end of the blowing-tube, the workman blows it slightly, and rolls it, without separating it from the tube, rapidly backwards and forwards on an iron table (marver), which gives it an elongated oval form. The free end is flattened by a touch of the battledore, and receives a small lump of hot glass, out of which the stem is shaped with the nippers, while the workman rotates the article rapidly by means of the tube laid across the arms of his chair. Presently the stem is finished, a small globe of metal is attached to its outer end, and by dint of further rotating and compression, is formed into the base or foot of the glass. The blowing-tube is then detached; the lower side of the foot is affixed temporarily to the pontil by which the article is presented to the furnace hole to be rewarmed and softened, and while in this state, the edge or rim of the cup of the glass is clipped round with the shears, and the article receives a final twist or 'flash' from the hands of the workman, which produces the required form. The making of a number of wine-glasses perfectly alike in all respects, and free from tool-marks, involves a high degree of skill and dexterity on the part of the manipulator.

Glasses of a gradually-tapering form, and ale-glasses, are made of two pieces only: the simplest of all articles in the manufacture is a tumbler, but it needs a good quality of metal. The ribs seen on light, cheap tumblers are marks made by the rolling on the marver in the first stage of their blowing. These are not taken out, as is the case with better goods, neither are the edges clipped.

Chemical retorts require peculiar manipulation to keep the neck from collapsing at the bend. They are blown and swung about at the end of the blowing-tube, until the lengthened gourd-like form is nearly produced; and then, while yet soft, are made to bend over a bar by their own weight, which gives the neck a direction at an angle with the bulb. The blowing of large lamp-shades of graceful outline and lily-like chimney is also a nice process. The *modus operandi*, it must be remembered, is generally the same as that described for the wine-glass; and to one uninitiated, the apparent ease with which the accuracy of form is obtained becomes perfectly marvellous. The rounded projecting ribs, called moulded Roman pillars, which impart so elegant an appearance to glass vases, are produced by pressure. The metal collected at the end of the tube is pressed into a mould; and the workman, by blowing into it, forces the molten glass into the hollows of the mould; while, by a precaution, the interior surface remains smooth and even. The invention of this process was supposed to be altogether new; but late researches prove it to have been known to the Romans.

As Mr Pellatt observes—'The ductility of flint-glass is strikingly exhibited in the process of cane or tube-drawing, which is extremely simple, and depends so much upon tact and adroitness, that it is a matter of surprise how an approximation to uniformity of size and bore can be attained. A solid ball being gathered on the end of the blower's iron, if for hollow tube, is expanded by blowing; but if for cane, blowing is not requisite: when partially cooled, it forms a nucleus for one or more other gatherings, until the requisite quantity be obtained. Where flat bore tube is required for thermometers, the first ball is flattened by an iron or wood battledore on the marver prior to the subsequent gatherings; this insures a flat bore, although the exterior of the tube is round. The ball is then elongated by swinging, and the farther end of it is chilled by dipping it into cold water. A workman, then, having prepared a disk of hot glass, called a "post," places it vertically as near the ground as possible, to receive the ball from the chief workman, who ascends his chair, or an elevation, so that the hot glass may by its gravity be dropped upon the post below, to which it adheres by partial welding. The chief workman then descends, and the drawing begins—each workman constantly receding from the other: at first the suspended glass between the two rods assumes (at a red heat) the form of a parabola; but as the tension proceeds, the workmen are continually rotating. Some parts are cooled by fanning with the hat of an attendant boy, to insure uniform elongation, till the cane or tube is drawn to a length sometimes of from sixty to seventy feet: as the metal cools, the tube ceases to rotate, and it assumes, by continued tension, nearly a straight line: except at the extreme ends, it is nearly of one uniform bore, diameter, and substance; and whatever may be the diameter of the tube, the bore and substance will always bear an exact relative ratio to each other. Lastly, it is deposited on the wood round of a ladder, and requisite lengths are whetted off by the cold iron, or by a steel file.' In the mode above described, the forty-feet tube for the Royal Society's water barometer was made: it is erected in the hall of the society at Somerset House, and is, we believe, the only instrument of the kind in Europe.

Canes of various colours, when thus drawn, are used in the production of what is called 'filigree glass;' a branch of manufacture in which the Venetians excelled, and which of late years has been successfully prosecuted in Bohemia and France. In making a vase of this sort, different coloured canes of the required length are selected, and placed upright round the inner surface of a mould resembling a flower-pot. A lump of metal gathered on the end of the rod is then pressed into the mould, and the heat is such that the surrounding canes adhere firmly to it. This, when reheated, may be drawn out into any form with longitudinal coloured stripes. These stripes may be made to assume a spiral direction by holding an end of the article firmly with one hand, while the other gives a twist to the right or left. With a slight change in the preliminary process, hollow articles, vases and goblets, may be obtained; and many pleasing effects brought out by apparently simple means. The 'vitro di trino,' as it is termed,

* It is curious to note the adoption and transformation of foreign names for implements: the *pucellas* and *pontil* of the British workman are the *procello* and *punto* of the Venetian.

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affords a remarkable instance. A vase of this make presents a brilliant diamond or lozenge-shaped surface, internally and externally; produced by fitting a case or cup whose canes are twisted to the right into another whose twist is to the left. 'These two conical cases now crossing each other are, by rewarming, collapsed together, entrapping between each white enamel crossed section uniform interior air-bubbles; and the two cases, now become one, may be formed into the bowl of a wine-glass or any other vessel.' It appears almost incredible that beautiful effects should be produced by such extremely simple means.

The Venetian ball is formed of a number of waste pieces of filigree packed inside a pocket of transparent glass, which, when softened, collapses upon the contents, and becomes one entire mass. 'Mille fiori,' or star-work, also of Venetian origin, is somewhat similar. A double hemisphere of white glass is prepared, forming but a single piece, yet with a space between the upper and lower cases. Through a small opening in the centre of the upper one numerous pieces of coloured glass, of different shapes and sizes, are introduced, and sometimes arranged in a regular pattern, or as a group of flowers. This is afterwards reheated; and the contained air being sucked out, the two walls come together, and fix the intervening deposit, and the whole mass may then be fashioned to any required shape. As tazzas and paper-weights, such articles may now be met with in the shops of glass-dealers and stationers; their appearance is very attractive, and no trouble is required to keep them clean. It will be easy to understand that by analogous processes cameos, inscriptions, antiquarian relics, &c. may be incrusted with glass, and thereby imperishably preserved. The first stone of the new Waterloo Barracks in the Tower, laid by the Duke of Wellington in 1845, was coated in this way. Such a preparation fully justifies the expression, 'more lasting than brass.'

The 'beautiful semi-opalescent, yellowish-green colour,' so much admired in scent-bottles, handles for doors, drawer-knobs, &c. is produced by the admixture of oxide of uranium and copper to the raw material before melting. The ever-alternating appearance—now yellow, then green—which it presents is caused by differences of reflection, according to variations in the thickness of the glass.

A frosted surface is obtained by suddenly dipping the heated ball at the end of the blowing-tube into cold water. The submersion, as the author explains, 'produces crystalline convex fractures, with a polished exterior, like Derbyshire spar; but the concave intervening fissures are caused, first by chilling, and then reheating at the furnace, and simultaneously expanding the reheated ball of glass by blowing; thus separating the crystals from each other, and leaving open fissures between, which is done preparatory to forming vases or ornaments. Although frosted glass appears covered with fractures, it is perfectly sonorous.'

Several results which the Venetians perfected by patient manipulation, are effected by our glass-workers by compression in moulds: among these is a lozenge or diamond surface. Formerly each angulated section was pinched into form while soft; now the whole vessel is diamonded at once. The drops and studs which glitter so beautifully on lamps and chandeliers are, however, produced singly, being pinched one at a time in a brass compresser contrived on the same principle as a bullet-mould.

Glass-engraving, as it is termed, is effected by an ingenious process: a die or cast, made of porous material, bearing the device, coat-of-arms, &c. in relief, is fitted into the side of a mould in which the engraved article is to be fashioned. On removing the latter, the die adheres to and is annealed with it; but being subsequently soaked in water, the die comes away, leaving a sharp, and distinct, and perfectly-finished intaglio.

There are other curiosities of glass-making which the work under consideration leaves altogether unnoticed, or dismisses with an incidental allusion. Malleable glass, for instance, a new preparation of which has lately been discovered by Schöenbein. Strictly speaking, however, we can scarcely call it glass, seeing that it is composed of the pulp of common paper transformed by a process for which no more intelligible term has yet been found than *catalytic*. This substance is rendered waterproof; and being then perfectly transparent, is manufactured into window-panes, vases, bottles, &c. which bear a fall without breaking. Then there is the ribbed glass used for skylights and windows, which, though it admits light effectually, conceals the interior of an apartment from inquisitive eyes outside. Watch-glasses, too, which are blown in globes, and then cut out one by one, might have afforded another illustration of the adaptation of means to ends. The glass-works of Bohemia would furnish many additional examples: in most respects the manufactures of that country are unrivalled. Perhaps the beauty of form which so many of them exhibit is to be accounted for by the fact, that the Bohemian workman blows nearly every article inside a wooden mould, not trusting, as the English operator, to a practised eye and dexterous hand. It is to Bohemia that we are indebted for hyalite, a species of black glass as yet but little known, but which, owing to its quality of resisting boiling liquids, is coming into use for teapots, coffee-cups, &c. Mr Pellatt instances a glass vase by a Bohemian artist which rivals the famous Portland Vase. The subject, Le Brun's picture of the defeat of the Persians at Arbela, is most elaborate, and worked out with consummate skill.

Mr Layard, in his valuable work on Nineveh, has shown that the Assyrians were acquainted with glass. This fact will tend to diminish the surprise not unfrequently expressed as to the proofs of glass having been manufactured in Egypt prior to the exodus of the Israelites. Assyria gives us a higher antiquity than Egypt; whether we shall ever get farther back with curiosities of glass-making remains to be proved.

Many rare and interesting specimens of ancient glass are preserved in the British Museum, where they may be inspected by the curious. They prove what has been often advanced, that mental progress is wave-like, at times rising to a commanding elevation, and then descending to a deep subsidence. It is not more than three hundred years ago that the first glass-houses were erected in England; much has been achieved in the intervening period. In what constitutes really *good* glass our manufacturers are said to be pre-eminent; and now that invention and enterprise are freed from the Excise incubus, we look, ere long, for further curiosities of glass-making.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE PROPHET.

One of the most remarkable and characteristic sights to be seen in Cairo is the Festival of the Prophet, held in commemoration both of the birth and the death of Mohammed. It takes place in the beginning of the third month of the Muslem calendar, and moves gradually therefore all round our year. In 1847, it occurred in February during my winter's residence in the City of Victory; and though I had seen *zikrs*, or dervish prayers, performed before, I was much struck with the scenes that presented themselves throughout the Festival.

The place chosen for its celebration is the south-west corner of what may be called the Esbekiyeh Gardens—formerly a vast open space, alternately a lake and a morass, now drained, encircled by a moat and a splendid drive, and planted with all sorts of trees. On nearly every side rows of palaces, hotels, and other buildings overlook it. In the alleys are numerous coffee-sheds, frequented every evening principally by the Frank population, who exhibit their version of the Parisian fashions in sight of the place where Kleber fell by the hand of an assassin.

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On the third night of the month the dervishes pitch their camp and commence their performances, which continue until the twelfth night. By day there is nothing remarkable to be witnessed save the antics of one or two buffoons, by whom the idle crowd is amused. A little old black woman seemed the most popular of these. She carried about with her a huge club wrapped up in many-coloured rags, with which she went through a variety of manœuvres, considered infinitely comic, if one might judge by the grins they excited, but not at all pleasing to a European eye. A very raw Englishman from Shepheard's Hotel, with whom I walked out one day, muttered something about the propriety of giving her in charge!

A little after sunset on the third or fourth night I went with a party to see what was to be seen. As soon as we entered the *Esbekiyeh* from the north, we heard a confused hum of human voices coming from the camp, and saw, flashing through and over the summits of the trees numerous clusters of bright lights. On reaching the western avenue, the first object that presented itself was the *kayim*, or row of four tall masts kept steady by numerous long ropes stretching from their summits to a great distance on both sides. These were covered with lamps disposed in ornamental order, each cluster being hung up by some pious person in honour of the Prophet, as in Roman Catholic countries tapers are burned in honour of saints. As we drew near, a burst of musical instruments to our right announced the approach of a body of dervishes from Boulac. They came hurrying with torches and strings of lamps hung upon poles through the city-gates, and proceeded to occupy their tent, not far distant from the kayim.

There were two long rows of tents, some very large, and all open to the public gaze, stretching on either side of the road. Some were very brilliantly adorned with wooden chandeliers; in others a circle of dervishes went through their devotions in the dim light of one or two oil lamps. The most attractive were at the southern extremity, near the mosque of Sheik Bakri. It is difficult to convey an impression of the feelings produced by a walk through this extraordinary camp. The very fact of the ceremonies being performed by night, is calculated to fill the mind with a kind of awe; not at all likely to be diminished by the knowledge that if fanaticism exists anywhere in Egypt, it must be concentrated upon that spot. The rows of black tents, the gleams of light here, the sombre shadows there, the streams of people moving to and fro, the heavy masses of foliage, the dim tapering minarets of neighbouring mosques, the drumming and shouting of distant *ashârahs*, or processions of dervishes, but, above all, the unearthly sounds proceeding from the performers themselves, all unite to stimulate curiosity and kindle the imagination.

Let us pause before one of the principal tents about the centre of the right-hand row. It is spacious, but sparingly lighted. A number of men in ordinary costume sit in a circle, whilst a respectable-looking individual stands in the centre. He begins to chant in a low measured tone the praises of God; and the dervishes having listened a few moments in silence, become acted upon at length by the commencement of an extraordinary excitement. In the first place, they turn their heads round and round very slowly, repeating the first syllable of the name of God as they look to the right, and the second syllable as they look to the left—'Al—lah!' By degrees, as the singer becomes more eager, they grow more impassioned, and soon every head rolls with frightful rapidity. At length all start to their feet; and, still repeating the name of God, turn from right to left, and left to right with increasing vehemence. Their faces show signs of great excitement, and even of delirium. Some of them drop off their turbans, and frantically shake their shaven crowns, their eyes being half closed, their mouths foaming, every feature contracted. Occasionally a man fell down in a fit, but his place was immediately supplied; and on went this extraordinary prayer—the motion now having become a forward inclination, during which the word 'Allah' was pronounced at one jerk, as if it had been pumped up from the very bottom of the stomach. It is impossible to describe the extraordinary sound produced by thirty or forty men keeping exact time. I can only compare it to the growl of some enormous wild animal.

I had not patience to wait from the beginning to the end of a zikr, as these performances are called; but I saw them during my walks in all their various stages. Towards the end, the ranks seemed often thinned, especially late at night; and the performers, pale, and running with perspiration, seemed scarcely able to prevent their knees from giving way, though still gasping out, however, in accents that had no resemblance to anything human, the name of God.

On one occasion I saw a woman come forward from among the crowd, and without seeming to attract any notice, stand behind the dervishes, and perform a grave and solemn dance. Occasionally she uttered a snatch of some song; not the same as that sung by the leader of the zikr, but to the same air, and harmonising well with the scene. It may be worth while to mention, as my experience is opposed to the opinion of most travellers, that I have more than once seen women pray in Egypt, with all the formalities of prostration and genuflection. They seem to prefer doing so, when alone, on the banks of the Nile, on the seashore, or near some well. This accounts for their being seldom seen. A large class of Mohammedans consider that women have no business to pray.

The principal seat of the camp was at the southern extreme of the left-hand line. It was fitted up very handsomely with carpets and cushions, and brilliantly lighted up. All the dervishes in it were respectably dressed, and wore turbans, green and white, whereas elsewhere there was always a large mixture of *tarbooshes* and gray-pointed caps. The performances, however, were in all respects the same, except that, perhaps from greater practice or greater moderation, the excitement seemed never carried to so high a pitch as in some of the other tents. After every *mejlis*, or sitting, coffee and pipes were handed round.

From the camp we proceeded one night into the bazaars in the neighbourhood of the mosque of Sheik Bakri, which we found to be all lighted up, and crowded with people. The shops were open, and full of wares, especially cakes, and dried fruits, and sweetmeats of all kinds. Of course every coffee-house was crowded, and many extempore places of refreshment had sprung up. In one might be heard a story-teller, in another a singer; sometimes men, disguised as women, performed dances suited to Eastern tastes. There seemed a good deal of merriment going forward; and the men who came with grave faces and knitted brows from witnessing the performance of a zikr, were soon grinning like true overgrown children. To a very late hour of the night the illumination and throng continued in this quarter; and in all the principal streets processions of dervishes occasionally passed, moving slowly along with great noise of drums and great flashing of lights, and cries and shouts, and every sign of joy and excitement.

The most remarkable sight to be witnessed during the Festival of the Prophet is, without doubt, what is called the *dâseh*, or ceremony of trampling. It takes place by day, and attracts an immense concourse of people. The dôseh is one of those numerous customs peculiar to Egypt, or rather to Cairo, which have been engrafted on the genuine Mohammedan practices. Whether they are of modern growth, or relics of some previous superstition, is difficult to determine. The ceremony I allude to is, on a smaller scale, not unlike in character to the progress of the car of Juggernaut; for it consists in a certain number of fanatics lying down upon the ground, closely packed, side by side, so as to form a path, along

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which a heavy man, representing the Sheik Bakri, upon an iron-shod horse, passes at a quick walk.

The opinion has been expressed that the persons who submit to this trial are not injured. The Arabs, however, do not even profess this: they merely say that such as are *pure* escape, whilst such as are *impure* may be killed. I have heard of several instances of death ensuing; whilst, on the other hand, a very respectable authority has assured me that he knew a boy who, for a few piastres, would expose himself to be trodden upon three times in succession on the same day.

There are, in fact, three places at which this sight may be seen, between the Mosque of the Hasanain, from which the Sheik Bakri, or rather his substitute, takes his departure, and the house of that important personage, situated at the south-east corner of the Esbekiyeh; but at the first two only thirty or forty people lie down, whilst at the third sometimes several hundred come forward to try their luck. Determined to see as much as I could, I went to the ground early, before the great crowd had collected, and kept hanging about what appeared to be the centre-point for a very considerable time. The weather was most unfavourable. Violent gusts of wind raised immense clouds of dust, that darkened the skies for a time, and then swept away to hang like a threatening vapour over the city. The rich green acacias were in a perpetual state of agitation, tossing and waving their boughs, and filling the air with a mournful moaning sound. And yet the place where we stood, protected by a lofty wall, was at times unpleasantly hot. Our eyes soon became sore, our mouths full of dust, and our throats parched. Several times it suggested itself that a bowl of sherbet and a *shisheh* might afford a fair compensation for the loss of the spectacle; but we stood to our ground, and at length had the pleasure of discovering, by the movements and growing excitement of the multitude, that the important moment was arriving.

After about ten minutes of unusual animation, several men bearing flags, and others armed with *nabootes*, came to clear a narrow alley through the crowd, in the front line of which I was fortunate enough to get. Immediately succeeding these couriers of the sheik came, two and two, those behind leaning on the shoulders of those before—a long column of young dervishes, worked up into a most repulsive state of excitement. They appeared to be perfectly intoxicated, and I have no doubt were so—the result being produced in some cases by *hashish*, or hemp-seed, in others by religious enthusiasm. Most of them wore pointed gray caps, a few tarbooshes, none turbans. The column passed me, swaying like one man from side to side, and uttering in a deep gasping tone the word 'Allah!' The lane formed through the centre of the crowd curved slightly, so that I could not see either end; and I was unable to count the number of dervishes that lay down. They were calculated at above two hundred. After they had been passing me rapidly for some time they stopped, and without more ado threw themselves flat on their faces side by side. I leaned forward, but could not see any termination to this human pavement. Several persons, evidently acting in an official capacity, now began running to and fro, arranging a shoulder here, an arm there, a leg farther on; examining that no spaces were left between the sides of those unhappy men, who all the while kept up a kind of convulsive twitching motion through their bodies, and shook their heads violently from side to side as they muttered in voices choked with dust the name of God, and invoked his help to assist them in the trial they were about to undergo for his sake, grovelling there upon the ground, in the sight of assembled thousands! The spectators seemed to interest themselves very much in all the arrangements; and I noticed that, obeying an impulse of humanity, one of them snatched up a child not more than ten or eleven years old, who had boldly lain down to go through the ordeal, and forced him to make way for a lad of about fifteen. The sight of these preparations produced a sickening feeling, and I became very impatient for the ceremony to take place. My suspense lengthened the time; for it was in reality not long after the pavement had been formed that a buzz, a shout arose, followed by a dead silence, and then by an eager movement and forward pressure of the crowd, causing me nearly to lose my footing. What occurred was the work of an instant. A man on a powerful horse, preceded, supported, and followed by about a dozen attendants, moved with a quick lively walk over the bodies of the prostrate dervishes. My whole attention was attracted to the feet of the horse, which I distinctly saw to be shod with a flat plate of iron, as is usually the case in Egypt. Every one of the victims received the heavy tread somewhere near the small of the back; and I noticed one lad especially who writhed under it like a worm. I never saw anything more disgusting and painful than the sight that succeeded. No sooner had the representative of the sheik passed by, than the friends and relations of the dervishes snatched them up, surrounded them, and endeavoured to make it appear that they were not hurt. 'Declare the unity of God!' whispered they in their ears; and some of the poor wretches, though half insensible, murmured with their bleeding lips 'Wahed!' Many of them, however, were in an undisguised swoon, and lay senseless and ghastly; others responded with groans. Their general appearance was that of drunken men taken up from under the wheels of a carriage. In several instances the sufferers seemed to have fallen into fits resembling epilepsy; and one giant Arab attracted considerable attention by the violence of his struggles. I did not see a single man get up and walk away as if unhurt; but there is no doubt that a great deal of the exhaustion I witnessed arose from mental and bodily excitement. The tread of the horse, however, *must* have inflicted injury in many cases. I was told that two or three of the men died, but it was impossible to ascertain whether this was true or false.

A tremendous blast of wind, rising almost into a hurricane, swept over the Esbekiyeh as this painful scene concluded, and concealed every object except those near at hand in a dense cloud of dust. We hastened to take shelter in a coffee-shed, where, over a shisheh or a chibouk, we discussed the events of the day. I am disposed to adhere to the opinion to which we then unanimously came, that there was little of hypocrisy in any of the actors in the extraordinary ceremony we had witnessed. All, or nearly all, seemed impressed with the deep importance of what they were doing; and both those who suffered—though some had prepared themselves with hashish—and those who officiated as assistants, from the burly representative of Sheik Bakri, to the meanest runner, I have no doubt believed they were concurring in a very meritorious action. That attempts seemed made to conceal any accidents, and to represent the result of the ordeal as more satisfactory than it really was, proves nothing but that men are anxious for the good reputation of their friends. I have heard some people maintain that there must be juggling in the whole affair; but I as distinctly saw the hoofs of the horse tread upon the yielding forms of the dervishes, as I see the pen trace these words on the paper before me.

During the succeeding night the zikrs were performed with unusual animation and vigour, and the asháraḥs perambulated the streets more frequently and with greater noise. Until very near dawn, the lights of the camp twinkled through the trees, and the measured grunting of the dervishes might be heard at a vast distance. At length, however, all relapsed into repose; and when I walked out, late on the afternoon of the following day, scarcely any trace of the tents or the kayim could be seen. I passed the spot on my way to the house of an Englishman who lived in a garden quite in the Turkish quarter. He had promised me a good dinner; but I had scarcely put foot into his place, when I gave up all hope of anything of the kind; for I beheld him standing with a *kúrbash*, or whip of hippopotamus' hide, over the prostrate form of his cook, who roared for mercy. Being averse to this mode of dealing with natives, I interfered, and discovered that Master Mohammed was a dervish, and had taken it into his head to lie down in the dôsch. The consequence was, that he could scarcely walk, and had only just arrived limping, with back bent, when I came expecting my din-

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ner. A few pipes served us to pass the time whilst he repaired his negligence, and we enjoyed the fried fish, and cutlets with tomata sauce, perhaps much more keenly for the delay.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

In the age of Elizabeth, the English drama seemed to start into mature existence rather by creation than by the process of slow and gradual growth. Banished during the civil wars, and corrupted by the Restoration, and even by the Congreves and Wycherlys of a generation later, it regained much of its peculiar national vigour during the reign of the comic writers of the eighteenth century. Never was the theatre a more essentially national amusement than in the age when Goldsmith, Sheridan, and the two Colmans wrote for the stage; when Pritchard, Garrick, and Siddons trod the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and Macklin and Foote, treading in the paths of Cibber, united the parts of author, actor, and diner-out of the first lustre.

The French revolutionary wars, and the rise of a new poetical and romantic literature, deprived the stage of its pabulum. None of the great writers and poets of the Scott-Byron era were really successful on the stage. The actors a generation ago were as good as ever. The grins of Mathews, Liston, Dowton, and Munden were as broad as those of Quick, Suett, and Parsons had been, but new dramatic writers were wanting. The great theatres kept playing the comedies of the old stock after they had ceased to hold the mirror up to the manners of the town, and after two-thirds of the allusions had ceased to tell; and instead of original pieces, the grand resource was the translation of French plays. The consequence was, that as soon as London came to have a permanent French theatre, the rich and fashionable ceased to frequent Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and in this they were imitated by that portion of the middle class that apes the aristocracy. Hence the jargon about the *decline of the national drama*. The drama in Great Britain has declined because it has ceased to be national, and because nine-tenths of the so-called national dramatists are translators from the French; for who that has ever seen 'La Reine de Seize Ans' could endure to have the sparkling wit of Bayard decanted into the vapid 'Youthful Queen?' One might as well expect to enjoy champagne served from pewter quart pots. Last year the English actors petitioned the legislature to be allowed protection against foreign competition; but they would have acted with greater wisdom had they petitioned Dickens and Thackeray to send their comedies to the Hay Market instead of Bouverie Street.

But the great cause of the swamping of the English drama, is the tide of music which has set in from the continent with such irresistible force. The natural philosopher may like it or dislike it, but it is far too remarkable a sign of the times to be left unnoticed by the student of living manners. Let us hope that a prejudice against music which exists in the minds of many men of the highest attainments in science and literature, is gradually giving way to the sentiment that the science of sweet sounds is as essential a part of civilisation as the vivification of form and colours by sculpture and painting, and that the perfection of civilisation is neither in science alone—in commerce alone—nor in the purely imitative arts—but in the concurrence of all. How catholic is the spirit of a Fuseli as compared with that of many of our greatest one-sided thinkers! 'I know,' said he, 'that the productions of Mozart and Beethoven are of the highest excellence, because the best judges say so; but to me they give no more pleasure than a finely fore-shortened limb of Michael Angelo does to an unpractised eye.'

But there never was any period of civilisation in which all the arts flourished simultaneously, and there probably never will be. In the perception of the graceful in form, nothing has equalled the age of Pericles; in painting, or the vivification of colour, there is the rise of the art in the fifteenth century, and a dreadful falling off after the conclusion of the seventeenth, for Vanderheyden, the last of the Dutch school, died in 1712, and Carlo Maratti, the last of the eminent painters of Italy, in 1714. Music is the only one of the fine arts in which the present can be called a really luminous period; and it requires no great power of divination to foresee that when the present cycle of musical production is completed, the names of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others, will be enshrined as classics by a generation as remote from them as we are from the great Italian and Flemish painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With the fact of London being the only capital in Europe that ever had at the same time two first-class Italian Operas, it can no longer be said that we are not a musical people. Mere fashion will not account for this: it is not to be denied that a decided taste for highest-class music has descended rapidly to all branches of the middle ranks; and we therefore imagine that a more familiar acquaintance with the management of Italian theatres, both Cisalpine and Transalpine, and the manners and customs of the profession, will not prove unacceptable.

The musical capitals of Italy are Naples and Milan. All the talent of the south converges to the former city; that of the north to the latter. Here are the great *conservatories*, as they are called, where the young musical idea is taught how to shoot; and here are the largest and best-appointed theatres; but both in instruction and stage appliances Naples takes the precedence of Milan. The theatre of San Carlo in the former city is larger than that of La Scala in the latter, and the conservatory of Naples has a higher reputation than that of Milan; the late director having been Zingarelli, and the present being Mercadante, the most scientific of all the modern Italian composers. But any one from the north of the Alps would wonder how the science of sweet sounds could be learned in such a place. He might think it rather the *hell* of Dante's 'Divine Comedy;' for while he is almost inclined to smile at the groaning of a violoncello, which the small legs of a tyro can scarcely compass, a violin at his right ear jars painfully on the nerves, of which he is no sooner sensible than a wind-instrument, which the performer has scarcely strength sufficient to sound, strikes so disagreeably on the other tympanum, that he thinks of Tasso's 'Rauco suon della Tartarea tromba.'

Most of these youths belong to the humbler classes of society, but strange fortunes and misfortunes often bring upon the Italian stage both male and female singers who have never passed through a conservatory. For instance, a young man of ancient and noble family, passing rich with an appanage of forty pounds a year, has cultivated music as an amateur; his voice and style have been admired; his small patrimony is still further reduced by the gaming-table; or, discontented with vegetating in a small provincial capital, he covets the easily gained wealth of the Operas of London or Paris. He changes his name. His musical education is complete, for he has done little else but sing all his mornings these dozen years; a few months' practice in the provincial theatres acquaint him with the routine of stage business; and in a few years he makes an income in Paris or London quadruple that of the richest of his relations. This produces the most curious contrasts in the families of Italian singers residing in London. A tenor or bass is perhaps a man of exquisitely-polished manners, whose relations one may have seen in the best society of Italy; while the beautiful and *now* accomplished *prima donna*, who has passed through the conservatory, has for a protector some brother or uncle from a village of the Abruzzi or Bergamese, with sunburnt features, huge brown hands, and an incomprehensible patois.

Musical education is frequently carried on in towns where there are no conservatories, on the speculation of a music-master, who receives a moiety of a young

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singer's profits for a term of years—a system which gives rise to some amusing lawsuits; since the pupil, if highly successful on the stage, usually gets restive long before the expiration of the term mentioned in the contract. The arrangement, however, is usually advantageous to both parties; for these undertakers of musical education are generally in relation with the conductors of theatrical agency, through whom most engagements are made in the earlier stage of the career of an artist.

Singers very rarely begin with the larger theatres of Italy, but generally with those of the third or fourth class. In the first rank are Naples and Milan, which have good singers all the year round. In the second are the Fenice of Venice, the Pergola of Florence, and several others, which shine in their full lustre only during the carnival. In the third rank are those towns that have their good Opera singers not during the carnival, but in spring and autumn. The fourth class may be considered to be those that have their Opera season in summer, or a carnival season of inferior singers. At these last-mentioned places may be heard the same singers who in after-times become famous. In the little town of Cremona, in the year 1835, the writer of this article saw the early campaign of Marini, then unknown to fame, and now the excellent first bass at the Queen's Theatre—for London and Paris, or latterly St Petersburg, absorb the prime of a singer's vocal powers; the best performers on the Italian stage being either those whose reputation is not quite in full bloom, or who have been superseded as favourites in France and England by younger and more vigorous powers. The consequence is, that while in London freshness and strength of voice are combined with dramatic experience in the same individual, on the Italian stage they are in union with a merely peninsular reputation; or if there be a European name and artistic experience, they are conjoined with an organ somewhat the worse for the wear. But these old singers, although giving less pleasure to the Italian public, contribute by their style of performance to model the rising generation, and to keep up the native school of the lyric drama, in which even the Germans, with their more profound musical science, are decidedly inferior to the Italians.

Thus owing to the demand for young singers in the theatres of the north, the tasting of wine and tea is not better understood at the Docks of London than the *tasting* of singers of rising talent in Italy. The tasters know by a singer's countenance, before he opens his mouth, whether he be a bass or a tenor, and on hearing him, can not only tell exactly what are his voice and style, but what they are likely to become. These tasters are always a sore annoyance to a manager in possession of a singer engaged under a remunerating contract; and the manœuvres and counter-manœuvres between them are like the intrigues of politics and law. The greatest manager of modern times was a certain Signor Barbaja, who, during all the prime of Rossini's genius, was the *Impresario*, or undertaker of the principal theatres of Italy, and had in fact a sort of musical monopoly of the Italian capitals. One evening, seeing through the hole of the curtain a person whom he knew to be a taster for the Opera of Paris, and dreading that he might have some design upon his prima donna, he waited until the grand scena of the lady was ended, and stationing himself at the side-scene, declared with enthusiasm that she had covered the Italian lyric drama with glory. The poor prima donna, in an effusion of tears, could scarcely express her gratitude; and the warm-hearted manager, finding her in the melting mood, produced a contract for three more years, with a small rise of salary, which was at once signed: but a new light broke in upon her on receiving next morning, and just in time to be too late, a letter from the Paris agent, offering her a considerably higher sum. Once signed, these contracts are usually so binding that there can be no mistake—the only releasing circumstances, such as the burning of the theatre, being especially mentioned.

An Italian opera consists of two acts—the first always longer than the second. 'Otello' has three acts; 'L'inganno Felice' only one; but these are rare exceptions. The singers absolutely indispensable to every Italian Opera are a prima donna with a soprano or mezzo-soprano voice, a tenor, and a first bass. Nearly all the inferior male parts are written for bass or bary-tone singers; voices of this description being much more abundant than tenors. In many operas principal parts are written for a bary-tone; and a very few, such as *Tancredi* in 'Tancredi,' and *Arsaces* in 'Semiramide,' are written for a contralto (a female voice with low notes), as there are many good soprano voices for one contralto. All the buffo, or comic parts, are written for basses or bary-tones of small compass, and are a sort of refuge for those middle-aged and elderly basses who, having no longer sustaining power and tenderness, make up for the loss of their voices by comic acting. This remark is of course not applicable to England, where the buffo parts are filled by singers still in their prime. But the distribution of compass is very much determined in new operas by the accidental capacity of the company for which the composer writes; all the effective notes of a singer being brought out with a view to the first success of the opera, which is the grand point.

After the distribution of parts, the composer tries over all the solo and concerted pieces with the singers at the pianoforte, and alters and amends according as his judgment directs. Meanwhile the chorus has been practising; and it is not until both singers and chorus are well drilled at the pianoforte that the first *insieme*, or general rehearsal with the orchestra, takes place. An orchestra very soon gets its part; and the stage rehearsals in a good company are more for the sake of the groupings of the chorus, and the stage effect, than for any material advancement of the purely musical business.

The first night of representation is one of agonizing suspense to both manager and music-director. The singers have all eaten a very light and early dinner, and having been fasting for several hours, are in prime vocal condition, which they aid by a few anchovies or a glass of wine; and the composer having taken his place in the orchestra to direct the music himself, the opera begins. In Naples the royal family usually attend a first performance; and according to etiquette no one can applaud until the king sets the example from his box. If an opera, therefore, please at first hearing, as was the case with many of those of Donizelli, which came out mostly at Naples, the impatience for the signal from the royal box becomes feverish; and when this comes at last, the result is like an ice-pent torrent let loose. There is scarcely such a thing as damning an opera on the first night. Any glaring impropriety in the dramatic part of the arrangements is unceremoniously hissed; but final judgment on the music is never passed at once, as an opera does not make the instantaneous impression of the spoken drama, and its beauties do not always lie on the surface. For instance, 'Norma,' now the most popular of Bellini's operas, was coldly received on its first production; but as the Opera is in Italy the nightly lounge, and a sort of social exchange, the merits of a new production soon rise to a premium or fall to a discount. But success in Italy by no means insures a composer a European reputation; for, on account of the perpetual demand for new operas for the carnival season, many a musical hero who, like Ricci and Coppola, has conquered a Cisalpine reputation, cannot pass the Alps and fix his productions securely in London, Paris, or Vienna; and a firm footing in these capitals is the great test of the excellence of either new operas or new singers. We may, therefore, now quit the sunny south, and turn our attention to the state of the music nearer home.

The history of the Italian Operas of London and Paris previous to our own period has been so frequently written, that it would be quite beside our purpose to go farther back than 1814. In that year the conti-

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nent was reopened, and Rossini, by the production of 'Tancredi' at Venice, began the bright part of his career. Previously, Italian music was in England little more than a fashion. It was Rossini more than any other composer who first created that vivid and widely-spread relish for it which has now taken a firm hold of even the middle classes. 'Tancredi,' the 'Barber of Seville,' 'Semiramide,' 'Gazza Ladra,' 'Cenerentola,' and the other operas of this master, were successively reproduced in London and Paris, and held undisputed possession of the Italian theatres of these cities until 1832, when Bellini divided public attention in the 'Pirater.' Both these composers visited London, their persons and manners being as different as their styles in music. Rossini is strong, lusty, and corpulent, and was made such a lion of by George IV. and the principal nobility, that Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, talked sneeringly of 'a great personage, such as Signor Rossini or the Emperor of all the Russias.' Bellini, whom the writer of this article frequently met during his visit to London in 1833, was quite different: he was slim, pale, and genteel, with very modest manners and a soft voice. We recollect that he was on one occasion dreadfully puzzled in an attempt to understand the British constitution, while we endeavoured to explain the functions of each part of the machinery. This will not appear surprising when we see what a sad business foreign dramatists and novelists make of Lords and Commons. Even M. Scribe, with all his historical reading, makes a peer and ousted cabinet minister enter into a dark intrigue to become lord mayor of London! On the death of Bellini, Donizelli continued his prolific career with a series of operas, less exquisitely beautiful, but much more varied in character, than those of Bellini; and on his mental derangement occurring a couple of years ago, Verdi remained the only effective living composer of the Italian school, Rossini having produced no great original opera for twenty years.

The Italian Opera of Paris might be said to have the same company as the Queen's Theatre; for, beginning their season in Paris in October, it was terminated in holy week, so as to make the high season of London comprise the months of April, May, June, July, and the half of August. The opening of the Covent Garden Italian Opera effected a great change in this system; the hard work of rehearsal was all done in Paris, and the singers in London had an easy time of it, in merely repeating the lessons already learned; but through the energy, perseverance, and talents of Signor Michael Costa and Mr Balfe, the rehearsals in London are now as laborious as in Paris, and as independent of mere imitation; while, by the translation of the best works of Meyerbeer and Auber, the repertory of the Italian Operas of London has a richness and variety of character unknown to the native Italian stage.

The first-class Opera singers are generally a quiet, gentlemanly, and well-behaved class of men, utter strangers to those dissipations that used sometimes to incapacitate our Cookes, Reeves, and Keans from performing: they usually reside in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or St James's Street, and some of them are much attached to London, while others have the affectation of saying that there is no existence out of Italy. One of these said to a well-known buffo that London was quite an exile; to which he answered, 'Yes, and a very agreeable exile too.' The actual salaries in London are not much larger than those of Naples or Milan; but the concerts produce a large sum, the income derived from singing a few songs at two or three concerts being sometimes, with much less labour, more than the salary of an Opera night. Italian singers may thus realise a large fortune in a few years; and Donizelli and many others are extensive landed proprietors in Italy. The greatest prima donna of our age, however, had the misfortune to see her large accumulated wealth dissipated in a few years by a gambling husband. In no profession is it more true that hay must be made while the sun shines. A well-known tenor was accustomed to make his two thousand pounds for many seasons during the London summer, till his voice fell off, and other favourites obtained the public ear. Unwilling to quit London, he remained at a salary of L.800 for the sake of the concerts; soon he fell to L.300; and at last begged the manager to allow him to sing for nothing, that he might the more readily obtain pupils, and was refused!

So much for Italian music, of which we make so large an annual importation and consumption. It must be confessed that the balance of trade is terribly against us; for Mr Balfe is the only English composer whose productions have stood the voyage across the Channel. Him, however, we may congratulate on the signal success that has attended the production of his operas over all the continent of Europe.

CALIFORNIA—COMING DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Unless all experience is vain, and something like a miracle should take place, we must quickly hear of miserable disappointment and great disasters in California.

We argue thus from the history of all former gold-diggings where the circumstances were similar. The gold hitherto found in the valley of the Sacramento and neighbouring regions is, as is well known, mixed with the alluvial matter of the country, along with which it has been brought down in the course of time from the mountains, the lighter particles, as usual, travelling farthest. In all cases hitherto, such deposits of gold have never lasted long in their pristine abundance. After the first and best harvest has been reaped, the washings become comparatively unproductive, and soon they cease to remunerate the labour expended on them. After that, there is no chance of gold but by excavating it from its native seat in the mountains, where, however, its amount is so uncertain in proportion to the labour, that even in South America proverbial wisdom treats gold-digging as a bad business.

What, however, gives us most reason to fear for the upshot of this Californian crusade, is our knowledge of the dangers and difficulties of the way, and of the state of the country itself.* To reach the sickly valley of the Sacramento, and the still more unwholesome narrow ravines running into it, a voyage or journey of incredible fatigue and peril must be surmounted, whether by the long northern land journey, or by the sea and land passage by the Isthmus of Darien. The sea voyage round Cape Horn for ill-provided emigrants in a crowded transport infers an amount of human suffering which may be left to the imagination of the reader.

The adventurer who chooses the first and most direct route will have first to travel from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles across the United States: here a well-lined purse will overcome all difficulties. Then commences a second journey of fifteen hundred miles through a wild country, without roads, or inns, or inhabitants—almost destitute even of water. The traveller ought of course to be provided with every necessary for the whole way at setting off; but such an outlay must far exceed the means of many who will only make the discovery too late to retreat. They will be induced to attempt the journey without due provision for their subsistence or safety, and their bones will be left to whiten the prairie. The toils and dangers of their more opulent companions, well provided as they may be, will be excessive. The bitter piercing cold of the night, as the fierce wind sweeps over the boundless plains, penetrates to the very bones. The noontide fervour of the sun is an opposite, but not less serious evil, under which human strength sinks and dies. As the heat hourly increases, the breeze languishes, and the saline vapours arising from

* The present paper is the production of a gentleman who is personally conversant with the countries he refers to.—Ed.

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the earth, being then no longer agitated or dispersed by its impulse, give rise to the phenomenon of the mirage. The wayfarer, exhausted by heat, dust, and thirst, is then tantalised with the cruel deception of lakes and streams of water flowing around him, and extending before him as far as the eye can reach, yet ever eluding his approach. The delusion is so complete, that dogs, languid and disheartened, will at first dash forward with sudden energy to rush into the seeming grateful fluid, and enjoy its cooling refreshment. Absence of water is one of the great deprivations of this country; it is often the cause of the severest sufferings of the traveller and his cattle, and frequently occasions the loss of beasts of burthen. Persons of nervous temperament occasionally endure excessive irritation from the excitement created by this continual exhibition of deceptive waters upon their parched throats while suffering under the effects of protracted thirst. It in some constitutions proceeds to such excess as to produce spasms and severe nervous attacks; and the sufferer is then compelled to submit to the disagreeable necessity of riding blindfolded, as the only effectual antidote to the exciting cause of his illness.

During a considerable portion of the year, the rain and snow render these plains seas of impassable mud. The practicable seasons for the journey, therefore, are limited to the intervals between this wet period and the time of excessive heat and drought. Strangers, not aware of these circumstances, may arrive on the frontier at such a time of the year as will oblige them to remain stationary for some weeks or months before they can proceed farther on their way. For a short season, when sufficient moisture and heat are combined, some of these plains, where sand prevails, present a scanty vegetation, affording beautiful specimens of flowers in detached masses. The sight of some of these plants in conservatories or gardens in England is apt to inspire an erroneous opinion of the fertility of their native soil. In reality, verdure and herbage for cattle are there unknown, and a few brilliant flowers scattered over the surface are a poor compensation for the want of them. The whole land assumes the substance and appearance of an unburnt brick when dry; where clay or loam prevails, it becomes, when moistened, a plunge of mud, but also exhibiting here and there fine flowers.

During the greater part of this long journey the travellers, if not in strong force, are liable to the attacks of the Indians, usually the fierce Apaches, who make sudden irruptions from their distant abodes on the more civilised inhabitants of the frontier of the plains, and kill or carry off any stragglers that fall in their way. In these usually barren regions are occasional fertile spots blessed with sufficient water and vegetation, each forming an oasis in the desert, the favourite resort of these Indians—men wild, ferocious, and without mercy. Wo to the unhappy traveller who encounters them in their forays! Mounted upon hardy, active horses, frequently the plunder of former excursions, they sweep over the land, carrying death and devastation in their course. Appearing when their presence is least anticipated, they vanish again as suddenly into their unapproachable fastnesses in the desert. It is difficult in peaceful England to imagine such a state of precarious existence as the life of the emigrant or the traveller in these countries daily presents.

The shorter journey through the mountain defiles on the Isthmus of Darien or Panama is not less prolific in danger and suffering. The Atlantic coast on the whole of the isthmus is fatal to Europeans during many months of the year. Between the end of February and the beginning of October, one week's residence on shore is a trial few strangers go through without an attack of yellow fever. The miserable, stupid, indolent native Indian alone resists for the period of a short life the baneful effects of the climate. The smallest service these half-animated beings can be induced to perform is to be remunerated with a dollar; they appear to have no conception that five minutes' exertion can be recompensed by any smaller coin. It may be supposed from this that travelling is here expensive; and should the traveller be unprovided with sufficient apparatus against the reptiles and insects everywhere besetting him, even at more favourable seasons of the year, such as raised bedsteads, their feet immersed in pans of oil or water when in use, hammocks, mosquito-curtains, &c. he will inevitably endure a degree of torment from their persecutions unimaginable to natives of our temperate climate. Reptiles of the most poisonous description present themselves in alarming profusion; snakes in many varieties, large and small; centipedes, scolopendras, and similar lengthy creepers; scorpions in multitudes. Tarantulas, and various enormous spiders, said to be venomous, are met with. At night, monstrous beetles of disgusting odour will, uninvited, alight upon him; while large bats, attracted probably by the light colour of his bedding, will flutter about him, and dispel his sleep; or, if slumber overtakes him, the vampire may settle upon him, and suck his blood, greatly to the detriment of an already reduced constitution.

Arrived at the western or Pacific shore, supposing the traveller to have surmounted the toils of the way, his perils are only varied, but not abated. On this coast the myriads of insects and reptiles are undiminished; and although the yellow fever is here unknown, there is little cause of congratulation for this exemption, as its place is most efficiently supplied by the peculiar scourge of these coasts, the fatal fevers of intermittent type. So inimical to the health of strangers is this destroyer, that in 1826 a Congress of Deputies from some of the new republics, which was held at Panama, though composed of native Americans, some of whom were of Indian extraction, and though supplied with every comfort available for the climate, was broken up after two or three sittings, and obliged to adjourn to a locality more congenial to strangers, sickness having already made such inroads among them, as in a short time to threaten the total extinction of their numbers. And this was not in the worst season of the year.

The emigrant, on his passage to more distant shores, must await the sailing of the vessel that is to bear him to his destination, and an interval of many weeks may elapse before he finds an opportunity of quitting the shores of the isthmus. Ere that time has arrived, the departure of the ships will in all probability be a matter of indifference to him, for the most sufficient of all reasons. Should he fortunately get on board ship, another tedious voyage in a crowded vessel within the tropics awaits him. If the traveller arrives in these countries during the rainy season—for here the rains are periodical—all his difficulties will be increased. A European can form little idea of these tropical showers, though he may imagine the discomfort and danger of having his clothes alternately soaked in water and drying upon his back during his entire journey.*

The emigrant, once landed at San Francisco, must not suppose his difficulties at an end. He must be prepared to receive the heaviest calls upon his already

* There is a comparatively direct road to California through Mexico, landing at Tampico, and embarking at San Blas on the Pacific in the north; or landing at Vera-Cruz, and embarking at Acapulco in the south. The sea voyage in the Pacific is thus materially shortened, and that in latitudes nearest the line. The land journey is through a civilised, healthy country, with the exception of fifty or sixty miles on approaching the ports. During the whole journey, homely accommodation can be obtained, and several large towns are passed on either route, where any deficiencies may be supplied: but the Spanish language is indispensable, not a word of any other European tongue being known there. This same difficulty must occur in crossing the isthmus; but there the distance being only short, the traveller can, and indeed must, depend more upon his own resources, and require less communication with strangers, except at the ports, where probably English will assist him. Whether there is any direct communication between San Blas or Acapulco, and the port of San Francisco, must now be a subject of inquiry, as, till lately, there was little inducement for frequent intercourse, and only chance occasions occurred of passing from the Mexican coast to that of Upper California.

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impoverished funds, to enable him to proceed into the gold districts. None but the wealthy can afford the price of a mule or horse, if they are procurable even for money. The commonest necessaries of life are 400 or 500 per cent. dearer than in the countries he has left, and the poor adventurer will soon discover that his only means of subsistence, at least for a time, is by servitude, until he can amass sufficient resources to enable him to venture on the journey into the interior. The report of wages of a dollar an hour, or even two hours, to a porter sounds promising; but when boarding at the humblest table, with only water to drink, costs now one pound per day, and lodging and washing are paid in proportion, at the end of the week there will be found only a moderate residue from such earnings. The place has now also become the resort of desperate characters from the ports of South America, and the wildest adventurers from the cities of the United States. The unsettled wanderers of Texas, and deserters from the army, with runaway seamen from the South-Sea whalers, and the idle profligates abounding in the islands of the Pacific, compose the mass of the population, without law, religion, or morality. The accounts of rapine and murder from the district are what might be expected in such a society. Fourteen detected murders are stated to have taken place at the diggings shortly previous to the writing of a letter conveying the intelligence.

While this evil has been gradually gaining ground, the first vague reports of the immense discoveries of gold remain unconfirmed by proportionate importations of the precious metal either into the United States or into Europe. In reality, the value of the gold hitherto announced to have been received scarcely indicates a gold region of more than ordinary richness, if it even attains to that standard, the whole sum not amounting to the eighth part of the produce of the mines in the Ural Mountains in the same time. The whole history of this marvellous land of treasure seems now to be resolving itself into a land-jobbing speculation of some go-a-head Yankees to attract population to their waste allotments. This view of the case becomes more probable on recollecting that this is not a new-discovered country. The Spaniards, always most diligent in their mineralogical researches, possessed it, and had missions near San Francisco, and consequently not far from the valley of the Sacramento, administered by men of skill and ability, who almost to a certainty must have seen, or had some intelligence of, this store of wealth, if it existed in such abundance. The Indians, also, of all the tribes, are well aware that gold is the most valuable article that they can bring when coming to traffic with civilised men, as they have long been in the habit of doing; accordingly they bring some gold, occasionally in large pieces: but if a land so prolific in this metal had been known to them, horse-loads instead of a few pounds would have been offered in barter at the stations. Not long since the Oregon territory was the attractive point of resort, and dreadful sufferings and loss of life were sustained by the hasty adventurers hurrying there to obtain the first choice of settlement in the anticipated paradise. Unfortunately, a great part of the favoured land proved on trial to be uninhabitable, and most of the remainder appeared only a poor ungrateful soil for cultivation. It is much to be feared that many now blindly hastening to enrich themselves in the gold regions will, if they survive the experiment, have to retreat as light as they came in search of some more fertile soil, where they may provide for their maintenance by the cultivation of a few yams or potatoes, as the climate may serve. With tolerable industry they may soon be surrounded with sufficient supplies of the necessaries of life, if they have located themselves judiciously; but little beyond this is to be expected in a country where the wants of all the inhabitants are similar, and their means of supplying them equal. The golden dreams of regal wealth will in all probability be only realised in the form of a log-house if trees are near, or a mud-hut on the mountain, with a plot of cultivated ground; where, instead of gathering gold by handfuls, the proprietor must devote some portion of his time and attention to the protection of his most valuable property, by scaring away birds and other granivorous enemies from his maize-field, and learning the art of making tortillas and attolle of the grain of the Mexicans, or mush and hominy from their United States neighbours.

THE LACE-MAKERS OF SAXONY.

We have already given some details respecting the lace-makers of Ireland, and it may be curious, if not useful, to bestow a glance likewise upon their German sisters. The district of Erzeberg is situated amid the mountains of that name which separate Saxony from Austria, and its inhabitants are all of the industrial class, consisting chiefly of blacksmiths and lace-makers. The former artisan, though working constantly at his rude profession, is seldom able to lay by anything for his old age. Commencing in early youth, the ordinary results of his labour are blindness and deafness, which make his age useless; and so, leaving the anvil, he wanders with a beggar's wallet from door to door, until one day he entirely disappears, and is forgotten. This course is so common, that when a man is suddenly missing, and nothing more is heard of him, it is said 'he has gone like an old blacksmith.'

The lace-makers are a more interesting class, and are composed wholly of women and children. When they are thus employed, the management of the house is entirely given up to the men, whose duty it then is to cook and wash the linen for the family—the fine threads of the lace requiring the more skilful and delicate fingers of a woman. A good workwoman, in favourable times, working morning and night, was generally able to earn from 6d. to 7½d. a day; but during last year the most industrious among them could not gain more than from 1½d. to 3d., and many are now entirely without employment.

The three principal villages of the district, containing collectively nearly 7000 inhabitants, are built on the most barren part of the mountain, and all on the same plan: each house has but one floor, roofed with shingle. In consequence of the late distress, these villages now present the most wretched appearance. Bundles of straw fill up the holes in the broken windows, while the apertures the weather has made in the roof are unstopped, leaving a free ingress to the rain and snow. It is not an uncommon thing for three or four families to be crowded together in one small room, with perhaps no other bed than an armful of straw thrown on the bare earth, and rendered more suffocating in winter by the heavy smoke of the green branches with which the stove is fed. Each house is generally provided with a small piece of ground, which the men cultivate literally by 'the sweat of their brow,' although it yields nothing but potatoes, which, seasoned with salt, are the usual food of the lace-maker and her family. Bread and butter is a rare dainty with them, and many have never tasted meat in their lives. One of the luxurious dishes of these poor people is a baked potato-cake, soaked in a kind of syrup made of beet-root sugar. They drink what they call coffee three times a day; that is, a compound of chicory and particles of roasted beet-root—the former used in small quantities, as it is now too expensive for their small means. Added to the accidents of bad crops and low wages, they are cheated by rogues somewhat less poor than themselves. These are wandering pedlars, who, speculating on the necessities of the moment, roam from one village to another, lending small sums of money at usurious interest to the inhabitants, who, to relieve their embarrassments for the moment, are probably ruined entirely in the end.

Yet in this situation, miserable as it is, they have their compensations, preserving as they do a beautiful

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gentleness and contentedness of character. The manufacture of lace has given them the habit of extraordinary cleanliness, and the slightest unexpected recreation consoles them for all their hardships. The women are fond of music and dancing, and during the beautiful summer evenings the young girls sit in a circle, and join in singing, as with one melodious voice, their popular airs. In winter, from Michaelmas to Easter, many families assemble at one of the houses; each woman brings her work, and thus economising the light and firing, escapes the dreariness of solitude. Each in her turn enlivens the evening by recounting some old superstition or traditional story. But in the depth of winter few are so hardy as to venture from the house; when they do so, however, they envelop themselves in an old cloak, one of which is possessed by every family, and serves to protect each member of it by turns from the cold air. In this cloak the father wraps his child, and carries it through the snow to school, where he leaves it, with a morsel of bread or a potato-cake, until the evening, when he returns, and carries it back as before. When the child is old enough, it is taught by its mother to make lace, and soon is capable of earning perhaps a penny a day.

Thus live thousands of beings in obscure and permanent isolation in the midst of that Germany where there has latterly been so great a change, and within a few leagues of those great towns where their beautiful embroideries excite so much admiration and cupidity. Government has lately taken the condition of this poor colony into its consideration, and has willingly lent them its aid; but unfortunately, from taking the wrong method of doing so, the help has been worse than useless. A sum of L.8000 has been expended in purchasing the remnants of old lace remaining useless in the presses of the fabricators and dealers; but the merchants alone have profited by this thoughtless measure, and the wages of the lace-makers remain as before.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND AND AT THE CAPE.

THERE is no denying the self-evident fact, that our holiday season comes at the wrong period of the year. Christmas and midsummer do not agree well together. In the northern hemisphere, the joyous week which ushers the old year out and the new year in, falls, not by an accidental coincidence, at the time when men have most leisure for enjoyment—when labour of all kinds is little required, if it be not absolutely forbidden by that inclemency of the weather which serves to heighten the sense of the domestic in-door pleasures proper to the season. Then, too, the scattered members of families seldom find their avocations so urgent as to prevent them from meeting, to re-knit the ties of old affection, about the cheerful hearth and the social board.

Then merry games and unfashionable dances, in which all ages join, awaken a hearty pleasure, such as a formal ball-room never knew. Then, on the continent, the Christmas Tree displays its annual glories, diffusing radiance from its hundred lights on the happy faces about it. Then, through the clear crisp air of winter are heard the voices of the wandering singers, last remnant of English minstrelsy, appealing to the charity which at that season can rarely fail them, and reminding their hearers, in the simple strains of antique harmony, of the solemn reason for their happiness:

> 'God rest you, merry gentlefolk,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour
> Was born on Christmas-Day.'

The same sufficient cause remains why, under such altered circumstances as prevail in this southern region, the season should still be duly commemorated. Unfortunately, however, as has been already remarked, the time of the year is most unfavourable for holiday making. Coming, as it does, in the middle of harvest in the country, and at the busiest season of the year in town, it finds the people unable or indisposed to yield up their valuable time to the claims of domestic festivals. Neither Christmas nor the New Year can be celebrated in this land with the same hearty pleasure and care-forgetting zest with which they are welcomed in England, Holland, or Germany, and indeed throughout the whole of Christian Europe.

There is rarely an evil without its compensating good. There are in Great Britain some millions of people to whom Christmas is the only day of real enjoyment in the whole year. More than three millions—one-eighth of the whole population—are in the receipt of parochial relief. These unfortunates generally receive, through the favour of the parish authorities, or the liberality of charitable Christians, a hearty dinner of the national roast-beef, plumpudding, and 'humming ale,' their only good dinner throughout the year. And on these viands the poor creatures make merry about the workhouse table—a dismal mirth at the best.

There are many more millions whose state is little if any better than that of the unhappy paupers. There are agricultural labourers overworked, ill-clad, badly housed, toiling from day-dawn till dark for a pittance which barely sustains life; sturdy men with families labouring through the year for a weekly wage of 7s. or 8s. There are myriads of hard-working operatives in the towns, crowded in wretched cellars and garrets, earning barely sufficient to support life, on inferior and unwholesome food. Once a year, with much pains, and pinching, and forecast, all these suffering millions generally manage to procure a single meal of unaccustomed plenty and savour. Numerous are the devices to which the poor pale mother must resort in order that the eyes of her ragged brood may sparkle with delight at the sight of a real Christmas pudding. Many in these classes eat meat but once a year. Not a few, particularly in Ireland, live and die without ever having tasted animal food.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the contrast presented by the ordinary life of all classes in this colony. To many millions in the mother country the easy toil and abundant food of the poorest here would seem like a perpetual holiday—Christmas the whole year round. The enjoyment which we, owing to the difference of seasons, cannot well concentrate in a brief series of festival days, is diffused, in superabundant measure, over the whole circle of the year. And this, it will be admitted, is good substantial compensation for a misfortune which, after all, is chiefly imaginary.

We shall be reminded, however, that this advantage is due in a great measure to the circumstance of the colony being a newly-settled country, and the population very scanty in proportion to the abundant resources of the soil. As the number of inhabitants increases, this proportion will be gradually altered for the worse; until at length, even here, pauperism, with all its attendant miseries, will make its appearance, to diminish the general sum of happiness, and perplex our lawgivers with evils more real and more dangerous than those temporary grievances (the natural result of the present superfluity) which now occupy their attention, and give birth to voluminous 'blue-books.'

There is a certain amount of truth in this view—so much, indeed, that it deserves our most careful consideration, in order, if possible, to discover how these anticipated evils may be, at least in part, avoided. Now is the time, in this early age of our country, when its condition is yet plastic, and its destinies may be moulded by laws—this is the time when our legislators should make it their especial care so to establish the frame of our society, and the distribution of property, as to preclude those unnecessary evils, and those painful contrasts, which are seen in many countries of Europe, but chiefly in Great Britain. By the laws of nature there will be in South Africa, as elsewhere, great wealth and great poverty; wealth, the result of industry, temperance, and frugality; poverty, the fruit of indolence and vice. But it will depend chiefly on

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human laws whether there shall exist here also that fearful and unnatural inequality which bestows on one part of the community, and that not the most deserving or the most industrious, superfluous riches and corrupting luxuries, while it dooms the toiling millions to perpetual want and almost hopeless misery.

If we have been betrayed into a rather more serious vein of speculation than the occasion seems to call for, we must plead the example and excuse of the poet. Journalists are sometimes, like song-writers, led away by the concatenation of ideas and phrases, and might commence their lucubrations, as the Scottish bard began his poetical epistle, with the frank admission—

'But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

But, after all, a sermon is not inappropriate at Christmas; and a little serious thought, we are assured on great authority, can never 'make our pleasures less.' With this persuasion, we will close our present admonition, in more cheerful guise, with the 'compliments of the season,' wishing to each and all of our courteous readers a merry Christmas-tide, and the happiest of New Years.—*Cape-Town Mirror.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he, after a wretched existence of ten years, on his deathbed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Mr Burke's death in 1797:—'A feeble old horse, which had been a great favourite with the junior Mr Burke, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports, when both were alike healthful and vigorous, was now, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, deliberately rested its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself; the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied much of his thoughts at all times; and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathise with his inward sorrows, rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and bitterly.'

LONGING FOR REST.

Into the woods, into the woods! this fret
And bustle of the big o'er-anxious world
Likes me not: hither, gentle winds, and let
Your blue and rustling pinions be unfurled
To bear my vexéd spirit far away
Into the bosom of yon dusk old wood,
Winding as the valley winds for many a rood:
Westward the burning chariot-wheel of day
Is in the chrome-dyed ocean axle-deep;
Haste, ere the twinkling dews o'er the green earth shall creep!

'Tis featly done. Oh now at length repose
Shall find me, here, where nothing is that breathes
The spirit of unrest. How richly those
Rays that come streaming where the king-oak wreathes
His warped and gnarled boughs, make the moss floor
Of this vast temple seem mosaic-wrought;
Each knoll's an altar whence ascends untaught
The willing incense of the flowers, that more
Than all mute things on earth their homage pay
To the dear love that keeps their fair forms day by day!

Here would I worship too, listening the note
That ripples out upon the stirless air,
In sweet wild gushes from the ruffled throat
Of some winged minstrel: how that music rare
Brimfills my sense with stillest quietude!
Alack, 'tis past, and silence and repose
Reign in twin sisterhood: yon meek wild rose
Her silken leaves, with softest tints imbued,
Hath folded in the shade, and now appears
When wet with dew more sweet, like Innocence in tears.

Dear dreamy wood! Ha! the small aspen leaves
Are quivering in a white and misty beam;
In the deep-shadowed foliage it weaves
A silver-tinselled tissue, that doth seem
Meet for the bridal robing of the fay
That queens it in this forest; upward see
The clustered stars that glitter witchingly,
That shed o'er many a lone ship's ocean way
Their soft dispassioned lustre: oft when care
Hath fevered and harassed, I've blest their radiance fair.

I would not wish a sweeter home than this,
Since man his brother still *will* vex for nought;
Even here, where rival flowers entwining kiss,
And all things yield their beauty, Heaven-taught,
To bless each other. Tremulously faint
Gleams by the river brink yon glow-worm's lamp,
Where now he banquets him on rank weeds damp
With beaded dew; while, simply sad and quaint,
Night-winds a low and dirge-like cadence bring
Where cloistered in dim shade the owl sits sorrowing.

Oh sure there is a wordless eloquence
Breathed freely forth within these leafy glooms,
The odour which all verdurous things dispense,
The birds soft nestled in the drooping plumes
Of the all-muffling ivy, and the clear
Unhindered glory of the moon, that makes
A glittering heaven of dew-stars in the brakes,
Whisper my sorrow-burthened heart that here
For every wo there is a gracious balm,
For all its o'erwrought fears a hushed and holy calm.—ZETA.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 282. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849. Price 1½d.

HEADS, HEARTS, AND HANDICRAFTS.

[BY ONE LATELY A HANDWORKER.]

I have frequently thought that working-men in general do not take a proper view of their position as co-workers in a progressive state of society; and it might not be unprofitable to inquire as to how far certain allegations concerning them are tenable—namely, that they have no real pleasures—no command of elevating resources—and that their position is of necessity one of depressing and hopeless toil. I have already been favoured with an opportunity of recording some of my experiences in connection with the subject (Journal, No. 244), and recur to it now in the hope that a few additional observations, based also on personal experience, may prove acceptable, particularly to the great body of artificers with which I was, until within a few years past, intimately associated.

The wearer of a shoe, it is said, best knows where it pinches; but from all I have seen, I doubt whether working-men (exceptions apart) are the best judges of their own circumstances: a defect whose origin may be traced to several causes, the principal being, a certain traditionary influence of custom circumscribing their moral horizon within very narrow limits, and comprising—perhaps the whole evil—an unconsciousness of latent power. If fashion dominates the high, custom no less sways the humble; and being 'to the manner born' is mistakingly with the latter a paramount reason for never being otherwise. Take, for example, the convivial drinking usages, most honoured by those least able to afford the expense—the reluctance to adopt improvements in domestic economy, markedly evinced in the tenacity with which they cling to wretched residences even when better are to be had—and in the species of fatalism with which they look upon themselves as shut up in an inexpansive groove, the last being perhaps a cause of the ridicule not unfrequently inflicted on such of their co-mates as manifest a disposition to improve their circumstances.

It would not be fair to impute unmitigated blame for such a state of things, since blame must attach chiefly to wilful error; and we know that among the thousands of British handworkers there are many noble examples of manful resistance to adverse circumstances, of brave self-reliance and successful perseverance. Would that there were more such! that this were a triumphal ode, and not a didactic essay! But though ignorance of what is right may be pleaded in extenuation, this will only avail to a limited extent; for the reply might be—Have you ever made an effort to remove your ignorance? Have you ever once seriously thought about the end of all this scramble for existence?

Now don't be alarmed, for I am not going to inflict a sermon on you: my desire is simply to convey a few leading principles which experience has taught me are the mainsprings of individual progress, and to illustrate a few errors which are obviously inimical to advancement. I have said above that an important defect consists in working-men's unconsciousness of latent or undeveloped power within themselves. You are almost, if not quite, at the bottom of the social scale (conventionally speaking); and so, thinking that matters cannot well be worse, you are content, in nine cases out of ten, to let them take their chance. Your existence seems uncertain; and therefore you trifle with its opportunities, or squander its impulses in mischief. A case or two in point occurs to me. An excellent individual, who keeps a mill on one of our inland streams, had been accustomed to present each of the men in his employ with a shoulder of mutton at Christmas, a quantity of vegetables, and materials for a pudding. But how was this attempt to gladden labour's scanty board received?—with apathy or worse. It was regarded as a bribe for general service, not as an expression of sympathy with subordinate co-operation. By and by the apparent mystery was cleared up, by the discovery of a nefarious system of plunder that prevailed in the mill. Again: at the building of a house in a London suburban thoroughfare, the bricklayers fancied themselves aggrieved in the quality or quantity of the beer supplied to them by the owner of the property, and to revenge themselves, they placed a board over the mouth of the drain, at its junction with the sewer, so as to close it up effectually, and stopped the vent of three of the chimneys. The consequence was, that the first tenant was nearly poisoned by a stagnant drain, and suffocated by smoke; and after all, the expense of remedying the mischief did not fall upon the party whom it was intended to punish. An additional instance offers itself in the case of a journeyman cabinet-maker whom I once knew: he was animated by a desire to better his position, and opened a school for drawing and singing in the evenings; but these endeavours, instead of meeting with encouragement from his shopmates, only provoked their ridicule. They seized every opportunity of annoyance; and having discovered that the nickname 'Shot-bag' was once extant among their comrade's family connections, they immediately applied it to him, and worried him so unmercifully, that his life became a misery: he was compelled to keep as much as possible out of their sight, and made his way in and out of the workshop through a back window.

There are many intelligent working-men who will deplore these instances of perverse principle, this flagrant misdirection of purpose. But I would remind those whose views are yet imperfect, that such violations of the law of justice and kindness are more harmful to the injurer than to the injured. Prosperity does not consist in detraction, but in aspiration; if we wish to rise, we must look upwards. The social pyramid is not kept erect by adventitious embellishments at the apex, but by the addition of sterling material to the base. Here, then, is a prime motive for us to start with: by bettering

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ourselves, we better all that is above us. It is a grand thought for one who has hitherto considered himself as of no account in the sum-total of society, to know that his efforts, whether for good or for evil, react on the common weal. Here we have the first step upwards; a little fund to put out to interest; and good interest it brings—cent. per cent. at least. The power to see a purpose in life, a significance in our actions, is thus one of essential importance. We cannot, if we would, divest ourselves of the manifold and often secret ties by which humanity is bound together.

Let us now look for a moment at the ordinary position of the working-man. Early compelled by the primeval necessity to labour, he masters some art or operation; and after this his life goes on in a monotonous mechanical routine, involving but little incident, and varied in too many instances only by blame from his employer. And herein lies a cause of discontent; for we too often find that, although accident or error is visited with blame, the commendation due to well-meant effort is withheld. The money wage is made to take the place of the touch of nature, of the word of sympathy, oftentimes more highly esteemed than the golden fee. Masters, too, will be capricious; and not unfrequently the poor *employé* becomes the *pièce de résistance* of all his vexations and irritations. Such a liability tends naturally to diminish a man's self-respect, and aggravate the desponding feeling with which the handworker is apt to contemplate his prospects, and which I have felt more than once in all its bitterness: with nothing more than a small weekly income depending entirely on your own ability to earn it, your hold upon the world seems to be *so* feeble, *so* precarious. Such a feeling could not exist were proper means taken to lay up a sum in the savings' bank, or to purchase a small endowment. But how often did the thought overcloud my mind—let me be out of health for a month, and beggary awaits me: the apprehension was at times unnerving. You despair of ever obtaining a secure foothold, of getting your plank fairly across the stream, and are ready to sink into recklessness. I remember another source of annoyance—it was having to wait for payment on Saturday. Our custom was to have our tools put away, and benches swept down, &c. by six o'clock in the evening of that day, at which hour the master sometimes made his appearance with our wages; but frequently we were kept waiting till seven, eight, or nine o'clock, growing every moment more impatient and more angry, before the cash-bearer made his appearance. Thus we lost both time and temper, and were prevented from going to market until a late hour; the more provoking as, having fulfilled our week, we considered ourselves fairly entitled to prompt payment. I adduce these facts because they are such as are still common, and in the hope to convince masters that the humanising and elevating of their workmen involves a reciprocity of duties. Good may be done with but small means; every factory and workshop might become a centre of most beneficial influences, with but a small sacrifice of selfism; and the combined action of so many effusive centres would produce an amount of good beyond present calculation.

The above, it may be said, is not a very flattering picture of a working-man's condition; but there is no question as to its truth; and I hope to show that even thus it is not devoid of compensations. A small income does not necessarily involve a corroding anxiety; we must learn rather to extract the best even from the worst of circumstances; and in doing this, we are not, as is sometimes feared, predestinating ourselves to the lowest level, but, on the contrary, best acquiring the abillty to rise—conquering one of the rudiments of self-reliance. The wealthy merchant or banker is obliged to exercise his thoughts and talent severely in order to administrate his income profitably; and why should not the workingman be willing to devote a little thought to the same subject? First, a portion of the weekly earnings should be set apart for rent; a second for food, washing, clothes, and other household requisites; a third for schooling; and a fourth for the savings' bank. Now, as much wisdom comparatively may be shown in regulating this humble expenditure as in that of the richest financier. The greatest outlay will occur under the second of the above items, and will require most looking after; and here we have to conquer another instalment of self-reliance. Having sat down and calculated that we can keep house for so much, we must perseveringly adhere to this limit; no matter what the temptations to overstep it, we *must* show them the cold shoulder. It may be, and is, hard work to follow such a course; but

> ——'Fruit soon comes,
> And more than all our troubles pays us powers;
> So that we joy to have endured so much.'

The reward is certain; and oh how sweet! What a world of care and anxiety disappears as soon as a man, by diligence and thrift, has a small fund in the savings' bank! The snubbings and collisions encountered in daily avocation suddenly lose their asperity; self-confidence, with something to back it, not only gives a man a sense of self-respect, but renders him more valuable to his employer. At first the new-born energy is a source of astonishment: the novice wonders to find greater force and precision in the stroke of his mallet, and increased vigour in the bite of his saw.

This, which I would call a rudimentary compensation, yields an encouraging assurance; but there are others yet before us, and chief among them is the acquisition of knowledge. Books are so cheap in the present day, as to afford unlimited resources to all for the improvement of their minds; and it is a fact, that the more knowledge a man gets, all other things being equal, the better workman will he be. Mr Chadwick rates the value of a labourer at L.30; at how much more shall we estimate the worth of an intelligent artisan, who has not only added to his command of pleasures, but enlarged his resources against casualty! Manual dexterity, when directed by thoughtful intelligence, becomes a constant source of pleasure. Often, when wearied with work, I have found myself invigorated by watching, so to speak, the object on which I was engaged: how beautifully the hand obeyed the thought—how, from a rough mass of boards and planks, the sideboard or *secrétaire* grew up in harmonious proportions! I have often been struck with Channing's observations on this subject:—'It is,' he says, 'one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living, a man must be useful; and this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing—in desiring, amidst his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence, as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit.... One would think that a carpenter or mason, on passing a house which he had reared, would say to himself, "This work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter, a domestic gathering-place, an abode of affection, for a century or more after I sleep in the dust:" and ought not a generous satisfaction to spring up at the thought! It

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is by thus interweaving goodness with common labours that we give it strength, and make it a habit of the soul.'

Here are noble compensations; and the sameness so often complained of in the working-man's life enables him to draw largely upon them. To cultivate the quiet domestic virtues, while plying the instruments of labour, the mind may be occupied with thoughts of the home circle, its chastening griefs and elevating joys. It may revisit and roam at large in fields and lanes, or the voice may attune itself to the melodies of sound; and a weary hour may often be beguiled by recollection of all that the worker knows of the materials—their history and manipulation—on which he is employed.

Thus a man need not be ignorant or debased because he is compelled to work for his living. With such resources and recreations at command, there is no valid reason why his life should not be one of progress. But this, you may be apt to say, is too much trouble. But 'all aspiration is a toil;' and were it not for the struggle, you would never become aware of the slumbering powers within you; if everything came smooth and ready to our hands, we should soon relapse into a stagnant demoralisation. We must remember that passions are given us as stimuli, and duty is the bridle with which these passions are kept in due subservience, in efficient working order. Society owes duties to us, and we owe duties to society. We are apt to accuse society of defrauding us of our due proportion; but is not this a touch of tradition—a taint of the ancient serfdom still clinging to us? What is the remedy?—to prove our right by proving our desert. Here is a lofty compensation: we may each say—I will conquer for myself an improving position, by such conduct and moral discipline as must overcome. Even the passive force of such a determination would be resistless; and bewailings about social injustice would subside into an echo.

Reflect for a moment: there are about 4,000,000 men of different ages in this country who depend on manual labour of some sort for their means of living. What if the legions of this industrial army were animated by the 'mounting spirit,' by the might of self-reliance? Society would have begun its noblest crusade against ignorance and its attendant evils; for the incubus of pauperism would disappear, knowledge would gladden and humanise our land, and 'Unions' be converted into universities of industry.

Am I anticipating too much? Let the numerous examples of what *has* and *can* be done suffice for reply. We want something beyond the mere instinct of the ant and bee, and the attainment of this lies open to each one of us. It is cheering to know that many a man plodding at the work-bench originates and revolves thoughts in his mind that would do honour to the proudest philosopher—that the fire of a lofty and earnest purpose glows in many a humble dwelling. There wants but the will; and marvellous are the effects that result from small beginnings. The fifteen or twenty cotton-spinners whom I once knew meeting week after week in a village near Stockport to study French and mathematics, I will venture to say have gone on adding to their knowledge, and experienced its elevating influences in all their social relations; proving that it costs less in conscience, as well as coin, to obtain the amenities of life than to obey its animal propensities.

Difficulty, if we would but so consider it, is only the wave's deepened hollow, from which we may rise to a higher summit. We are so prone to take things easy, that an intimation to brace up our energies is from time to time necessary. The life most devoid of incident will afford reminiscences of such opportunities. Many years ago, under an unpropitious combination of circumstances, at the commencement of a dreary winter, I walked from the interior of the state to the city of New York in search of work. I had but two or three cents left on my arrival, and while searching for employment, was dependent for subsistence on the kindness of a friend. How depressing is the want of occupation! I was glad at times to step into a book auction to divert my feelings. One evening a second-hand lot was put up—'Raynal's Histoire des Deux Indes,' in seventeen volumes: no one spoke. 'Going for the price of waste paper!' said the auctioneer. I took him at his word, and bid a shilling (7d. sterling), which I happened to have in my pocket. Down went the hammer, and a general laugh went round as I took the books under my arm and walked away. By and by I found work: the 'boss' gave me leave to sleep with his apprentice in the attic; I got my meals at a cheap boarding-house, and thus lived economically. And not without reason; for besides providing for current expenses, it was essential to retrieve the lost time. I worked from daylight in the morning until ten at night; kept my family in comfort, where I had left them in the country; and at the end of four months, found that my savings amounted to thirty dollars, a sum which enabled me to open a new career of prosperity. But I must not forget the books: every workman knows that there are times when he has to wait for materials, or for a new job. On such occasions 'Raynal's Histoire' proved a valuable and instructive resource, and furnished me with food for thought. 'Vat an inquisitive Englishman!' often cried a Frenchman, whose bench was next to mine, as I sat reading on a 'saw buck'; and the boss would say—'Ah, you'll never get on while you're so fond of books.' But when he found that I was as fresh and ready for work on Mondays as on other mornings, he ceased to rebuke my inclinations.

Since that time another reverse threw me into a country village in England, pinched by penury, and lacking everything but the will to make the best of whatever happened. After a time a situation was offered me at a music-publisher's in London: it was out of my line, but I started at once, leaving my family in their rural cottage. The place of business was in the Strand; my hours of work were from seven in the morning till eight at night; wages thirty shillings a week, for which I did duty as Jack-of-all-trades: serving in the shop—keeping stock-book and petty cash-account—giving out work to bookbinders, watching printers, correcting proofs, and so forth. Here, again, past losses were to be retrieved: I bought every morning a threepenny brown loaf, and divided it into three portions. One of these, with a cup of coffee, was my breakfast; the second, with a little salt or an apple, formed my dinner; and the third, with a glass of water or cup of tea, was my supper. My bed was in a little book-room in the fifth storey: I rose at six in the morning, and made myself acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood, and saw some of the aspects of London which can only be seen at an early hour. One evening in the week I went after eight to a singing-class; on another I walked to Islington, where a kind friend gave me lessons in Greek and German; and for the rest I had plenty of books at command. Sometimes I had to sit up late to receive proofs from the printer, and on one occasion found it necessary to go to his office near Temple Bar after midnight. Our establishment was then on the eve of being given up, and I was expressing my apprehensions about obtaining another situation to the master-printer as we stood together at his desk. I shall never forget his reply—'Never you fear,' he said, patting me on the back; 'I have watched you long enough to know that you can do your duty for others as well as for yourself: such as you are sure to do.' The hopes which then began to inspire me as I walked back through the solitary street have been more than realised.

Now for the conclusion. Let every man do his best, and in some shape or other the reward of the best will certainly come to him. Let him cultivate a spirit of hopefulness: if things do not *come* round according to his notion, let him *put* them round; and if even then not quite palatable, don't give up the struggle, and take to listlessness and dissipation. You can mould inert matter to your will; strive for the master-hand over yourself. Every man's house is his castle. See that yours be not a Doubting Castle, with Giant Despair for its compant. Do not curse God and die!

The chiefest reward of a writer is the hope or the certainty that his writings may be useful. What say you,

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fellow-workmen? May I entertain this hope? May I anticipate this reward for my humble attempt to show that without the concurrence of HEAD and HEART, there can be no *real* profit in HANDICRAFT?

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

DINNER had been over about half an hour one Sunday afternoon—the only day on which for years I had been able to enjoy a dinner—and I was leisurely sipping a glass of wine, when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, a loud *rat-tat* followed, and my friend Dr Curteis, to my great surprise, was announced.

'I have called,' said the doctor as we shook hands, 'to ask you to accompany me to Mount Place. I have just received a hurried note from Miss Armitage, stating that her mother, after a very brief illness, is rapidly sinking, and requesting my attendance, as well as that of a legal gentleman, immediately.'

'Mrs Armitage!' I exclaimed, inexpressibly shocked. 'Why, it is scarcely more than a fortnight ago that I met her at the Rochfords' in brilliant health and spirits.'

'Even so. But will you accompany me? I don't know where to find any one else for the moment, and time presses.'

'It is an attorney, probably, rather than a barrister, that is needed; but under the circumstances, and knowing her as I do, I cannot hesitate.'

We were soon bowling along at a rapid pace, and in little more than an hour reached the dying lady's residence, situated in the county of Essex, and distant about ten miles from London. We entered together; and Dr Curteis, leaving me in the library, proceeded at once to the sick chamber. About ten minutes afterwards the housekeeper, a tall, foreign-looking, and rather handsome woman, came into the room, and announced that the doctor wished to see me. She was deadly pale, and, I observed, trembled like an aspen. I motioned her to precede me; and she, with unsteady steps, immediately led the way. So great was her agitation, that twice, in ascending the stairs, she only saved herself from falling by grasping the banister-rail. The presage I drew from the exhibition of such overpowering emotion, by a person whom I knew to have been long not only in the service, but in the confidence of Mrs Armitage, was soon confirmed by Dr Curteis, whom we met coming out of the chamber of the expiring patient.

'Step this way,' said he, addressing me, and leading to an adjoining apartment. 'We do not require your attendance, Mrs Bourdon,' said he, as soon as we reached it, to the housekeeper, who had swiftly followed us, and now stood staring with eager eyes in the doctor's face, as if life and death hung on his lips. 'Have the goodness to leave us,' he added tartly, perceiving she did not stir, but continued her fearful, scrutinising glance. She started at his altered tone, flushed crimson, then paled to a chalky whiteness, and muttering, left the apartment.

'The danger of her mistress has bewildered her,' I remarked.

'Perhaps so,' remarked Dr Curteis. 'Be that as it may, Mrs Armitage is beyond all human help. In another hour she will be, as we say, no more.'

'I feared so. What is the nature of her disorder?'

'A rapid wasting away, as I am informed. The appearances presented are those of a person expiring of atrophy, or extreme emaciation.'

'Indeed. And so sudden too!'

'Yes. I am glad you are come, although your professional services will not, it seems, be required—a neighbouring attorney having performed the necessary duty—something, I believe, relative to the will of the dying lady. We will speak further together by and by. In the meantime,' continued Dr Curteis, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, 'it will do neither of us any harm to witness the closing scene of the life of Mary Rawdon, whom you and I twenty years ago worshipped as one of the gentlest and most beautiful of beings with which the Creator ever graced his universe. It will be a peaceful parting. Come.'

Just as, with noiseless footsteps, we entered the silent death-chamber, the last rays of the setting sun were falling upon the figure of Ellen Armitage—who knelt in speechless agony by the bedside of her expiring parent—and faintly lighting up the pale, emaciated, sunken features of the so lately brilliant, courted Mrs Armitage! But for the ineffaceable splendour of her deep-blue eyes, I should scarcely have recognised her. Standing in the shadow, as thrown by the heavy bed-drapery, we gazed and listened unperceived.

'Ellen,' murmured the dying lady, 'come nearer to me. It is growing dark, and I cannot see you plainly. Now, then, read to me, beginning at the verse you finished with as good Dr Curteis entered. Ay,' she faintly whispered, 'it is thus, Ellen, with thy hand clasped in mine, and with the words of the holy book sounding from thy dear lips, that I would pass away!'

Ellen, interrupted only by her blinding tears, making sad stops, complied. Twilight stole on, and threw its shadow over the solemn scene, deepening its holiness of sorrow. Night came with all her train; and the silver radiance kissed into ethereal beauty the pale face of the weeping girl, still pursuing her sad and sacred task. We hesitated to disturb, by the slightest movement, the repose of a deathbed over which belief and hope, those only potent ministers, shed light and calm! At length Dr Curteis advanced gently towards the bed, and taking the daughter's hand, said in a low voice, 'Had you not better retire, my dear young lady, for a few moments?' She understood him, and rising from her knees, threw herself in an ecstacy of grief upon the corpse, from which the spirit had just passed away. Assistance was summoned, and the sobbing girl was borne from the chamber.

I descended, full of emotion, to the library, where Dr Curteis promised shortly to join me. Noiselessly entering the room, I came suddenly upon the housekeeper and a tall young man, standing with their backs towards me in the recesses of one of the windows, and partly shrouded by the heavy cloth curtains. They were evidently in earnest conference, and several words, the significance of which did not at the moment strike me, reached my ears before they perceived my approach. The instant they did so, they turned hastily round, and eyed me with an expression of flurried alarm, which at the time surprised me not a little. 'All is over, Mrs Bourdon,' said I, finding she did not speak; 'and your presence is probably needed by Miss Armitage.' A flash of intelligence, as I spoke, passed between the pair; but whether indicative of grief or joy, so momentary was the glance, I should have been puzzled to determine. The housekeeper immediately left the room, keeping her eyes, as she passed, fixed upon me with the same nervous apprehensive look which had before irritated Dr Curteis. The young man followed more slowly. He was a tall and rather handsome youth, apparently about one or two-and-twenty years of age. His hair was black as jet, and his dark eyes were of singular brilliancy; but the expression, I thought, was scarcely a refined or highly-intellectual one. His resemblance to Mrs Bourdon, whose son indeed he was, was very striking. He bowed slightly, but courteously, as to an equal, as he closed the door, and I was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of my own reflections, which, ill-defined and indistinct as they were, were anything but pleasant company. My reverie was at length inter-

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rupted by the entrance of the doctor, with the announcement that the carriage was in waiting to re-convey us to town.

We had journeyed several miles on our return before a word was spoken by either of us. My companion was apparently even more painfully preoccupied than myself. He was, however, the first to break silence. 'The emaciated corpse we have just left little resembles the gay beautiful girl for whose smiles you and I were once disposed to shoot each other!' The doctor's voice trembled with emotion, and his face, I perceived, was pale as marble.

'Mary Rawdon,' I remarked, 'lives again in her daughter.'

'Yes; her very image. Do you know,' continued he, speaking with rapid energy, 'I suspect Mary Rawdon—Mrs Armitage, I would say—has been foully, treacherously dealt with!'

I started with amazement; and yet the announcement but embodied and gave form and colour to my own ill-defined and shadowy suspicions.

'Good heavens! How? By whom?'

'Unless I am greatly mistaken, she has been poisoned by an adept in the use of such destructive agents.'

'Mrs Bourdon?'

'No; by her son. At least my suspicions point that way. She is probably cognisant of the crime. But in order that you should understand the grounds upon which my conjectures are principally founded, I must enter into a short explanation. Mrs Bourdon, a woman of Spanish extraction, and who formerly occupied a much higher position than she does now, has lived with Mrs Armitage from the period of her husband's death, now about sixteen years ago. Mrs Bourdon has a son, a tall, good-looking fellow enough, whom you may have seen.'

'He was with his mother in the library as I entered it after leaving you.'

'Ah! Well, hem! This boy, in his mother's opinion—but that perhaps is somewhat excusable—exhibited early indications of having been born a "genius." Mrs Armitage, who had been first struck by the beauty of the child, gradually acquired the same notion; and the result was, that he was little by little invested—with at least her tacit approval—with the privileges supposed to be the lawful inheritance of such gifted spirits; namely, the right to be as idle as he pleased—geniuses, you know, can, according to the popular notion, attain any conceivable amount of knowledge *per saltum* at a bound—and to exalt himself in the stilts of his own conceit above the useful and honourable pursuits suited to the station in life in which Providence had cast his lot. The fruit of such training soon showed itself. Young Bourdon grew up a conceited and essentially-ignorant puppy, capable of nothing but bad verses, and thoroughly impressed with but one important fact, which was, that he, Alfred Bourdon, was the most gifted and the most ill-used of all God's creatures. To genius, in any intelligible sense of the term, he has in truth no pretension. He is endowed, however, with a kind of reflective talent, which is often mistaken by fools for *creative* power. The morbid fancies and melancholy scorn of a Byron, for instance, such gentry reflect back from their foggy imaginations in exaggerated and distorted feebleness of whining versicles, and so on with other lights celestial or infernal. This, however, by the way. The only rational pursuit he ever followed, and that only by fits and starts, and to gratify his faculty of "wonder," I fancy, was chemistry. A small laboratory was fitted up for him in the little summer-house you may have observed at the further corner of the lawn. This study of his, if study such desultory snatches at science may be called, led him, in his examination of vegetable bodies, to a smattering acquaintance with botany, a science of which Ellen Armitage is an enthusiastic student. They were foolishly permitted to *botanise* together, and the result was, that Alfred Bourdon, acting upon the principle that genius—whether sham or real—levels all merely mundane distinctions, had the impudence to aspire to the hand of Miss Armitage. His passion, sincere or simulated, has never been, I have reason to know, in the slightest degree reciprocated by its object; but so blind is vanity, that when, about six weeks ago, an *éclaircissement* took place, and the fellow's dream was somewhat rudely dissipated, the untoward rejection of his preposterous suit was, there is every reason to believe, attributed by both mother and son to the repugnance of *Mrs* Armitage alone; and to this idiotic hallucination she has, I fear, fallen a sacrifice. Judging from the emaciated appearance of the body, and other phenomena communicated to me by her ordinary medical attendant—a blundering ignoramus, who ought to have called in assistance long before—she has been poisoned with *iodine*, which, administered in certain quantities, would produce precisely the same symptoms. Happily there is no mode of destroying human life which so surely leads to the detection of the murderer as the use of such agents; and of this truth the *post mortem* examination of the body, which takes place to-morrow morning, will, if I am not grossly mistaken, supply another vivid illustration. . . . Legal assistance will no doubt be necessary, and I am sure I do not err in expecting that *you* will aid me in bringing to justice the murderer of Mary Rawdon?'

A pressure of his hand was my only answer. 'I shall call for you at ten o'clock,' said he, as he put me down at my own door. I bowed, and the carriage drove off.

'Well?' said I, as Dr Curteis and Mr —— the eminent surgeon entered the library at Mount Place the following morning after a long absence.

'As I anticipated,' replied the doctor with a choking voice: 'she has been poisoned!'

I started to my feet. 'And the murderer?'

'Our suspicions still point to young Bourdon; but the persons of both mother and son have been secured.'

'Apart?'

'Yes; and I have despatched a servant to request the presence of a neighbour—a county magistrate. I expect him momently.'

After a brief consultation, we all three directed our steps to the summer-house which contained young Bourdon's laboratory. In the room itself nothing of importance was discovered; but in an enclosed recess, which we broke open, we found a curiously-fashioned glass bottle half full of iodine.

'This is it!' said Mr ——; 'and in a powdered state too—just ready for mixing with brandy or any other available dissolvent.' The powder had somewhat the appearance of fine black-lead. Nothing further of any consequence being observed, we returned to the house, where the magistrate had already arrived.

Alfred Bourdon was first brought in; and he having been duly cautioned that he was not obliged to answer any question, and that what he did say would be taken down, and, if necessary, used against him, I proposed the following questions:—

'Have you the key of your laboratory?

'No; the door is always open.'

'Well, then, of any door or cupboard in the room?'

At this question his face flushed purple: he stammered, 'There is no'—— and abruptly paused.

'Do I understand you to say there is no cupboard or place of concealment in the room?'

'No: here is the key.'

'Has any one had access to the cupboard or recess of which this is the key, except yourself?'

The young man shook as if smitten with ague: his lips chattered, but no articulate sound escaped them.

'You need not answer the question,' said the magistrate, 'unless you choose to do so. I again warn you that all you say will, if necessary, be used against you.'

'No one,' he at length gasped, mastering his hesitation by a strong exertion of the will—'no one *can*

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have had access to the place but myself. I have never parted with the key.'

Mrs Bourdon was now called in. After interchanging a glance of intense agony, and, as it seemed to me, of affectionate intelligence with her son, she calmly answered the questions put to her. They were unimportant, except the last, and that acted upon her like a galvanic shock. It was this—'Did you ever struggle with your son on the landing leading to the bedroom of the deceased for the possession of this bottle?' and I held up that which we had found in the recess.

A slight scream escaped her lips; and then she stood rigid, erect, motionless, glaring alternately at me and at the fatal bottle with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. I glanced towards the son; he was also affected in a terrible manner. His knees smote each other, and a clammy perspiration burst forth and settled upon his pallid forehead.

'Again I caution you,' iterated the magistrate, 'that you are not bound to answer any of these questions.'

The woman's lips moved. 'No—never!' she almost inaudibly gasped, and fell senseless on the floor.

As soon as she was removed, Jane Withers was called. She deposed that three days previously, as she was, just before dusk, arranging some linen in a room a few yards distant from the bedroom of her late mistress, she was surprised at hearing a noise just outside the door, as of persons struggling and speaking in low but earnest tones. She drew aside a corner of the muslin curtain of the window which looked upon the passage or corridor, and there saw Mrs Bourdon striving to wrest something from her son's hand. She heard Mrs Bourdon say, 'You shall not do it, or you shall not have it'—she could not be sure which. A noise of some sort seemed to alarm them: they ceased struggling, and listened attentively for a few seconds: then Alfred Bourdon stole off on tip-toe, leaving the object in dispute, which witness could not see distinctly, in his mother's hand. Mrs Bourdon continued to listen, and presently Miss Armitage, opening the door of her mother's chamber, called her by name. She immediately placed what was in her hand on the marble top of a side-table standing in the corridor, and hastened to Miss Armitage. Witness left the room she had been in a few minutes afterwards, and, curious to know what Mrs Bourdon and her son had been struggling for, went to the table to look at it. It was an oddly-shaped glass bottle, containing a good deal of a blackish-gray powder, which, as she held it up to the light, looked like black-lead!'

'Would you be able to swear to the bottle if you saw it?'

'Certainly I should.'

'By what mark or token?'

'The name of Valpy or Vulpy was cast into it—that is, the name was in the glass itself.'

'Is this it?'

'It is: I swear most positively.'

A letter was also read which had been taken from Bourdon's pocket. It was much creased, and was proved to be in the handwriting of Mrs Armitage. It consisted of a severe rebuke at the young man's presumption in seeking to address himself to her daughter, which insolent ingratitude, the writer said, she should never, whilst she lived, either forget or forgive. This last sentence was strongly underlined in a different ink from that used by the writer of the letter.

The surgeon deposed to the cause of death. It had been brought on by the action of iodine, which, administered in certain quantities, produced symptoms as of rapid atrophy, such as had appeared in Mrs Armitage. The glass bottle found in the recess contained iodine in a pulverised state.

I deposed that, on entering the library on the previous evening, I overheard young Mr Bourdon, addressing his mother, say, 'Now that it is done past recall, I will not shrink from any consequences, be they what they may!'

This was the substance of the evidence adduced; and the magistrate at once committed Alfred Bourdon to Chelmsford jail, to take his trial at the next assize for 'wilful murder.' A coroner's inquisition a few days after also returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' against him on the same evidence.

About an hour after his committal, and just previous to the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey him to the county prison, Alfred Bourdon requested an interview with me. I very reluctantly consented; but steeled as I was against him, I could not avoid feeling dreadfully shocked at the change which so brief an interval had wrought upon him. It had done the work of years. Despair—black, utter despair—was written in every lineament of his expressive countenance.

'I have requested to see you,' said the unhappy culprit, 'rather than Dr Curteis, because he, I know, is bitterly prejudiced against me. But *you* will not refuse, I think, the solemn request of a dying man—for a dying man I feel myself to be—however long or short the interval which stands between me and the scaffold. It is not with a childish hope that any assertion of mine can avail before the tribunal of the law against the evidence adduced this day, that I, with all the solemnity befitting a man whose days are numbered, declare to you that I am wholly innocent of the crime laid to my charge. I have no such expectation; I seek only that you, in pity of my youth and untimely fate, should convey to her whom I have madly presumed to worship this message: "Alfred Bourdon was mad, but not blood-guilty; and of the crime laid to his charge he is innocent as an unborn child."'

'The pure and holy passion, young man,' said I, somewhat startled by his impressive manner, 'however presumptuous, as far as social considerations are concerned, it might be, by which you affect to be inspired, is utterly inconsistent with the cruel, dastardly crime of which such damning evidence has an hour since been given'——

'Say no more, sir,' interrupted Bourdon, sinking back in his seat, and burying his face in his hands: 'it were a bootless errand; she *could* not, in the face of that evidence, believe my unsupported assertion! It were as well perhaps she did not. And yet, sir, it is hard to be trampled into a felon's grave, loaded with the maledictions of those whom you would coin your heart to serve and bless! Ah, sir,' he continued, whilst tears of agony streamed through his firmly-closed fingers, 'you cannot conceive the unutterable bitterness of the pang which rends the heart of him who feels that he is not only despised, but loathed, hated, execrated, by her whom his soul idolises! Mine was no boyish, transient passion: it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. My life has been but one long dream of her. All that my soul had drunk in of beauty in the visible earth and heavens—the light of setting suns—the radiance of the silver stars—the breath of summer flowers, together with all which we imagine of celestial purity and grace, seemed to me in her incarnated, concentred, and combined! And now lost—lost—for ever lost!' The violence of his emotions choked his utterance; and deeply and painfully affected, I hastened from his presence.

Time sped as ever onwards, surely, silently; and justice, with her feet of lead, but hands of iron, closed gradually upon her quarry. Alfred Bourdon was arraigned before a jury of his countrymen, to answer finally to the accusation of wilful murder preferred against him.

The evidence, as given before the committing magistrate, and the coroner's inquisition, was repeated with some addition of passionate expressions used by the prisoner indicative of a desire to be avenged on the deceased. The cross-examination by the counsel for the defence was able, but failed to shake the case for the prosecution. His own admission, that no one but himself had access to the recess where the poison was found, told fatally against him. When called upon to address

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the jury, he delivered himself of a speech rather than a defence; of an oratorical effusion, instead of a vigorous, and, if possible, damaging commentary upon the evidence arrayed against him. It was a laboured, and in part eloquent, exposition of the necessary fallibility of human judgment, illustrated by numerous examples of erroneous verdicts. His peroration I jotted down at the time:—'Thus, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is it abundantly manifest, not only by these examples, but by the testimony which every man bears in his own breast, that God could not have willed, could not have commanded, his creatures to perform a pretended duty, which he vouchsafed them no power to perform righteously. Oh, be sure that if he had intended, if he had commanded you to pronounce irreversible decrees upon your fellow-man, quenching that life which is his highest gift, he would have endowed you with gifts to perform that duty rightly! Has he done so? Ask not alone the pages dripping with innocent blood which I have quoted, but your own hearts! Are you, according to the promise of the serpent-tempter, "gods, knowing good from evil?" of such clear omniscience, that you can hurl an unprepared soul before the tribunal of its Maker, in the full assurance that you have rightly loosed the silver cord which he had measured, have justly broken the golden bowl which he had fashioned! Oh, my lord,' he concluded, his dark eyes flashing with excitement, 'it is possible that the first announcement of my innocence of this crime, to which you will give credence, may be proclaimed from the awful tribunal of him who alone cannot err! How if he, whose eye is even now upon us, should then proclaim, "*I*, too, sat in judgment on the day when you presumed to doom your fellow-worm; and *I* saw that the murderer was not in the dock, but on the bench!" Oh, my lord, think well of what you do—pause ere you incur such fearful hazard; for be assured, that for all these things God will also bring *you* to judgment!'

He ceased, and sank back exhausted. His fervid declamation produced a considerable impression upon the auditory; but it soon disappeared before the calm, impressive charge of the judge, who reassured the startled jury, by reminding them that their duty was to honestly execute the law, not to dispute about its justice. For himself, he said, sustained by a pure conscience, he was quite willing to incur the hazard hinted at by the prisoner. After a careful and luminous summing up, the jury, with very slight deliberation, returned a verdict of 'Guilty.'

As the word passed the lips of the foreman of the jury, a piercing shriek rang through the court. It proceeded from a tall figure in black, who, with closely-drawn veil, had sat motionless during the trial, just before the dock. It was the prisoner's mother. The next instant she rose, and throwing back her veil, wildly exclaimed, 'He is innocent—innocent, I tell ye! I alone'——

'Mother! mother! for the love of Heaven be silent!' shouted the prisoner with frantic vehemence, and stretching himself over the front of the dock, as if to grasp and restrain her.

'Innocent, I tell you!' continued the woman. 'I—I alone am the guilty person! It was I alone that perpetrated the deed! He knew it not, suspected it not, till it was too late. Here,' she added, drawing a sheet of paper from her bosom—'here is my confession, with each circumstance detailed!'

As she waved it over her head, it was snatched by her son, and, swift as lightning, torn to shreds. 'She is mad! Heed her not—believe her not!' He at the same time shouted at the top of his powerful voice, 'She is distracted—mad! Now, my lord, your sentence! Come!'

The tumult and excitement in the court no language which I can employ would convey an adequate impression of. As soon as calm was partially restored, Mrs Bourdon was taken into custody: the prisoner was removed; and the court adjourned, of course without passing sentence.

It was even as his mother said! Subsequent investigation, aided by her confessions, amply proved that the fearful crime was conceived and perpetrated by her alone, in the frantic hope of securing for her idolised son the hand and fortune of Miss Armitage. She had often been present with him in his laboratory, and had thus become acquainted with the uses to which certain agents could be put. She had purloined the key of the recess; and he, unfortunately too late to prevent the perpetration of the crime, had by mere accident discovered the abstraction of the poison. His subsequent declarations had been made for the determined purpose of saving his mother's life by the sacrifice of his own!

The wretched woman was not reserved to fall before the justice of her country. The hand of God smote her ere the scaffold was prepared for her. She was smitten with frenzy, and died raving in the Metropolitan Lunatic Asylum. Alfred Bourdon, after a lengthened imprisonment, was liberated. He called on me, by appointment, a few days previous to leaving this country for ever; and I placed in his hands a small pocket-Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written one word—'*Ellen!*' His dim eye lighted up with something of its old fire as he glanced at the characters; he then closed the book, placed it in his bosom, and waving me a mute farewell—I saw he durst not trust himself to speak—hastily departed. I never saw him more!

SHAKSPEARIAN HYGIÈNE.

SHAKSPEARE, that 'myriad-minded man,' as Coleridge has emphatically called him, who has left no subject untouched and unadorned, has scattered through many of his wondrous plays scraps of medical wisdom of equal truth and value with anything that science can teach us. A few of these *hygiènic* maxims, or plain rules of health, we here subjoin.

First we have the important functions of the stomach in the animal economy accurately sketched in the fable of the *Belly and the Members* in 'Coriolanus.' The stomach thus replies to the rebellious limbs:—

> 'True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
> That I receive the general food at first
> Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
> Because I am the storehouse and the shop
> Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
> I send it through the rivers of your blood,
> Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o' the brain;
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.'

And now,

> 'May good digestion wait on appetite,
> And health on both;'[1]

rather than

> 'A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
> Which would increase his evil;'[2]

at the same time remembering that

> 'Nature's with little pleased, *enough's* a feast.'

The influence of the mind on the digestive organs is thus glanced at, when the poet makes Henry VIII., in giving Wolsey the schedule of his ill-gotten wealth, say—

> 'Read o'er this—(*giving him papers*)
> And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
> What appetite you may.'

Nor is the 'green and yellow melancholy' of her who 'never told her love' to be regarded as a metaphorical or poetic fiction.

> 'And truly, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.'[3]

[1] Macbeth. [2] Coriolanus. [3] Merchant of Venice.

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How often is the wealthy epicure, even although[6]

——'Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite,'[1]

tempted to exclaim,

'Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health—or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich:
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.'[2]

From the facetious Sir Toby Belch we may learn the benefit of early rising; for, says he,

'Not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be *up* betimes; and *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, thou knowest.'[3]

Hear likewise the reward of active exertion, the industrious poor man's especial privilege:—

'Weariness can snore upon the flint, while resting sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.'[4]

Rarely, indeed, are the indolent and luxurious

'As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.'[5]

Many a time and oft does the pampered invalid, as he tosses restlessly on his uneasy couch, cry out in the language of the dying monarch—

'Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast'—

——'Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it'—unto me?[6]

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, is constantly seen in the lean, pale, shrivelled aspect of hard students. Thus Cæsar says—

'Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look—
He thinks too much.'[7]

Compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, 'the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic,' and, to this preservative, of no better report than horse-drench;'[8] so that he who makes good use of it may well declare, 'I will make a lip at the physician,'[9] and is almost disposed to exclaim, with Macbeth—

'Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!'

'Out, loathed medicine; hated poison, hence!'[10]

For most of our slighter ailments we shall often find that

'The labour we delight in physics pain.'[11]

[1] Antony and Cleopatra. [2] Henry IV., Part 2d. [3] Twelfth Night. [4] Measure for Measure. [5] Ibid. [6] Macbeth and Henry IV. [7] Julius Cæsar. [8] Coriolanus. [9] Ibid. [10] Midsummer Night's Dream. [11] Ibid.

Beware, however, at all times of those pests of society —*quacks:*

——'I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics.'[1]

SECOND VISIT TO THE ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

On the return of Mrs Russell and her friends from the visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, which was described in a former number, they found Mr Gregor awaiting them, and overwhelmed him with exclamations of wonder and interest about the objects which had engaged their attention in that curious collection.

'I had no conception that they could have proved so attractive,' exclaimed Miss Gregor to her father. 'I am sure I have heard more than one of my companions speak of a visit to it with extreme indifference. I really believed there was nothing worth looking at, even after we had glanced round the Museum, until Uncle Lauder directed our attention to its contents. I do believe Mrs Russell and I might have returned home, had we been left to our own guidance, vowing we had seen nothing.'

Mr Gregor smiled as he replied: 'Do you remember a story I used to read to you long ago, in Dr Aikin's delightful "Evenings at Home," entitled *Eyes and no Eyes; or the Art of Seeing.* Two schoolboys return home from a holiday ramble. Robert has been to Broom-heath, round by the windmill on Camp-Mount, and home through the meadows by the river-side. He declares it to have been all very dull: he met nobody, and saw nothing. Meanwhile William arrives, and recounts the delightful walk he has had. Here a parasitic mistletoe tempted him to pause, there his attention was arrested by a woodpecker. Insects, the meadow flowers, the fine view, the meandering stream, the setting sun, all interested and delighted him. And where, think you, had he been walking?'

'I remember the story, I think,' said Miss Gregor, with a look of some confusion; 'but what has it to do with our visit to the Antiquarian Museum?'

'Much, my dear Jane,' replied her father. 'William's delightful ramble was found, on inquiry, to have led him over exactly the same route which had proved so dull to his indifferent companion; and your pleasant visit to the collection of antiquities to-day—thanks to Uncle Lauder's teaching you to use your eyes—was spent in inspecting exactly the same objects which your companions had pronounced so unattractive. Depend upon it, the question of *Eyes or no Eyes* enters far more largely than most people think into the proper use and the enjoyment of experience.'

'I feel,' said Mrs Russell smiling, 'that your remarks are not a whit less applicable to myself than to Jane. Mr Lauder has taught me a lesson which I shall not soon forget, for I was equally ready on my first visit to the antiquities of *Auld Reekie*, and to those of the New Town, to follow the example of Sterne's splenetic Smelfungus, who returned from the grand tour only to pronounce all barren. But I hope Mr Lauder has found us such willing pupils, that he will favour us with his able guidance to finish our survey of the Museum.' Mr Lauder assured his friends of the pleasure it would afford him to comply with their request, and they accordingly accompanied him a day or two afterwards to renew their inspection of that varied collection of antiquities.

'Our whole time,' said Mr Lauder, 'was taken up on our first visit in inspecting the objects belonging to what archæologists agree in styling the *Stone* and *Bronze Periods*. They include all those relics of a remote period which indicate to us the habits of the rude nomade tribes who first peopled the north of Europe, and form a depart-

[1] Lear.

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ment peculiarly valued by the archæologist. He justly prides himself on having written a new and most important chapter in the history of the human race, and in the annals of our own country, based on scientific inductions derived from such relics. In this department the Edinburgh Museum is very complete. Though the examples are not numerous, no important link is wanting in the chain of evidence, and it will well repay repeated visits and careful study. Now, however,' said Mr Lauder, 'we turn to a new and entirely different department. Mark the peculiar forms of the British and early Celtic pottery in the case we were examining on our last visit. Some of the urns are evidently finished with much care. Great labour has been devoted to their ornamental decoration, and we find among them considerable variety of form. Now, however, we shall turn our attention to the *Roman period*. The adjoining case is entirely filled with Roman pottery, in which department the Museum is also very well provided. Here are examples of Romano-British pottery from Inveresk and Falkirk in Scotland: from London and Colchester in England; from France, Spain, and even from Tangier. It is impossible for the most careless observer to overlook the marked contrast in form, even of the very simplest and rudest of the latter, when thus placed in juxtaposition with the fictile productions of the Celtic era. In the Roman pottery we at once detect the influence of the potter's wheel, while we observe the beautiful combinations of elliptic lines to which so much of the graceful symmetry of Greek and Roman art may be traced.

'Not less curious and interesting are the smaller fictile works of the adjoining case; the small cinerary cups, *incense cups*, as they are frequently styled, and the *lachrymatories*, or tear-bottles, which were placed in the tombs as emblems of the sorrow of weeping friends. The latter idea, indeed, is derived from a very remote period. We discover the expression of it among the Egyptians at the funeral of Jacob, where the great company that had come up out of Egypt paused for seven days at the thrashing-floor of Atad beyond Jordan, "and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation." A similar practice may be observed among the native Irish in our own day. But a more distinct resemblance to the Roman lachrymatory is discoverable in the reference made by David, amid his lamentations in the fifty-sixth psalm, where he exclaims, "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle."'

'And were these little bottles really filled with tears, uncle?' exclaimed Miss Gregor. 'I would cry for a month, I think, without filling the largest of them.'

Mr Lauder smiled as he replied, 'My dear Jane, human nature appears, upon the whole, to have been very much the same among the old Romans as it shows itself in our own day. We frequently find the most costly funeral and the most lugubrious epitaph where very little real sorrow is felt; and very possibly these huge lachrymatories, that could hold wellnigh a pint of tears, were only the ostentatious formula of grief of some decorous Roman widow or impatient heir.'

Mrs Russell. Really, there does seem something excessively ridiculous in the idea of a disconsolate widow sitting with a bottle at each eye, in order to collect satisfactory evidence of her sorrow.

Mr Lauder. Doubtless. And yet we must beware of judging thus hastily of the old Roman matron, or thinking of her only like Lady Macbeth, struggling 'to show an unfelt sorrow.' The best cure for any such misapprehension is a walk to one of our own cemeteries, where we have weeping Cupids, inverted torches, urns and wet clouts, *ad nauseam*, to say nothing of *disconsolate* inscriptions that might make a dead Roman laugh. But we must hasten somewhat faster over the collection if we are to finish the inspection to-day.

So saying, Mr Lauder proceeded to direct their attention to a very beautiful and curious collection of Roman lamps. One, from the Baths of Caracalla, has a camel embossed on it; another, from London, is decorated with a frog; a third, of a very unusual but elegant form, represents a foot clothed with a sandal. Mr Lauder failed not to direct the attention of his companions to the potters' names stamped on these, as well as on the beautiful specimens of Samian ware, by means of which the antiquary is able to trace the manufacture of them to certain fixed localities, and to elucidate in a most satisfactory manner the extent of the commercial intercourse which prevailed at the period of the Roman occupation of Britain. Next the party examined the beautiful Roman bronzes, including several fine examples found in Scotland. The *fibulæ*, and other objects of personal ornament, specially excited the interest of the ladies; and, in particular, one elegant bronze brooch, beautifully inlaid, which, as Mrs Russell remarked, 'the finest lady might now be proud to wear.' In the same cases were specimens of Roman glass, including small lachrymatories; of Roman iron, including axe and spearheads, hammers, &c.; and of bronze sacred and culinary vessels. Next Mr Lauder drew their attention to a small but very valuable collection of Etruscan pottery, decorated with the graceful artistic designs, executed in black and white on a red ground, which form so valuable a feature of these monuments of antiquity.

'You see from these examples,' said Mr Lauder, 'how great was the change effected by the Roman invaders. They were, in reality, the missionaries of civilisation, introducing to our knowledge nearly all the useful and ornamental arts. Invention, however, was not exhausted. Here are brooches and other ornaments of the *Anglo-Saxon period* no less beautiful than those of the Romans, but altogether different in form; while of a later date we can examine a rich and varied collection of mediæval art, differing from both, and yet rivalling them in grace and beauty.'

Now that the interest of the ladies was thoroughly roused, it was only with great difficulty that Mr Lauder could get them to follow him when he sought to hurry them on from one case to another, so as to survey the remaining portions of the collection. A large central case, chiefly filled with mediæval objects in brass and iron, displayed a curious collection of spurs. One was from the field of Bannockburn; another from that of Falkirk; a third from Linlithgow Loch. One elegant pair had belonged to an old Lord Napier; another, beautifully inlaid with silver, were those of Archbishop Sharp; and a third had been worn by the great Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lutzen, where he fell. Swords, spearheads, bolts, and dirks in like manner carry back the fancy to the struggles of Wallace and Bruce, to the fatal field of Flodden, and to the romantic associations of 'the *forty-five*.'

In another corner a singular collection of keys attracts the eye and excites the fancy. One large one of antique form, dredged from Loch Leven, tells of the escape of the hapless Mary Stuart from her island prison, only to exchange it for crueller and more hopeless scenes of captivity. One thinks involuntarily, while gazing on this curious relic of old historic scenes, of the fair queen, with whom so many romantic associations are indissolubly bound up, and of her touching lament:—

> 'Born all too high, by wedlock raised
> Still higher—to be cast thus low!
> Would that mine eyes had never gazed
> On aught of more ambitious show
> Than the sweet flowerets of the field!
> It is my royal state that yields
> This bitterness of wo.'

The same case contains another, though less appropriate relic, associated with the fair Scottish queen—a curious ancient chisel recently found imbedded in the wall of Queen Mary's chamber in Edinburgh Castle, where her son James VI. was born. Another of the keys, decorated with a graceful coronet at its handle, was found on the lawn at Falkland Palace, and is sup-

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posed to have belonged to her father James V. A variety of sculptured Gothic remains, and a richly-carved oak door, are the memorials of the private oratory of her mother, Mary of Guise; an ancient marble quegh, or Scottish drinking-cup, decorated with the crown and royal initials, is regarded as a memento of her son; a large and beautiful comb is affirmed to be that which arranged the long and graceful love-locks of her unfortunate grandson Charles I.; and, to close our enumeration of Stuart relics, the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles in 1745, as part of the ensigns of the Order of the Garter, hangs amid the miscellaneous collection of another case.

'We have thus,' said Mr Lauder, after satisfying the interest and curiosity of his fair friends with anecdotes suggested by these romantic relics—'we have thus stepped, well-nigh at one bound, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century: nor can we venture to retrace our steps. One case, indeed, entirely filled with mediæval ecclesiastical relics, awakens scarcely less interesting associations by its memorials of Robert the Bruce, of the good Bishop Kennedy, Mary of Lorraine, &c. The adjoining one is rich in equally valuable evidences of the civil arts of the same period. The next attracts by a miscellaneous, but scarcely less curious assortment—relics of Rob Roy, of Burns, and Scott; illustrations of Scottish manners and superstitions. Here, for example,' said Mr Lauder, 'is the collar of a Scottish slave of the eighteenth century.'

'A Scottish slave!' exclaimed Miss Gregor; 'was there ever such a thing, dear uncle?'

'Undoubtedly there was,' Mr Lauder replied; 'and here is a brass collar scarcely differing from that of your great watch-dog Jowler, which was worn by a Scottish slave only last century. You can read the inscription on it, engraved in large Roman characters—"ALEXR. STEWART, FOUND GUILTY OF DEATH, FOR THEFT, AT PERTH THE 5TH OF DECEMBER 1701, AND GIFTED BY THE JUSTICIARS AS A PERPETUAL SERVANT TO SIR JOHN ARESKINE OF ALVA."'

'That is really a most remarkable modern relic,' said Mrs Russell. 'Do you know anything of the history of the unfortunate wretch who was doomed to wear this badge of slavery in a free country?'

'Nothing more,' replied Mr Lauder, 'than may be surmised from the circumstance of its discovery. It was dredged up in the Firth of Forth; and one can hardly avoid the conclusion that the unhappy culprit terminated his hopeless existence by a violent death. There is nothing, however, that an antiquary can do which involves so much danger of error and exposure as the giving the reins to his fancy. So let us proceed to employ our brief remaining time in seeing all that we can. We have arrived now, in our circuit of the Museum, nearly at the point from which we started, and here we are once more thrown back on remote antiquity. Here are antiquities of Mexico and Peru, constructed, in all probability, before the adventurous Columbus had found for Castile and Leon a new world; and alongside of them are the still older relics of Egyptian art, coeval, it may be, with the miraculous signs and wonders of Moses, and the exodus of Israel from the land of bondage. Among these are a variety of the beautiful little mummy-like figures usually styled *Penates*, one of the most remarkable of which is evidently designed as a representation of the god *Thoth*. Notwithstanding the grotesque form of the head, the beauty and grace of its form might stand comparison with a work of Greek art. But these, with the Egyptian rings, amulets, signets, bronzes, &c, must all be reserved for future study, if opportunity occurs.

'Let us now,' said Mr Lauder, 'take a hasty glance over the larger objects which stand exposed. Here is a valuable series of casts from the ancient Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, founded in Edinburgh, in 1462, by Mary of Guelders, the widowed queen of James II. of Scotland. Among them we discover the most grotesque caricatures of the monks; ludicrous, and, as we would think, profane representations of imps, and devils, and monkeys, all of them most unseemly decorations for a church; sufficing pretty plainly to illustrate Scottish morals and manners in the middle of the fifteenth century. On the walls, again, are the old two-handed swords of the middle ages; Highland broadswords and targets, some of which have done service at Preston and Culloden. The long civic spear of old *Andro Hart*, the celebrated Edinburgh printer, famed not only for his Bibles, adorned with the quaint emblem of a *heart*, but also for his share in the famous tumult of 1596, when King James was put in such bodily terror, that he vowed in his wrath to level Edinburgh with the ground, and to make of it a hunting-field. We can almost fancy we see the sturdy old printer sallying forth, with his long spear and jack, and shouting "*Armour, armour!*" according to the fashion of the tumultuous old citizens of Edinburgh.'

A weapon of a very different description next attracted their attention. The world-famous stool of *Jenny Geddes*, with which she struck the initial stroke in the great civil war; hurling it at the dean of Edinburgh's head on his venturing for the first time to read the English liturgy in a Scottish church, with the pithy exclamation, '*Out, fause thief! wilt thou read mass at my lug?*'

Jenny's belligerent stool now reposes quietly within the time-worn pulpit of John Knox; while close by there stands in grim, but equally peaceful repose the ancient MAIDEN, the Scottish guillotine, by which so many brave and noble men have been done to the death. Popular tradition assigns its invention to the Regent Morton, and adds that he was the first to perish by its *maiden axe*. In this, however, tradition errs. Thomas Scott, one of the inferior accomplices in the murder of Rizzio, was the first whose death was accomplished by its means. Since then, the Regent Morton, the Marquis and Earl of Argyle, Sir George Gordon of Haddo, Johnston of Warriston, and a host of other victims, have perished by this seductively-titled, but dreadful engine of death, ere the happy Revolution consigned it to repose. A broad banner on the wall, inscribed, between the arms of the Scottish saltier, '*For Religion, Covenants, King, and Kingdom!*' is one of the standards borne by the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. A back and breast-piece of rusty armour, recently dug up on the same field, forms an equally appropriate memento of the enemies of the Covenant. Nor must we forget a copy of the Covenant itself, exhibited in one of the cases, with the signature of Montrose, Rothes, Lauderdale, and many others adhibited to it, who afterwards bore little love either to it or its adherents; while the horrible instrument of torture, the THUMBKINS, is displayed in a neighbouring case.

'You are familiar, I daresay,' said Mr Lauder, while they were looking at the thumbkins, 'with the story told of King William and his shrewd Scottish adviser Carstairs. This person, who was a clergyman, and one of King William's chaplains, had undergone the cruel torture of the thumbkins rather than betray his master's confidence. After the Revolution, the magistrates of Edinburgh presented the instrument to Carstairs, as the fittest memorial of his fidelity and courageous endurance. King William, it is said, hearing of this, ordered the thumbkins to be produced; and placing his thumbs in the engine, desired Carstairs to turn the screw, telling him that he wished to judge of his fortitude by experiencing the pain which he endured. Carstairs obeyed; but turned the screws with such courtly tenderness, as best suited their application to royal thumbs. The king remarked, on its pinching him a little, that it was unpleasant, but could be endured. At length the divine, feeling a natural jealousy of his own reputation, gave the screw so sudden a wrench, that the king roared for mercy, and vowed, had he been subjected to such a trial, he would have confessed anything they chose to dictate to him.'

'Did the king ever forgive him,' said Miss Gregor, 'for forcing from him so cowardly a confession?'

'He was much too magnanimous,' replied Mr Lauder,

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'to take offence at such a cause; nor must we be misled by his friendly candour, to suppose that he would not have endured much, rather than betray confidence similarly reposed in him. So great was the influence Carstairs acquired and retained till his death, that his fellow-countrymen dubbed him with the questionable title of Cardinal Carstairs.'

It was now time that they should return home, and Mr Lauder expressed a hope that the Museum of the Antiquaries had not lost its first attractions on further inspection. To this Mrs Russell replied by assuring him that she only regretted she could not again and again return to familiarise herself with its varied contents. Before leaving, Mr Lauder obtained permission to visit the Council Room and the Library. In the former, they were gratified with the sight of some valuable historic portraits which adorn the walls. The most ancient of these is a fine portrait of Cardinal George Innes, who was created cardinal of St Lawrence in Lucina in the beginning of the fifteenth century; the first Scotsman, it is believed, who was made a prince of the church.

In the Library they were shown the Hawthornden Manuscripts, containing nearly the whole works of the Scottish poets Drummond and Fowler in their own handwriting. There also they saw original autographs of Queen Mary, King James I. and III., the two Charleses, Cromwell, Monk, Rothes, Lauderdale, Argyle, &c.; a beautiful manuscript Latin Bible of the fifteenth century; several finely-illuminated missals; a large Spanish music-book of the fourteenth century; and many rare and beautiful specimens of typography. Even the lobby, as they retired, attracted them with one or two quaint memorials of the olden time. A pair of huge steel pokers, of gigantic proportions, were pointed out to the visitors as the mace and sceptre of 'The Knights of the Cape,' a celebrated convivial club of last century, which numbered among its early knights Tom Lancaster the comedian, Fergusson the poet, Runciman, Jacob More, and other artists, and a host of citizens of no little note in their day. In another dark corner of the lobby their attention was directed to a quaint little Dutch mannikin, with goggle eyes; the identical old *wooden citizen* who long maintained his post, lint in hand, at the door of the ancient yarn merchant's booth in the West Bow, where the rioters of 1736 obtained the rope with which the wretched Porteous was hanged. With this grotesque memento of the famous Porteous mob, Mr Lauder and his friends bade adieu to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; their minds stored with many pleasing and instructive recollections, which supplied ample subject for lively conversation during the remainder of the day, and still furnishes frequent topics for discussion in the friendly interchange of epistolary correspondence between Taunton and Edinburgh.

LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Works on the Australian colonies continue to stream from the press, and if mistaken notions are still entertained respecting these regions, it can be owing to no want of materials for judging. The last book is so far likely to be impartial, as the author appears to have no personal interest in the success of the new country. He did not go out as a settler, but as a visitor in quest of health; and in committing his impressions to paper, he is uninfluenced by any prospect of returning to the antipodes.* Under such circumstances, we are disposed to receive Mr Townsend's representations with the respect due to the sentiments of an educated and tolerably observant person, whose residence in the colony of four years was long enough to familiarise him with the aspect of its men and things, and not long enough to imbue him with the party prejudices of a resident. At the same time, the impression left upon us by the book is, that its author is more capable of describing than of reasoning, and that he is better able to understand the parts of a subject than the whole. His sketches of the various classes of the population, however, are all good and life-like, although of course not absolutely new; and to this portion of the volume we shall confine ourselves.

The *city* of Sydney, as it is now styled, contains a population of 60,000, collected in no more than sixty years, and is governed by a mayor and corporation. Its wharfs are excellent, watermen plying in neat wherries at their steps; but when approached by land, it resembles Birmingham in appearance, with manufactories surrounding it, and houses resembling the tradesmen's villas of the old country. The fresh colour of the English, however, is wanting in the inhabitants: in Sydney they are *done brown*. But in Sydney there are characters and costumes which alone are worth the trouble of the voyage. Here is a picture of a 'young corn-stalk' coming pacing along on a coarse-bred tramping filly:—'You observe that he has a very long pair of spurs, fixed in sockets in the heels of his boots. He wears a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat (manufactured from the leaves of the palm of that name); a check shirt, open at the neck, and presenting *a bold front;* a blue jacket, and a gay waistcoat. His trowsers are made, as those of many others, of the ticken generally used for the cases of beds, and are cut so much to the quick, that your dread of their bursting keeps you in a state of uncomfortable nervous apprehension. He wears an immense moustache, and Vandyck beard, and a red scarf or comforter is tied round his waist. I sketch strictly from life; and I well recollect the astonishment I felt when I beheld this apparition moving along in solemn state, "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Yet such a phenomenon would be an admirable bushman, would endure hunger and fatigue, and travel (as this person has done) many hundred miles to a distant station, sleeping out every night, and exhibiting great perseverance and foresight; and such a life he would greatly prefer to that of a salaried official in Sydney, upon whom he would look down with no small degree of contempt, as effeminate and helpless.'

In another part of the country our traveller saw a girl on horseback driving cattle with a stock whip. She bestrode her steed like a man; the gay ribbons of her bonnet fluttered in the wind; and she was arrayed in white pantaloons adorned with large frills. This was a 'currency lass,' the daughter of a settler, and a specimen of a generation which does not appear to be brought up in a very accurate knowledge of the old country. One of them asked if ticket-of-leave holders made good servants in England? and another, when talking of a visit to Europe, declared her intention to attend Queen Victoria's *At Homes* in Buckingham Palace.

A description is given of a farmer of New South Wales, which might well excite the envy and admiration of his brethren at home. 'The owners of this noble property hold, as freehold, eighty thousand acres of fine land, of which twenty thousand are naturally clear and fit for the plough, and I speak within bounds when I say that on the estate are five thousand acres of white clover. This, indeed, spreads so fast, that in a few years the greater part of the property will be covered with it; but a mixture of clover and rye-grass is preferred. On this estate, and on the adjoining waste lands, are maintained upwards of three thousand head of cattle, and several herds of horses. Wheat and maize are grown in great quantities; and the fields, when waving with these luxuriant crops, present a noble appearance, which is most striking when one enters the farm from the southward, after a wearisome journey through a barren country. . . . Great pains have been taken to improve the breed of cattle on this estate; and bulls have been imported from England at great expense. "Ella," a short-horned Durham, is a splendid

* Rambles and Observations in New South Wales, with Sketches of Men and Manners, Notices of the Aborigines, Glimpses of Scenery, and some Hints to Emigrants. By Joseph Phippe Townsend. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

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creature, and cost L.500; and there are also some beautiful Ayrshire bulls. Choice animals of this description are kept for sale in an extensive clover paddock devoted to them alone; and to this place they become so attached, that there is a difficulty in removing them, even in the company of cows. Some of the bullocks, reared and fed on the swamps, attain a great size, and a few weigh fifteen hundredweight; and the rolls of fat on their backs form hollows something like a saucer. . . . A large dairy is kept on foot, where often two hundred cows are milked, but only once a day; for, after the morning's milk is taken from them, the calves are allowed to run with them until night. These cows yield about two gallons of milk each per day, and under another system would doubtless give more. The skim-milk feeds a little army of pigs. Many beautiful mares are to be found amongst the herds of horses, and when I last visited the property, a stallion from the English turf was in the stalls. The horses bred on this property attain a good size, their points are well developed, and many have been sent to India.'

The proprietors of this princely property lived in corresponding style. 'The owners of this estate reside in an excellent brick-house, which crowns a rising ground. Their hospitality is unbounded; and the "travellers' room," with its neat and clean beds, has been the place of rest of many a weary pilgrim. Well-built cottages have been erected in convenient situations for the accommodation of the different superintendents. The garden is large, and exceedingly productive; indeed, with such a soil, with moisture and a hot sun, what may not be expected? The prolific nature of the soil and climate is evidenced by the fact, that a peach-tree bears in the second year after the stone from which it sprung has been sown; and to the climate, as well as to the abundance of fine feed, the large size of the cattle is no doubt to be attributed. The Shoalhaven, being navigable, adds much to the value of the property; and the produce of the farm is sent up to Sydney in vessels built on the river. This estate would maintain some thousands of people; but the owners of it can never become rich by farming it. To give an idea of the value of farming produce in this colony, I may mention that one of these gentlemen told me that he once grew two thousand bushels of barley, but could only find purchasers for half the quantity, and did not know what to do with the remainder. This estate did not suffer by the late drought, and when I left the colony, the dairy returned L.70 sterling per week in butter alone, many other dairies having been brought to a stand-still, and amongst them that at Ulladulla, where, indeed, the cattle were then dying for lack of food, at a distance of only fifty miles.'

The run of a squatter—that is, an unsettled breeder of sheep and cattle—described by Mr Townsend, was 100 square miles in extent, consisting of open flats divided by belts of trees. Here the squatter has numerous stations all apart from each other: his sheep station, breeding station, heifer station, and so on; and these stations require to be moved from time to time, on account of the drought. Some squatters grow their own wheat; but the frequent droughts render it so uncertain a crop, that their supplies have usually to be brought from a great distance in drays drawn by bullocks. The operations of the squatters extend over a line 1500 miles in length, and they sometimes go 400 miles into the interior. 'A large squatter is a great traveller, and is continually moving from one station to another, to inspect the state of his flocks and herds, and to attend to numerous operations going on amongst them; but fully to describe his operations would be to write a treatise on sheep, horses, cattle, and climate. Many perform long journeys in tandems; and those who are particularly hilarious adorn their horses with bells, and make the woods echo with the sound of the bugle as they rattle along. Some of them, in spite of the uncertainty of their tenure, had, when I was in the colony, as excellent cottages on their runs as settlers within the boundaries, and lived in all respects as well. Not a few of these were married, and to most estimable and well-educated women, who lightened the home and cheered the heart of the wanderer.'

The shepherds are of course a class of men absolutely necessary to the squatter; and here they are—at home. 'A shepherd's hut is a hovel, built of slabs, and covered with bark. Between the slabs a man could thrust his foot, and nothing could be more easy than to cover the walls, as well as the roof, with bark, thus making the tenement weather-tight; but the men will not take the trouble to do this, and probably airiness in summer compensates for the cold of winter. The accommodations are the simplest. A sheet of bark, on trestles, forms the bedstead on which the mattress is spread; and another sheet, supported by sticks, does duty as a table. The cooking apparatus consists of an iron pot. If the traveller falls in with one of these solitary dwellings, he is immediately asked to take "a pot of *tay*;" and the tea is produced from a bag that hangs on a peg, and the sugar from another; whilst salt beef and damper make their appearance from some very original substitute for a shelf. The bark is generally secured to the roof by strips of green hide; and it is a common saying, that if it were not for green hide and stringy bark, the colony would go to a place more remote than even the antipodes. In some huts which it has been my lot to visit I have had rough fare, and rougher beds. The salt beef is sometimes hard and black, worthy only of a place in a museum, and certainly not of a depository in a human stomach. "The greatest hardship I endured was salt beef," says William Penn; and this I can echo from the bottom of my heart. In some huts black pieces of beef are suspended from the roof by strings, and if it is marvellous that any man can be induced to swallow such a curious production, it would be still more marvellous if he could digest it. My bed has sometimes been a sheet of bark with a sack spread upon it; and I have lain, near the fire, almost literally in sackcloth and ashes!'

The hut-keeper receives the sheep at night from two men, who have each the charge of a separate fold. Being answerable for the safety of the flock till the morning, he sleeps in a kind of sentry-box, to guard them against the attacks of the native dogs. 'The first object of the ambition of a labouring man in the bush is to possess a mare. He then buys a few cows; and many a "ticket-of-leave holder" has a nice little property in cattle and horses before he becomes free. Some shepherds have their wives and children with them in the bush; and, with the assistance of the hut-keeper, milk a cow; and, where the climate will allow it, cultivate a small garden; but this is the exception, and not the rule; and the opossums often destroy their gardens, at least the produce of them, when there is any.'

The stockman, or keeper of cattle, considers himself to be a personage of more dignity than the shepherd. He is always on horseback, and his greatest pride is in penetrating to a part of the country previously unknown. The bullock-driver performs long journeys, carrying the wool or tallow to market, and bringing back supplies for the station. 'He is generally trustworthy, save as respects rum and tobacco. He rarely can resist the allurements of these bewitching articles, and resorts to the most ingenious devices for wheedling the spirits from the casks. He carries a mattress with him, and sleeps under his dray, whilst his bullocks graze near it. I think no sight in the colony would strike a newcomer so much as the passage of a number of drays over Liverpool range. Often thirty pair of bullocks are to be seen harnessed to one dray, and the shouts and execrations of the drivers, with the noise made by their whips, are almost appalling. No men swear more dreadfully, or have so great a variety of oaths of the most extraordinary derivation. As horse-teams increase in number, it is to be hoped that some of their expletives will be laid aside. Their "camps" at night are in regular gipsy style, and they always light huge

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fires. In a large boiler, which was brought on a dray to the station I described in the last chapter, a woman and her children used to seat themselves during the day as they travelled, and I am assured by a friend that he saw her there knitting very quietly.'

The position of the convict population is already sufficiently familiar to the public. Mr Townsend, with regard to them, remarks that he was much struck by the good behaviour of men who had been convicts, and he tells of one of them driving about in his carriage—his fortune having been gained by honest and untiring industry. He describes the fate of some convicts well known on this side of the ocean by their names and their misdeeds. 'Bolam was employed in Sydney as a clerk, and I believe took an account of the linen that was sent to the factory to be washed. In 1842, Frost the Chartist was at Cascade, near Port Arthur, and laboured in a gang, but was permitted to sleep alone. He was sent to Cascade for insolence. When first landed, he was sent to Port Arthur, and employed as a copying clerk. When I last heard of him, he had obtained his ticket of leave, and was a shopman in a chemist's shop. Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was overseer of the mess of some dozen refractory lads at Port Arthur. He was circumspect and orderly, and worked at his own trade, or in the nailer's shop. Williams was then also (1842) at Port Arthur. He built a boat, and effected a temporary escape, and was retaken, and was worked in a chain gang. Some of his associates in his flight, when at large through his means, committed a murder, and were hung. He was represented to be a bad, designing man.'

At the conclusion of the volume there is a chapter for emigrants. The labourers most in request in New South Wales are of course stockmen and shepherds; but carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoemakers do very well. A convict bootmaker was paid by his master 10s. a pair for making his own boots. Shipwrights and sawyers likewise do well.

Mr Townsend's chief care, however, is bestowed upon emigrants of the genteeler class, who go out with the intention of purchasing land and employing servants. The autumn, he says, is the best time for sailing from England. The passage money ought not to be much more than L.80, which will comprise good fare, separate cabins, room for a ton, by admeasurement, of baggage, and wine, beer, &c. at discretion. Money, with the exception of a handful of sovereigns for spending in any port they may call at, can be exchanged with the Union Bank of Australia for a letter of credit on Port Philip or Sydney. London ships are better than Liverpool ships. 'On going on board some of the ships bound for New South Wales, it would be easy to imagine that one had boarded a pirate, all the passengers seeming to think it necessary to be armed to the teeth. Double-guns, duck-guns, rifles, pistols, swords, &c. adorn the different berths, and the passengers themselves are often in full piratical costume. But the expense of buying these arms is useless, and if the owners of them could be followed to their destination, such weapons would probably be soon found rusting neglected in a corner. A good gun, a few bags of large shot, and a few pounds of powder, will, however, be found useful in the bush, and in Sydney a good gun can sometimes be bought for a few shillings—the piratical gentlemen aforesaid being often anxious, in the course of time, to sell their weapons. Powder and shot are comparatively dear in Sydney.'

On getting to Sydney, the plan Mr Townsend would adopt himself is this: 'I should go to Illawara and rent about a hundred acres of land well covered with clover; or if I had capital enough, I should buy such a place, taking care that there was plenty of water upon it, and, if possible, the means of irrigation; for I am convinced that the settlers there could make their farms as valuable again if they introduced this, since, though the district is not subject to drought, there is often much dry weather. If there were no house on the place, I should build a brick cottage, which I think would cost about L.150. I should go to Mr Berry's, or to Mr M'Leay's, at Ulladulla, and buy sufficient dairy cows to stock this land, and engage a steady married couple to manage the dairy. This dairy would be my mainstay for a time; for the butter, cheese, pork, and bacon produced on the farm would sell well in Sydney, provided that I attended to the matter myself. It would be necessary that I should be often, if not always, up at daylight, and that I occasionally saw that the cows were properly milked. If I neglected my own interests, I could not expect that my servants would attend to them.

'I should keep bees, and make as much as possible of honey; and I should also establish a good garden, and send fruit regularly to Sydney. I should have to get, yearly, a good crop of clover hay, lest the stock might suffer in the winter or the dry weather; and I should have to find a run for the dry cows, lest they should consume the clover without giving a return. But, without further details, this farm at Illawara should be my homestead, and nothing should induce me ever to encumber it.' He would not at first attempt to grow wool, but would put out flock after flock of sheep into the hands of a squatter, on the principle of division of profits, till he had a sufficient stock to make it worth his while to look out for runs, and sit down as a squatter himself. To start at once in this capacity, a man should be possessed of L.20,000; and then, after realising a fair profit, in order to secure himself from the vicissitudes of a new country, he should return home as fast as possible!

THE ANGLO-FRENCHMAN.

A SINGULAR character appeared in France about the year 1772, under the name of Thomas Dhèle; but he was the son of an English baronet, and his real name was Hales. He was born in Gloucestershire in the year 1740, and his father being fond of adventure, was anxious that the only descendant of his house should encounter the perils of the sea. As soon, therefore, as the discipline and the studies of childhood were over, he was sent into the navy. In this service he visited almost every part of the world, and afterwards took up his abode in Italy, where he resided a considerable time, and whence he finally removed to Paris with the wreck of his patrimony.

Dhèle was now above thirty years of age; and though his constitution was much impaired by dissipation, he still had a very handsome person. The lines of his face bore a striking resemblance to some of the English court portraits by Vandyck, the mouth wearing an expression of careless disdain.

He soon spent his all at Paris; and finding himself penniless, he began to write plays for the Italian theatre. Such was his talent, that his very first work was deemed a masterpiece. He wrote slowly, for he never liked to retouch his work: he said that the judgment of to-morrow had no more value than that of to-day. By this employment he realised above a thousand crowns a year at an average. But what was that to an English baronet who had spent a fortune? His sudden poverty, however, did not in the slightest degree alter the pride either of his feelings or manners: his bearing indicated the gentleman, however mean his attire. Grétry, who has left notes on the life and character of Dhèle, says that he has seen him for a long time almost naked, but yet inspiring no pity. 'His noble and severe countenance seemed to say, "I am a man, what can I want?" It was the haughtiness of a Spaniard, with the composure of an Englishman.'

He was one of the ablest critics of his day, though he never wrote his critiques. In matters connected with the drama there was no appeal from his judgment; and so clear were his views of the political horizon, that the newsmongers often framed their articles according to his prognostication of the probable course of events. But out of consideration for the writers, as well as re-

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spect for himself, he never spoke of this, or claimed the credit due to his superior penetration.

His first piece at the theatre in association with Grétry was 'Le Jugement de Midas.' The original wit of Dhèle, softened by the lively and beautiful music of Grétry, elicited the highest applause from the Parisians, and the authors were loudly called for. Dhèle, very shabbily attired, came forward with perfect gravity, and without appearing either pleased or annoyed—'This,' said he, 'is the prescribed epilogue of my comedy.'

A year afterwards, Dhèle and Grétry, who always lived on the best terms with each other, completed 'L'Amour Jaloux,' the ground-work of which is taken from the English comedy of 'The Wonder.' It was played first at Versailles; and on the day of its representation, while Grétry was strutting about at the château, unable to conceal his elation, Dhèle was quietly seated at the table of a tavern, like a man who had retired from the vanities of life. The success of 'L'Amour Jaloux' was still more brilliant in Paris at the Italian theatre; and people began to make inquiry as to who or what this gifted Englishman might be. The odd stories told of him only served to raise their curiosity still higher; and many were anxious to judge of his eccentricities from their own personal observation. 'If I appear to them a singular man,' said he, 'it is only because they are not simple. A simple man—that is what I am.'

The Duke of Orleans, learning that Dhèle generally passed his afternoons at the Café du Caveau in the Palais Royal, disguised himself one day, and went down to see him. He found a remarkably grave man, sitting with his legs sometimes crossed, sometimes stretched on a chair, musing at leisure, and quite regardless of all around him. If he engaged in conversation, he spoke little, but always well: he never took the trouble of telling people what they must already know; and he interrupted the loquacious by saying in a dry tone, 'That is in print.' If he approved, it was by a slight bow of the head; if he was teased with nonsense, he crossed his legs, locked them tightly together, took snuff, and looked in another direction. The duke, knowing that Dhèle was in pecuniary difficulties, sent him next morning a hundred louis by a valet.

'You will say that this is the first payment fallen due of a pension which the Duke of Orleans grants to Monsieur Dhèle for his eloquence.'

The valet found Dhèle lying on a bed which was anything but luxuriously soft.

'Do I disturb you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'You were asleep?'

'No.'

'You are Monsieur Dhèle?'

'Yes.'

'Shall I shut the door?'

'No; for if you chatter much longer'——

'Don't disturb yourself; I am come from the Duke of Orleans.'

'Well?'

'He sends you the first payment of a pension which his royal highness grants you for your eloquence.'

'That is well.'

'Here are a hundred louis.'

'One for you.'

'Is that all I am to say to his royal highness?'

'Yes.'

'But'——

'Begone—the Duke of Orleans knows my eloquence.'

Within three or four months afterwards the hundred louis were all gone, as may easily be believed. The Duke of Orleans having had 'Le Jugement de Midas' played at his own residence, gave Grétry a hundred louis to divide with Dhèle. Grétry wrote to Dhèle with his share of the money. He answered the servant, 'It is right.' Grétry, a little piqued at having no reply to his letter, hoped that Dhèle would answer him in person; but twenty times he met him in vain. At last he could not help saying, 'You no doubt received'—— 'Yes.' Dhèle added not another word.

He was held up as an example of ingratitude for seeming to forget his benefactors. But did he forget?

One day at the café he was insulted by a man who had lent him money without any security. 'Here I am forced to fight a duel with myself,' said Dhèle: 'it is a sad waste of time.' The creditor and debtor, to avoid delay, withdrew, unattended, to a garden in the neighbourhood. Scarcely had they drawn swords, when Dhèle, who had the advantage of superior height and self-possession, very adroitly struck his adversary's weapon into the air, and said with his usual gravity, 'If I were not your debtor, I would kill you; if we had witnesses, I would wound you; we are alone, I forgive you.'

During the time of his greatest distress, he called one day at the house of a friend who had just gone out, and his eye was caught by a handsome *culotte** made of lilac silk. He considered that his own had served its time, put on his friend's culotte without the least ceremony, and walked off, delighted with his good fortune. By and by the friend returned home, and found a rag at the foot of his bed. 'My culotte, where is my culotte?' The reply was, that Dhèle had been there: but he could not believe that Dhèle would be guilty of such an act. In the evening, however, he visited the Café du Caveau, and at the first glance he recognised his property: Dhèle saluted him as usual. The friend, more and more surprised, tapped playfully on Dhèle's leg.

'Is it not there?'

'Yes,' said Dhèle with the greatest coolness; 'I had none.'

A disease of the chest, the consequence of dissipation and breathing so constantly the atmosphere of theatres and taverns, brought poor Dhèle to the brink of the grave about the beginning of the year 1780. He rallied, however, as the spring advanced; and thinking he had escaped all danger, he returned to his labours. He had become seriously attached to Signora Bianchi, an Italian actress, who condescended to think him amusing, and who perhaps admired him for his simplicity. With all his imperturbable gravity, he was a perfect child in the society of a female. The self-possessed Englishman really loved with all the delicate sentimentality affected by a Frenchman. Yet he spoke of his passion, as of everything else, without circumlocution.

'Have you nothing more to say, Dhèle?' asked Signora Bianchi one evening.

'I love you.'

'What else?'

'You are beautiful.'

'Well?'

'I love you.'

The Italian theatre was discontinued; the young lady set out for Italy, and it proved the deathblow of the poor philosopher. For his consolation, she promised to await him at Venice. He spent two months endeavouring to obtain money to follow her; but in vain. No charitable soul came to his assistance. Grétry offered him a hundred louis, but it was for a comic opera which was to be finished before he set out. Betaking himself to work too assiduously, he again became ill, and having once taken to his bed, he never left it but for his grave.

He had by his pillow a travelling book, and the opera which he had commenced. The situation of the persons of his piece occasionally diverted his mind, and led him for a time to forget his sorrows; but grief at length quite overcame the poor patient. He refused to admit any one whatever to visit him, desiring to dwell continually on the thoughts of his love and his despair. At the last hour, however, Grétry contrived to obtain access to his room.

'Well, Dhèle?'

* Pair of small-clothes.

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'Better.'

'And our opera?'

'Two acts.'

Dhèle was carefully turning over the leaves of the travelling book.

'What are you looking for there?' said Grétry.

'My way.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Venice.'

'Is this a serious passion then?'

'Yes.'

Dhèle, who had raised himself up, now sunk back on the pillow. Grétry was struck with the sudden pallor of his countenance and the wildness of his eye.

'Would you like a drink?' asked Grétry.

'No.'

'What do you wish for, my poor friend?'

'The travelling book,' said Dhèle, and expired immediately.

THE DATURA.

THE article on 'Hashish,' which appeared in No. 256, has attracted the attention of several correspondents; one of whom, who writes from Patna in Bengal, desires to draw our attention to the narcotic effects of the common *datura*, giving some curious instances of the way in which it is employed by the thieves of India. Before we come, however, to his information, we shall mention, for the benefit of general readers, what the datura is, and to what uses or abuses it has been turned in other parts of the world.

The plant belongs to the order Solanaceæ, or nightshades, in which are included the deadly nightshade and henbane, as well as the wholesome potato and tomato. Tobacco and belladonna are likewise members of this apparently anomalous order, and the *Acoeanthera venenata* of the Cape, with the juice of which the Hottentots envenom their weapons, and poison the baits laid for wild beasts. The *Datura stramonium*, or thornapple, is smoked as a palliative in spasmodic asthma, and used as a medicine in mania, epilepsy, convulsions, and tic-douloureux. The seeds, taken internally in small doses, bring on a kind of delirium. The *Datura tatula* and *metel* are still more energetic, and are said by some writers to have been used by the priests of the Delphic temple to produce the ravings of the Pythia. It is supposed, however, that the chasm over which the tripod was placed on which the prophetess sat, was known for the properties of the smoke it emitted before the building of the temple—the shepherds tending their flocks in the neighbourhood, on approaching the place, being seized with convulsions. If this be correct, the datura must be found not guilty in the present instance; unless it was a *particeps criminis*, in heightening the natural effects of the smoke, under the influence of which the Pythia sometimes leaped from her tripod and fell down in convulsions, which in a few days ended in death. The seeds of the *Datura sanguinea*, however, were certainly used for a similar purpose in the Temple of the Sun in the South American city of Sagomozo; and the Peruvians prepare from them an intoxicating drink, which either stupifies or maddens, according to its greater or less degree of dilution.

The common datura of Bengal is described by our correspondent as a rambling, thorny plant, with a very large and beautiful white flower; and it may be interesting to our medical readers to know that its leaves, when heated by being held over the fire, are used by the natives for assuaging pain in the head. The root, however, supplies a powder, which is turned to a less beneficent account. Thuggee, as everybody knows—thanks to the energetic measures of the British government, so zealously carried out by Colonel Sleeman—is now almost, if not entirely, unknown; but it has been succeeded by a kind of robbery, into which murder no longer enters as a necessary part of the crime. The victim is not, as formerly, strangled or poisoned, but merely drugged—or hocussed, to use a slang expression—and this is effected in a safe and simple manner by throwing a little of the datura powder into the flour which the traveller is about to prepare for his dinner. Now and then, it is true, the druggee dies; but this is an accident, and by no means desired by the practitioner, whose interest it is that his patient shall merely be reduced to a state of temporary insensibility. The effects of a liberal dose sometimes last for a couple of days.

Although the powder retains its energy for a long time, the robber makes it only in such small quantities as may be readily concealed upon the person; and indeed he has no occasion to do otherwise, as the plant is common, and grows wild throughout the country. The thoroughfares are beset with these people, who get into conversation with the wayfarers they meet, and induce them to join company. If the traveller only consents to dine along with his new friend, he is undone. An account of the process may be given from the mouth of an approver, as the Indian king's-evidence is called; and we shall put into the witness-box a gentleman of the name of Sookoo. 'I first learned the business of drugging,' said he, 'from Ramkishen, whom I met in Calcutta some four years ago. He asked me to find out a good subject, and I told him of a man who had some 600 rupees' (L.60) worth of property. Ramkishen hired the house adjacent to this man's, and next day picked up his acquaintance. Two days after that, he contrived to put some powder into his *shrāb*, and he became insensible. We then broke open his box, and went off with 400 rupees' worth of property and jewels, which we realised and divided. Some time after this, as I was going along the Grand Trunk Road alone, I met a man returning from Calcutta. We began talking together, and walked to a well close to a police-office, and around which there were some eight or ten more travellers assembled. I drew up some water, and gave him to drink, asking him at the same time to eat some of the food I was myself eating: he did so. I mixed a little powder into the portion I gave him, and in about an hour he became insensible. Some of the travellers and policemen asked me the cause. I told them he had been drinking freely, and was tipsy; they believed me, and I attended to the insensible man until I secured his purse, containing some fifteen or twenty rupees. I then went off on some pretence, leaving him at the police-office. About seven months after this affair, I and a friend met two merchants who had been to Patna to sell goods. We got leave to travel with them, and put up for the night at a *serai*; they bought some flour, and went to the well for water, and I managed to put some of the powder into it. In an hour or less they both became insensible, and we took their property—some 300 rupees. We then wanted to get off, but found the door of the serai was shut. On saying, however, that one of us was ill, we got out and made off. About two years ago I and Ramsahai met a man on the road with a tin-box; we walked together some way, and on coming to a toddy-shop, stopped to drink. He would not leave his box, and requested me to bring him a little grog; I did so, and we walked on. In about three-quarters of an hour he fell down insensible, and we relieved him of his box and all his clothes. We got nearly 800 rupees from the sale of the contents (jewels, ornaments, &c.). About seventeen months ago I and Gungaram met four men and two servants, and consented to carry their luggage for them; we all slept in a house in the village of —— on the second night, and there they wished to dismiss us; but we begged to be entertained for a few marches farther on towards our homes, and they agreed. The man whose box I had charge of bought some flour, and I contrived to drug it; he ate, and became insensible. His companions were all asleep, and I, after five hours' work, broke open the box, and, with Gungaram, made off with its contents.'

The class to which Sookoo belongs do not, like the Thugs, mingle religious notions with their crimes.

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They are simply thieves, who do their spiriting as gently as they can, and are satisfied with small gains. In India, a labouring man or servant can keep himself, his wife, and four or five children, for four rupees a month; and it is no wonder, therefore, that so many should be tempted to have recourse to the datura powder, and that drugging, though less deadly in its purpose, should become a crime much less easy to be dealt with by the government than Thuggee.

UTILITY AND SAGACITY OF SIBERIAN DOGS.

Of all the animals that live in the high north latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamtchatka, and in the Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys. The dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, and some have curly hair; their colour is various—black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a-half inches in height, and three feet three-quarters of an inch in length (English measure). Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the musquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their trainings the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best-trained dogs are used as leaders; and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education, so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. If travelling across the wide tundra in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering powarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it, he will suddenly stop, and indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig.—*Von Wrangell's Polar Seas.*

LAZY BEAVERS.

It is a curious fact, says our trapper, that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. These 'Paresseux' are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after having been conquered and driven away from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate, males, females, and young together.—*Audubon and Backman's Quadrupeds of North America.*

THE RIVER'S VOICE.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

Summer's sunbeams brightly dart
Where the silver waters quiver;
Find a voice, oh happy heart!
In the whisper of that river:
Speaks it not of love like thine,
Of all hues and flowers divine?

Loud the rapid rivers roll,
Winds the bending oak-trees shiver;
Find a voice, impassioned soul,
In the roar of that wild river:
Speaks it not of storms that be
Madly sweeping over thee?

Icy chains the waters bind,
None the prisoners may deliver;
Hear a voice, oh lonely mind!
Even in that silent river:
Speaks it not of fair hopes lost,
Chained in hapless sorrow's frost?

Spring again the currents melt,
Sounding praise unto the Giver;
Mourner, be His glory felt,
Like the sunbeam on that river:
Let the loosened torrents raise
Sounds once more of thankful praise.

THE SHADOW OF AN ASS.

The Greeks had a proverb which ran thus:—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun; and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law. After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this, the orator commented severely on their childish injustice, in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 283. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849. Price 1½d.

A GOSSIP ABOUT FOUNTAINS.

And first let there be no mistake as to my title. I speak not of fountains made by man, but of fountains made by God. I abjure and repudiate all the tribe of jets and spouts, and flashing pyramids, and circles and domes of gushing water—all the race of stone dolphins flinging the element from their nostrils—of metal Tritons blowing it through shell and conch—and the entire clan of Cupids and Nymphs of bronze and gold pouring limpid treasures forth from dripping cornucopias. All such devices may be pretty in their way—most are so; but I would speak of a quieter, calmer, holier beauty—that of the font which wells forth from the deep places of the earth in drops of liquid crystal—the cradle of the infant stream, exquisite in its unadornment, or mayhap just complimented by some such simple and appropriate rural gift as a rudely-carved channel down the slippery and mossy rock, or a large green fresh leaf cunningly disposed, so as to conduct the living waters fairly and gracefully into the sparkling basin.

I have ever loved water in its almost every shape. Let the beach be what it may, rocky and grand, or slimy and flat, there is eternal variety and glory in the sea—glory whether the white waves come roaring and tumbling to the land, flinging their brine-crests gaily into the fresh eager air; or whether the slow tide creep silently but surely into the brown wrinkles of the level sand, refreshing the salt sea-weeds which have lain since its ebb flaccid and clammy, and giving new life to the tribe of small crabs and shrimps, which, as your foot plashes in the salt pools, bury themselves with one dig in the friendly sand.

As much beauty, too, in another way is there to be sought and found upon the river-bank. I do not mean your navigable rivers, which, after all, are very little better than canals, but the clear stream which sparkles by quiet pastoral meadows, and through green woody ravines, where the fly-fisher often entangles his casting-line amid the leafy boughs which droop across the water; or, better still, perhaps the real mountain torrent—the wild Highland burn—coming raging and roaring from the hills, dashing its way to the loch, or the river in the strath, down a succession of brown, foaming cataracts, and sometimes stopping to rest in great black caldrons of scooped-out rock, where the big red trout lie far down in the swirling pool, farther, perhaps, than you can plumb with your twenty-feet salmon-rod.

And if I try to analyse my love for water in all these forms, I think one principal source to which I can trace the feeling, is the quality of motion so generally possessed by water. Nature moving is always more beautiful than Nature sleeping. The corn never looks so well as when the breeze rustles it; the forest is more picturesquely glorious when the summer wind causes the boughs to dance, and twine, and intermingle, than when each particular branch grows fixed and rigid, clothed with unwinking and unrustling leaves; the lark, too, is more glorious aloft than crouched amid the herbage. And so with water. No river so uninteresting as those fat, sluggish streams where it is difficult to determine in which way the fabled current moves. Such was Lethe. Canals of course are as bad, but they make no pretences to river beauty. They do their work in floating barges, and there is an end of them. In much the same category, too, I must perforce place the sullen tarn one often comes to amid the hills—a deep, black, cheerless hole filled with water, but from which no burn runs sparklingly, which the ruffling breeze only makes more ugly and wrinkled—a grim, chilly, torpid lump of water, into which you hesitate to plunge on the very hottest summer day, having a vague fear of horrid animals which may live down in the mossy depths—indefinite, abominable monsters—something between horse-leeches and water-kelpies!

From such places, with motion, half or more than half of the charm of water is gone. Comparative vastness avails but little. An unmoving river has no more poetry in it than a tubful of its own muddy fluid standing to settle in the back-kitchen. Of course I do not talk in these disrespectful terms of the shining lake, with its clear waters mirroring rock, and willow, and birch, its mountain streams foaming down to join it, and the sunshine and the cloud making variety upon its broad breast. No: it is your little Dead-Seas, your sullen ponds, and provokingly lazy rivers, which excite one's wrath; so that I like to fling big stones to waken up the stagnant torpor of the one, and love to see a quick steamer pass, churning with her paddle-wheels the sleepy masses of the other. Such sluggards ought ever to be soundly shaken: although you only succeed in stirring them up for a moment, it is some satisfaction to know that you have broken their lazy rest.

But there is one development—the infant development of water—which possesses almost an epitome of the grace and living beauty which we find in the fresh stream or the salt sea. It is the fountain, the well, the spring-head, the very shrine of the young water, where it comes bubbling into the sunlight from the unknown depths of the earth. The motion of water is, as I have tried to show, that which gives it charm, which gives it life. Here, then, is the beginning of the motion, of the charm, of the life; here is the cradle of the young existence; and as infancy is holy, and pure, and undefiled by a world into which it has but just come, so is there a certain sentiment of purity, a certain deep holiness about the welling fountain.

Ever since I can remember myself, I can remember that I had a sort of instinctive reverence for a quiet,

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pure spring. I think I must have had some vague perception of the feeling which in the last paragraph I have endeavoured to express. I always had a notion, perhaps never then sought to be clothed in words, that fountains were, I was going to say haunted, but I ought to say holy places; that there was some invisible Presence near them, which cooled the air around, and spoke in the gurgle of the water. Nothing in the way of a grisly phantom; no ghost. No: only the water-spirit—something to admire, and yet to be in awe of. A pleasing half-conscious awe, yet still distinctly existing; distinctly enough, for example, to have kept me, had I ever been so inclined, from rudely disturbing the water, or seeking to pull asunder the mossy and splintered ledges of rock through which the young stream came dancing up into the clear basin; from which, again, it trickled out through the green fresh herbage into the warm open sunshine.

And this feeling must be general: it must be experienced by plain country-folk who never heard of a Naiad — by solitary shepherds and herdboys, who, when they pile grottos and carve runnels and basins in honour of the fountain, do ignorant homage to that creative imagination which framed the tale of Arethusa, and moulded out of the sunny Grecian air the beard, and the urn, and the majestic presence of the river-god.

You seldom or never find a fountain in Scotland which has not a local name—few which have not their local traditions—and in many of these the idea of a presiding and conscious Genius of the Well is curiously and clearly acknowledged. There is a story attached to a fountain not far from Cromarty, which has always struck me as being conceived in a spirit of as exquisite poetry as vivifies and flushes any legend ever sung in the Ionian tongue. It was a hot summer, and a peasant approached to drink at the grateful source: as he rose refreshed, he saw a neighbour whom he hated approach hot and flustered, his eye fixed upon the cooling waters. With an exclamation of spite the churl seized a handful of gravel and dashed it into the sparkling basin. Instantly, and with a low subterraneous murmuring, the insulted water sunk back into the earth, and the enemies stood glaring at each other over the empty and polluted well! Days passed, and the aggressor became uneasy as he reflected upon the insult which he had offered the sprite of the font; so, having consulted a seer, he repaired to the spot, knelt at the spring-head, and cleansed the basin with a fair linen cloth. The expiation was accepted: the subterraneous murmur sounded as before, and the live waters leaped up again from the earth! But mark the sequel; and herein lies some of the grace, and all the moral of the story:—The fountain having signified that the atonement was not without its fruits, again ceased to flow; and ever afterwards it has only burst forth in the wet and cheerless time of winter, disappearing in the earth when the summer days grow long, and the sun is hot and the soil baked, and man and beast anxious to slake their thirst.

But how can we wonder that man, amongst the hills of the Morea, or amongst the hills of Scotland, agreed in attributing godlike life to the fountain? The Naiads, after all, were the most beautiful and poetic of the subsidiary spirits of the Greeks. The Dryads, who peopled the woody ravines and breezy uplands, were beautiful, buxom, and gay; but they had something coarse and animal in their composition. They danced with the goat-footed Satyrs to the rude pipings of Pan, and, with the Bacchantes, held open their ruddy lips to catch the luscious squeezings of the grape. But the Naiads were spirits of another sort—filmy and aërial—graceful as the gliding of the waters they inspired—soft-singing as the lullaby of the streamlet over whose cradle they hovered. Minerva was not more pure, or Venus more beautiful. The musing Athenian might deem that he caught glimpses of the flushed fleeces and bronzed limbs of the Dryads and the Fauns gleaming through the woody brake; but if his fancy saw the Naiad, she was rising like a delicate white exhalation from her crystal home; or if he heard her voice, it was as though the font were speaking by its waters, and as though the gurgling of the well had become articulate in the language of Orpheus and Hesiod.

There was a fountain near my native town in the north of Scotland which is indissolubly connected with my first glimmerings of memory, and which had always a strange mysterious awe for me; the causes of which I can yet only partially divine. It always seemed to me that an animating Presence dwelt in the quiet grove in which that fountain rose. I had vague fears of entering it alone, even at hot noontide; the spot was so shady, and solemn, and still, and the living waters gushed forth with so musical a gurgle. Let me try to bring back the scene:—The spring lay in a remote nook of extensive grounds appertaining to an old castellated mansion-house: the proprietor was an invalid, almost a recluse; and both house and grounds had a lorn and deserted look. The grass grew rank in the lawns, weeds choked up the fish-ponds, the woods were unkempt and shaggy, and in the low grounds the overflowings of a stream made patches of luxuriant marsh, where the woodcock loved to haunt in summer, and whither the wild duck resorted in spring from the neighbouring sea. The whole spot wore an air of beautiful desolation. Few people frequented it. The townsfolk had no feeling for the particular sentiment of the landscape, and only now and then the figure of an old servant of the family would be seen traversing the half-choked-up paths, or wading through the rank waving grass under the old trees.

In a sequestered corner of these grounds was my vaguely-loved and vaguely-dreaded fountain. You left the white dusty highway, pushed open a rusty iron gate, the decaying bars of which formed the initials of the owner's name, and following a belt of planting, and seeing on one hand rustling fields of corn, and on the other gently-swelling meadow-land, you came to a little grove of birch-trees. At some little distance rose a steep craggy hill, the gray rocks looming out like bald places amid the sombre firs. On the summit was one of the most striking vitrified forts in Scotland, where, ages ago, those great bale-fires burned—kindled how or why we know not. But in the little grove sprang my fountain. You could trace it by the tiny streamlet which freshened the grass, and nourished the broad water-plants as it passed. The fountain was enclosed in a grot. Two great slabs of gray whinstone sheltered it on either side, and it was roofed over with a third. Beneath was the oblong basin of clearest water; and at the back, issuing from a cleft all overgrown with velvet moss, came bubbling up the waters of the spring. The roof slab was a massive one, and upon it—on the lintel, as it were, of the fountain—were carved in deep narrow letters some half-dozen lines of poetry; an invocation addressed to the 'Nymph of the Grot.' I can now recall only broken fragments and jingling remnants of the lines; but they were, I think, the spell which first made the spot a holy one in my mind. They recognised the existence of a Goddess of the Grove; they addressed her; they recommended silence and reverence near the shrine; they thanked the Nymph for her bounty; and on the part of the thirsty, they blessed her for the cooling waters she bestowed. These lines had something to me of awful yet beautiful import. I vaguely believed them. They were, if I may use the expression, the Bible of my faith in the Spirit of the Well. And beneath them was carved a Latin distich, which was another

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source of awe and mystery; because I am speaking, not of schoolboy times, but childhood's times. In after-days I could, I hope without much difficulty, construe the line—that simple, beautiful, ever fresh, and dewy form of words—

'Amem inglorius flumina silvasque;'

But then the great power of the charm had departed. I drank of the well if I were thirsty—indeed, like most boys, I always drank at a well whether I was thirsty or not—but although I knew all about Naiads and Nereids, I cared nothing for them, and only associated them with school-hours, Latin versions, and Adam's 'Roman Antiquities.' It was the child, not the boy, who was the fountain-worshipper. How vague, yet how sweet, is the memory of the sultry afternoons I have passed within sound of that rising water—that sound which was at once a liquid gurgle and a low tinkle, as of lightly-smitten silver! Beside that noise there was no other. The afternoon sun came sprinkling down through the trellis-work of boughs and leaves, and upon the gray mossy slabs, lighting and warming them. But within the grot there was no sun. Here lived the cool twilight of the water-sprite's house. You could kneel down, and, as it were, put your head through the wide opening into her dwelling. It was leaving the summer and the summer air behind. How cold, and pure, and solemn was the simple temple, with its floor of fairest water! And here the murmur of the spring was almost loud, clear-voiced, and jocund. But it sounded more in unison with the calm beauty of the place, with the shade of the stately trees, with the massive walls of the grot, with the solemn invocation uttered perpetually there by the silent yet speaking stone, when you listened to it from without: and when, sunk in the soft arms of a summer day's dream, you lay upon the sward, and with half-open eyes watched the clear water coming out of the deep-brown shade, and almost fancied, as your glance strayed from the quaint poetry which hailed the Nymph, and your mind drunk in the shadowy solemnity and stillness of the place, that the dim *genius loci*, whose invisible influence you felt, would rise from the recesses of her well, the tender vision of a filmy form, and stand upon the water-floor of her palace, lovely, yet awful to flesh and blood—a thing of the water and the air—a painted fancy—the visible echo of your own sweet dreamings!

A. B. R.

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

I am reminded, by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island: the two simple ideas of 'fighting' and 'green' will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britain a compound one representing the locality intended. But although the progress of civilisation in my country has, through many painful causes, been wofully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling may now be classed among the things that 'have been, and are not.' I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honour which took place in a district of Munster some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore, as, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithe-proctor, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife, and their handsome rollicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who could not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbours. One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr Fooks, a rich old bachelor residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully-cultivated pleasure-ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft, and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr Fooks; beloved by the squires, with whom he never quarrelled, when, in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after Reynard, they trampled his harvest-fields. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining-room after the first magnum of claret had gone its rounds; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good-fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Mr Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, 'it was really a comfort to feel sure of having *one* gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing-room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin.'

With the young people he was an especial favourite. No better partner in 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' or merrier opponent in the game of 'Matrimony,' could be found in the entire county; while his skill in making 'hurleys' for the boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a widespread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighbourhood as 'Holy Fooks;' and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe-proctor, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much-enduring man to exclaim, 'Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks'—from the tithe-proctor down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or quarrelled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; *that* the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr Fooks, in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—*a brave good man who would not fight!*

The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who, having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not been long settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several 'very pretty quarrels' with his neighbours. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offence as the infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bully: they met;

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and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighbouring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to 'Coventry,' but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to 'bell the cat?'

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis's lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbour to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlour surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly:—

'Mr Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?'

'Certainly, sir: I have no intention whatever of parting with it.'

'But I tell you I want it, and have it I will.'

'I should be sorry,' said Mr Fooks mildly, 'to disoblige a neighbour; but I am sure Mr Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field.'

'You wont sell it?'

'No, sir.'

'Then,' said Magennis with a fearful imprecation, 'if you don't give me the field, you shall give me *satisfaction*; and maybe I'll find your "heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns" easier to deal with than yourself.'

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

'Do you mean, Mr Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?'

'Certainly: name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him.'

'I am not much versed in these matters,' said Fooks; 'but I believe, as the challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?'

'Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy: the sooner the better.' And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

'Then,' said Mr Fooks, 'I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished.'

'Queer arrangements as ever I heard,' said Magennis. 'Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and spit you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look-out, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honour to wish you a very good-morning.'

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

'To think,' said Mr Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, 'that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel: it mustn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight in his stead.'

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

'A bad business this, Fooks,' said Mr Penrose; 'a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Mr Fooks: 'I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'the result may be better than you expect.'

'Oh, my dear Fooks,' said his friend, 'don't, I beseech you, build on *that*. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death.'

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood-horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr Fooks's costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me *like* a man.'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and gallopped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, 'Come back, Mr Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle!'

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of

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his property, and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbours soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Mr Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

PERIODICAL PHENOMENA IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

At the meeting of the British Association in 1842, Professor Quetelet of Brussels threw out some suggestions relative to various natural phenomena, which, there was every reason to believe, would prove in many respects of high value if brought under an extensive and combined system of observation. For a few years previously, the attention of scientific men in different parts of Europe had been directed to the subject, and the results were published in the 'Memoirs of the Royal Observatory at Brussels' and other places. The phenomena in question are immediately dependent on meteorology. Investigations in connection with them had frequently been made, but with no attempt to study them as a whole, or to determine the laws by which they are governed; and the object proposed was the establishment of a series of observations on the vegetable and animal kingdoms, wherever co-operators could be found to undertake the necessary labour.

A brief summary will show that the inquiry would prove far more interesting than might at first sight appear. If the temperature of the years were determined beforehand, and a certain degree of heat or cold, moisture or sunshine, allotted to every week, day, and hour, the phenomena dependent on these effects would be everywhere the same, and we should be able to predict to a day the time for gathering cherries or reaping wheat. We find, however, that plants do not reappear and germinate at identical epochs. There is a certain mean, or medium point, round which heat and cold, dryness and moisture—all the elements, in fact, which go to make up what we call weather—appear to move; and on the greater or lesser degree of these movements, or oscillations, depends the advance or backwardness of vegetation. According to M. Quetelet, the existence of the smallest aphis, of the most insignificant insect, is dependent on changes in the existence of the plant by which it is nourished; and the plant itself, in its gradual development, is in some measure dependent on all previous changes that may have taken place in the soil and atmosphere. The observations would naturally apply to the annual and diurnal periods of plants. The annual period is the space of time comprised between two successive returns of leaves, flowers, or fruit: the diurnal period brings round the hour of the day or night when the opening or closing of certain flowers takes place; which, it may be presumed, would be always the same in the same locality. It is only by a combined system of observations, to be carried on at numerous places to be agreed on, in different countries, that the inquiry can become of real practical value. One single plant, studied with care, would furnish most interesting results. We should then be able to specify the places where the leafing of the plant was observed to commence on the same date; and so of flowering and the appearance of fruit. Lines drawn to connect these places on a map would be called *synchronous*, or lines of *equal time*. The next point would be to ascertain whether these lines were equidistant from each other, and what relations would exist between them and the isothermal lines, or lines of equal heat, which have been laid down with tolerable correctness over the whole globe. And lastly, would the *isanthesic* lines, or lines of simultaneous flowering of the plants observed, be always at regular or parallel distances from the lines of foliation and fructification?

By observations on the animal kingdom, it was considered that the data would be increased in value, as temperature plays an important part in the migrations of birds and colour of animals. Hitherto, however, little or nothing has been attempted beyond the study of plants. The variety and magnificence of flowers are such, that observations on the phenomena they present must be a most delightful labour, divested of all wearisomeness. It is important to notice the difference of colour and odour in different latitudes. The inhabitant of the north, on travelling to the south, is always struck by the increase in these respects. Warm climates favour the development of essential oils: in the north, the oleander has a scarcely perceptible scent; but at Naples it exhales a powerful perfume. 'The seasons,' pursues the professor, 'have marked effects upon the colours of leaves and flowers, the latter more especially. At the end of winter white predominates among the tints of the corollæ, to be followed by deep and vivid dyes, that fade in autumn.' The temperature of the earth, particularly of the layers penetrated by the roots of trees, merits especial attention. It would be interesting to follow the diurnal fluctuations of three or four thermometers, whose bulbs should be equidistant, in a vertical line, the upper one immediately under the surface, the others from one to three feet below. Two series of such thermometers, in the sun and shade respectively, have for some years been regularly read off in the garden of the observatory at Brussels. The pursuit of this inquiry promises interesting results not only for meteorology, but for geographical botany. It is somewhat remarkable, that while the opening and closing of many flowers shows them to be greatly affected by solar influence, others, on the contrary, appear altogether insensible—a peculiarity which has led to more frequent observation of solar radiation. Although the amount of influence due to each element of growth cannot yet be determined, it is evident that temperature is the most important: its influence on the organisation of a plant is that of a vital force, and must be estimated in squares of the degrees. Two spring days, at a temperature of 50 degrees, are not equal to one of 70 degrees; the effect of the latter would be more than double that of the two former.

A country whose winters are mild, notwithstanding a high latitude, may produce flowers earlier than other countries in a lower latitude. On comparing the western coast of England, for example, with France or Lombardy, snowdrops and crocuses are found flourishing in full vigour before they are ready to open at Parma. But as the temperature increases with marked differences of intensity, an equilibrium is soon established, and the southern regions, in their turn, take and maintain the lead. The period between foliation and flowering would also be less long in Italy and Spain than in England. M. Quetelet considers that, as a general rule, plants in the neighbourhood of Brussels wake from their winter slumber from the 25th to the 27th of January. The farther, however, that we go from the sea towards the interior of continents, the lower is the temperature: islands, as is well known, have a milder climate. The hazel buds in London about the 4th of January, but in Brussels not before the 26th of February—a difference of fifty-three days. The *crocus vernus* appears in London on the 3d of February, in Brussels on the 21st. The greater mildness of the English winter gives London the precedence at the commencement of the season, but it soon diminishes. In March it is only twenty days; in the first half of April, four days; but from the 15th April to the end of June, Brussels is from seven to eight days in advance of London. Extending the comparison to a more northern locality (Stettin), the advantage at starting in favour of London is nearly double that over Brussels; but in July and August, Stettin and Brussels are from five to six days in advance of London. According to observations made at Sir T. M. Brisbane's observatory near Kelso, the period of foliation in that vicinity is two days in advance of Brussels. A comparison of

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periods of flowering with those of Parma shows a retardation of six days at Zurich, thirteen days at Tubingen, twenty-five days at Berlin, thirty-three days at Hamburg, and at Christiania fifty-two days. There are, however, some curious exceptions to the general rule; near Geneva there is a large chestnut-tree, which puts forth leaves and blossoms a month earlier than other trees in the district, without any apparent local cause to which it can be traced. Another, in the garden of the Tuileries, is named, from its early leafing, *the Chestnut of the 20th March*; and at Baarn, near Utrecht, an oak, which has been observed for fifteen years, anticipates other trees by a fortnight in throwing out its leaves, without losing them earlier in the autumn.

A degree of latitude corresponds approximatively with a difference of four days in flowering. Some anomalies, however, remain to be cleared up. Between Christiania and Hamburg the difference is three days; but between the south of Germany and Smyrna it is seven days; between Naples and New Jersey, both in the same parallel of latitude, the difference is two months. An elevation of one thousand feet in our latitudes is equal to a delay of fourteen days in the epochs of vegetation. A diurnal variable temperature, all else being equal, is more favourable to vegetation than a uniform temperature. It has been observed in the orangeries of the king of Prussia, at Berlin, that the cold to which they are exposed during the winter is rather beneficial than otherwise; and at Astracan, where the thermometer falls from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, the grapes are remarkable for their rich and delicious quality. It will thus be seen that forwardness of vegetation is not a constant characteristic; that which is true at one season of the year is not true at another. The revivification of plants commences with the cessation of frost, which in our climate lasts for three or four months; and the period of foliation may be comprised between the first great movement of vegetation and the covering of the plant with leaves, at about the end of April, from which time to the first half of July is the flowering period; that of fructification, from the 15th July to the fall of the leaf. The latter process depends as much on the actual temperature, as on that which has preceded. In our latitudes the leaves generally fall with the first autumn frost.

In observing plants, care should be taken to exclude closely-related species, which it might be difficult to distinguish; annuals and biennials are also, for obvious reasons, to be avoided; the selection should be made among perennials or woody plants, which exhibit the influences of the soil as well as those of the atmosphere. The cerealia, sown in autumn, as the most widely-cultivated of plants, and the most essential to human existence, are especially deserving of attention—the object being to determine the exact time at which the ear appears. In Tournay, it is an axiom among cultivators that 'April never passes without showing ears;' and the ascertaining of the various periods for the whole of Europe will, it is anticipated, lead to the formation of data highly interesting in an agricultural point of view. The ripening of grain appears to be mainly dependent on a high autumn temperature. At Yakoutsk, on the confines of Siberia, where the temperature is above zero during four months of the year only, rye is grown. According to Sir George Simpson, the temperature, which in summer is 106 degrees, falls in winter to 83 degrees below zero. The long day of the arctic regions compensates for weakness of solar action; and although snow frequently falls on the last sheaves, the crop is generally good. On one occasion, the soil was dug into after the carrying off the grain, and was found so hard frozen at seven feet beneath the surface, as to be impenetrable by the ordinary instruments. At other places in the same country, lying more to the south, and apparently in a more favourable position, grain cannot be grown, in consequence of the lowness of the temperature in autumn.

The lines of equal temperature drawn through Europe correspond in a remarkable degree with those traced for the summer rains, which, in their turn, have a material effect upon the growth of plants; countries unfavourably situated in other respects will, from this cause, produce a greater number of plants than countries in which rain falls more rarely. Drought, in most instances, has the same effect as cold in retarding vegetation: in the equatorial regions it produces all the effects of winter.

With regard to flowers, many interesting points remain for further consideration—In what consists their dependence on solar light—on the amount of moisture in the atmosphere? Why do some open in the day, or at certain hours, and others at night—some only when shone upon by the sun, while others under similar circumstances close, although of the class which open by day? Do the leaves close when the flowers open, or *vice versâ*? And what is the relation between the colours of flowers, and the times at which they appear? Such are a few of the questions yet to be solved with respect to the periodical phenomena of plants.

The action of the sun appears to be both positive and negative: positive to the opening, and negative to the closing flowers. In this way the organic force of the leaves, &c. is excited and polarised, the effect of which would be to open and shut the various parts alternately. From a series of observations, extending over several years, made at Prague, it is found that flowering plants grow more abundantly on a level surface than on a slope. A conical hill, exposed on every side to the sun, and planted with flowers, would show a decrease in their numbers from south-east to north-west, and an increase from north-west to south-east; these two points representing the maximum and minimum. A southern slope is the most desirable; east comes next in order; then north; and lastly west. The south and south-eastern slopes receive more of the sun's rays, are deprived of their redundant moisture, and are in full enjoyment of the vivifying effects of heat and light, long before the sun reaches the west. The plants towards the latter quarter, consequently, are developed under different circumstances; subject, however, to great modifications, from the prevalence of westerly winds. The number of flowers in sunny situations is three times greater than when in an indifferent or shaded situation.

Some dependence has been traced between the colours of flowers and the time of the year at which they appear. Yellow tints predominate in the autumn, and varieties of white in spring. Taken in the following order—white, yellow, orange, red, green, blue, violet, indigo—there is an increase from January to July, and a decrease in the last half of the year. White flowers are the most numerous throughout the year, yellow come next, and the others follow in the order above enumerated; indigo being the most rare. The proportion of flowers which open and shut is greatest among the yellow, somewhat smaller in the white, diminishes largely in the red, and is least among the blue. White flowers increase rapidly from January to the vernal equinox, less rapidly from March to the middle of May, after which period they decrease; the greatest increase of yellow flowers is from April to June. Red flowers, which are rather more numerous in February than in April, increase from the latter period to September, and diminish in October and November, when red is perhaps the only colour visible. In these phenomena there is a manifest dependence on the rise and fall of the temperature.

In representing these effects by coloured lines on a diagram, in the same way that the fluctuations of the barometer are represented, the curve line of each colour rises twice to a positive and a negative point—one descending, while the other ascends. The effect is seen most clearly in the white and the yellow: the first positive point of the white, and the first negative point of the yellow, both fall in January; the first negative of

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the white, with the first positive of the yellow, in March; the second positive of the white, with the second negative of the yellow, at the beginning of May; and lastly, the second negative of the white, with the second positive of the yellow, in October. In March the two curves almost touch each other, are widest apart in May, cut each other in August, and run nearly parallel for the remainder of the year. White, red, and yellow are thus seen to be the colours that offer themselves most favourably for observation.

The further investigation of these interesting questions, on which observers are most diligently at work upon the continent, is pregnant with many valuable results for future use and publication. Professor Quetelet's suggestions have been carried into effect at about fifty different places, and on the accumulated observations of six years the ascertained data are based. These briefly resumed, are—first, that temperature is the most active among all the causes by which the periodical phenomena of vegetation are influenced in our climates: the progress of vegetation is equal to the sum of the temperature: frosts, when not in excess, so as to alter the constitution of a plant, cause no sensible delay in their ulterior development, and variations of temperature promote vegetation: isanthesic lines, or lines of simultaneous foliation, are not parallel; in the course of a week, the zone between two series of places becomes of unequal width, and inconstant: the law by which they are to be expressed remains to be discovered.

SIERRA LEONE.

Some time ago the public were amused, if not instructed, by a paradox called the 'White Man's Grave,' in which it was maintained that Sierra Leone was an agreeable and healthy, though somehow or other an always calumniated place. People were at a loss to know how the author contrived to get over the trifling obstacles of statistics; but by a new work on Sierra Leone, we see clearly enough the solution of the mystery.* The truth is, this African paradise *is* delightful—for a little while. Its scenery is as beautiful as can well be imagined, and it presents so many objects of interest and novelty, that one has no time to fall sick. In this position the new resident cannot conceive what people mean by finding fault, and is angry with the enemies of so enchanting a spot; and the Lady, to whom we now present the polite reader, expresses her great sorrow at the alarming reports she sees in the newspapers respecting a climate which is growing healthier and healthier every day, as the trees are cut down and the bush cleared. But this is in Part I. of her Journal. In Part II. (having had severe and continued illness) her tone is a little different. She wonders how the author of the 'White Man's Grave' can paint so much *en beau*, denying even the extreme insalubrity of the climate. To be sure he was only a few weeks in the place, or he would have seen what this lovely land really is, and have agreed with Chamier and herself that the climate is *the worst under the sun*.

Previous to 1835, the period of service before a retiring pension could be obtained was six years, and two commissioners actually survived to make the claim; but the term was subsequently altered to eight years, and since then not one shilling has been drawn on this account. As for the commissioner's clerks, who have twelve years' broiling to undergo, the pension as regards them is as unreal as a vision of the night. When the Lady heard of the death of a resident who had called on her shortly before in perfect health, she was much shocked. But this was during her novitiate. Tidings of the kind soon came too thick and fast to make much impression; and 'the surprise,' she tells us, 'has long been, when any one recovers.' She once sent to inquire at what time a merchant vessel, by which she desired to write, would be ready to sail for England; and the reply was, that the *Ann Grant* had been laden for some time, but could not come down the river, *all her hands being dead!*

The first sight of the fatal shore would convey very different impressions:—'As soon as daylight streamed in at the little window of our cabin, I looked eagerly out, and saw fantastically-painted buildings glittering in the glorious light of a tropical sun, and beyond, the lofty mountains of Sierra Leone. Through the faint shadowy haze their verdure appeared more soft and beautiful than that of the foliage near us, which flashed on the eye with a supernatural tint, and formed a striking contrast to the deep cornelian colour of the earth in the paths and banks of the river—the whole landscape conveying the idea of a perpetual summer.' The spot on which she landed was extremely picturesque:—'Fancy a very small and secluded opening into the land—the waves rippling against loose masses of rock covered with white gulls—the steep red bank above bordered to the very water's edge with green boughs—the thatched roofs of one or two native huts peeping out from among the bright foliage, in which the shady leaves of the banana and plantain were most conspicuous—while a long flight of roughly-built stone steps (up which our path lay) marked the former landing-place to a ruined house, close enough to form a picturesque feature in a place, the soft quiet beauty of which reminded me of the paintings of Poussin and Claude.' Then came the tall black figures that flitted past her—the gorgeous trees and flowers—the richly-plumaged birds—and, when darkness set in, the hum of myriads of insects. The visitor felt better in health as the day wore on; she fancied the air possessed a sanatory influence; and she suspected the appalling stories of the climate to be the inventions of envy!

Our Lady is a good painter of minute objects, but she wants breadth: her pencil is feminine, and addicted to stippling, and reminds you, by its neatness and colouring, of the effect of a kaleidoscope. Here is a notion, however, of the general aspect of one of the localities:—'There are three distinct phases of the landscape here. The first is hill and dale, clothed in all their original exuberance of stately forest, and appearing in their primeval grandeur, as it were, fresh from the hands of their Maker; the second is the first denuded and laid waste by fire and hatchet, as are now the greater number of the hills in this locality, and that is the scenery I would gladly see changed; the third is the second rich in partial cultivation, and which, with the first, constitutes the peculiar beauty of the tropics, and in it I certainly desire no variety. Here fruits and flowers, which attain to but a dwarfish height when coaxed in our home hothouses, spring up and flourish spontaneously in all their own native loveliness. Setting aside the many graceful scions of the acacia tribe, from the noble locust-tree to the slender shrinking mimosa—overlooking the queen-like palm, with her not less regal sister the feathery-branched cocoa-nut-tree—here the broad-leaved plantain and banana form a natural arcade that breathes of coolness even under the sun of Africa; there the pawpaw raises its slight shaft, which you wonder can support the green and golden load at top, while its yellow blossoms perfume the air, and form the centre of attraction to a flock of bright-winged humming-birds. But it is not *here* and *there*. Mingled in one rich mass of harmonious colouring, and flinging their sweet scent to the welcome sea-breeze, orange and lime-trees, spangled with snowy flowers, and bending under the weight of their gorgeous fruit, vie with those of the luxuriant mango, the bay-leaved coffee, the pale-stemmed guava, the dark densely-foliaged rose-apple, the sour-sop, with its orchard-tree aspect and portly produce, upon our own pretty little hill, that boasts of

* A Residence at Sierra Leone. Described from a Journal kept on the Spot, and from Letters written to Friends at Home. By a Lady. Edited by the Hon. Mrs Norton. Murray's Home and Colonial Library. London: Murray.

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many hundred others in the bush, whose names I cannot tell.'

Among the trees is a wild fig, admitting a chequered light through its widely-spreading boughs, and reminding one of the peaceful seat alluded to in Scripture. But this tree is likewise an object of great curiosity; for rising apparently out of its trunk 'another tree shoots up, tall, straight, vigorous, and leafy, although the lower part of its stem is enclosed within the body of the fig-tree, which is not in the slightest way disfigured by this strange adherent, although the colours of the bark and leaves, with their shape and texture, are quite different. I am now inclined to think that the apparent parasite in the centre has been a young tree encased whilst growing up by the fig twining round it; as I have more lately seen other and far loftier trees, round which many climbing stems had wreathed themselves in tortuous meshes, tracing in their turnings and windings the most elaborate network-like patterns on a truly gigantic scale; and no doubt had they done this before the trunk from which they derived support had attained its full growth, in time they must have formed a wooden case for it by uniting all together, as those of the fig-tree have evidently done.'

This beautiful vegetation, however, has sometimes visitors more curious than agreeable. 'Whilst sitting on a sofa in my room busily writing, I suddenly perceived first one black ant, and then a second and third, scampering over my papers, and looking round, saw a portion of the wall covered with straggling ants, while another moment showed me that the floor was alive with them. Boiling water was immediately put in requisition, and for upwards of an hour, poured over the outer boarding of the house, where the ants swarmed pretty thickly. A huge centipede was attempting to crawl from under one of the planks, but quite unable to extricate himself from a few ants, who, at regular distances from each other, held their colossal prey undauntedly, while large spiders were running about in terror, trying to hide themselves. The track of the main army was nowhere to be discovered; and as our vigorous opposition had caused them to retreat from the room, I thought this had been merely a reconnoitring party, until an outcry was raised that they mustered in great force in the piazzas below. I ran down stairs, and beheld the floor, pillars, walls, and boarded roof literally black with myriads of ants; while here a great scorpion, startled out of his den, stood boldly at bay; and there another centipede was being dragged away alive, after having in vain tried to elude pursuit. But it was not one or two—several dozens of cockroaches, venomous-looking spiders, millipedes, and innumerable other ugly forty-footed creatures, were first pounced upon by a few of their Lilliputian enemies, and then in an instant hidden by the accumulating masses, which fastened upon each opponent, and bore it off the field with the utmost regularity. I forbade the people to kill any more of the ants, so long as they were kept from entering the house—really feeling compunction in waging war against the destroyers of such detestable reptiles as scorpions and centipedes, with their many almost equally unwelcome cousins of other tribes.'

Another incident of African life occurred in the middle of the night. Our authoress, feeling cold, had got up for an additional coverlet, and had just taken her baby from the bed, and had wrapped him warmly in it, when she was startled by a loud noise, and in an instant a mass of falling bricks rattled about her ears, and completely demolished the bed. 'There was the rolling of thunder, and the yet more awful sound of a mighty wind; and in that moment of terror a thousand thoughts rushed into my mind—of hurricanes, earthquakes, and lightning-struck houses. I could not tell what had happened; but, although free from bodily hurt, believed that the whole house was tumbling down, and that the hour of death was come to us all. I could raise neither the infant nor myself, being literally jammed amidst broken fragments of masonry and plaster. Although it takes long to describe, this all occurred in the shortest space of time—the heavy gust of wind not lasting three minutes; while in one instant M—— had torn the curtain through, and then, almost choked by the lime and mortar which showered upon me, I was enabled, by the flickering light of the lamp, to see baby, whom I drew out as I best could, and held firmly, M—— extricating me at the same time, and then hurrying us from the room.'

But we must come to the black denizens of this strange place. The cries of Freetown, the capital of the colony, appear to be as numerous as the cries of London. They begin shortly after daybreak, when women and girls are seen flooding in to market with round baskets on their heads called 'blies,' containing fruit and vegetables. 'Some have bowls heaped over with arrowroot; a greater number are laden with large round balls of dingy white called "foo-foo," a common food of the natives prepared from cassada, somewhat in the same manner as flour is from potatoes, and which they cook with palm-oil. Here are boys bearing wooden trays covered over with little brown cakes, and crying out, "Who'll buy hot ginger-cake?"—there girls shouting as loudly, "Agahdee! who'll buy sweet agahdee?" (a sweetened mass of boiled rice or Indian corn, rolled up in a broad green leaf). Numerous other and still more unintelligible names are shouted out by different people; while men saunter along under the burthen of stone-bottles, similar to those which hold Seltzer-water or ginger-beer, calling, with much the same perverted pronunciation as the London old-clothesmen, "Pamh-wenh!" meant for palm-wine. I have seen one girl, apparently a sort of travelling pedlar, her smart blue gown, yellow shawl, and crimson handkerchief rivalling the plumage of a parrot, while about a dozen strings of as variously-coloured glass beads were fastened round her neck. From several of these hung small looking-glasses in red-painted or yellow-lacquered frames; to the rest were attached papers of mother-of-pearl buttons; and her basket displayed a tempting assortment of pins, needles, reels of cotton, pieces of tape, and brass thimbles. One hand supported her bly of precious wares, the other held skeins of thread, and more gay necklaces, which she kept dangling backwards and forwards with an air of the utmost satisfaction and triumph.'

The most simple dress is a 'country cloth,' thrown over one shoulder, and under the other. The women have gowns of a blue thin print; but the better class wear pink or lilac dresses of fine calico, and silk shawls. On Sundays girls are to be seen in white frocks of chequered muslin, and pale-blue beaver hats. They have almost all silk umbrellas, to keep the sun from their black complexions, but none wear shoes. The Mandingoes, or Mohammedan negroes, have 'a wide flowing mantle, gathered into a point above the waist in front, and with loose hanging sleeves; very ample trousers drawn full round the ankle; a high peaked cap of blue cloth embroidered in gaudy colours, or else of plain scarlet or white stuff.' They wear amulets and rosaries. 'The settlers in the colony, and also the slaves that have been emancipated here, who are termed "liberated Africans," assimilate their dress to that of Europeans; the wealthier sort wearing jackets, waistcoats, and trousers of cloth, white duck, or blue baft (a thin flimsy cotton stuff, much in request amongst the blacks), with broad-brimmed straw-hats tied round with black or coloured ribbon, or round smart cloth caps; while the ordinary apparel of domestic servants consists of a white jacket, check shirt, and duck trousers.'

The faces of some of the blacks are hideously deformed by gashes and tattoo-marks; but our authoress discovers a surprising physiognomical difference between those born in slavery and those born free. 'Whilst many of the liberated Africans, other than those emancipated after being grown up, present countenances rendered repulsive not only by their natural unsightli-

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ness, but by the expression—whether it be that of utter vacancy of ideas, or of the predominance of bad passions, added to forms cast in the very coarsest mould—the free-born children of perhaps those very people have better features, with fine intelligent eyes, and figures often well-proportioned and delicately made. Indeed some of the little mountain-maidens I meet bringing down their blies of vegetables to market have quite a prepossessing aspect; and I have seen several amongst the school-children too, both boys and girls, with that frank, ingenuous, animated look, and upright graceful carriage, it is impossible could belong to any one who did not *know* he was free.'

The history of the settlers, as contradistinguished from the liberated Africans, is very melancholy. In 1787 several hundreds of the destitute blacks in London were sent to Sierra Leone; but they all died off before the main body of settlers arrived five years afterwards from Nova Scotia. These were the negroes who had remained faithful to England during the American war, and they had petitioned to be sent as colonists to the land of their ancestors. They were accordingly transplanted to the number of 1196; but many died on the passage, and the ranks of the survivors were greatly thinned by wild beasts, hunger, and sickness. During the first wet season 800 of the black colonists were laid up at the same time with the climate fever, while the white servants of the Sierra Leone Company were almost swept away. Then came the French, who burned down the infant town; and in 1800 the Nova Scotians, exasperated by their continued calamities, and finding a pretext in a small quit-rent levied on their farms, rose in insurrection. After this disturbance was quelled, the colony was several times invaded by a neighbouring tribe; but in 1807 it was transferred by the Company to the British government; and since then, among the black people, there have been only the usual grumblings about bad times and inadequate wages.

The settlers look upon themselves as the gentry of the blacks, being able to trace a kind of *Norman* ancestry of some forty or fifty years' antiquity. The children of the recaptured slaves, in like manner, forget as soon as possible the parentage from which they sprang, and look with contempt upon the newly-liberated Africans that are drafted from time to time into the colony. Some of the blacks make large fortunes, competing even with the European merchants; but all of them contrive to sell something or other in the market of Freetown. Some cut down a tree, and saw it into boards for sale; others shear the grass on the hill-sides for provender; others, again, deal in underwood, Guinea-grass, and Canada plantains, bananas, pawpaws, yams, &c. which they cultivate with the sole aid of a rude hoe. Soap, tobacco, household furniture, baskets, mats, and numerous other native manufactures, attest their industry.

We must now talk of the *literature* of the negroes, and with that we shall conclude. Many of them learn to read and write, and of the latter they are especially fond. A servant applying for a place sends an eloquent letter with his character; and one morning our authoress received the following epistle:—

'Please, madam, I very sorry no mutton live in market this morning.—Your affectionate butcher,

JOHN MACAULAY.'

The following three specimens are very good:—

'M——, ——, Esqre.
Have me excuse for the other name.
FREETOWN, *Sierra Leone.*

'HONOURED SIR—With deep humiliation and earnest desire I come to solicite you a certain thing, and that of your kindness it will grant to your humble servants. Sir, will you be good enough as to employ me in the business as a messenger in your office, sir, and only try me, and you will not see me in advertent?—I must subscribe my name under this paper.

(Sygned) DANIEL DAVIS.'

'SIR—Your humble petitioner brings his petition to you, showing that he is about passing within your premises to his farm, and would be obliged should you be good enough by allowing him to shot any birds or monkey, for to be eaten, previous to his going along.—And your petitioner, as in duty bound, I ever pray to be your obedient servant, J. S. D. DAVIES.'

'DEAR SIR—I have hard that you are in want of a Horse man, and I can retake furthering myself; should my services be required as a Horse man, you will find a good horse man and a man of knowledge of aboute horse.—I am your very truly servant, MOSES JOHNSON.'

The following mystic paragraph, occurring in a begging-letter, we commend to the cogitations of our readers:—'There is a way of which one cannot complain in common terms. It would draw imprecations from a man that never used a stronger affirmative in all his life than "yea verily," and raise the indignation even of the mildest father of the Oratory.'

GUILLAUME DUPUYTREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of those water-carriers who attend the houses of the poorest and most populous quarters of Paris was going along the streets one morning in November 1794. He was a young man, whose ruddy complexion and firm open countenance indicated both health and good-humour. He sometimes laid down his buckets, that he might rub his benumbed fingers, for the weather was intensely cold; and as often as he did so, he took the opportunity of crying out in a voice that did credit to his lungs, 'A l'eau! à l'eau!'

On reaching an old-looking house in the Rue Hautefeuille, he entered the court, and called out to the woman at the lodge, 'Do you want water, mistress?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he took in his buckets, and had just emptied them into the fountain, when the postman entering, threw down a letter on the table, saying, 'Post-paid,' and continued his way.

'If you are going up stairs now, Chassagne, perhaps you would take up this letter? It is for the young student in the next room to yours.'

'Is he above now?' said Chassagne, taking the letter.

'He has not been down stairs these three days,' said the porteress; 'and I have reason to fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to-day. If he were not so proud, I would have carried him up a little bread and milk; but I am afraid of offending him.'

'We must take him something, Madame Gibard; we must indeed,' said the waterman, quite affected by what he had heard.

'Yes, to have him say as he did last week, "Who desired you to bring that to me, madame? I am very much obliged to you, but I do not require it;" and as he said that, Monsieur Chassagne, the tears came into his fine blue eyes.'

'Well,' said the waterman, holding up the letter, 'I think there is something here that will comfort him: post-paid letters always contain money, I know that;' then whistling a little merry air, he proceeded up the stairs till he reached the student's room at the top of the house, when, rapping at his door, a low and melancholy voice desired him to come in. On entering, Chassagne beheld with compassion the scene that presented itself to his view: it was one of complete misery and desolation. On a low truckle-bed, barely covered with a thin mattress, a pale delicate-looking youth sat writing; and from the number of well-filled sheets which lay scattered on his wretched coverlet, it was evident he had been writing for some time. His books were on a small table at his bedside, and on an old straw-chair (the only one in the room) his clothes were carefully folded.

'What do you want?' inquired the youth, over whose fine countenance a faint blush was diffused.

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'The porteress begged me to bring you this letter,' replied the waterman, as he handed it over to the young student.

'From Pierre Buffière!' exclaimed the latter, eagerly breaking the seal; but no sooner had he glanced over the contents than he turned pale, his eyes closed, and he sunk back on his pillow. For a few minutes he appeared to be struggling with some severe mental suffering; but quickly recovering himself, he raised his head, indignation flashed in his fine expressive eyes, and crumpling up the letter with his thin white fingers, he exclaimed, 'How cruel! how shameful!' He then remained as if stupified, and unconscious that he was not alone.

Chassagne, who had lingered in the hope of witnessing his neighbour's joy, when he saw the different effect the letter had produced, was afraid of being considered an intruder, and was about to retire, when a square piece of paper lying on the ground caught his eye. Guessing what it was, and thinking it had fallen from the letter unperceived, he picked it up, and presented it to the student, who merely thanked him, without looking at either him or the paper.

This was not what the waterman was aiming at; his compassionate feelings were strongly excited, and though he could not comprehend the nature of the youth's distress, he saw that he suffered much. On looking attentively about the room, he could not perceive the slightest vestige of food. The words of the porteress rang in his ears—'*I fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to-day!*' There were, then, greater evils to be endured than working for small wages, or walking the streets of Paris exposed to the severity of the winter frost or the burning heat of the summer sun.

A long pause ensued, during which Chassagne was considering the best means of renewing the conversation. At length he said abruptly, 'It is not right of you, neighbour, to keep so much to yourself, just because you are better dressed and richer than I am.'

'Richer!' exclaimed the student; 'richer! I am dying of hunger!'

'That is but too evident,' said Chassagne; 'and if you will allow me, I will just come in a neighbourly way and breakfast with you.' And while the student stared in ignorance of his meaning, Chassagne cleared the table; and spreading on it a sheet of clean white paper, he laid on it a small loaf of bread and two sous' worth of cheese, which he had purchased for his own breakfast. 'Now,' said he, 'I must go and bring in something to moisten it;' and when, in about ten minutes, he returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses, he found his companion in the same state of stupor and dumb despair. Without making any remark, Chassagne quietly divided the bread and cheese in equal shares, and placing one-half before the student, he helped himself to the other; then filling out two glasses of wine, he said, 'Your good health, neighbour.' But suddenly the good-humoured countenance of Chassagne became clouded; he put down his glass, and said with some emotion, 'You will not drink with me, because I am a poor waterman, and you are a gentleman!'

This reproach seemed to recall the student to himself. 'Forgive,' said he, 'forgive me;' and seizing the glass, he was about to raise it to his lips, when a flood of tears compelled him to place it back upon the table. 'Oh,' said he, 'you can have no idea of what I am suffering! And you, a perfect stranger to me, to be so kind, while a near relation of my own—one who is wealthy, and has known me from my birth, would leave me to perish with hunger! I wrote to him a full account of my situation, and told him that, in consequence of the breaking up of all the public establishments, I had been obliged to leave the college of La Marche, but that I continued to pursue my studies with equal assiduity. I told him that I had no means, that I was without money, without clothes; I begged of him to advance me a few louis to pay for my lodgings, to buy books, to buy even food: well,' continued the unhappy youth, taking the letter and paper (which was a post-office order), 'he sends me one louis, and for this miserable louis he thinks he has purchased the right of remonstrating, advising, and reproaching me. He reproaches me with having left the country to come and starve in Paris, and be a burthen to my family.'

'You ought to return that louis to your hard-hearted relative,' said Chassagne, wiping away a tear with the cuff of his coat.

The student warmly pressed the hand of his companion. 'You are right,' said he; 'you have a heart, and that is a comfort and relief to mine. I will share your breakfast, my friend, and after that, I will send back to the relation on whom I had depended both his money and his letter, even though I should die of hunger.'

'Oh, as to that, Monsieur Guillaume, as long as Chassagne can carry a pair of buckets, he will never allow a neighbour to die of hunger. I, who was left a poor destitute orphan, have never been allowed to want—and should I suffer a fellow-creature to die of hunger beside me? No, no; we must help one another: it is my turn to help you to-day, it may be yours to help me or some one else to-morrow.'

'Noble, generous sentiments!' exclaimed the student, who had risen, and was dressing himself while Chassagne was speaking, and had with difficulty swallowed a few morsels of bread, and taken a few sips of wine. 'Chassagne,' he continued, 'I accept your kindness, for I shall not always be a poor, sorrowful, medical student: I have abilities; and if I live, I will endeavour to acquire a name and a reputation, and then I will repay you a hundredfold for all your kindness to me. Oh, I am ambitious, Chassagne; and I hope one day to be head surgeon of the hospital.'

'I am ambitious too, Monsieur Guillaume, but my ambition is not like yours: my ambition is to have a water-cask instead of two buckets—a new water-cask of my own, painted red, with blue hoops. Oh what a happy day that will be when I can draw my own water-cart!'

In spite of his grief, the young student could not help smiling at the ambition of the waterman. 'Would a water-cask be very expensive?' Guillaume inquired, as he sealed up the letter and order.

'Why, monsieur, a new one, with cart and buckets, would cost at least two hundred and sixty francs; but,' he added in a confidential tone, 'I have two hundred put by for it. And now,' said he, 'what are you going to do? You had better leave me in care of your room, and go and put your letter in the post-office: a walk will refresh you, and I will arrange everything here: my customers are served, and I have nothing else to do at present.'

The two friends again warmly pressed each other's hand; and the student having departed with his letter, Chassagne sat down to finish his breakfast.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the waterman, hearing a step at the door, exclaimed, 'What! back already?' when, turning about, expecting to see Guillaume, to his surprise he beheld Monsieur Bouvard, the proprietor of the house.

'Where is Guillaume Dupuytren the student?' he inquired.

'He is gone out, Monsieur Bouvard; but I will deliver any message to him,' said the waterman civilly.

'Very well; then begin by coming out yourself,' replied the proprietor.

Chassagne obeyed, expecting to be sent on some errand after his companion; when, to his amazement, Monsieur Bouvard locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed Chassagne.

'You shall see,' replied the landlord coldly. 'I take possession of the key, in order to prevent the late tenant from entering the room again.'

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'And where is he to go?' inquired Chassagne in a tone of pity.

'Wherever he pleases; that is no concern of mine: he owes me five months' rent; that is enough.'

'Oh, Monsieur Bouvard, do not do such a thing as that!' said poor Chassagne, clasping his hands in the most supplicating manner. 'Monsieur Dupuytren is honest; he will pay you.'

'When?' inquired the proprietor, endeavouring to get between the wall and the waterman, who was stopping the passage.

'As soon as he is able,' replied the latter. 'But you, sir, who are rich, do not, for a paltry sum, bring such ruin on a poor young man. Oh what can I do to excite your compassion?'

'Pay me,' said the landlord roughly.

'And you are depriving him of his books and his papers, as if he had not trouble enough without that. Monsieur Bouvard, give me that key,' said Chassagne; 'give me back that key!'

'What!—you menace me, do you?' said the proprietor, turning pale with anger. 'Take care that I do not turn you out along with him. Come, let me pass directly.'

'Oh, Monsieur Bouvard,' said Chassagne, whose quick ear had recognised the voice of the student speaking to the porter below, 'he is here already! Oh, Monsieur Bouvard, give me the key! I beseech you to give it to me; and,' added he, lowering his voice, 'if he does not pay you, I will.'

'With what money?' inquired the landlord in a tone of contempt, which made the colour rise to the forehead of the young waterman.

'With the money of an honest Auvergnat, which he has earned by the sweat of his brow.'

'These are mere words,' said the landlord, again endeavouring to pass.

'Put back the key, and come into my room,' said the kind-hearted waterman, opening a door beside him.

The landlord did so. Guillaume, who had now nearly reached the top of the stairs, turned pale at seeing Monsieur Bouvard, and was on the point of speaking to him, and requesting a little more time; but Chassagne prevented him by almost pushing the landlord into his room, when he immediately followed him, and closed the door.

Guillaume entered his own garret; the partition which divided it from that of Chassagne was not so thick but that he could distinctly hear the sound of money counted out upon a table. 'He is paying his rent,' thought he; 'and now Monsieur Bouvard will be coming in to me. What shall I say to him?—what can I say? Or rather what will he say to me when I again ask him for a little more time? Oh what a humiliating position to be in! My God!' said he, throwing himself upon his knees, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'grant me strength to bear this accumulation of sorrows!'

Presently the door opened, and Chassagne entered alone.

'Where is Monsieur Bouvard?'

'He is gone,' said Chassagne laughing.

'What! without asking me for my rent!'

'Oh, I have settled that: he will wait.'

'And what did you say to satisfy him?'

'Why, I said—I said—that you would pay him when you were head surgeon of the hospital.'

The student at first thought that his neighbour was inclined to ridicule him; but the countenance of the waterman remained so calm and so simple, and his manner so kind, that, banishing the thought, Guillaume took up his books, saying with a smile, 'Well, I must begin to work my way to it.'

'And I,' said Chassagne, leaving the room, 'must go and earn my water-cask.'

Guillaume wished to set about his studies; but after all the agitation of the morning, he found it impossible to collect his ideas. His heart was torn by conflicting emotions: now bursting at the thought of his rich, but cruel relative, who refused to assist him; then thrilling with gratitude to his humble neighbour, who had so kindly come to visit and to share his breakfast with him. 'Oh,' said he, 'if I must be indebted to any one, let me at least endeavour that it may be to some one who is wealthy and able to assist me!' This idea prompted him to undertake what was at once humbling to his pride and revolting to his delicacy. He arose, and making his appearance as neat as possible, he put on his college cap, and took his way to the Rue du Bac, in the Faubourg St Germain. He rang the bell at the gate of one of the finest houses in the street; and on being answered, he inquired if Monsieur le Comte Leon were at home.

'Are you invited, sir?' inquired the servant.

'No,' replied Guillaume.

'Oh, because this is Monsieur Leon's birthday, and he expects company.'

Guillaume was about to depart; but having endured the greatest pang attendant on the step he was about to take, that of ringing at the gate, he determined to go through with it. 'Tell your young master,' said he, 'that an old classfellow of the college of La Marche wishes to see him.'

The footman took the message, and on his return, showed Guillaume into the antechamber, where the duke's son soon appeared.

'Oh, is it you, Guillaume?' said he, holding out his hand to his old schoolfellow: 'what have you been doing since the breaking up of the colleges?' Then, without waiting a reply, and while Guillaume was hesitating as to the best means of mentioning the cause of his visit, the young count himself introduced the subject by saying abruptly, 'Do you know, Guillaume, that I am perpetually assailed by some of our old classfellows, who think that, because I am rich, and the son of a duke, they have a right to draw on my purse, or rather on that of my father?'

'And surely you would not refuse them, Leon?' replied Guillaume in a voice expressive of the most painful emotion. 'You receive them kindly as old friends and schoolfellows?'

'You do me but justice in saying so,' said Leon; 'for certainly if an old schoolfellow were in distress, I would put my hand in my pocket and give him a three or a six-livre piece.'

'Oh, you would do more than that, Leon!' exclaimed Guillaume. 'If an old classfellow (like myself, for instance) were to come and say to you, "Leon, it is not charity I am about to ask, but I want some assistance to enable me to live until another school is established (which must be before long, for they cannot do without physicians and surgeons), could you lend me ten louis, and on the word of a man of honour, I will repay you?"'

Leon burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Ten louis!' repeated he; 'ten louis! Why, that would be a month's pocket-money! How you talk!'

Guillaume took his handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from his forehead, and replied with all the energy of despair, 'It is true you would be a month without your amusements, but your friend could live and study for four.'

'You are a fool, Guillaume!' said Leon, shrugging his shoulders. 'But some one rings; we are expecting company to celebrate my birthday; will you come in, and I will introduce you to my father?' Guillaume, who had now nearly recovered his self-possession, coldly declined the invitation. 'Is it on account of your dress?' said Leon; 'you know I would not wish you to appear to disadvantage; and as we are about the same height, Lapiene can lend you something from my wardrobe.'

'No, I am obliged to you,' said Guillaume, so coldly, that Leon exclaimed, 'Oh, you are too proud! Very well, I must leave you, and you can see me another day when I have no company. Adieu! when shall I see you again?'

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'Never!' said Guillaume. But suddenly recollecting himself, he added in a tone of bitterness, 'That is to say, Leon, we may meet again; but it shall be when you need assistance from me!'

'Then that will be never,' replied the wealthy youth, as he turned haughtily round to enter the saloon.

Guillaume Dupuytren retraced his steps homeward with a heavy heart; for the first time in his life he had stooped to ask a loan, and he had been refused it by a wealthy schoolfellow, who spent yearly twelve times the sum in trifling amusements, that would have enabled him to live and pursue his studies for four months. On entering his garret he found Chassagne there, who, as soon as he heard his step, called out, 'Come, loiterer, your soup will be cold.'

'Dinner!' exclaimed Guillaume, surprised and affected at seeing a bowl of hot soup smoking on the table.

'Do you not like it?' said the waterman with a good-natured smile, as he placed a small dish on the table beside the soup; 'and if I were in your place, would you not have done the same for me?'

'But,' said the young student, 'you must, I fear, be encroaching on your savings?'

'Pshaw!' replied Chassagne; 'you can pay me for it when you are made head surgeon of the hospital.'

'Then, Chassagne,' said Guillaume smiling, for the kindness and good-humour of the waterman cheered the heart of the poor student—'then, Chassagne, you shall have a water-cask with a good cart and horse.'

'Oh, a horse!' replied Chassagne. 'I do not aspire so high: to possess a water-cart is the utmost of my ambition.'

From that day forward the young waterman took upon himself the office of purveyor to the student: he was more; he became his friend, his brother, his servant. 'Now listen to me,' said he one day when Guillaume was refusing to accept such innumerable benefits: 'you know that my greatest ambition is to possess a water-cart. Well, I would give up the water-cart, if I had it, for a share of your friendship. I am the person obliged: until I knew you, I was a solitary orphan alone in the world. I had no one to speak to, no one to take any interest in me. I ate my meals alone; and when I returned home tired in the evenings, I went to my cold garret, where I had not a creature to take me by the hand as you do, and to say, "How goes it, Chassagne?" Oh, that does me good, Monsieur Guillaume! It warms me like a good fire.'

'But, then, your cask: you are making me eat your water-cask,' replied Guillaume, endeavouring to hide the tear which quivered in his eye at hearing the noble sentiments expressed by the poor waterman.

'Oh, we are both young,' said the latter; 'and God will not forsake us if we remain in the path of duty. I pray for you, Monsieur Guillaume, both night and morning.'

The tear, till then restrained, fell on the hand of Chassagne, which Guillaume pressed in silence. This state of things did not continue long. Towards the commencement of 1795 the establishment of the School of Medicine effected a change in the situation of the two friends: Guillaume entered the hospital as in-door pupil. The separation was severely felt; and Chassagne extracted a solemn promise from his friend, that should he at any time be in distress for money, he would apply to him, who loved him as a brother.

Some time after his installation, the principal physician, knowing the difficulties of his situation, and wishing to assist him, proposed that he should take care of a patient of his—a man of rank and wealth, who in the first place would pay him a louis per night for his attendance, and whose influence and patronage might afterwards be of service to him.

On hearing that the patient was the father of his heartless schoolfellow, Guillaume was at first disposed to refuse; but a moment's reflection made him gladly accept the offer. He repaired the same evening to the duke's residence, and proceeded immediately to the invalid's chamber. By the blessing of God on his assiduous care and attention, before the end of the month the duke was pronounced to be convalescent; and on the same day he presented to his young care-taker twenty-five louis in gold.

Let us now return to Chassagne, who, since Guillaume had been unable to visit him in the evenings, had found the time unusually long. When the hour had passed which used to unite those two friends, that they might enjoy a little cheerful conversation after the labours of the day, poor Chassagne would go down and stand at the gate watching in the direction by which Guillaume would come, if he came at all. On the evening of the day we have mentioned Chassagne was at his usual post: the street was nearly deserted, no sounds were to be heard but the steps of a few stray passengers, when suddenly the rolling of a light water-cart, by breaking the stillness of the street, interrupted the musing of Chassagne. But do his eyes deceive him? Who is that young waterman who in dress and appearance so much resembles Guillaume? The cart rolls on; the figure becomes more distinct; the cart at length stops at the gate; and Guillaume, breathless and fatigued, could only call out from between the shafts, 'Chassagne, here is your water-cart!'

'Mine!' said Chassagne in astonishment.

'Yes, yours certainly: whose else should it be? But come and unharness me, for I cannot play the horse any longer.'

'Mine!' continued Chassagne, unable to believe his senses; 'this cart, this cask, these fine new buckets?'

Guillaume, who had succeeded in disengaging himself from the cart, took Chassagne by the hand, and leading him round to the back of it, showed him his name painted at full length. 'There,' said he, 'read that: No. 835, *Chassagne!* Whose name is that?—yours or mine?'

Joy, surprise, the realisation of his fondest hope, all combined to bewilder the happy waterman: he looked alternately at the cart and at Guillaume, then suddenly exclaimed, 'But where did you get it?'

'I bought it,' replied Guillaume.

'Are you, then, made head surgeon of the hospital?' said Chassagne, opening his eyes wide, as if the better to see the great person he believed stood before him.

'Not yet,' he replied laughing; 'but I have earned a little money, and your ambition was so very moderate, my good Chassagne, that I was anxious to gratify it. Come, put up your cart, and let us go to supper.'

It was on a fine morning in May 1816 that a splendid equipage drew up at a large house on the Place de Louvre. A gentleman descended, and inquired for the Baron Dupuytren. On being told he was at home, he desired the servant to announce the Duke Leon de X——.

'No person is announced here, sir: walk into the waiting-room, and the doctor will see you in time.'

When two patients had been dismissed, the duke was shown into the doctor's study.

'I fear I am too late, Monsieur le Baron; or rather I should say, my dear Guillaume. Do you not remember me?' said the duke.

'I remember you perfectly, Monsieur le Duc,' replied the baron coldly.

'My son, my only son, is dangerously ill,' said the duke; 'if any person can save him, it is you: pray come with me; my carriage is at the door, and any sum you name shall be yours.'

The baron took his hat, and inquiring if his cabriolet was in readiness, he followed the duke down stairs. On crossing the court to reach the street, a man entered it who seemed in the deepest affliction.

'Chassagne!' exclaimed the doctor, 'what is the matter?'

'Oh, Monsieur le Baron!'

'Call me Guillaume, or I will not listen to you.'

'My little girl, my youngest child, is dying, and I came to ask you to see her,' replied Chassagne.

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'Come with me,' said the doctor.

'But my son, Monsieur le Baron; a moment's delay may be fatal to him.'

'I will visit your son, Monsieur le Duc, as soon as I have seen this man's child,' replied the baron, taking Chassagne into his cabriolet.

'Monsieur le Baron, I will give you six thousand francs on condition that you come with me instantly.'

'Otherwise you will not,' said the baron; and bowing to the duke, he desired the coachman to drive to the residence of Chassagne.

It was not until he was assured of the safety of the little girl that he repaired to the duke's residence: the heir of his title and fortune had breathed his last.

We have seen Guillaume Dupuytren in the year 1794 nearly perishing with hunger. Twenty-two years afterwards we find him at the highest pitch of eminence and prosperity, and that by dint of his own talents and industry. This celebrated surgeon was born at Pierre Buffière, in Limousin, in the year 1777. He came to Paris when twelve years old, and was placed in the college of La Marche under the care of the principal. The breaking up of all the public institutions having forced him to leave it, he was exposed to the sufferings we have described. In 1795 the School of Medicine was established, to which he was at first attached as *protecteur*: at a later period, in 1801, he continued there as principal of anatomy; in 1811 he succeeded Sabatier as professor; and in 1813 he was appointed second surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, and soon afterwards a member of the Council of Health. In 1815 he was appointed head surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, and in 1816 he was created Chevalier of the order of St Michael, and baron. His fortune and celebrity continued to increase until his death, which took place on the 8th February 1835. He left one daughter, Madame la Comtesse de B——, who inherits his large fortune.

The life of Dupuytren is one among many instances, that in order to arrive at eminence in any profession, it is not necessary to be born of wealthy or distinguished parents. Those of Dupuytren were respectable, his father having been, before the Revolution, a parliamentary lawyer; but having lost his place, he was reduced to great poverty. While Dupuytren lived, his talents, his life, his fortune, were all at the service of those who stood in need of them. He was the physician of the poor as well as of the rich; and their gratitude was more valued by him than the gold of the wealthy. He never forgot his early days; and was fond of affording that assistance and support to youth which he had himself received from a kind though humble friend.

SONGS AND POEMS ON COSTUME.

Since, ay and before, there was resort to mirrors, the toilet has been at once the most changeable and prominent feature of human life; on which account its whimsicalities —and their name is legion—have been largely noticed in the popular rhymes and songs of almost every age; a curious collection of which, ranging from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, has just been given to the public by Frederick W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.*

It is worth noting that nearly all the efforts of the muse on this subject have been of the satirical order; and the most conspicuous experiments in costume, though occasionally illustrated in old paintings and those guild coins of the middle ages called tokens, are made known to posterity chiefly by the denunciations of divines or the pasquils of contemporary poets. The earlier pieces of this kind give strange evidence of the dawn of literature in Europe; some being written in Latin, some in old French, and others in still less intelligible English.

The fourteenth century was pre-eminently an age of monstrosities in ladies' head-dresses. One variety of horns succeeded another on the heads of the court dames of France and England throughout its entire course, with a diversity of shape and size which the genius of absurdity alone could invent. Now they were curved backwards, with the large linen handkerchief worn round the neck pinned up to them on either side, and space enough, according to a French author, for the largest weasel in his province to run between. Then they met in a crescent form over the forehead, and again rose almost straight from either side of the head. To all of them the satirists have left us ample memorials of their hostility, strengthened as it was by that of the clergy, who, after vainly exhausting their energies in preaching against the horns, at length hit upon the expedient of offering pardon in the old church fashion, at least for the sins of a few days, to those who would publicly jeer and annoy the wearers.

The satirical poets of those times occasionally turned their shafts against the costume of the clergy themselves; and not without reason, if one may judge from the forms of foppery with which they were charged about the close of the fifteenth century—such as wearing their hair so long in front, that it almost covered the eyes; sporting jewelled daggers; and delighting, in common with all the lords of the creation at that period, in long-pointed shoes, curving upwards, and fastened by chains to the knees; not to speak of wide purfled sleeves, and trains so long, that two pages were required to carry them. Whether the ladies borrowed the last-mentioned fashion from the church, or *vice versâ*, cannot now be ascertained, as their trains have waxed and waned through many a generation to the very confines of our own. Trains were believed to have been introduced to the English by Richard II.'s Bohemian queen, who was also said to have made the ladies of England acquainted with the side saddle, and bequeathed them the riding-habit, still worn as a lasting monument of her love for ample drapery. Certain it is, that in the following age the longitude of feminine skirts was felt to be a nuisance of such magnitude in Scotland, that Sir David Lyndsay addressed a poetical petition against them and similar abuses to James V. In it the bard sets forth, in language more strong than elegant, the natural results of 'syde taillis'—that is, long skirts—and when the condition of the High Street for more than a century after is recollected, from that notable act touching the removal of 'middinges,' quoted in the 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' the consequences of a promenade thereon, with such appendages in full sweep, may, as the newspapers say, be imagined, but never described. Perhaps the most curious *fama* ever circulated against trains was contained in the following legend, which, as it was made current by a monk in the reign of Edward I., proves that those inconvenient appendages were at least known in England before the coming of the Bohemian princess. 'I have heard of a proud woman, who wore a white dress with a long tail; which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the crucifix. But as she left the church, and lifted up her train on account of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing; and having adjured him to tell why he laughed, the devil said: "A companion of mine was just now sitting on the train of that woman, using it as if it were his chariot, but when she lifted her train up, my companion was shaken off into the dirt: that is why I was laughing."'

The satire of Lyndsay was enforced not long after by that of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a poetical ancestor of the Earl of Lauderdale, whose papers have been preserved by Pepys. It might surprise some of our southern neighbours to learn in how fine a style the wives of Scottish burgesses dressed in the time of Queen Mary. Maitland says—'On claiths they wair [spend] mony a crown.' Their gowns are barred with velvet, sleeve, neck, and tails; the foreskirt of silk, with cambric ornaments.

> 'And of fine silk their furréd cloaks,
> With hinging sleeves, like jelly pocks.' . . .
>
> 'Their wylie-coats maun weel be hewit—
> Browdered richt braid, with passements sewit.
> I trow wha wald the matter speir,
> That their gudeman has cause to rue it,
> That ever their wives wear sic gear.

* Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume. Printed for the Percy Society. 1849.

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Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with tastels drawin
With gartens of ane new mannér;
To gar their courtliness be knawin,
And all for newfangledness of gear.

Sometime they will bear up their gown,
To shaw their wylie-coat hinging down;
And sometime baith they will upbear,
To shaw their hose of black or brown,
And all for newfangledness of gear.

Their collars, carcats, and false beads,
With velvet hats heich on their heads,
Corded with gold like ane younkeir,
Browded about with golden threads,
And all for newfangledness of gear.' . . .

The 'muffler' was another piece of ladies' wear which aroused the honest indignation of many a bard, probably from its somewhat Oriental character, and evident adaptation to mystery and concealment. It consisted of a triangular piece of cloth, generally white, with two long ends which were fastened behind over the cap. Some say it was introduced into Scotland by the German and Flemish Jews, who took refuge there from ancient persecutions: others, that it came with the first hordes of gipsies. Whichever is true, it prevailed in Scotland for a long period. A sumptuary law of James II. forbade its being worn at kirk or market; and Sir David Lyndsay mentions with approbation the superior manners of the French ladies, who kept their faces uncovered in public, so as to receive and return civilities. Whereupon the poet suggests—

'Without their faults be soon amendit,
My flyting, sir, sall never be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye suld mak,
Baith throw the land, and borrowstouns,
To shaw their face, and cut their gouns,
Nane suld fra that exemptit be,
Except the queenis majestie.'

As neither the mutability nor extravagance of fashion was confined entirely to the ladies, something like poetical justice was done by old satirists to the vanities of the stronger sex; and many a witty though rustic rhyme chronicles the fantastic guises worn by their different generations. The various forms of beards, cloaks, cape, and doublets, all are commemorated. Songs on such subjects multiply as we approach the seventeenth century, and the titles of some of them, like the tracts of that period, are their most curious parts: for example, one written during the reign of distended nether-garments is called 'A Lamentable Complaint of the Pore Countrymen againste Great Hose, for the Losse of their Cattelles Tails.' The substance of this ditty is, that all manner of wool and hair, including the much-missed tails, were literally swallowed up by way of stuffing for the enormous hose; and there must have been some truth in the complaint, according to a contemporary writer, who states in sober prose—'They are almost capable of holding a bushel of wheat; and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carry malt to the mill.'

'What hurt and damage doth ensue
And fall upon the poor,
For want of wool and flax of late,
Which monstrous hose devour. . .

. . not one beast nor horse can tell
Which way his tail is safe.

For now in country round about
No gelding, horse, nor mare,
Nor other beast of any price,
Put forth all night we dare.

Nothing so feared we are of thieves
Which oft are laid in jails,
As now we are of miching knaves
That cut off horses' tails,' &c.

Another costly portion of male attire, though the articles were common to the dress of both sexes, was sleeves, which in those times were detached from the garments. Their shape and size were frequent subjects of sumptuary laws; and expense both in the quality and quantity of material was thus regulated according to rank. At one period it was forbidden that mere burghers or their wives should wear purfled sleeves. A pair of sleeves of cloth-of-gold is mentioned, among several others, in the wardrobe of Henry VIII.; and down to the reign of Louis XVI., 'gentleman of the sleeve' was the title of a court officer. The special consideration bestowed upon these articles is observable from an old pastoral, written about the days of Elizabeth, called 'My Lady Greensleeves.' The same appellation was, by the way, conferred on a sort of mythological person who accompanied 'Goldy-Locks,' and the Morris-dancers, with Maid Marian, and the May games of later times, to the great scandal and wrath of the Long Parliament.

Among the complicated contentions of the Stuart reigns, costume itself became a matter of party distinction, and was mixed up with sectarian controversy. Hence many songs of that period were devoted to the subject of dress. The Cavalier minstrel poured contempt on the close crop of the Puritan, and the Roundhead bard by turns denounced and ridiculed long hair.

One of these choice spirits boldly proclaimed it to be nothing less than the banner of Satan displayed in triumph from a man's head; while a poet of the opposite opinion asserted that cutting the hair short was a despiteful casting away of a fair gift from Providence. Another class of poems regarding costume were called 'Moralisations,' in the symbol-loving fashion of those old times. They represented virtues and vices, opinions and even parties, by familiar and fashionable articles of dress. Though most frequently employed at the period referred to, this method was much more ancient. A French poet some ages before invested his *dame d'honneur* with every equipment to match, from the slippers of humility to the pincushion of patience; and a Scottish bard, in a song called 'The Garment of Gude Ladyes,' minutely describes an entire suit as worn in his own times, but made up of virtues and graces which would become a wearer of any age. The 'points' appear to have been often pressed into this kind of service. They were metal tags at the ends of ribbons used to fasten every description of dress, before either buttons or hooks were invented; on account of which general usefulness, their designation was given to theological doctrines and articles of belief, in ages when these were at once the standing topics of conversation and perpetual grounds of dispute. Sometimes, too, the simile was employed for simpler and more terrestrial purposes. 'A Dozen of Points sent by a Gentlewoman to her Lover as a New-Year's Gift,' was the somewhat lengthy title of a sentimental song; and good points they were, being all wise and worthy counsels, including the last—

'Love me as I love thee, and shall
From hence for evermore.'

One of the best-written party songs of the dress order represents Cromwell and his colleagues as a

'Cloak that fell out with a gown,
That cramp't all the kingdom and crippled the crown.'

But as those bones of contention grew old, the satirical muse turned once more to the doings of the ladies. One author entitles his song 'A Meditation on the Pride of Women;' and the still more complimentary refrain of another is, 'Women, monstrous women, what do you mean to do?' It is strange and edifying to read a poem of this description called 'The Lady's Dressing-Room Unlocked,' which its author presents as a warning to all adventurers on the sea of matrimony what they are expected to provide. What a number of long-disused and forgotten articles is there summed up as then forming the indispensable apparatus of fashion! Just by way of samples—'plumpers for hollow cheeks, and chicken-skin gloves to whiten the hands in sleep.' How oddly, too, some of their toilet appellations would sound! For instance, 'heart-breakers' and 'murderers'—these gentle titles implying merely knots and curls. Suffice it to say, that the patches, the blue hair-powder, and the night-rail all were sung as they appeared. The latter article was worn in Ireland by elderly ladies of the last generation over their gowns, though singularly disliked by the lower orders, especially those of Dublin, who fairly put it

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out of fashion by inducing an unfortunate criminal to wear it on the day of execution.

Any reader must observe that the satirical songs concerning costume, though furnished with ample materials, degenerate wonderfully, both in wit and composition, as we descend to modern times. Those on the gigantic head-dresses which grew up in the latter years of the eighteenth century are very inferior, but their deficiency was in some degree supplied by the caricatures of that period, which represented even its historical scenes as taking place on the heads of ladies.

The 'hoops,' which became general many years before, called forth sundry effusions, the liveliest of which was the popular chant, 'Oh, mother, a hoop!' And a French chanson, written under the Orleans regency, records a similar, though ephemeral fashion, by which the gentlemen's skirts were kept stiff and square by means of strong whalebone. Several keener satires followed the appearance of its contemporary the 'Pantin,' or 'Tumbling-Jack,' a toy whose motions still awaken the delight and wonder of many a juvenile mind; but in that frivolous and profligate court it was publicly carried about as an appendage to a walking gentleman, as necessary to complete his *tout ensemble* as the sword and hat, the latter being invariably carried under his arm. Only think of physicians, magistrates, and divines displaying their varied graces or gravity with such an accompaniment in the streets of London! Yet such was the case in those of Paris about 1748, and the fashion was partially established in England.

Being anxious to present one specimen of the dress verses of this epoch, we select, after some hesitation, an 'Advice to a Painter,' of date 1755:—

'Best of painters, show thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart,
Draw her as she shines away
At the rout and at the play;
Carefully each mode express;
Woman's better part is dress.
Let her cap be mighty small,
Bigger just than none at all;
Pretty, like her sense, and little;
Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
Be her shining locks confined
In a threefold braid behind;
Let an artificial flower
Set the frisure off before;
Here and there, weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the finest sattin.
Circling round her ivory neck,
Frizzle out the smart Vandyck;
Like the ruff that heretofore
Good Queen Bess's maidens wore;
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed!
Let her breast look rich and bold,
With a stomacher of gold;
Let it keep her bosom warm,
Amply stretched from arm to arm;
Whimsically traversed o'er,
Here a knot, and there a flower,
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots, full of fancies.
Flowing loosely down her back,
Draw with art the graceful sack:
Ornament it well with gimping,
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping;
Let of ruffles many a row,
Guard her elbows, white as snow;
Knots below, and knots above,
Emblems of the ties of love.
Let her hoop, extended wide,
Show what petticoats should hide;
Garters of the softest silk,
Stockings whiter than the milk;
Charming part of female dress,
Did it show us more, or less.
Let a pair of velvet shoes
Gently press her pretty toes,
Gently press, and softly squeeze;
Tottering like the fair Chinese,
Mounted high and buckled low,
Tottering every step they go.
Take these hints, and do thy duty,
Fashions are the tests of beauty;
Features vary and perplex,
Mode's the woman, and the sex.'

The best British songs which refer to costume are those of the Jacobites celebrating the tartan hose or the white cockade, both alike obnoxious to the powers that were, with the exception of some Irish lyrics, also of a political character, the finest though least known of which is Curran's 'Wearing of the green,' that colour being symbolical in the eyes of the government, as well as those of the Opposition, of concern in the rebellion of 1798.

It is remarkable that in all the songs of the present age there is scarcely a reference to prevailing modes of costume. Fashion still makes our people 'apes of her distortions,' though not to the extent of former times; for as civilisation spreads among the masses of every rank, a preference for the convenient and becoming gradually gains ground. Yet there have been, and are, occasional extravagances. Posterity will be edified concerning the 'bustle' and the 'Albert Hat,' by the plates and articles of our jesting periodicals, when changes yet undreamt of have passed over both society and literature, and the sheets over which we have laughed are laid up by scanty remnants in library and museum, as riddles for the curious inquirer, and evidences how flowed the current of our times.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The success of English newspaper proprietors in attaining pre-eminence over continental rivals, has been greatly assisted by the extent and perfection of our mail-packet arrangements. We have now nearly 150 steamers, most of them of the greatest power and speed, engaged specially in bringing political and commercial intelligence from all parts of the world. They are never delayed at any port at which they may touch but for the purpose of coaling and landing and embarking mails, and their rapid and punctual arrival in this country, after in some instances running a distance of 3000 miles without stopping, is one of the wonders of this remarkable age.

The expense of editing, sub-editing, and printing English newspapers, enormous as it is, is insignificant when compared with the vast sums expended in collecting foreign news. To obtain that news, correspondents are occupied in all the chief cities and seaports of the world. These persons are men of the highest intelligence; and they are expected to penetrate the secrets of courts and cabinets, to attend the marts of business and exchange, and submit to the inconveniences and even dangers of the camp, for the purpose of gleaning information of what is transpiring abroad. Agents are kept at every English port for the purpose of collecting this information as soon as it arrives. Couriers are oftentimes travelling from the most distant parts with newspaper information, steamers are solely employed in conveying such couriers across the English Channel, and special railway trains are hired to convey a few items of foreign news, and the electric telegraph is subsidised for the same purpose. In fact no outlay or effort is spared by the British journalist to outstrip in speed every means that can even partially acquaint the public and the government with foreign intelligence.

The newspaper agents at the outports must be well acquainted with the necessities, as far as information is concerned, of British commerce, and its peculiar ramifications and connections in different parts of the world; they must also have a knowledge of the politics of different countries, and of the latest foreign news which has been published in the English journals. The foreign news collected at Southampton is principally from the cities and seaports of the Peninsula, from the British, Spanish, Dutch, French, and Danish West India Islands, the Gulf of Mexico, the United States, and the Spanish main; occasionally also important news reaches Southampton from Havre and the Cape of Good Hope.

It is a well-known fact, that oftentimes before a foreign mail packet comes alongside the Southampton Dock wall, hundreds of persons in London eighty miles distant are reading from the public journals with breathless interest the news she has brought; that while the packet is coming up Itchen Creek, the intelligence of which she is the bearer has been transmitted to the metropolis, and printed and published; that during that short interval of time her news has affected the public funds, and induced numbers to risk the acquisition and loss of whole fortunes by speculations in trade and in the public securities.

When a mail packet is due at Southampton, watchmen

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are employed day and night by newspaper proprietors to look out for her. In the daytime, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large mail packet in the Solent may be seen by looking from the quay over Cadlands; but homeward-bound steamers are generally made out by means of powerful telescopes after they have passed Eaglehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When she rounds Calshot Castle a rocket is thrown up from her, which is a mail-packet signal. As soon as the rocket is observed, the watchmen are in motion, running in different directions up the town. In a few minutes may be seen stealthily gliding towards the quay a few persons, who, if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognisable, disguised as they appear to be in greatcoats, comforters, and every kind of waterproof covering for the head, feet, and body. These persons are the outport newspaper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which instantly darts from the shore.

Cold, dark, and cheerless as it may be, the excitement on board the yachts is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first; and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or more keen and earnest contention. Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock of a dark winter morning, the yachts reach the steamer just as 'ease her' has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as *pratique* has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the side of the steamer, oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. A bundle of foreign journals is handed to each of them, and they immediately return to their yachts, and make for the shore. The excitement and contention now to reach the shore is far more intense than was the case during the attempt to reach the ship. While making for the shore, sometimes in the most tempestuous weather, perhaps the rain peppering down, and the wind blowing great guns, or thunder and lightning overhead, the foreign journals are hastily examined by means of a lantern similar to that used by policemen, the most important items of foreign news which they contain are immediately detected, and the form in which they must be transmitted to London arranged in the mind. The agents are landed as near as possible to the electric telegraph office, sometimes on the shoulders of their boatmen through the surf or mud. They arrive at the telegraph office, and to write down their messages is the work of a few minutes only.

The rule in writing down telegraph messages is simple—to convey the greatest quantity of news in the fewest possible words. Perhaps the message is as follows:—'*Great Western*. Jamaica, 2. Cruz, 26. Million dollars. Dividends fifty thousand. Mosquito war ended. Antilles healthy. Havana hurricane. Hundred ships lost. Crops good. Jamaica, rains. Sea covered, wreck, plantations.' While the agents are writing these messages, the telegraph is at work, and by the time the messages are written in Southampton, they have been almost communicated to Lothbury. A cab conveys written copies of them, with the utmost despatch, to the newspaper offices. They are immediately in the hands of the foreign editors or sub-editors, who comprehend the purport of them immediately. In a few minutes they have been elaborated and made intelligible, and they shortly appear in a conspicuous part of the morning papers in the following shape:—

'ARRIVAL OF THE WEST INDIA AND MEXICAN MAIL—IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE WEST INDIES—DREADFUL HURRICANE AT HAVANA—AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY IN JAMAICA.

'The Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company's steamer *Great Western* has arrived at Southampton. She brings news from Jamaica up to the 2d inst., and from Vera Cruz up to the 26th ult.; she has on board on freight to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars on merchants' account, and 50,000 dollars on account of Mexican dividends. The miserable "little war" unfortunately entered into by this country on behalf of the black king of Mosquito has terminated. We regret to learn that a most destructive hurricane has happened at Havana, and that a hundred ships have been wrecked in consequence. The weather, we are happy to say, has been fine in the West Indies, and the islands are healthy. The crops of West India produce are progressing favourably. The May rains at Jamaica have been very heavy, and done considerable damage. The rivers have swollen enormously, overflown their banks, and done great damage to the plantations. The sea, at the mouths of the rivers, was covered with the wrecks of the plantations.' In an incredibly short space of time thousands of newspapers, containing this news, have been printed and conveyed to the railway stations.

It is now seven o'clock in the morning, and trains are starting to all parts of England. In a short time the London papers have reached Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Brighton, Dover, Folkestone, Southampton, east, west, north, and south. Hundreds have been dropped at intermediate stations. Before the foreign mail brought by the Southampton steamer has been sorted, perhaps the London papers have nearly reached every town in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and are travelling with a giant's pace over the continent.

But let us return to the London newspaper offices, where the steam-engines that print the papers never tire, but are unremittingly throwing off hundreds per minute, and are now working at seven o'clock in the morning to supply the metropolis. In a short time the newspapers enter coffee-houses, taverns, counting-houses, public offices, and private dwellings, and thousands in London and distant parts of the country are reading simultaneously from the public journals the news which reached Southampton an hour or two since. The holders of Mexican stock smile as they read of the dividends; underwriters, and thousands who have seafaring relatives, feel a pang at the news of the hurricane; and tens of thousands feel an interest from curiosity, or a more powerful motive, in the details of the news, cargo, passengers, or letters the ship has brought.

It is a singular fact, that the inhabitants of Southampton generally first learn of the arrival of the mail packets in our docks from the morning papers. Persons come to Southampton to meet friends or relatives from abroad; they lodge near the water, to be certain of knowing when the packets arrive, and it often happens that the morning papers on the breakfast table give them the first intimation of the arrival of those they are anxious to meet. Two or three years ago the celebrated Paredes escaped from Mexico, and came to Southampton in a West India steamer. He arrived almost *incog.*, and was scarcely aware that he was known on board. Some slight delay took place before the steamer could get into the dock, owing to the tide, and Paredes had no idea that any communication had been made with the shore. To his utter astonishment, the first sound he heard on landing was his own name; for a newsboy was bawling to the passengers from a morning paper, 'Second edition of the ——. Important news from Mexico. Arrival of Paredes in Southampton.'

The great Mexican monarchist has since travelled all over Europe, and is now in his own country; and he has been heard to declare that the greatest wonder he knew in this quarter of the globe, was the rapidity with which news was obtained and circulated in England.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

THE FREE WILL OF MAN.

Let any man dive into his own heart, and observe himself with attention. If he have the power to look, and the will to see, he will behold, with a sort of terror, the incessant war waged by the good and evil dispositions within him—reason and caprice, duty and passion; in short, to call them all by their comprehensive names—good and evil. We contemplate with anxiety the outward troubles and vicissitudes of human life; but what should we feel if we could behold the inward vicissitudes, the troubles of the human soul?—if we could see how many dangers, snares, enemies, combats, victories, and defeats, can be crowded into a day—an hour? I do not say this to discourage man, nor to humble or undervalue his free will. He is called upon to conquer in the battle of life, and the honour of the conquests belongs to his free will. But victory is impossible, and defeat certain, if he has not a just conception and profound feeling of his dangers, his weaknesses, and his need of assistance. To believe that the free will of man tends to good, and is of itself sufficient to accomplish good, betrays an immeasurable ignorance of his nature. It is the error of pride; an error which tends to destroy both moral and political order, which enfeebles the government of communities no less than the government of the inward man.—*Democracy in France, by M. Guizot.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 284. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1849. Price 1½d.

WHAT IS CRITICISM?

At a time when no inconsiderable portion of English literature consists of criticism, the question may perhaps be impertinent, as well as a little startling—*What* is criticism? It is a question, however, to which no answer can be found in any one of the publications that are devoted to criticism, or in all of them collectively. Day after day, week after week, month after month, quarter after quarter, the press flings forth upon the country a host of so-called critical works; but we will defy the most ingenious person living to collect from them the slightest notion of what criticism is. In some there are long, and occasionally elegant, or even profound, dissertations on a given subject, sparingly illustrated with extracts from a particular book. In others there is little or no original dissertation, but merely a garbled statement of the author's opinions, with quotations in evidence, selected without reference to the context or general scope of the work—mere bricks brought forward as specimens of the edifice. In others, the specimens are of the ornamental kind; for it is the main business of this class of critics to provide amusing or interesting reading for their subscribers, and fill up their sheet, not at their own, but at their author's expense. Here the original remarks are brief and inoffensive, and usually indicate that the critic has taken the trouble to put himself in possession of the subject by reading the preface to the book. In others, again, there is no room for either dissertation or extracts, but we are favoured, instead, with a character of the work, conveyed in a few lines, and in such distinct and peremptory terms, as leave us no pretext for doubt. Luckily, this sort of testimonial (in which the minor newspapers deal largely) is usually on the favourable side; partly, no doubt, from the good-nature of the editor, but principally from his intellectual aspirations after presentation copies and advertisements.

If you know the political party or religious sect of the critic, you may predict with little hesitation the fate of the author (when his sentiments are known) who comes before him. This would be natural enough if the theme of the work were politics or religion; but the rule holds good even when these dangerous subjects have been carefully avoided. The critic, supposing him to be of the adverse sect or party, looks upon the author as his enemy; and being under no obligation to show his whole scope and meaning, he takes him up on as narrow grounds as he pleases, and must be a bungler indeed in the trade if he cannot support his indictment even by the victim's own testimony. Personal likings and dislikings may be indulged in the same way; and it is the commonest thing in the world for an author, in consultation with his publisher, to say, 'I am sure of a favourable opinion in such a quarter, for the editor is a friend of mine.' Nor is he mistaken: the editor serves his friend, and loses no character either moral or literary by the transaction. The desire of presentation copies is usually reckoned the lowest of a critic's motives; but there is a meaner influence still—that of mere senseless, abject imitation. Unless led by some temptation into a path of his own, he follows the crowd, joining in their praises or objurgations, but more especially in the latter: just as, to use a simile of the historian Joinville, 'when there is one dog pursued by another, and a shouting made after him, all the other dogs fall on him.'

That criticism as we have described it, taken generally, whether gentle or severe, whether laudatory or damnatory, is in plain language a fraud, can hardly be denied; and it is a fraud which the more demands exposure, from the circumstance of the publishers lending themselves to it as accessories. There are no men who know better than they that it *is* a fraud; and the 'extracts from reviews,' therefore, which they append to their advertisements are, in nine cases out of ten, a deception practised upon the public. We have often been amused by the anxiety with which these gentlemen search out the notices of their works, the scorn they express for them when read, and the haste they make to turn them, when that is possible, to profitable account. As for the excellent Public, when disappointed in a book thus introduced, they doubt their own discernment, not the critic's infallibility, and send to the library for another volume recommended on the same authority. We need not be told that there are numerous instances of book-reviews as impartial as they are talented, and conveying a distinct and accurate idea of the scope and value of the work noticed. These are exceptions proving the rule; but the exceptions themselves, although careful and skilful analyses, are NOT criticism.

Our readers are of course aware that we are not alone in our reprehension of the abuses of this misnamed department of our literature. All men are agreed upon the point, including the reviewers themselves; and the only thing in which we are original is, in refraining from calling names, and charging the offenders roundly with ignorance, incapacity, and wilful dishonesty. This has been done again and again in most of the journals, from the quarterlies downwards; but instead of inquiring, in a philosophical spirit, into the origin of the evil, these works are accustomed to occupy themselves with such superficial questions as the advantage or disadvantage of the anonymous. The reason is, that they confound the art of criticism with mere opinion. 'Give us the name of the reviewer,' say the enemies of the anonymous, 'and we shall be able to tell what credit his verdict deserves: give us the name of the reviewer, and he will not dare to subject himself to the accusation either of falsehood or stupidity.' This is a very humble demand, and a very unimportant one. In most of the great reviews the writers' names are sufficiently well known, but that is no

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guarantee for their good faith. It is not the name we want, but the thing: we want criticism. In a word, we have many critiques in our literature, but no criticism in the true meaning of the term. The critiques may stumble upon the truth—or not: it is all chance, since they are not based upon understood premises, not the application of recognised laws. They are the mere expression of individual opinion; and being wholly independent of any common theory, they may, and do differ from each other *toto cælo*, without exciting any doubt as to the critic's ability. When we see two opposite judgments pronounced in two reviews of equal character, we perhaps ascribe the difference to party or personal motives; when very possibly, in the case in question, such motives may have had no existence. The reason simply is, that we have no ultimate authority to refer to—that, in the midst of all the luxuriance of our literature, it wants the grand element of criticism. This gives a hardness and meagreness to our common reviews, which is not found to the same extent in those of Germany or France, where the philosophy of art is more generally studied.

Criticism, though not æsthetics, but merely a practical application of their laws, possesses a higher intellectual dignity than the proudest of our quarterly reviews are conscious of. But it is not beholden for its dignity to the vague or mystical: it is, on the contrary, so practical and distinct, as to have every capacity for being reduced by careful study to a science; and to this object the best energies of our literati should be consecrated. In England, the dawn of æsthetics only begins to touch with a faint light the pictorial and musical arts; while in the other countries we have mentioned, it is likewise felt in literary criticism. Not that criticism is anywhere as yet what it should be, and will be; but already it possesses on the continent a higher tone, and exhibits a more catholic spirit. It does not confine itself to mean and paltry details, but essays to grasp the whole subject; and throwing aside party and personal considerations, it regards the work it chooses to examine as a contribution to the literature of the age, or of the world.

When we state—and we wish to do so in the broadest manner—that our literature is deficient in the essential element of criticism, we must not be supposed to advocate the publication of elaborate theories laying down the literary law. There is no such wholesale way as this of building up a science. It must be the gradual production of many minds, and many conflicting opinions, and the meanest of us all may lend his aid to the work. No one, for instance, should presume to deliver a judgment upon any work, in any department of taste, without trying it by the æsthetical laws, or, in other words, without giving a reason for the faith that is in him. If this rule were observed, we should not long want a common standard, or a public capable of judging of the *dicta* of its self-installed teachers. If this rule were observed—if criticism became really the System it ought to be—no man would stultify himself for friend or foe by bestowing one iota of praise or blame beyond the deserts of his author.

If an author were to say to his publisher, 'Here is a chemical speculation, to which I am sure to obtain the sanction of Liebig, *because* he is a personal friend of mine'—how the man of books would stare! Why does he not stare when his author tells him that, for the same reason, he can obtain for a certain work the praise of a certain review? Because, criticism having made no approach to a system, no collusion of a criminal nature can be suspected; the laudatory sentence, if very much out of the way, will pass for a mere eccentricity of taste; and the critic will suffer for his generous friendship neither as a man of honour nor as a man of letters. When a scientific speculation appears, it is on its own merits either accepted as a true theory, or rejected as a false hypothesis. If it possesses any value, it *must* be noticed, and the contribution it brings, whether great or small, added to the stock of the science of which it treats. A literary work is differently situated. It may be passed over or not at the pleasure of the critics, who have no science to protect or to enrich; but even if subjected to their ordeal, it is rarely examined on its own merits, and almost never with reference to the philosophy of taste. The critic deals in small details; catalogues as deadly sins, if he has hostile views, those blunders that in reality modify but little the general effect; and in the case of poetry, more especially, never fails to measure rigidly the syllables, and try with his quill plectrum whether they are in tune.

The low state of criticism has of course an important reaction upon general literature. An author, conscious that his work will be tried by no lofty standard of art, never aspires, but in a few exceptional instances, beyond popularity; and if he did so, his bibliopolical patron, dreading, even while affecting to despise, the reviewing hydra, would not consent to publish anything beyond its common calibre. Genius is thus repressed by those whose task it should be to encourage and foster it; and the meanness of the public taste is blamed for what in reality is the fault of the public monitors. Every age, we know, produces its few great men, who rise triumphant over circumstances; but we never shall have an improved standard of national taste till a reformation is effected in criticism.

And now to the practical points of the subject. The brief laudatory notices we have adverted to are a mere mistake. The editors desire to express their thanks to the obliging publishers, and the best way to do this is simply to mention to their readers the contents of the volume or pamphlet received, instead of racking their brains for new terms of praise that nobody cares anything about. All that is wanted is a gratuitous advertisement in return for a gratuitous copy. The 'reviews' that fill up their sheet with interesting or amusing extracts have little in them objectionable but the title and the pretence. All they have to do, in order to be of real practical use, is to drop the critical name, and to aspire to give nothing more than pains-taking and impartial analyses, interspersed with such quotations as they know will be agreeable to their readers. As for the great essay-reviewers, all we will venture to suggest to such Tritons is, that they of all others are called upon to devote their unquestionable power towards the introduction into the national literature of the department of literary criticism. This they can do with very little sacrifice in other matters; but if they despise the hint, as coming from a minnow, we will proceed to prophesy, from unmistakeable signs in the literary horizon, that the task will be undertaken by an entirely new order of teachers.

As for ourselves, having dared to preach, we will not shrink from practising, but on some other occasion endeavour to show the bearing which the want of a higher criticism has upon certain important departments of literature, and offer—though with more misgiving—some hints for the consideration of those who may be competent to supply the desideratum. L. R.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

'THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.'

In the month of February of the year following that which witnessed the successful establishment of the claim of Sir Harry Compton's infant son to his magnificent patrimony, Mr Samuel Ferret was travelling post with all the speed he could command towards Lancashire, in compliance with a summons from Lady Compton, requesting, in urgent terms, his immediate presence at the castle. It was wild and bitter weather, and the roads were in many places rendered dangerous, and almost impassable, by the drifting snow. Mr Ferret, however, pressed onwards with his habitual energy and perseverance; and, spite of all elemental and postboy opposition, succeeded in accomplishing his journey in much less time than, under the circumstances, could have been reasonably expected. But swiftly as, for those slow times, he pushed on, it is necessary I should anticipate, by a brief period, his arrival at his destina-

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tion, in order to put the reader in possession of the circumstances which had occasioned the hurried and pressing message he had received.

Two days before, as Lady Compton and her sister, who had been paying a visit to Mrs Allington at the Grange, were returning home towards nine o'clock in the evening, they observed, as the carriage turned a sharp angle of the road leading through Compton Park, a considerable number of lighted lanterns borne hurriedly to and fro in various directions, by persons apparently in eager but bewildered pursuit of some missing object. The carriage was stopped, and in answer to the servants' inquiries, it was replied that Major Brandon's crazy niece had escaped from her uncle's house; and although traced by the snow-tracks as far as the entrance to the park, had not yet been recovered. Mrs Brandon had offered a reward of ten pounds to whoever should secure and reconduct her home; hence the hot pursuit of the fugitive, who, it was now supposed, must be concealed in the shrubberies. Rumours regarding this unfortunate young lady, by no means favourable to the character of her relatives as persons of humanity, had previously reached Lady Compton's ears; and she determined to avail herself, if possible, of the present opportunity to obtain a personal interview with the real or supposed lunatic. The men who had been questioned were informed that only the castle servants could be allowed to search for the missing person, either in the park or shrubberies; and that if there, she would be taken care of, and restored to her friends in the morning. The coachman was then ordered to drive on; but the wheels had not made half-a-dozen revolutions, when a loud shout at some distance, in the direction of the park, followed by a succession of piercing screams, announced the discovery and capture of the object of the chase. The horses were urged rapidly forward; and ere more than a minute had elapsed, the carriage drew up within a few yards of the hunted girl and her captors. The instant it stopped, Clara Brandon, liberating herself by a frenzied effort from the rude grasp in which she was held by an athletic young man, sprang wildly towards it, and with passionate intreaty implored mercy and protection. The young man, a son of Mrs Brandon's by a former husband, immediately re-seized her; and with fierce violence endeavoured to wrench her hand from the handle of the carriage-door, which she clutched with desperate tenacity. The door flew open, the sudden jerk disengaged her hold, and she struggled vainly in her captor's powerful grasp. 'Save me! save me!' she frantically exclaimed, as she felt herself borne off. 'You who are, they say, as kind and good as you are beautiful and happy, save me from this cruel man!'

Lady Compton, inexpressibly shocked by the piteous spectacle presented by the unhappy girl—her scanty clothing soiled, disarrayed, and torn by the violence of her struggles; her long flaxen tresses flowing disorderly over her face and neck in tangled dishevelment; and the pale, haggard, wild expression of her countenance—was for a few moments incapable of speech. Her sister was more collected: 'Violet,' she instantly remonstrated, 'do not permit this brutal violence.'

'What right has she or any one to interfere with us?' demanded the young man savagely. 'This girl is Major Brandon's ward, as well as niece, and *shall* return to her lawful home! Stand back,' continued he, addressing the servants, who, at a gesture from Miss Dalston, barred his progress. 'Withstand me at your peril!'

'Force her from him!' exclaimed Lady Compton, recovering her voice. 'Gently! gently! I will be answerable for her safe custody till the morning.'

The athletic fellow struggled desperately; but however powerful and determined, he was only one man against a score, nearly all the bystanders being tenants or labourers on the Compton estates; and spite of his furious efforts, and menaces of law and vengeance, Clara was torn from him in a twinkling, and himself hurled with some violence prostrate on the road. 'Do not let them hurt the man,' said Lady Compton, as the servants placed the insensible girl in the carriage (she had fainted); 'and tell him that if he has really any legal claim to the custody of this unfortunate person, he must prefer it in the morning.'

Immediately on arrival at the castle, the escaped prisoner was conveyed to bed, and medical aid instantly summoned. When restored to consciousness, whether from the effect of an access of fever producing temporary delirium, or from confirmed mental disease, her speech was altogether wild and incoherent—the only at all consistent portions of her ravings being piteously-iterated appeals to Lady Compton not to surrender her to her aunt-in-law, Mrs Brandon, of whom she seemed to entertain an overpowering, indefinable dread. It was evident she had been subjected to extremely brutal treatment—such as, in these days of improved legislation in such matters, and greatly advanced knowledge of the origin and remedy of cerebral infirmity, would not be permitted towards the meanest human being, much less a tenderly-nurtured, delicate female. At length, under the influence of a composing draught, she sank gradually to sleep; and Lady Compton having determined to rescue her, if possible, from the suspicious custody of her relatives, and naturally apprehensive of the legal difficulties which she could not doubt would impede the execution of her generous, if somewhat Quixotic project, resolved on at once sending off an express for Mr Ferret, on whose acumen and zeal she knew she could place the fullest reliance.

Clara Brandon's simple history may be briefly summed up. She was the only child of a Mr Frederick Brandon, who, a widower in the second year of his marriage, had since principally resided at the 'Elms,' a handsome mansion and grounds which he had leased of the uncle of the late Sir Harry Compton. At his decease, which occurred about two years previous to poor Clara's escape from confinement, as just narrated, he bequeathed his entire fortune, between two and three thousand pounds per annum, chiefly secured on land, to his daughter; appointed his elder brother, Major Brandon, sole executor of his will, and guardian of his child; and in the event of her dying before she had attained her majority—of which she wanted, at her father's death, upwards of three years—or without lawful issue, the property was to go to the major, to be by him willed at his pleasure. Major Brandon, whose physical and mental energies had been prematurely broken down—he was only in his fifty-second year—either by excess or hard service in the East, perhaps both, had married late in life the widow of a brother officer, and the mother of a grown-up son. The lady, a woman of inflexible will, considerable remains of a somewhat masculine beauty, and about ten years her husband's junior, held him in a state of thorough pupilage; and, unchecked by him, devoted all her energies to bring about, by fair or foul means, a union between Clara and her own son, a cub of some two or three-and-twenty years of age, whose sole object in seconding his mother's views upon Clara was the acquisition of her wealth. According to popular surmise and report, the young lady's mental infirmity had been brought about by the persecutions she had endured at the hands of Mrs Brandon, with a view to force her into a marriage she detested. The most reliable authority for the truth of these rumours was Susan Hopley, now in the service of Lady Compton, but who had lived for many years with Mr Frederick Brandon and his daughter. She had been discharged about six months after her master's decease by Mrs Major Brandon for alleged impertinence; and so thoroughly convinced was Susan that the soon-afterwards alleged lunacy of Clara was but a juggling pretence to excuse the restraint under which her aunt-in-law, for the furtherance of her own vile purposes, had determined to keep her, that although out of place at the time, she devoted all the savings of her life, between eighty and ninety pounds, to procure 'justice' for the

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ill-used orphan. This article, Susan was advised, could be best obtained of the lord chancellor; and proceedings were accordingly taken before the keeper of the king's conscience, in order to change the custody of the pretended lunatic. The affidavits filed in support of the petition were, however, so loose and vague, and were met with such positive counter-allegations, that the application was at once dismissed with costs; and poor Susan—rash suitor for 'justice'—reduced to absolute penury. These circumstances becoming known to Lady Compton, Susan was taken into her service; and it was principally owing to her frequently-iterated version of the affair that Clara had been forcibly rescued from Mrs Brandon's son.

On the following morning the patient was much calmer, though her mind still wandered somewhat. Fortified by the authority of the physician, who certified that to remove her, or even to expose her to agitation, would be dangerous, if not fatal, Lady Compton not only refused to deliver her up to Major and Mrs Brandon, but to allow them to see her. Mrs Brandon, in a towering rage, posted off to the nearest magistrate, to demand the assistance of peace-officers in obtaining possession of the person of the fugitive. That functionary would, however, only so far comply with the indignant lady's solicitations, as to send his clerk to the castle to ascertain the reason of the young lady's detention; and when his messenger returned with a note, enclosing a copy of the physician's certificate, he peremptorily decided that the conduct of Lady Compton was not only perfectly justifiable, but praiseworthy, and that the matter must remain over till the patient was in a condition to be moved. Things were precisely in this state, except that Clara Brandon had become perfectly rational; and but for an irrepressible nervous dread of again falling into the power of her unscrupulous relative, quite calm, when Mr Samuel Ferret made his wished-for appearance on the scene of action.

Long and anxious was the conference which Mr Ferret held with his munificent client and her interesting protégée, if conference that may be called in which the astute attorney enacted the part of listener only, scarcely once opening his thin, cautious lips. In vain did his eager brain silently ransack the whole armoury of the law; no weapon could he discern which afforded the slightest hope of fighting a successful battle with a legally-appointed guardian for the custody of his ward. And yet Mr Ferret felt, as he looked upon the flashing eye and glowing countenance of Lady Compton, as she recounted a few of the grievous outrages inflicted upon the fair and helpless girl reclining beside her—whose varying cheek and meek suffused eyes bore eloquent testimony to the truth of the relation—that he would willingly exert a vigour even *beyond* the law to meet his client's wishes, could he but see his way to a safe result. At length a ray of light, judging from his suddenly-gleaming eyes, seemed to have broken upon the troubled chambers of his brain, and he rose somewhat hastily from his chair.

'By the by, I will just step and speak to this Susan Hopley, if your ladyship can inform me in what part of the lower regions I am likely to meet with her?'

'Let me ring for her.'

'No; if you please not. What I have to ask her is of very little importance; still, to summon her here might give rise to surmises, reports, and so on, which it may be as well to avoid. I had much rather see her accidentally, as it were.'

'As you please. You will find her somewhere about the housekeeper's apartments. You know her by sight, I think?'

'Perfectly; and with your leave I'll take the opportunity of directing the horses to be put to. I must be in London by noon to-morrow if possible;' and away Mr Ferret bustled.

'Susan,' said Mr Ferret a few minutes afterwards, 'step this way; I want to have a word with you. Now, tell me are you goose enough to expect you will ever see the money again you so foolishly threw into the bottomless pit of chancery?'

'Of course I shall, Mr Ferret, as soon as ever Miss Clara comes to her own. She mentioned it only this morning, and said she was sorry she could not repay me at once.'

'You are a sensible girl, Susan, though you *did* go to law with the lord chancellor! I want you to be off with me to London; and then perhaps we may get your money sooner than you expect.'

'Oh, bother the money! Is that *all* you want me to go to Lunnon for?'

Mr Ferret replied with a wink of such exceeding intelligence, that Susan at once declared she should be ready to start in ten minutes at the latest.

'That's a good creature; and, Susan, as there's not the slightest occasion to let all the world know who's going to run off with you, it may be as well for you to take your bundle and step on a mile or so on the road, say to the turn, just beyond the first turnpike.' Susan nodded with brisk good-humour, and disappeared in a twinkling.

An hour afterwards, Mr Ferret was on his way back to London, having first impressed upon Lady Compton the necessity of immediately relieving herself of the grave responsibility she had incurred towards Major Brandon for the safe custody of his ward, by sending her home immediately. He promised to return on the third day from his departure; but on the nature of the measures he intended to adopt, or the hopes he entertained of success, he was inflexibly silent; and he moreover especially requested that no one, not even Miss Brandon, should know of Susan Hopley's journey to the metropolis.

Mr Ferret, immediately on his arrival in town, called at my chambers, and related with his usual minuteness and precision as many of the foregoing particulars as he knew and thought proper to communicate to me. For the rest I am indebted to subsequent conversations with the different parties concerned.

'Well,' said I, as soon as he had concluded, 'what course do you propose to adopt?'

'I wish you to apply, on this affidavit, for a writ of *habeas ad sub.*, to bring up the body of Clara Brandon. Judge Bailey will be at chambers at three o'clock: it is now more than half-past two, and I can be off on my return by four at latest.'

'A writ of habeas!' I exclaimed with astonishment. 'Why, what end can that answer? The lady will be remanded, and you and I shall be laughed at for our pains.'

This writ of *habeas corpus* '*ad subjiciendum*,' I had better explain to the non-professional reader, is the great *prerogative* writ, the operation of which is sometimes suspended by the legislature during political panics. It is grounded on the principle that the sovereign has at all times a right to inquire, through the judges of the superior courts, by what authority his or her subject is held in constraint. It issues, as a matter of right, upon the filing of an affidavit, averring that to the best of the belief of the deponent the individual sought to be brought up is illegally confined; and it is of the essence of the proceeding, that the person alleged to be suffering unlawful constraint should actually be brought before the 'queen herself;' that is, before one or more of the judges of the court which has issued the writ, who, if they find *the detention illegal*, the only question at issue upon this writ may discharge or bail the party. It was quite obvious, therefore, that in this case such a proceeding would be altogether futile, as the detention in the house of her guardian, under the sanction, too, of the lord chancellor, the *ex-officio* custodier of all lunatics—of a ward of alleged disordered intellect—was clearly legal, at least *prima facie* so, and not to be disturbed under a *habeas ad sub.* at all events.

'Perhaps so,' replied Ferret quite coolly in reply to my exclamation; 'but I am determined to try every means of releasing the unfortunate young lady from the

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cruel thraldom in which she is held by that harridan of an aunt-in-law. She is no more really insane than you are; but at the same time so excitable upon certain topics, that it might be perhaps difficult to disabuse the chancellor or a jury of the impression so industriously propagated to her prejudice. The peremptory rejection by her guardian of young Burford's addresses, though sanctioned by her father: you know the Burfords?'

'Of Grosvenor Street you mean—the East India director?'

'Yes, his son; and that reminds me that the declaration in that everlasting exchequer case must be filed to-morrow. Confound it, how this flying about the country puts one out! I thought some one had kidnapped her son, or fired Compton Castle at least. By the way, I am much deceived if there isn't a wedding there before long.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, Miss Dalston with Sir Jasper's eldest hope.'

'You don't mean it?'

'*They* do at all events, and that is much more to the purpose. A fine young fellow enough, and sufficiently rich too'——

'All which rambling talk and anecdote,' cried I, interrupting him, 'means, if I have any skill in reading Mr Ferret, that that gentleman, having some ulterior purpose in view, which I cannot for the moment divine, is determined to have this writ, and does not wish to be pestered with any argument on the subject. Be it so: it is your affair, not mine. And now, as it is just upon three o'clock, let me see your affidavit.'

I ran it over. 'Rather loose this, Mr Ferret, but I suppose it will do.'

'Well, it *is* rather loose, but I could not with safety sail much closer to the wind. By the by, I think you had better first apply for a rule to stay proceedings against the bail in that case of Turner; and after that is decided, just ask for this writ, off-hand as it were, and as a matter of course. His lordship may not then scrutinise the affidavit quite so closely as if he thought counsel had been brought to chambers purposely to apply for it.'

'Cautious, Mr Ferret! Well, come along, and I'll see what I can do.'

The writ was obtained without difficulty; few questions were asked; and at my request the judge made it returnable immediately. By four o'clock, Mr Ferret, who could fortunately sleep as well in a postchaise as in a feather-bed, was, as he had promised himself, on his road to Lancashire once more, where he had the pleasure of serving Major Brandon personally; at the same time tendering in due form the one shilling per mile fixed by the statute as preliminary travelling charges. The vituperative eloquence showered upon Mr Ferret by the major's lady was, I afterwards heard, extremely copious and varied, and was borne by him, as I could easily believe, with the most philosophic composure.

In due time the parties appeared before Mr Justice Bailey. Miss Brandon was accompanied by her uncle, his wife, and a solicitor; and spite of everything I could urge, the judge, as I had foreseen, refused to interfere in the matter. The poor girl was dreadfully agitated, but kept, nevertheless, her eyes upon Mr Ferret, as the source from which, spite of what was passing around her, effectual succour was sure to come. As for that gentleman himself, he appeared composedly indifferent to the proceedings; and indeed, I thought, seemed rather relieved than otherwise when they terminated. I could not comprehend him. Mrs Brandon, the instant the case was decided, clutched Clara's arm within hers, and, followed by her husband and the solicitor, sailed out of the apartment with an air of triumphant disdain and pride. Miss Brandon looked round for Ferret, but not perceiving him—he had left hastily an instant or two before—her face became deadly pale, and the most piteous expression of hopeless despair I had ever beheld broke from her troubled but singularly-expressive eyes. I mechanically followed, with a half-formed purpose of remonstrating with Major Brandon in behalf of the unfortunate girl, and was by that means soon in possession of the key to Mr Ferret's apparently inexplicable conduct.

The Brandon party walked very fast, and I had scarcely got up with them as they were turning out of Chancery Lane into Fleet Street, when two men, whose vocation no accustomed eye could for an instant mistake, arrested their further progress. 'This lady,' said one of the men, slightly touching Miss Brandon on the shoulder, 'is, I believe, Clara Brandon?'

'Yes she is; and what of that, fellow?' demanded the major's lady with indignant emphasis.

'Not much, ma'am,' replied the sheriff's officer, 'when you are used to it. It is my unpleasant duty to arrest her for the sum of eighty-seven pounds, indorsed on this writ, issued at the suit of one Susan Hopley.'

'Arrest her!' exclaimed Mrs Brandon; 'why, she is a minor!'

'Minor or major, ma'am, makes very little difference to us. She can plead that hereafter, you know. In the meantime, miss, please to step into this coach,' replied the officer, holding the door open.

'But she's a person of unsound mind,' screamed the lady, as Clara, nothing loath, sprang into the vehicle.

'So are most people that do business with our establishment,' responded the imperturbable official, as he shut and fastened the door. 'Here is my card, sir,' he added, addressing the attorney, who now came up. 'You see where to find the lady, if her friends wish to give bail to the sheriff, or, what is always more satisfactory, pay the debt and costs.' He then jumped on the box, his follower got up behind, and away drove the coach, leaving the discomfited major and his fiery better-half in a state of the blankest bewilderment!

'Why, what *is* the meaning of this?' at length gasped Mrs Brandon, fiercely addressing the attorney, as if *he* were a *particeps criminis* in the affair.

'The meaning, my dear madame, is, that Miss Clara Brandon is arrested for debt, and carried off to a spunging-house; and that unless you pay the money, or file bail, she will to-morrow be lodged in jail,' replied the unmoved man of law.

'Bail! money! How are we to do either in London, away from home?' demanded the major with, for him, much emotion.

I did not wait to hear more, but, almost suffocated with laughter at the success of Ferret's audacious *ruse*, hastened over to the Temple. I was just leaving chambers for the night—about ten o'clock I think it must have been—when Ferret, in exuberant spirits, burst into the room.

'Well, sir, what do you think *now* of a writ *ad sub.*?'

'Why, I think, Mr Ferret,' replied I, looking as serious as I could, 'that yours is very sharp practice; that the purpose you have put it to is an abuse of the writ; that the arrest is consequently illegal; and that a judge would, upon motion, quash it with costs.'

'To be sure he would: who doubts that? Let him, and welcome! In the meantime, Clara Brandon is safe beyond the reach of all the judges or chancellors that ever wore horse-hair, and that everlasting simpleton of a major and his harridan wife roaming the metropolis like distracted creatures; and that I take to be the real essence of the thing, whatever the big-wigs may decide about the shells!'

'I suppose the plaintiff soon discharged her debtor out of custody?'

'Without loss of time, you may be sure. Miss Brandon, I may tell *you*, is with the Rev. Mr Derwent at Brompton. You know him: the newly-married curate of St Margaret's that was examined in that will case. Well him: he is an intelligent, high-principled man; and I have no doubt that, under his and Mrs Derwent's care, all trace of Miss Brandon's mental infirmity will disappear long before she attains her majority next June twelvemonth; whilst the liberal

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sum per month which Lady Compton will advance, will be of great service to him.'

'That appears all very good. But are you sure you can effectually conceal the place of her retreat?'

'I have no fear: the twigs that will entangle her precious guardians in the labyrinths of a false clue are already set and limed. Before to-morrow night they will have discovered, by means of their own wonderfully-penetrative sagacity, that Clara has been spirited over to France; and before three months are past, the same surprising intelligence will rejoice in the discovery that she expired in a *maison de santé*—fine comfortable repose, in which fool's paradise I hope to have the honour of awakening them about next June twelvemonth, and not as at present advised before!'

Everything fortunately turned out as Mr Ferret anticipated; and when a few months had glided by, Clara Brandon was a memory only, save of course to the few intrusted with the secret.

The whirligig of time continued as ever to speed on its course, and bring round in due season its destined revenges. The health, mental and bodily, of Miss Brandon rapidly improved under the kind and judicious treatment of Mr and Mrs Derwent; and long before the attainment of her majority, were pronounced by competent authority to be thoroughly re-established. The day following that which completed her twenty-first year, Mr Ferret, armed with the necessary authority, had the pleasure of announcing to the relict of Major Brandon (he had been dead some months), and to her brutal son, that they must forthwith depart from the home in which they, to the very moment of his announcement, thought themselves secure; and surrender every shilling of the property they had so long dreamt was their own. They were prostrated by the intelligence, and proved as mean and servile in the hour of adversity, as they had been insolent and cruel in the day of fancied success and prosperity. The pension of three hundred pounds a year for both their lives, proffered by Miss Brandon, was eagerly accepted; and they returned to the obscurity from which they had by accident emerged.

About six months afterwards, I had the pleasure of drawing up the marriage settlements between Clara Brandon and Herbert Burford; and a twelvemonth after, that of standing sponsor to one of the lustiest brats ever sprinkled at a font: none of which delightful results, if we are to believe Mr Ferret, would have ever been arrived at had not he, at a very critical moment, refused to take counsel's opinion upon the virtues, capabilities, and powers contained in the great writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*.

GOLD MINES OF SCOTLAND.

The logic of children is sometimes puzzled with the question, whether a pound of feathers or a pound of lead is the heavier? 'A pound of lead,' says at once the thoughtless urchin, who is not destined to be a Locke or a Descartes. Fallacies of this description perpetually pervade the full-grown children of mankind, and in nothing have they been better exhibited than in the search for gold. The pound worth of gold has been considered so much more valuable than the pound worth of anything else, that people have contentedly given two, three, and four pounds for it. King James VI. expended about L.3000 sterling—a large sum in his day—in searching for gold on Carnwath Moor; but he never obtained more than about three ounces—not quite L.12 worth. This was so extravagantly ill-paying a concern, even though its returns *were* in gold, that the monarch declined to push it farther. Perhaps if he had got L.1000 worth of gold for his L.3000 worth of labour, the mining operations would have been set down as highly prosperous, and of great advantage to the community.

It was at the conclusion of this disagreeable experiment that the king was strongly urged by a sanguine speculator, named Stephen Atkinson, to renew the national hunt for the precious metal, and thus 'to make his majesty the richest monarch in Europe—yea, in all the world.' Mr Atkinson, like many other speculators, discovered the main weakness of the person to whom he addressed his project, and assailed him in that direction with great courage and skill. James had been often compared to King Solomon, and he was accustomed to hear the comparison developed in various forms. Atkinson made a bold addition to the compliment, by showing that he possessed the united virtues of David and of his wise son, 'in respect of the wonderful resemblance which many of his majesty's gracious deeds have with the doings of the prophet David and Solomon the wisest.' Accordingly there is a series of parallels between the acts of these two kings towards Israel, and the acts of the modern Solomon towards his Scottish subjects, which concludes with the remark: 'Who doth not see that the king's majesty, the prince, and his subjects, do reape as great benefits from Almighty God, as did the Israelites by the means of King Solomon, or may do in riches, by Scotland!'*

From a perusal of Mr Atkinson's book, one might not unaptly adopt the conclusion that gold was a staple produce of Scotland—that it had been extracted in great abundance—and that, from time to time, it afforded employment to a considerable mining population. He speaks of Crawford Moor and Friar Moor in Lanarkshire, and Wanlock Moor in Dumfriesshire, together with a small vale called Glengaber in Peeblesshire, as the chief auriferous districts. They form, it may be remarked, properly one district, being all of them portions of a mountainous region in the centre of the south of Scotland, where rocks of the transition series prevail. To this day, we believe, the shepherds occasionally find grains of gold in the channels of the streams which water this district. A few centuries ago, the imaginations of the people were set on fire by the comparatively promising quantities which were discovered. Atkinson says, of the places which he enumerates, that he had tried them all, and in all gold was to be found. 'You shall always,' he says, 'find skilful seekers and discoverers thereof dwelling near unto these foresaid places for to use the trough or skewer, but not very perfect in the briddle, nor any at all in the art of extracting. Some of these laborious Scotsmen know the natural gold perfectly, and too well—I mean that gold gotten in valleys, not upon cold places—namely, on high mountains and mosses.... The vulgar sort of Scotsmen usually sought for it on these moors after a great rain, and after the speats [floods] of rain had run his course: and this rain, or force of water, brought down no other gold than gold which had been removed by the force of waves' flood, and that gold was and is called superficial gold to this day.' He then proceeds to describe the operation of the deluge on the crust of the globe; and in continuation, says—'And then, even at that time, natural gold and silver (which now is found to be in combes and valleys) was forced and torn from his dwelling-place — namely, God's treasure-house in the earth, &c.; and thither even our Scots gold, which is now found in stems or in grains and pieces, did descend or was washed down. In which valleys, combes, skirts of hills, or cloughs, even until this present day, it hath laid still or not been removed, except after a great speat of rain, the force whereof doth break and wear the superficies of the earth, but not the solid earth; after which the Scots men, and women, and children run to seek for it, and do find it still, even to this day.'

We are not responsible for the distinctness or consistency of Mr Atkinson's statements. He appears to have been peculiarly liable to the hazy influence which often surrounds the dreams of speculators. In the above extracts, he evidently alludes to *washings* for gold in the alluvial matter in the bottoms of valleys and beds of rivers, and seems to entertain the idea that there was some grand storehouse of the metal to be discovered by diligent research in the recesses of the earth. He could

* The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mynes in Scotland. By Stephen Atkinson. Written in the year 1619. Printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1825.

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sometimes become eloquent and luxurious in his descriptions, as speculators are often wont to be. He describes the proceedings of his predecessors in gold-finding after this eloquent fashion:—One 'Cornelius, a lapidary,' of German origin, had approached our gold mines with a recommendation from Queen Elizabeth to the king. 'And then Cornelius went to view the said mountains in Clydesdale and Nydesdale, upon which mountains he got a small taste of small gold. This was a whetstone to sharpen his knife upon; and this natural gold tasted so sweet as the honeycomb in his mouth. And then he consulted with his friends at Edinburgh, and by his persuasions provoked them to adventure with him, showing them at first the natural gold, which he called the temptable gold, or alluring gold. It was in stems, and some like unto birds' eyes and eggs: he compared it unto a woman's eye, which entiseth her lover into her bosom.' Cornelius was not inferior to his class in speculative extravagance. He found in his golden dreams a solution for the question regarding the poor. He saw Scotland and England 'both oppressed with poor people which beg from door to door for want of employment, and no man looketh to it.' But all these people were to find good and profitable employment if his projects were adopted. We are not accustomed to consider our countrymen inferior in energy and enterprise to the Germans. Yet Cornelius stated, that if he had been able to show in his own country such indications of mineral wealth as he had found in Scotland, 'then the whole country would confederate, and not rest till young and old that were able be set to work thereat, and to discover this treasure-house from whence this gold descended; and the people, from ten years old till ten times ten years old, should work thereat: no charges whatsoever should be spared, till mountains and mosses were turned into valleys and dales, but this treasure-house should be discovered.'

It appears that Cornelius so far prevailed on the Scots to 'confederate,' that they raised a stock of L.5000 Scots, equal to about L.416 sterling, and worked the mines under royal privileges. Atkinson, whose object it was to put these operations in their most favourable light, says that eight pounds' weight of gold was extracted by the company, the value being L.450 sterling. 'Cornelius,' he says, 'had six score men at work in valleys and dales. He employed both lads and lasses, idle men and women, which before went a-begging. He proffited by theire work, and they lived well and contented.'

Atkinson tells a story which will be found applied, in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' to different persons and an earlier period. He says that in the days of the Regent Morton, a Dutchman, with the very British name of Abraham Grey, worked the Scots mines, and made out of their gold 'a verie faire deep bason,' which 'contained, by estimation, within the brims thereof, an English gallon of liquor.' He continues: 'The same bason was of clean, neat, natural gold. Itself was then filled up to the brim with coined pieces of gold, called *unicorns;* which bason and pieces both were presented unto the French king by the said regent, the Earl of Morton, who signified upon his honour unto the king, saying, "My lord, behold this bason and all that therein is: it is natural gold, gotten within this kingdom of Scotland, by a Dutchman named Abraham Grey;" and Abraham Grey was standing by, and affirmed it upon a solemn oath. But he said unto the said king that he thought it did engender and increase within the earth, and that he observed it soe to do by the influence of the heavens.' It is not easy to conceive how such a meeting could have occurred between the king of France and the Regent Morton. Sir Walter Scott makes King James to present the vessel filled with gold bonnet-pieces to the French and Spanish ambassadors. Mr Atkinson revels in many other luxurious descriptions of the Scottish gold-seekers; and among others, the efforts of his contemporary, Sir Bevis Bulmer, Queen Elizabeth's Master of the Mint. We need not overwhelm our readers with more specimens of his magniloquence, but content ourselves with the general moral to be derived from his book—that those who speak about the finding of gold, seem always so dazzled with the brilliancy of their subject, that sober truth is not to be expected from them, and they exaggerate trifles with the wild excitement of a mob propagating a rumour. The chief district in which these adventurers hunted for the precious metal was Wanlock Head. It is now celebrated for its lead mines, whence fortunes have been derived; but it would appear to have been ransacked by the impoverished gold-seekers for a full century before any one condescended to enrich himself by attending to the humbler metal. The clergyman of the parish says, in the 'New Statistical Account'—'A mine has been cut a considerable way into one of the mountains close to the Wanlock Stream, which is supposed to have been cut in search of gold. For such as wish to procure a little in a state of purity, or for the purpose of being formed into a ring, &c. it is still collected by the miners, though not in any great quantity. It is generally found at the bottom of the glens, of a granular form, disseminated among rocks, and mixed with sand and gravel. During the last four years two specimens have been found which weighed respectively ninety and sixty grains.' The two together would be worth about a pound.

SPORT IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Most persons who have read anything about Egypt, know that in the neighbourhood of Cairo there exists what is called the Petrified Forest. Geological travellers generally visit the spot in a devout spirit of scientific research. They set out with the full determination of filling a certain number of pages of their note-books with acute observations and ingenious theories: they go forth in a rigid spirit of inquiry: above all things, they are on their guard against being humbugged. From the moment they bestride their donkeys' backs, their countenances assume all the severity of philosophical investigation; and it is certainly not their fault if the world is no wiser after all their exertions.

As a resident in Egypt, I used often to make a trip to the Petrified Forest, merely for the sake of enjoying the fine bracing air of the hills. On one occasion I remember going out with a small party to look for gazelles; and I will take the opportunity of describing what is to be seen in an account of our day's proceedings. My companions were two Germans and two Englishmen—one established in Cairo, the other on a visit from Alexandria. The expedition was decided on the previous evening; and our Teutonic friends undertook to provide the necessary refreshments. There was great talk of the excellent sport to be anticipated, and some difference of opinion arose as to the disposal of the various gazelles we were to bring home in proof of our prowess. At length, however, a fair division was made among the ladies and gentlemen of our acquaintance; and we separated, all promising to be at the rendezvous next morning precisely at half-past six.

It will be but courteous if I introduce my friends more particularly to the reader. In the first place, there was Mr M——, the representative of one of the commercial houses of Alexandria, and having some claim to the dignified appellation of a 'Gonsol.' In Europe, the importance of this position will scarcely be appreciated, and it would be difficult to convey an idea of it without going into too lengthy details. Suffice it to say, that a flag on the roof, and a coat of arms over the door of a house, convert it into an inviolable sanctuary. The consul, who generally exerts completely arbitrary power over the subjects of the country he represents, is always an influential person with the government; and if he sometimes fails to be successful in procuring *redress* for an injury done to any one to whom he desires to afford protection, he always obtains the infliction of *punishment* for an offence. No wonder, then, that he is looked upon with a kind of awe, and that the Arabs have formed ridiculously exaggerated ideas of his importance. My friend M—— would, therefore, have been a valuable companion had there been the slightest reason to apprehend insult. As there was not, we coveted his society for his own personal merits, which were great—for he was a jovial, good-hearted fellow; and

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though he had never been in England, spoke our language capitally.

The same thing may be said of my other German friend Herr Fist—I mean with reference to his knowledge of English—for though he was one of the best-hearted young men I have ever met, he was very far from jovial. I can still see his calm, melancholy face, and lofty intelligent forehead, as if he were before me at this moment. I always took pleasure in his company, although I had generally to furnish the greater part of the conversation. This, you will suggest, may have been no hardship; but I can assure you that among talkative people I am regarded as very taciturn.

Perhaps, however, these details do not interest you. Let me, then, hasten to introduce my two English friends, who rejoiced in the names of Messrs Fox and Cog. The first was rather scientifically inclined, and evidently had some sly notions of scientific research in reserve; but knowing the temper of his consorts, he kept these heterodox tendencies as much as possible to himself. He did not do, as another friend of mine once did—namely, bring out a spare donkey for the purpose of carrying back specimens of the Petrified Forest, but he quietly chose an enormous brute, that looked as if it could have carried half a museum in addition to its geological rider. Mr Fox was a native of Liverpool; and though I may be thought to speak rather irreverently of his studious tendencies, I must freely confess to having drunk more tea and eaten more preserves at his hospitable table than at any other house in Egypt. His literary tastes and extensive knowledge made him an excellent travelling companion; but we were compelled on this occasion to remind him more than once that we were not travelling, but merely looking out for gazelles and an appetite.

Mr Cog was the superintendent of one of the cotton-factories of Boulac; and having a rank in the pasha's service, turned out in full Stambouli costume. He was one of those long-headed Englishmen who contribute by their straightforward manners and energetic character to make our country respected in the East, where we certainly are looked upon as a very superior class of beings to all other Franks.

It was past seven—in spite of our industrious intentions—before we were all ready to start; but when once in the saddle, we rattled away through the Sookhs at a fine rate, followed by a troop of donkey-boys and servants carrying our guns and ammunition. Two large saddle-bags contained our supply of creature comforts; for we had resolved to lunch out at the coal-pit, and return home to a late dinner.

I shall say nothing at present of the streets of Cairo, although the portion we traversed is rarely visited by professed tourists, not being set down in the guide-books. We wound our way along a variety of little lanes, flanked often by half-ruined houses, with a tall minaret leaning over here and there in a most terribly insecure way. Half the shops were closed, not because it was too early—the natives always get up with the sun—but because prosperity had departed. The palmy days of Cairo have long ago passed away; and in most of the quarters a great proportion of the houses are uninhabited. Many of the streets, however, presented a lively aspect; and some of the market-places were so crowded by vociferous customers, that we could scarcely get along. In these unaristocratic regions we don't remark the gorgeous variety of costume which one is accustomed to think of in connection with Eastern life: dingy turbans, threadbare tarbooshes, blue shirts, ragged shawls, and naked feet, may be enumerated as the principal characteristics that present themselves: a shabby-genteel Copt, with black turban, sombre dress, and inkstand stuck like a pistol into his girdle, alone perhaps aspires to the dignity of shoes and stockings.

Escaping from the close streets of the city, we gallop with delight through the sombre archway of the Bab-en-Nasr into the City of the Tombs. Here the air is pure, and the sun is bright; everything conspires to fill the mind with joy; and I defy the most obstinate moralist—after emerging from the clammy, cold atmosphere of the low quarters of Cairo—to conjure up a single gloomy idea, in spite of the hundreds of fresh white tombstones that meet the eye on every side, and the crumbling monuments of ancient kings, near which the path, as we proceed, leads us.

It was a happy holiday, and we were all fully resolved to enjoy it. M——'s servant led a fine white horse, which the master occasionally mounted to take a gallop up the slopes of the hills. The rest of us stuck to our donkeys, and enlivened the ride by a variety of anecdotes, which succeeded one another with marvellous rapidity. We soon reached the rocky pass that leads round the base of what is called the Gebel-el-Ahmar, or Red Mountain—an immense detached hill of volcanic origin—into the valley of the Mokattam range. A few minutes took us out of sight of the city of Cairo, and the vast Egyptian plain, that had been developing as we ascended; and we found ourselves in the midst of a series of barren hills—ay, as barren as though they were a thousand miles from the beneficent Nile. To our right was a long line of precipices, broken here and there by a rugged defile, one of which leads to a little spring that pours forth its limpid waters at the foot of a solitary tree; to our left a series of sloping hillocks, piled, as it were, one above the other, soon closed in the view; behind us were the purple peaks of the Red Mountain; and in front, as is usual in the Desert, the long flat valley we had entered seemed, by an optical illusion, to conclude with a vast amphitheatrical sweep.

When we had jogged about half-way up this valley, we were passed by a group of English tourists, riding furiously along on horseback, and casting keen glances on every side to collect geological facts. In two or three minutes they dashed round the corner of the range of precipices, and were lost to view. I may mention that about half an hour later we caught sight of them scouring along a distant valley on their return to Cairo with, as we afterwards learned, a very interesting budget of observations. Egypt, it appears, is a country in which he who runs may read.

A rugged ravine to the right, at the end of the valley, leads to the top of the range of hills. Here the petrified wood begins. Two or three trunks of trees, half imbedded in the soil, and broken into lengths of five or six feet, present themselves at once. The whole ground, too, is covered with smaller pieces, not seemingly at all diminished in number, despite the industry of specimen collectors, who are generally content not to go farther than this spot.

As we proceeded, a splendid view of the Valley of the Nile, and successively of all the Pyramids from Gizeh to Sakkarah, was obtained through the mouth of what is called the Valley of the Wanderings, that stretches from the village of Toura to the Red Sea. This panoramic picture, enveloped in a slight mist, seemed to move slowly as we ourselves proceeded across the opening between the rugged ranges of Mokattam and Massara, and induced us to linger for a while. But we soon began descending from the elevation we had obtained, and at length came to the proposed field of active exertion.

The northern side of the Valley of the Wanderings, unlike the southern, which is nearly precipitous, sweeps upwards in vast slopes, intersected by little sandy valleys, where a few green plants and bushes, kept alive by the dews of night, occasionally attract whole troops of gazelles. On reaching there, we put foot to ground; and M——, who was a keen sportsman, went forward, slightly stooping, according to the true Bedouin fashion, to look out for the game. It is often extremely difficult in the desert, when the sun's rays beat scorchingly on the ground, and dazzle the eyes, to distinguish a herd of gazelles. It generally happens that you come close upon them, and have your attention attracted by seeing them scud along like a flash of light. So it happened in this case. M—— was creeping over a stony swell, and looking far ahead, when half-a-dozen of these beautiful creatures went bounding away under his very nose. 'There—there!' 'Where—where!' 'Hennak—henneh!' shouted Franks and Arabs. Bang—bang! went the fowling-pieces; but before M—— could

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bring his rifle to bear, the frightened gazelles were disappearing over a distant hill. A little cloud of dust beaten up close alongside of them, showed that he was a good shot; and the sharp scolding he gave us for shouting and shooting at random, proved that, like a true sportsman, he took his failure to heart.

'Better luck next time,' said we; and on we went, cautiously examining every valley before we entered it. There were thousands of footprints, and other traces of the gazelle; but we got among the rocks and hills again without having had an opportunity to pull another trigger.

A shower of rain, discharged by a huge cloud that had crept up from the east without our perceiving it, drove some of us to shelter; the others found that a bottle of Madeira had been broken in the saddle-bags, and drank what could be saved, as an internal greatcoat. The sky soon cleared up again; and after riding through some rough ground, we got down into the great valley, and about eleven o'clock reached our destination.

This was what is called the shaft or coal-pit—one of the follies of Mohammed Ali. For the last twenty years no subject has occupied his mind more than this. He had been told of the immense advantage the possession of coal has proved to England, he had made up his mind that Egypt should be a manufacturing country, and he had resolved that coal should be found in his dominions. An immense number of adventurers have made fortunes out of the pasha by encouraging this weakness. Every year two or three reports are sent in of discoveries of coal-beds. He believes them all, orders shafts to be sunk, and never gives up until he has spent enormous sums of money to no purpose. Some years ago, a European, who had been made a bey, presented himself before his highness with two or three black stones found in the Petrified Forest, which he stated to be pure coal. 'Peki—peki!' exclaimed the pasha: 'I have been seeking this precious mineral in Kordofan and Sennaar, and I find it within three hours of Cairo! Sink a shaft directly! Sink a shaft! Let Burmanchan and Mangustar look out! Egypt will be the great manufacturing country after all! She produces cotton, she produces flax'—— The worthy pasha was interrupted by a stubborn, ignorant old Turk, who suggested that the black stones should be put into a fire, in order to see whether they would burn. The pasha looked at the unfortunate sceptic's beard, as if he would have pulled it off; but his good sense predominating, he ordered Khosrew Bey, the chief interpreter, and several other functionaries, to go to the kitchen, and be witnesses of the experiment. The deputation accordingly went; the stones were put upon the fire; and a variety of attempts were made to induce them to ignite; but though they got red-hot, they would not burn. Solemn faces were made by the courtiers, who knew the reception they would meet with if they returned with an unfavourable report. Mohammed Ali had got it into his head that all Turks are 'tors,' 'bulls,' meaning 'asses;' and that they are jealous of all Europeans, and disposed to discredit their ideas. He was not wrong in the main; but he pushed the idea too far. After the cook had been exhausting his breath by blowing on the stones for half an hour, Khosrew Bey, who ran the risk of singeing his moustaches in his anxiety, exclaimed, 'Wallah! it burns! Wallah! it burns!' 'Do not swear, oh Khosrew,' said the cook, wiping the perspiration from his forehead: 'I am nearly dead, and shall certainly give up the ghost before this accursed stone takes fire!'

Meanwhile the European, who had not prepared himself for this experiment, had recovered from his surprise, and was explaining to the pasha that he did not mean to say that the specimens he had presented were *real coal*, but that they indicated the presence of coal beneath the surface of the earth. 'Why did you not say so before?' at length cried the pasha. 'There is poor Khosrew in the kitchen endeavouring to make the stones burn. Call him back, call him back; it is all a mistake. And you, sir, listen to me: go to Baki Bey, get all the men you require, and sink a shaft at once.'

The works were accordingly begun; and it seems they intend to go on until coal is found—even should it prove necessary to bore through to the antipodes. Every year the shaft is carried down through all sorts of strata some hundred feet, and no one ever talks of giving it up, or expects to find coal at last.

Immense mounds of material had been thrown up near the shaft. These at first concealed the little house and the sheds in which the guardians dwell; and as they looked exactly like portions of the desert, it was some time before we struck into the right direction after getting down into the valley. At length, as I before stated, we reached our destination, and alighted. The more lazy and hungry went immediately to look for a shady place, whilst we—that is to say, myself and the scientific Fox—amused ourselves by dropping stones down the shaft, and counting the seconds that elapsed before they were heard to reach the bottom. I think twelve seconds was about the result. We were going to make still further progress in the search after useful knowledge, when a cry arose, 'Herr Fist is eating all the lunch!' We accordingly rushed to the rescue; and our appetites being good, fell to in right good earnest. When the more solid viands had disappeared, along with the greater part of the wine, we began most industriously sucking oranges, and proposed to go on a geological excursion up the long slope in front of us. Though this was rather *infra dig*, it was resolved upon, and away we started.

I am almost sorry that I did not choose to describe another of my visits to the Petrified Forest, where, as I have already hinted, my friend A—— took out a spare donkey to load with specimens; and on arriving on the ground, wished aloud he had brought a camel, and no doubt in his heart regretted he could not carry away the whole forest! How we laughed as, in slowly ascending the steep, he collected at every fifty yards a monstrous pile of blocks of petrified wood, which he could scarcely lift in both hands, and from which he made up his mind with a sigh to select on his return. We had not proceeded far, before he had gathered sufficient to build a good-sized house. It is true that L—— and I were waggishly inclined, and added a round number of huge blocks that had nothing to recommend them but their size; but in addition to making these piles, A—— actually carried along with him an enormous carpet-bag, into which there was a perfect shower of curious specimens, partly approved by his own severe judgment, partly thrown in wilfully by us. His greatcoat pockets also were made receptacles for all sorts of interesting pebbles—black, white, and red—so that he had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile in that broiling sun before he was absolutely compelled to come to a stand-still, weighed down by some hundredweight of petrified wood and agates. Imagine his indignation, on examining his carpet-bag and his pouches, at finding some prodigious masses of puddingstone and common flints. Having hurled these away, and rejected also with regret some fragments containing knots and others with portions of bark, my indefatigable friend proceeded; but ere long he was again compelled to sit down exhausted, and pronounce condemnation once more on a large assortment of rubbish. On our return towards the shaft there was a long halt at every pile, and a regular debate on the value of each specimen, I and L—— endeavouring to make up for our previous practical jokes by turning ourselves into beasts of burthen. At length we reached the halting-place laden with stones, to the great astonishment of the Arabs. It was found, however, that no donkey could carry for any distance all we had collected; and in moody melancholy A—— threw away two small trunks of trees which he had fondly hoped to be able to transport *viâ* Alexandria to Europe!

But, as I have said, this was on another occasion. On the present, none of us was enthusiastic enough to afford much scope for merriment of that kind. M—— would rather have seen a troop of gazelles than all the petrified forests that ever existed; Cog had often been there before; Herr Fist's curiosity was moderate; Fox certainly exhibited some interest, but the collection he made was too trifling to laugh at. For my own part, during my travels

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I had a foolish prejudice against bringing away relics and specimens, so that I have nothing scarcely but my reminiscences remaining.

I have no theory on the subject of the Petrified Forest. An immense number of trees have evidently been converted into stone on this spot. Hundreds of trunks, sixty or seventy feet long, may be counted from whatever point you choose. It would appear that they were converted into stone whilst upstanding, for they are all broken into lengths of about five feet, as if in falling down. The whole ground is covered with fragments, mingled with agates of every description. This district extends far into the desert, petrifaction occurring, I believe, throughout the whole of the Valley of the Wanderings to the shores of the Red Sea. It is not difficult to break the wood; it gives a metallic sound; many specimens retain traces of bark, which crumbles off like red ochre; numerous knots are to be found; and the rings can be distinctly counted. We picked up the petrifaction of a fruit exactly of the shape of an almond, and of another which bore some resemblance to a date. Many of the trees I believe to have been palms, but others were certainly not.

We got up to the top of a peak covered, or rather composed of pebbles, and obtained a good view of the series of hills and valleys of which this part of the desert consists. A distant group of gazelles almost induced M—— to start off with his gun after them; but we restrained him by representing the lateness of the hour. It was time, indeed, to be on the move back; so descending quicker than we had ascended, we regained the spot where we had left our donkeys, gave a piastre or two to an old Bedouin, the guardian of the place, and returned by a different route—that is to say, down the broad valley, and round the foot of Mokattam by the Imâm. An account of the frolics in which we indulged on our ride would be beneath the dignity of history. Suffice it to say, that having taken a long shot at an old vulture halfway up the mountain, we returned to our evening meal, the harmony of which was not disturbed by disputes as to how we should dispose of the results of our day's shooting. To console themselves, the sportsmen related all the wonderful feats they had ever performed, and made up their minds to go out a boar-hunting in a very few days.

'And if I don't bring back a joint to send to Mrs ——,' exclaimed M——, 'I'm a Turk!'

'Allah kerím!' ('God is merciful!') cried the company, smoking their *chebouques* and *shishehs*, and puffing out volumes of smoke—which being an appropriate conclusion to this learned disquisition, I make my *salaam*.

A CHAPTER FOR LADIES.

MANUFACTURE OF THREAD.

We are told that the delicate fingers of Ariadne were busied in the manufacture of thread; and every schoolboy can tell us what a service this fair lady rendered to Theseus by her industry. But the race of Ariadnes is at an end, and toiling steam-giants, with ribs of iron, and hands of brass, wood, and steel, are now concerned in this duty. For the credit of the dexterity of this lady's fingers, it is painful to have to add, that not only can the iron monsters turn out a million times more work, but can likewise supply threads finer than the most gauze-like filaments that ever left her hand. How this has been brought about, how mighty mechanisms of wonderful construction have taken the place formerly occupied by the fingers of a feeble woman, will doubtless be interesting to all to learn, especially to those who, as Cowper, with a *Pope*-ish affectation, says, 'ply the threaded steel,' and to whom the, to us, mysterious words, 'darning cotton,' 'wire thread,' 'Persian thread,' 'sewing cotton, Nos. 90, 100,' &c. are well-understood phrases.

At the corner of a quiet square in Manchester—if indeed any square or other place in this mechanical city deserves such a title—stands one of the most famous of the thread manufactories. Externally it is a tall but unpretending rectangular structure, presenting the usual factory features, although inferior in size to the giant piles of building which meet the eye in all quarters of the city. Here entrance must be obtained by those who would learn the number and nature of the processes concerned in the manufacture of *sewing cotton*. But in order to convey a complete account of the thread manufacture, commencing with its leaving the 'throstle' or the 'mule' engines, it is necessary to begin by entering a cotton-mill where the preliminary operations connected with the manufacture are carried on. It is to be borne in mind, therefore, that in addition to the varieties of thread in use for the needle, there are a number of different kinds required by the manufacturers; some for making stockings, some for the manufacture of lace, some for bobbin-net, &c. And for the preparation of all these, some slight variations of the mechanical processes are necessary.

When the wonderful processes which convert the 'sliver' into 'yarn'—whether effected by the beautiful and complicated mechanism of the mule, or by the simpler contrivance of the throstle-spinning engines—are at an end, the filament produced is fit indeed for the loom, but is not sufficiently strong for other purposes. In this state it is called by the term 'yarn;' 'thread,' on the contrary, is a combination of fibres which requires great tenacity and hardness, and consists of two or more yarns closely twisted together. It appears that the earlier processes of the thread manufacture were introduced into our country from Holland by an enterprising individual resident at Paisley. We read that the total annual value of thread produced in Scotland so early as the year 1784 was L.220,000. Paisley long retained its first honours, and even now shares them with its magnificent rival, Manchester.

Beautiful as is the operation of the mule and throstle engines, the yarn they form possesses several characters in addition to those of weakness and softness, which unfit it for the needle or for the manufacturer of lace, stockings, &c. In particular, the filament is not smooth, or free from knots, and is covered with down or hairy fibres. It is therefore necessary to remove such defects; and a method perfectly successful in this object, and of the most ingenious and singular character, is now extensively adopted. This is the operation called, with the usual homeliness of the factory people, the 'gassing' process. Probably no previous conjectures would afford to the reader's mind anything like a satisfactory solution of the problem, which demands the speedy and complete removal of the fine down from the surface of the yarn. Nor would the liveliest imagination succeed in picturing the extraordinary, and even beautiful, appearance of the room in which the process is performed. Behold a long apartment, thickly tenanted with low but noisy machines, busy with the incessantly-active engine-'tenters,' whose eyes and hands are 'here, there, and everywhere,' and apparently all at the same time; while the eye is pained by thousands of brilliant jets of gas bedotted over the upper plane of the machines; and the ear oppressed with whirring, clicking, and swift-revolving sounds. To look at the star-like points of flame which rise in thick abundance along the length and breadth of the room, one might imagine we were in the entrance-hall of some enchanted palace; but to look again at countless rollers, bobbins, and spindles for ever flying round their heated axes, and to hear the grand roll of a thousand mechanical adjustments, impelled by the distant deep-buried steam-engine, undoes the illusion, takes us out of fairy land, and places us in our true position in one of the magnificent workshops of the age of iron.

But more in detail. No great degree of mechanical knowledge is necessary to render the explanation of the gassing-engine perfectly comprehensible. It has to perform the following distinct actions:—To detect and arrest all unevenness or knottiness in the thread, to remove all down or hairiness from its surface, and to wind it up in a convenient form for future operations. The engine consists of a long frame of about four feet in height, constructed partly of iron, partly of wood.

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Its mechanical arrangements are the same on both sides, so that each engine is a double one; that is, both the front and the back are supplied with the same apparatus, and effect together the same processes. Along the middle of the upper surface of the engine runs a sort of 'creel' or shelf, which is fitted with a number of little eyelet holes and wire eyes; these are intended for the reception of the bobbins of yarn as they come from the throstle-engine, or for the 'cops' of yarn from the mules. It is from off these bobbins or cops that the yarn is wound, as it passes on its way through the various portions of the machine. These bobbins or cops are placed perpendicularly, revolving on their axes as the yarn is drawn off them. In front of the machine is a long row of what are called 'driving cylinders'—that is, revolving drums, upon the upper surface or edge of which the empty reels rest on which the yarn is to be wound after the other processes are completed. These empty reels turn round simply because they rest upon the revolving surface of the drums, and in so doing wind up the yarn from the bobbin or cop, and through the other arrangements of the apparatus. This is what we might call the 'first and last' of the machine: we shall now get a clear glimpse of that which comes between. After the yarn leaves the surface of the bobbin or cop, it passes by a little peg of glass, along the smooth surface of which it glides with facility; the intention of this peg is to act as a guide to the yarn as it is swiftly drawn forwards through the apparatus. It then enters a little slit in an upright bar of steel, which is called the 'cleaner,' from the fact, that it is so small as instantly to detect the presence of a knot or other unevenness in the yarn, let it pass never so quickly. To this, however, we shall immediately return. It then passes underneath a small roller or pulley, *through the middle of a flame of gas*, over a second roller, across a horizontal glass bar in front of the machine, through a little wire eye, which guides it finally into the horizontally-revolving reel driven by the cylinders, of which we have spoken above. The gassing process is thus completed, and it is seen essentially to consist simply in sending the delicate thread through a flame of gas, by means of which the easily-combustible down on the surface of the yarn is removed in the most complete manner. If any fair reader will take a thread of the cotton in use for darning stockings, and will pass it swiftly through the flame of a wax taper, it will be found that the cotton has lost all its downy covering, and resembles in some respects ordinary sewing cotton.

The rapidity with which the yarn is drawn through the flame is the cause that it does not take fire; and the finer the yarn, the more rapid must be the revolution of the machinery, so as to effect its passage through the fire in safety. The least alteration in the speed of the machinery would cause every thread to take light and burn, so also would any temporary derangement, unless specially provided against. Such a derangement, strange to say, it is one of the chief beauties and excellencies of this apparatus to effect, while avoiding the otherwise inevitable result. To observe this, we must return to the 'cleaner' contrivance. This was described as simply a minute slit in a small upright steel bar. The lower part of this bar is connected with some of the cleverest apparatus of a simple kind with which we are acquainted. The bar moves backwards and forwards by means of a pivot in its centre; in the upper arm is the cleaner slit; in the lower, a little notch, which hooks on and off to another lever connected with some mechanism, and placed in the horizontal position. This second horizontal lever effects the movement of several parts in the machine: it is able to lift up the winding-reel from off the driving cylinder, and so as with an animate hand stop its revolutions, and consequently the winding off of the thread. Here, then, is an instant and imminent source of danger to the thread, whose frail substance lies in the embrace of a small but intensely hot volume of flame. But mechanical wisdom foresaw the peril; and the same movement which lifts up the reel from the cylinder strikes aside the swivel-jointed gas-pipe, and *turns away the flame*, leaving the thread stationary, yet uninjured! The mode of action is this:—Suppose a knot in the yarn to approach the cleaner slit of the upright lever; as the yarn is dragged rapidly forwards, this knot passes through the slit, but in so doing, communicates, as will be readily conceived, a slight jerk to the lever; this has the effect of disengaging its lower arm from the pin at the extremity of the horizontal lever, and the latter then immediately springs up, strikes to one side the little gas-pipe, and lifting up the winding-reel, stops the whole process as regards this individual thread, until the sharp eyes of the tenter catch the signal. She hastens forward, removes the inequality in the thread, depresses the horizontal lever until it is again hooked by the notch of the other, when all things resume their accustomed course, and the career of the yarn through the flame continues as before. Can anything more admirably automatic, and by means so uncommonly simple, be conceived? In order to insure the equal distribution of the yarn over the surface of the winding-bobbin or reel, there is an odd contrivance called a 'heart-wheel.' It is, in truth, a wheel of the exact shape of the heart; that is, *such a heart* as we see depicted on those elegancies of epistolary intercourse—the flower-crowned Valentines. The flat edge of this wheel presses against a movable frame, and as it revolves, pushes it before it, the returning motion of the frame being effected by the means of a weight and pulley. Into the edge of this frame the little wire-guides are inserted; and thus, as the frame moves to and fro, the stream of yarn is directed over the surface of the bobbin, so as to insure its perfectly equal distribution. The rate at which these bobbins revolve is from two to three thousand times a minute! In order to accommodate the rate of revolution in the machine to the nature of the yarn to be 'gassed,' cog-wheels of various numbers are fitted to it, by means of which, in a few minutes, the desired alteration may be effected. Over the jets of flame a little chimney of sheet-iron is suspended, which has the effect of preventing the disturbing influences of cross currents of air, &c. Altogether, these machines deserve an attentive study, as well for their efficiency as for their elegance, for their ingenuity as for their simplicity.

The next process is, reeling off the yarn into hanks. In the mill visited by the writer, this was carried on in a low room of great length running by the side of the factory, and a very interesting and pretty scene it presented when seen from the open doors. The reeling-engines, arranged in two parallel rows, formed the long lines of the perspective, and by their curious ever-whirling reels added a peculiar degree and kind of animation to the whole. Looking at one individually, it is found to be of a far less complicated or formidable character than the generality of the machines employed in the cotton processes. On the one side of the frame are arranged the bobbins from the gassing-engine; and on a higher level, the long horizontal frame called the reel. This reel is of very simple construction: it consists of six long horizontal pieces of wood, arranged about a central axis by six wooden arms. The objects contemplated in its construction are, to wind off from the bobbins on the other side of the frame the singed yarn into hanks or lengths, and to admit of these being readily removed when the required length is wound on them. This reel is made to revolve on its horizontal axis by a pulley and strap, which are in connection with the driving gear of the mill. In thus turning it winds off the yarn from the bobbin, and this with great rapidity, as may be conjectured from the fact, that at each revolution a yard and a-half of yarn is wound on to the surface of the reel. The distribution of the yarn on this surface is effected by a contrivance analogous to the one previously described, an eccentric wheel directing the threads to and fro by causing motion of that kind to a frame

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over which the yarns pass. When the reel has performed exactly eighty revolutions, it strikes a check, which informs the attendant that 120 yards of yarn have been wound upon it. This takes place seven times, and the entire length of the hank, 840 yards, has then been wound upon the reel; that is, a little less than a half mile. The machine is now stopped by shifting the strap on to the loose pulley, and the tenter proceeds to remove the gathered hanks. In order to do this, a peculiar contrivance is had recourse to in the formation of one of the radii, or arms of the reel. It is made with a double hinge, so that it and the long piece of wood it supports can, upon occasion required, be bent in. The effect of this is to set all the hanks loose, which before were so tightly wound, as to resist any effort to slip them off; and tying each separately, she takes them into her hand between the thumb and finger, and slides them up to one end of the reel, which is now lifted up out of its bearings, and the hanks are slipped off. The hinged arm is then bent back to its former position, the ends of the yarns attached to it, and the whole set in motion again, while the collected hanks are conveyed to the Bundle Press-Room.

There are few circumstances which impress the mind of a visitor to this emporium of machinery more than the indications of ingenuity which appear in the most trifling processes. Few persons would imagine, for example, that the yarn would require the assistance of machinery in order to make it up into bundles or parcels; yet so it is, and the 'bundle press,' though a simple, is a most powerful and clever invention. In the mill visited by the writer were a number of these machines arranged in a distinct apartment. They consist of a sort of metal box, placed at the top of a frame. A kind of square piston of metal rises and falls in this box by means of a couple of iron rods or arms, connected to a wheel, which a ratchet and catch prevent from revolving back after it has been forced forwards. The sides of the box are formed of bars of metal, which leave interstices between them, through which the string for tying the yarn is put; and the top, in like manner, consists of five or six flat bars, which hook over the side bars, and thus resist the pressure of the yarn upwards when the piston is made to rise. The bundle-presser now takes a certain weight of yarn, generally from five to ten pounds, gives to each hank a twist or two, and lays them smoothly in the box, at the bottom of which he has previously laid several pieces of twine for tying it up with. He then, by means of a handle, turns round the wheel, causing the arms to push up the piston, and consequently to squeeze the bundle of yarn lying on it very tightly against the top and sides of the box. After he has exerted the requisite amount of pressure, the ratchet-and-catch contrivance prevents the wheel from returning, and the presser, at his convenience, ties up the bundle in three or four different places, cuts off the ends of the string, strikes up the catch, and lifts his bundle out of the press to make room for another. The degree of compactness and hardness communicated by this process to the otherwise soft mass is very striking. The yarn is now sent off to the lace, stocking, or thread manufacturers, in the gray condition.

After undergoing the various processes of cleaning and bleaching, which do not essentially differ from those described in a former article, and also, when necessary, of dyeing, the yarn is fit for making sewing cotton. If the reader will take a small piece of cotton from the reel, and untwist it, it will generally be found to contain three distinct yarns of various degrees of fineness, according to the 'number' marked on the little disk of glazed paper placed over the top of the reel. The lower the number, the larger the diameter of the thread. Thus one now before us, a No. 12, is the thickness of four or five hairs combined, while No. 100 is but a little thicker than a single hair; yet in both cases there is the same number of yarns. Now the machine by which sewing cotton is manufactured is one by which this trebling process is effected, with the addition of the requisite amount of twist to combine the three into one thread. The apartment in which this process is carried on is a very busy and a particularly noisy one, and is crammed with whirling mechanisms until there is scarcely room to move. The aspect of the whole is confusing in the extreme, but an individual engine will be readily comprehended. There is, as usual, the proper form and height of framework, in the centre of the upper plane of which is the shelf for holding the bobbins, off which the separate yarns are being wound. Along the front is a row of twirling spindles, which twist and wind up the thread; and between there is a little simple apparatus, the intention of which will be best understood by the following description:—The yarns, after leaving the bobbins, are drawn downwards into a little trough, which contains a weak solution of starch in water, or sometimes water only; this is found to facilitate the twisting process, and also to communicate a peculiar gloss to the surface of the sewing cotton, or, as we shall henceforth call it, 'thread.'* They pass under a little horizontal grooved glass rod, placed under water in the trough; they then rise, pass between a pair of rollers, the lower of which is iron, the upper wood, covered with flannel, to absorb any superfluous moisture from the thread, then over a smooth horizontal wire placed in front of the machine, through a wire eye, and then, by the contrivance known as the bobbin-and-flyer, it is both twisted and wound up. The adjustments which effect these latter operations have been so fully described in a former paper, that it is merely necessary to state that they are in almost every respect the same as those of the throstle spinning-engine. To each inch of thread there is a certain amount of twist, which is not, as might have been supposed, a matter of chance, but is made the subject of rigid calculation; and by means of different-sized cog-wheels and pinions this is very readily adjusted. The contrivance of the heart-wheel is here again called into requisition, to direct the even distribution of the thread over the whirling bobbin. We are unable to state the philosophical reason, and it may perhaps be questioned whether such a reason exists, why the direction in which the three yarns are twisted into one cord or thread is just the opposite to that in which the yarns themselves were twisted when they were made. One would have supposed this was an unwise step, but the practical result is not apparently affected by it. Thread fit for the lady's needle is thus completed, and assumes its characteristic smoothness and tenacity of fibre. We may be perhaps asked, where lies the difference between the various kinds of thread used by ladies? The finer and softer kinds are made from yarn produced by the mule-engines, the harder from that formed by the throstle. Might we venture again to name the cotton for *stocking darning?*—it is prepared, we believe, without gassing, thus retaining its woolliness of aspect, and also receives but a very small amount of twist.

But the thread has yet to be transferred to those neat wooden reels which form the most conspicuous ornaments of the well-filled work-box. To see this, we must ascend to an upper storey, the workers in which are exclusively females. There is much exercise of ingenuity yet to be seen before we have quite done with sewing cotton. It is sold principally, as our fair readers best know, in the form of reels, and of little balls, sixteen or so to the ounce. How the latter were formed was long a source of the deepest perplexity to ourselves, nor could any light be thrown upon the matter by any books treating on the cotton manufactures. In five minutes the difficulty was solved. At a low bench a woman sits, by whose side is a brown paper-bag full of these same little balls. Before her is a little brass horizontal spindle, of somewhat conical form, revolving at a very rapid rate,

* In strictness, the word 'thread' applies to the filament formed out of the fibres of *flax*, not cotton.

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and by her side is a little shelf, on which the bobbin rests from which the thread is to be wound off. Connected with this simple mechanism is a little horizontal axis, also in rapid revolution, the free end of which is cut into an endless screw. The winder now takes hold of a sort of handle, one end of which has a slit which guides the thread, while the other is cut into teeth which exactly fall into those of the screw. This handle moves up or down, so as to bring these teeth in or out of connection with the revolving endless screw; it is also so arranged as to have a free movement from side to side. Taking now the end of the thread between her fingers, she applies it to the surface of the revolving brass cone, which instantly begins to wind it up; at the same time keeping the guide-bar, or handle, in her other hand, she alternately raises or depresses it, bringing its teeth into connection with the screw; and it is thus carried by the revolutions of the screw to and fro, in so doing carrying the thread with it, and thus causing it to be wound up into a sort of spirally-formed ball. As soon as the woman considers a sufficient amount wound up, by a motion of her foot she stops the revolutions of the cone, swiftly slips off the accumulated ball of thread, cuts the end off, pushes it inside, and taking up a little disk of paper ready gummed, and labelled with the number and maker's name, she applies it over the hole at one end of the ball, and tosses it finished into her bag. Long practice enables her to form these balls with the utmost nicety to weigh just thirty grains or half a drachm each. As, however, she sometimes fails, and is paid only for perfect work, she keeps her judgment accurate by weighing an ounce of them—that is, sixteen—every now and then. One of these persons assured us that she could make *twenty pounds*, if we recollect rightly, of such balls, of thirty grains each, in a 'factory' day, which would make upwards of five thousand balls in the day! It is possible this statement may be slightly in excess, and it is therefore left open to correction.

The process of winding on reels is very similar. The reel is placed on a revolving axis of brass, which passes through its centre; the thread is conducted on to it by a precisely similar contrivance to the one above described, being thus made to assume that beautifully-regular evenness of 'lay' which must often have excited admiration and surprise. When the reel is full, its revolutions are stopped, the thread cut, and the end is slipped into a little notch made with a pocket-knife in the edge of the reel; the maker's name and the number is then pasted on, and it is complete.

Our visit to the thread-factory was now concluded. In passing through the packing-room, piles upon piles of boxes for exportation and home consumption met our view; the former lined with pitch and sawdust and prepared brown paper inside, to resist the destructive effects of the sea or of insects. On the whole, this factory, giving occupation to some hundreds of operatives, a large number of them females, affords us a good illustration of the amount of labour and capital concerned in the production of even the most trifling article in our domestic economy, when that can be prosecuted by a combination of large mechanical means.

THE PEASANTS' PRINCE.

Let us transport ourselves for a moment into the imperial palace at Vienna, and become invisible spectators of a very animated scene that took place within its walls about thirty years ago. It was in the emperor's cabinet. Francis of Austria was there, surrounded by his ministers. Every eye was fixed upon two men, who were engaged in an earnest, and almost angry discussion. From the purport of their conversation, it might easily be gathered that they were keenly opposed to each other in the great questions of the day, and that each of them contended for pre-eminence in the council and in the political guidance of Austrian affairs. One of them was already advanced in years: his courtly dress could not impart grace to his spare and shrivelled form; and whilst engaged in an obstinate defence of absolute monarchical authority, the icy and impassable expression of his features remained unchanged. The only symptom of emotion he betrayed was a frequent and almost involuntary application of his fingers to a costly gold snuff-box, while he was expressing sternly his resolution to destroy, everywhere within the limits of Austrian dominion, those seeds of liberty which had been scattered by the arms of France upon German soil. The other, young, ardent, generous—representing by his energy, his instincts, his affections, and his principles, as well as by the frank and manly expression of his countenance, and the mingled cordiality and independence of his manners, the newly-awakened aspirations after liberty of the Austrian youth—earnestly strove to win over the Gothic court into the path of constitutional freedom. The first was the Prince de Metternich; the other was a member of the imperial family, whom we shall name by and by, and who at that time filled the office of Director-General of the Fortifications.

Metternich carried his point, and the prince immediately quitted Vienna. A few days afterwards were assembled, upon one of the Tyrolean mountains, a large body of huntsmen, who were exercising themselves with the crossbow and the carbine. Damasquined guns, leathern game-pouches, sheep decked out with foliage, flowers, and ribbons—such were the prizes prepared for the most skilful and intrepid bowmen. Many an aged *chasseur* encouraged the younger ones by reciting their own early exploits. The women and maidens of the district incited their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, by earnest smiles and hearty clapping of their hands.

A stranger advances into the arena; his bearing is graceful and noble; he wears the popular costume, and carries a crossbow and a gun. With a sure eye and a steady hand he takes his aim, and carries off most of the prizes. Guns, pouches, sheep, nosegays, ribbons—all fall to his lot. He distributes the former among the poorest of the huntsmen, and divides the gayer part of the spoil among the maidens who were present; after which he is borne along as victor by the peasants, and required to tell his name. This name is repeated by the crowd with such joyous and boisterous acclamations, that they re-echo far and wide through the lofty fastnesses of the Tyrol. It was the German prince, the proscribed rival of Metternich.

His popularity became so great, that the court grew alarmed at it, and banished him to a more distant place of exile. The prince took refuge in Upper Styria, where for many long years he pursued the same rude and primitive course of life as the mountaineers. He ate and drank with them, spake their language, sang their songs, killed the chamois at their head, listened to their complaints, and relieved their misery. He taught them to manure their fields, to double their harvests, to improve their flocks, and to sell them at the best markets. He revealed to them the value of many plants and shrubs, which hitherto they had left unnoticed in their woods and meadows. For their sakes he made himself practically acquainted with all that concerns a country life, so that he became one of the first botanists and agriculturists in Europe. His scientific discoveries were spoken of in the Academies of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London; while his unfailing skill as a marksman brought down the chamois at a distance of two hundred feet in the deepest gorges of the Alps. For above and beyond all other attainments, he gloried in being a huntsman; and he slept upon the snow, wrapped up in his cloak, as soundly as if he were lying beneath a coverlet of down, overhung by the damask draperies of a royal couch. His popularity became still greater in Styria than it had been in the Tyrol; and at last he was regarded as the idol of the whole people throughout Germany. Fortunately for Metternich and the emperor, he had renounced politics; for if he had not respected the throne, he might easily have overwhelmed both him and his

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minister at the head of a million of peasants, who would readily have placed themselves under his command, and obeyed his orders, whatever they might have been.

An adventure of a singular kind, which occurred about this time, contributed to make this remarkable man a still fonder object of idolatry to the Styrian race. It was a bright warm morning in the month of August. At the open window of a country posthouse, situated near the base of the mountains, there sat an old man and a young girl, who were talking quietly together. The maiden was a comely daughter of the Alpine valleys, with long brown hair tinged with a golden hue; her large eyes gentle, and yet animated in their expression; her countenance beaming with health and cheerfulness; her tall full form set off by a close black spencer. Her companion was the aged master of the establishment. In other days he had been a bold and skilful horseman, but was now confined by old age and the gout to the corner of the stove, and was at this moment warming his white hairs in the sunshine, while he watched his granddaughter's busy fingers as they stitched a postilion's jacket, which she seemed in haste to finish. They were alone in the house, and there was but a single stable-boy left to take care of the horses. Every other creature belonging to the household—husband and wife, brothers, servants—all were at work some way off, cutting the ripe corn and gathering it into sheaves. Suddenly a calèche with four horses approaches, and draws up in front of the posthouse.

'The prince!' cries out the old man, who has quickly recognised the illustrious exile. 'The prince! and there is not a single postilion at home! In the name of all the saints what shall I do?'

Meanwhile the traveller, expressing his desire to proceed as quickly as possible, calls for four horses and a guide.

'The horses are there,' muttered the old man; 'but as for the guide, that is another question. That stupid lout Michael knows no more how to manage four horses than to command a regiment of hussars!'

The young girl, on seeing her grandfather's perplexity, seemed to reflect for a moment, coloured up, and then darted out of the room.

The royal huntsman becomes impatient; and the old man curses his gout and his advanced age, which fasten him to his chair, when he would fain fly in the service of so noble and beloved a prince.

At length a postilion appears, whip in hand, booted and spurred, and looking quite dapper in a new scarlet uniform. The horses are quickly harnessed; the postilion leaps into his saddle, and instantly sets off at a full gallop.

The prince is pleased at the rapid pace of the horses and the skill of the young postilion. At the end of the stage he desires the youth to come and speak to him—is struck by his gentle manners, his charming countenance, his sweet voice—observes him blushing—and recognises in him a woman!

'Who art thou, then?' inquired he with a surprise mingled with deep interest.

'I am the daughter of the master of the posthouse,' replied the young girl, quite disconcerted at being thus discovered. 'Your royal highness could not wait; so,' continued she, her colour heightening as she spoke—'so I dressed myself like a postboy, and have done my best.'

'Thou hast done very well indeed, my child,' rejoined the prince in that tone of kindly benevolence which endeared him so much to the people—'thou hast done very well; and I thank thee for thy gracious mode of serving me. Thou must accept this,' added he, while holding out a small purse with some gold pieces in it, 'as a proof of my gratitude.'

The maiden looked irresolute for a moment; then opening the purse, she withdrew a small gold coin, and kissing it fervently, placed the remainder in the prince's hand, saying, 'This piece shall always be precious to me; but your royal highness must not be displeased at my refusing to take any more. I have served you with the duteous love which every Styrian woman bears to you, but not for the sake of a reward.'

The prince looked surprised at this courageous and noble-minded young girl, and each moment her fine intelligent countenance grew more attractive in his eyes. He detained her some minutes in conversation; and just as she was about to lead away the horses, he said to her with an air of gallantry, 'Come, my child, it would be a pity for us to part so soon. I will return back with you; but some one else shall guide the horses, and you shall bear me company in my carriage.'

The young girl blushed far deeper than before; but this time it was with an air of offended dignity, and she replied in a resolute tone, 'Each one in his own place, may it please your highness; thus it is that kings and shepherdesses preserve their honour.'

On hearing these words, the passing fancy of the traveller changed into a passion full of respect and esteem.

'Your fair fame is as dear to me as my own,' said he; 'and it depends on you alone whether they shall for ever be united in one. You made yourself a man to serve me, and I will make you my wife to love you. Say, shall it not be so?'

The astonishment of the young girl may readily be conceived; but she did not appear disconcerted, and after a moment's consideration, replied with perfect simplicity, 'If you can obtain the emperor's consent and my father's, you shall have mine also, sir.'

An hour afterwards, the prince and his postilion entered the wayside inn, and he formally demanded of the postmaster his daughter's hand. There was very little difficulty in obtaining *his* consent. With the emperor it was quite another matter.

It was affirmed at the court of Vienna that the august chasseur was mad, and that he ought to be treated as such. His highway romance became the theme of mockery and ridicule; but he took care to prove that he was perfectly in his senses. And lest he should prove the strength and the power of his will also, the emperor of Austria most reluctantly subscribed to the union of his race with that of a Styrian peasant.

And so the marriage was celebrated, to the great scandal of the court, and to the unbounded joy of the people of the mountains. From that day forward the prince was worshipped by the nation, and scoffed at by the imperial family.

A celebrated painter having taken his likeness in the costume of a Styrian huntsman, and had it engraved, the sale of these portraits was prohibited under rigorous penalties; and yet every honest mountaineer contrived to have a copy of it, which was invariably placed between his gun and his crossbow, as being two of his choicest household treasures. Even in the public places of Vienna, and on the very boards of the theatre, the dress and the habits of the 'royal adventurer' were represented for the amusement of the courtiers.

All this went on until the revolutionary outburst of the last year. Most fearful was the upheaving of the political earthquake in Austria. The old empire tottered to its base; Metternich fell and fled; the emperor quitted Vienna; Italy revolted; the provinces detached themselves from the capital; Germany seemed threatened with a total dismemberment. It was then that a federal Diet formed itself at Frankfort, with the view of uniting Germany under one directing central government. This Diet created a vicar-general of the empire, to whom it confided the supreme and central power in the name of the confederation; and it chose for this sovereign office the most popular prince of Germany—he who had been proscribed by Metternich and the emperor; the huntsman of the Tyrolean and Styrian mountains; the husband of the postmaster's daughter; in a word, the Archduke John; he who, at the age of twenty-seven, had been the conqueror of Napoleon and the deliverer of Tyrol; who, as a German, at the grand Cologne festival in 1842, had given this memorable

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toast, '*No more Prussia! no more Austria! but a strong and united Germany!*' The Archduke John did not shrink from the arduous office assigned to him. He quitted his country dwelling, and laid aside his hunter's garb, his crossbow, and his gun. He raised the tricoloured standard of Germanic unity, and entered Frankfort in triumph, with his beloved companion, the daughter of the mountains, at his side—she who had known so well how to preserve the true dignity of a woman in her humble life, and who consequently was not dazzled by the almost imperial splendour of her present position. It lies not within our scope to discuss the political wisdom of the mission with which the archduke was charged by his countrymen: ours is a humbler task—that of portraying the romance of domestic life in one of the proudest and most ancient families in Europe. This being accomplished, we have done.

THE PRAYING INSECTS.

'IMAGINATION itself,' says Dr Shaw, 'can scarcely conceive shapes more strange than those exhibited by some particular species of mantes,' or praying insects; and this peculiarity of form has procured them a name and reputation which is, we fear, sadly belied by their ferocious and pugnacious habits. The anterior feet, which are very large, and furnished with a claw, are frequently extended in a manner which induced the ancients to believe that the insect possessed the power of divining or foreshowing events: hence, according to some, arose the generic name of mantis, which signifies diviner; but Griffith, in his supplementary additions to Cuvier's 'Animal Kingdom,' derives it from a Greek word, which is employed in one of the Idylls of Theocritus to 'designate a thin young girl, with slender elongated arms:' certainly not a flattering comparison for the maiden of whom the poet sang; for the mantes (properly so called) are a most unsightly race, with long lean bodies, ferocious countenances, and shapeless wiry limbs.

They are seldom seen beneath a northern sky, but delight to dwell in the regions of the sun; the most northern latitude in which they abound is, we believe, in the bright plains of Languedoc and the fair Provence, where the *M. religiosa* obtains the names of *devin*, *prega-dieu*, *prêche-dieu*, or *prie-dieu*, from the power which they possess of raising the long corslet in such a way as to form a right angle with the abdomen, and of folding the arms, if we may so call them, across the breast, as if in the act of prayer. Every land appears to regard them with the same feelings: the Turk deems that they are under the especial protection of Allah; the Hottentot, though he does not, as has been asserted, worship them, yet pays them the highest veneration, draws augurs of good from their flight, and holds the person on whom they may chance to alight as pre-eminent in sanctity, and as the avowed favourite of Heaven; and the Hindoo displays the same reverential consideration of their movements and flights. Whether the inhabitants of China also deem them sacred we know not, but certain it is that these 'Celestials' so far descend to earthly things as to amuse themselves with the spectacle of mantis-fights, for which purpose they are kept separately and carefully in small bamboo cages, and retailed by the Chinese boys, who regularly deal in them as a marketable commodity. When put together, these insects, with the most extraordinary gestures, commence a battle, in which the weaker soon falls a victim to his fellow, who, after a few preliminary movements of exultation, devours the body of his fallen foe. Roësel, who paid great attention to this singular tribe, observes that 'their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, and severs the head from the body.' He also affirms that he has frequently seen the young mantes, when 'newly disclosed, attack each other with fury, raising their corslet in the air, and holding their two anterior feet joined and ready for combat, as if already longing to

"Meet in mortal shock."'

We understand that one of the amusements with which our countrymen in British India endeavour to wile away the long hours of heat and languor, is that of placing an unhappy mantis on a table, and fighting it with a straw, for the purpose of witnessing the caricatured boxing attitudes into which it throws itself—an amusement which probably affords more mirth to the 'man of straw' than to the poor mantis whom he is irritating.

With regard to the cannibal propensities and murderous disposition towards its own species exhibited by the mantis, we imagine that such are only seen when in a state of captivity; and moreover, that similar instances of misplaced revenge for injuries inflicted by man, may be met with in various animals which are, when at liberty, perfectly peaceful and kindly. We remember on one occasion seeing a trap in which four mice had been caught alive in one night, but when morning dawned, the three weakest lay dead, and partly devoured; whilst the wretched survivor, who could not have been impelled by hunger, alternately endeavoured to effect his escape, and attacked, as if in desperation, the lifeless bodies of his companions.

When watching for its prey, which principally consists of various kinds of flies, the mantis assumes its sitting posture, and patiently waits, with folded arms, as before described, until the unconscious fly comes within reach, when, with sudden spring, it seizes the long-wished-for morsel, and conveys it to its mouth, using the pincer-like claw in the manner of a hand. But should an ant approach, the mantis, which, like all other quarrelsome natures, is a sad coward, flies away in great haste, and with evident signs of consternation.

The genus mantis is subdivided into four distinct species—namely, *mantis*, *spectrum*, *phasma*, and *phyllium*. Of these the true mantis appears to be the most bloodthirsty, yet at the same time the most venerated for its supposed sanctity. The spectrum, as well as the phyllia, live on vegetable substances: the inhabitants of the Seychelles islands rear the former as an object of commercial speculation, selling them to collectors of natural curiosities.

The phyllia are sometimes appropriately called 'walking leaves;' for not only do the wings resemble leaves in colour and form, but also in apparent texture and disposition of the nervures; whilst the legs are winged, or finned, as it were, with parts which may be perfectly imitated by tearing away the tissue of a laurel leaf with the fingers in such a manner as to leave irregular portions attached to the larger veins. It is said to be extremely difficult for the most practised eye to detect these phyllia when at rest on the bough of a laurel or orange.

The phasma, again, closely resembles the stalk or branch of a tree. We speak from experience, well remembering the laugh which turned against us when, after gazing with doubtful glance at a phyllia, in the first collection we ever saw, which we could scarcely believe was not concocted of laurel leaves, as a practical joke at our expense, we pointed out, what in our ignorance we thought was a bit of dead stick, which had fallen accidentally into the case, but which proved to be a much-valued specimen of *P. gigas*, an East Indian insect eight inches in length.

The dry-leaf mantis (*Phyllium siocafolia*) resembles, as its name imports, a withered leaf, and the delusion is increased by its habits; for hours it will remain motionless on the trees, and then springing up suddenly, indulge in evolutions similar to those of a leaf at the mercy of the winds. This species is common in South America, where the natives believe that it is really produced from, and attached to, the tree at first, and that, when arrived at maturity, it loosens itself and flies away;

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a conceit which certainly rests on a more natural basis than the fanciful idea of the barnacle goose, with which Britons formerly delighted to amuse their imaginations. The eggs of the mantis tribe are deposited on the stalks of plants and shrubs, the clusters, which might be mistaken for fruit or some vegetable excrescence, being covered by the mother with a glutinous or gelatinous matter, which dries into a flexible parchment.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[We have received this fine-spirited poem from Philadelphia, and beg to return our acknowledgments to the gifted author.]

Now gather all our Saxon bards,
Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of
Our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march
With battle-flags unfurled,
It goes, with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far
As Orkney's breakers roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
It floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—
The fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kanzas' waters gleam:
It tracks the loud swift Oregon
Through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs—
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sydney's sheltered beach:
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And *those* with flowers of spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor-lights
Flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orbed fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,
And Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword
Our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared in every clime
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

WEIGHING MACHINERY AT THE MINT.

A very ingenious contrivance for weighing coins delights us most, not having seen it adopted at any other mint. A native of Vienna claims the invention; and though it has been in use for some years, it has only just been sufficiently adjusted to be effectually used. It consists of some twelve small scales, suspended on a light beam, and parallel to each other. The proper weights for the coins are placed in the outer scales, while the inner ones face a slide, with three horizontal slits before each scale. As the pieces of coin are slid into the scales, the man turns a wheel, which raises the whole set of balances up to a certain height, when the scales are jerked against the slits: if the coins are of the proper weight, they are pitched through the centre slit; if too heavy, they are shot into the lower; and if too light, into the upper. The scales are now empty, and on the descent, are again replenished from the slides: thus in a few seconds a dozen coins are weighed and sorted without one having been touched. It is a very ingenious contrivance, the man's labour consisting merely in turning the wheel to elevate the scales, and occasionally to replenish with coin the tubes which feed the scales as they become cleared.—*Pictures from the North.*

A DINNER-SHOOTING ARTIST.

That artists are sometimes grievously hard up in Rome there can be little doubt. I happened one cold morning to call upon N——, whose absence from his usual seat at the Lepri had been remarked by many of us. Instead of finding him, as I had anticipated, unusually busy with his chisel, he was engaged in shooting his dinner at the open window of the garret, which commanded an extensive range of leads, tiles, and gutters. His sport, which he pursued in solemn silence, was the common sparrow, and his weapon a machine much in use among lawyers' clerks when the principal has turned his back, known by the name of a 'puff and dart,' from which any one with a good pair of lungs can expel pins with great force. Having knocked over nearly a dozen birds, N—— walked out of the window to collect them, and then plucked and spitted them, enjoying his repast with a thankful relish unknown to those who get a good dinner every day.—*Bevan's Sand and Canvas.*

ACORNS IN SPAIN.

The acorns are still called *bellota*, the Arabic *bollot—belot* being the Scriptural term for the tree and the gland which, with water, formed the original diet of the aboriginal Iberian, as well as of his pig: when dry, the acorns were ground, say the classical authors, into bread; and when fresh, they were served up as the second course. And in our time, ladies of high rank at Madrid constantly ate them at the Opera and elsewhere: they were the presents sent by Sancho Panza's wife to the duchess, and formed the text on which Don Quixote preached so eloquently to the goatherds on the joys and innocence of the Golden Age and pastoral happiness, in which they constituted the foundation of the kitchen.—*Ford's Gatherings in Spain.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 285. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE ART OF ROMANTIC FICTION.

The absence of criticism, to which we have referred, is perhaps more obvious in Fiction than in any other department of our literature.* Everybody writes fiction: 'it is as easy as lying.' When the boy and girl have left school, and look around for the first time upon society, they sit down at once to dash into three volumes of an account of its life and manners, tracing out the springs of action, and anatomising the sentiments and passions. They know, if they know anything at all, that their theme is philosophy in action, and their Mr A's and Lady B's the algebra of morals. But, after all, it is only *fiction* they aspire to deal with; and they have no mistrust of the powers that have been exercised, from the age of dolls up to that of sweethearts, in peopling the small area in which they lived, moved, and had their being, with shadows and mockeries!

If the authors do not hesitate, why should the reviewers? If it is so easy to write fiction, surely it is still easier to estimate it when written; and accordingly the journalist, who would look with respectful suspicion upon a work in philosophy, declares, without a moment's hesitation, his opinion of a novel. The opinions, however, with which the public are thus favoured, are rarely consonant; and the reason is, that they usually spring from individual tastes or fancies, irrespective of any general principle of criticism; just as Lamb might have pronounced Scott to be a confused writer, because he himself was bewildered, rather than interested, by his narratives. In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' there is an attempt to generalise on the subject, introduced in an essay on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' to which are appended, oddly enough, some specimens of a romance of the day. The attempt, however, is partial; and to us it conveys the idea that the writer had not sufficiently elaborated his theory, to have any very distinct notions himself on what he would communicate to his readers. He divides works of fiction 'as to their peculiar merits'—that is to say, as to their construction, apart from considerations of subject and style of composition—into those whose principal aim is excellence in plot, in character, or in scenery. But no novelist, practically speaking, aims at anything else than to tell his story well and effectively, however his peculiar genius may lead him to excel in one of the three assumed conditions of success, and fail in the other two. As to that which relates to scenery, the critic includes in it not only the playhouse properties of picture, dresses, and other physical appliances, but the fancies and reflections that give its moral colouring to the piece. This involves a manifest error; for these two kinds of colouring are not only distinct in themselves, but in their higher qualities are almost never found in union. It would in our opinion, therefore, answer better the purpose of criticism to consider the conditions of success as *fourfold*; namely, plot, character, moral colouring, and material colouring.

We remember having been much amused by the ingenious theory touching the production of what may be called *optical music*, by presenting certain colours to the eye in artistical sequence, so as to have a similar effect to that of the notes of the piano upon the ear. This silent music was to be played by the fingers, like an instrument of sound; and the beholder was expected to be softened or stirred by the mystic harmonies of colour, in the same way, and to the same degree, as if he was listening to the piece of a master. Fanciful as the notion may seem, it is not without its foundation in truth; and perhaps, when we are more highly educated in æsthetics, and our perceptions have become in consequence more acute and refined, men may revert to the subject as at least a possible means of extending their enjoyments. A similar harmony is unconsciously extracted from an extended view of natural objects—spread out before us, for instance, in a wide and varied landscape. The picture does not come upon us in one impression. We separate its parts; we bring together its affinities; we arrange its contrasts and sympathies; and the pleasure we receive is in proportion to the refinement of our taste, and the unconscious skill we exercise in its gratification. The work of an artist is of the same kind, but more determinate in its object. He does not collect, but select the parts of the landscape. He fixes perhaps upon some special feature; but even then he is not a mere imitator of the physical realities before him. The position of a tree, the inclination of a branch, the introduction of a figure, the form of the clouds, the calm still blue of the heavens—all these, and a thousand other similar circumstances as trivial in appearance to the uninspired or uneducated eye, may give its character to the piece. The artist, in fact, does by rule what the idle spectator does by instinct. Were this not the case, he would create—or, to speak more correctly, construct—only for his own gratification; for he would be without his world of admirers to cheer him on by their applause, and advance in knowledge and refinement, and in virtue and happiness, by his aid.

A strict analogy may be traced between the artist in forms and colours and the writer of fiction. Human life is the wide and varied landscape from which the novelist selects his incidents, characters, and hues; and on the taste and skill with which these are combined, so as to form *one picture*, depends his success. He is no more to follow 'nature,' as the phrase is—by which is meant mere physical reality—than the painter. He

* See 'What is Criticism?' in last number.

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must select, adjust, interweave. He must be possessed with a consciousness that the whole of the landscape before him—in other words, the whole of human life—is at his disposal; that he is not a surveyor, or land-measurer, or statistician; but that, however circumscribed may be the scene he has chosen, it is his business to take care that there is a sympathy, a harmony, a oneness in its parts, which will form a perfect *enchaînement* of interest in the whole.

In writing biography, or in relating in conversation the history of one of our acquaintances, we are not permitted to sacrifice the true for the sake of artistic effect, any more than a surveyor is permitted to transform or transpose the parts of an architectural drawing for the sake of the picturesque. We relate the circumstances just as they occurred; although adorning them, according to our own taste, with the elegancies of language, and flinging upon them the incidental colouring of sentiment and description. Fiction, however, is widely different from biography. There we have not only the colours, but the incidents and their sequence, at our own disposal, and it is our business to select and arrange them according to the rules of art. This seems a trite observation; but we can undertake to say, from a somewhat wide experience, that it is very rarely applied. The sequence of incidents, or, in other words, Plot, is misunderstood even by the critic whom we have alluded to above. He declares the plot of 'Quentin Durward,' for instance, to be absurd, when it is in reality a perfect masterpiece of the art. We of course do not talk of the incidents themselves, but of their sequence and connection. We do not praise the object in view—which is simply that of getting a commonplace adventurer married to a commonplace heiress—but the skill exercised in bringing even the most trivial circumstances, as well as the great events of history, to bear upon that object. Thus, in estimating the science which has constructed a bridge, we do not take the purpose of the work into account; for that belongs to an inquiry of a totally different nature.

An artistically-constructed plot resembles the arch of a bridge in this: that all its parts are *necessary*. We may indulge our taste or fancy as much as we please in extrinsic ornament; but the real works of the construction, whether this be literary or scientific, must form an indispensable part of the whole. The best test to which to put a fictitious narrative, is to deprive it of a leading incident; and if it stands under the deprivation, its construction is not artistic, and it must be condemned in point of plot. An illustration of this fact may be found in the works of nature herself. An imperfect animal (such as a centipede) may have any number of limbs the trunk will carry, and in many tribes the loss of a limb is attended with no inconvenience, and, indeed, with no permanent derangement even of symmetry, since it grows again. But as we ascend in the scale of being, the Great Architect is not so lavish. The limbs become fewer as they become more valuable; and in the most perfect of all developments they are in exact proportion to the requirements and necessities of the species. The human body resembles a perfect fiction, where all the parts are necessary, congruous, and symmetrical.

It is curious that Scott himself, the greatest master of plot in our language, was not aware of its value in fiction.* But the gifted novelist wanted a philosophical and inquiring mind, just as the world-renowned author was destitute of a sense of the intellectual grandeur of literature. Among the novels he commends most highly *as novels* is 'Marriage;' a work which, though abounding in character, fulfils no other condition of the fictitious narrative. In 'Marriage,' the heroine is brought up in the Highlands of Scotland, having been deserted by her fashionable mother. In due time she repairs to London to seek this parent, and is met with coldness or dislike. She falls in love with a gentleman, whose mother desires their union; but the fear that her suitor is influenced only by sentiments of filial obedience, makes her hesitate; till at length, being accidentally convinced of his affection, the marriage takes place, and the story ends. This is the plot of 'Marriage.' Everything else in the book is extraneous. The sketches of character throughout, however, are striking, and sometimes excellent; and the reader, led on from one to another, fancies he is interested in the narrative, till on looking back at the end he sees only some unconnected groups or individuals dotting the distance in his memory.

If Character were the most important condition of success, we should have to place various contemporaneous names above that of Scott. Scott never reached the philosophical depth either of Godwin or Bulwer Lytton (two completely opposite writers); and there are several of the characters of Dickens and Thackeray which would lose little by comparison with those of the Waverley Novels. Scott, in fact, may be said to stand higher as a painter of manners than of character; but it is the *completeness* of his fictions as works of art—the indestructible web, so to speak, of their story—which, notwithstanding some deficiencies in character, and at least moral colouring, place him at the head of the artists of this century, and will make the world recur to him again and again when successive schools, after flourishing for a while, sink and disappear. This distinction between character and manners was felt before the time of Scott by Johnson; although in the illustration he gives, the conversational oracle appears to confound elaboration with profundity, preferring the surface-carving of Richardson to the artistical completeness of Fielding. 'There was as great a difference between them,' says he, 'as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate!' But Johnson felt the philosophical fact, though misled in its application by his customary prejudice, and he shows why manners will always have the advantage in popularity over character; characters of manners being 'understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'

We are not sure, indeed, that character, in the highest sense of the term, belongs to prose fictitious narrative at all. Manners are the material indication and outward garb of character, and have their natural place in a story of the events of human life; but the depths of the mind can only be explored and revealed in a metaphysical essay or a poem. 'Macbeth'—'Othello'—'Lear'—these are narratives, and in a certain sense monologues, of character. In them all things are subordinate to a single end. The design is not so much to relate a story of human life, as to dive into the arcana of the human mind. The persons of the drama are brought in for the purpose of ministering to one personage; and the action is described, not as interesting in itself, but merely as the vehicle of an idea which could not otherwise be revealed to the senses. In prose fiction, character—always speaking of it in the highest sense of the term—is never duly appreciated, otherwise 'Mandeville,' for instance, would not now lie buried in the dust of a score of years. The only reason that need be given is, that it can neither in itself fulfil the conditions of romance, nor consent to the common rules of co-operation.

After plot and character comes Moral Colouring, in which the author sometimes appears as an interpreter

* It must be admitted that the fourth volume of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' has hardly any connection with the plot: but it appears to have been written merely to fill up to the length of the former series, and for the sake of pecuniary gain.

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of exoteric symbols, and sometimes traverses the stage like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, the popular expression of intelligence and sympathy. This is a more important part of the fictitious narrative than it would at first sight appear; and the reason is, that its mode of operation is not always obvious. It would be easy to dispute a direct proposition, or guard against a false corollary; but the moral colouring is sometimes so closely interwoven in the action described, that its source is imperceptible. The slightest possible exaggeration, for instance, will not unfrequently make a virtuous action ridiculous. The colouring is thus given in the *mode* of representing circumstances, as well as in avowed sentiments and comments, and may be described as being reflected through the prism of the author's individuality. This affords a very tempting outlet for self-esteem. Young writers, when young persons, always begin with novels and moral essays—the very things of all others which they cannot by possibility know anything about; and when they betake themselves to fiction, they can never refrain from favouring the world with choice bits of their idiosyncrasy. The time has been, indeed, when this accessory to fiction was esteemed capable of sufficing for all, and when sentimental novels were supposed to require little or no aid from plot, character, or material colouring. In Scott this rule is reversed. His sentiment is neither profound nor always even correct. He does not reason, but describe. His field is action, not thought. He knew intuitively that the exterior life was the province of romance, and that when romance went deeper, it strayed into the bounds of poetry. But the line must not be harshly drawn, for there will always be a debateable ground between the two regions of art: and here was the weak point of Scott in his literary character, for his poems themselves are merely romances in rhyme.

The Material Colouring is to fiction what the scenery, dresses, and decorations are to the drama; and the greatest living master in this department of the art—far superior even to Scott (though far inferior to Defoe)—is the American novelist Cooper. Knowing nothing of the requirements of plot, and very little of manners; with hardly the faintest notion of ethography, or the depictment of mental character, and destitute of the depth of mind required in moral colouring, it is wonderful how much he does, even in narrative, by the mere aid of scenery. The desert and the ocean seem in his hands endowed with life; their phenomena are the material agents of the story; and the human beings who wander over their bosom seem hardly necessary as a point of human interest. The vessel at sea, or the wagon in the prairie, is the true personage of the piece; and even if we were to divest these of every connection with social life, they would still rivet our sympathy. Though so great, however, in the distinct branch of the art now referred to, Cooper is so poor even in character of manners, that the Americans themselves, if we may judge from a satirical poem recently published, begin to turn his pretensions as to this essential condition of romantic fiction into ridicule.

Material colouring, however, has been elevated in point of art by younger writers, although not rendered more subservient to the purposes of fictitious narrative. The pantheistic tendency of poetry has encroached upon the region of romance; and the sights and sounds of nature are now endowed with a mystical meaning, which, however adapted for the inner life, must diminish the effect of those external incidents that are the staple of fiction. Dickens is a master in this way; but the more extravagant he is in the accessory, the less successful he is in the art. His reputation as a novelist will, in our opinion, rest ultimately upon 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby;' the overcharge in the kind of colouring alluded to, so obvious in his more recent productions (not to mention their comparative inferiority in plot and manners), injuring them as works of art.

We have now glanced rapidly at the principal conditions of romantic fiction; and if we only remember that the main subject of this department of art is a *narration of events*, we shall be at no loss to conclude that plot is the most important of all. It is no excuse for a story inartistically constructed, that its incidents are *true*. If they are incapable of standing alone in their sequence, why present them in the form of a fiction? This cannot arise from our respect for the true, but from our confounding the true with the natural. The truth of romance, however, is the truth of poetry, the truth of nature, and not the truth of individual facts. Neither sketches of character and manners, nor moral and material colouring, however good in themselves, will make a good romance. A painter of figures might as well depend upon his flesh-tints, drapery, and back-ground, without a knowledge of anatomy. Plot is the bones, sinews, muscles of the piece, and the other conditions give beauty and finish to the whole. We cannot give up too much to plot; but the rest must be kept in due subordination, and toned down when necessary, so as to contribute to the *general* effect.

Let us not be told that fictions *succeed* when they are mere sketches of character—mere sentimental rhapsodies—mere descriptions of scenery; for we are not pointing out the way to popularity, but to improvement in art; and not depreciating the merit of ethologists and colourists as such, but denying that they are, in the large sense of the word, artists. The fetters we would impose upon the novelist are not restrictions upon genius any more than the rules of the drama, of epic poetry, of pictorial art, or of the other provinces of taste. We would only suggest that there can be no steady improvement in any of these departments without theoretical knowledge, and that it is the duty of criticism, as the handmaid of art, to proffer her assistance in the misty aspirations, the convulsive throes, and instinctive graspings of genius. The present would seem to be a favourable time. The Germans, in their search after the mystical, have stumbled upon the natural, and borne the first torch of discovery into that magnificent mine, rich in all the more elegant and gem-like treasures of intellect. Systematised by them almost into a science, æsthetics, or the philosophy of art, is now extending throughout the whole world of taste; and criticism, though not æsthetics—though nothing so high and holy—is based upon its laws, and bows reverently to its authority. Let criticism, then, prevent the waste of mind that has so long been going on. Let romantic fiction, under its tutelage, share in that progress which has now become an almost universal law; and let a department in literature, only second to epic poetry, assume a position of corresponding dignity.

L. R.

THE LADY OF LOUDUN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

About the end of October, some six or seven years ago, I was returning homeward from the south of France, after passing a part of the autumn in the Pyrenees. My only companion was a puppy of that famous breed of Pyrenean watchdogs, in whom the wolf finds a deadly antagonist, and the bear a formidable foe. But at that time there was nothing very fierce in the appearance of *Gave*—such was the name it bore, in memory of the mountain torrent beside which it was born—for it was only three weeks old, and travelled very comfortably in one of those round baskets which the Béarnaise peasants use to carry their eggs in to the market of Pau. As the basket was rather cumbrous, I found, after the experience of the first four-and-twenty hours, that it would be as well for my own comfort if I placed Gave under the care of the *conducteur*, and to that functionary I accordingly consigned her, leaving myself nothing to look after but my own comfort. The route I chose from Bordeaux was by the steamer down the Gironde as far

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as Mortagne, where I took the diligence to Saintes, and from thence by way of Niort to Poitiers. Nothing more remarkable occurred before I reached the antiquated capital of Poitou than a furious cold, which I caught *en route* from keeping the window open all night on my side, in consequence of the disagreeable proximity of a young priest who got into the diligence at Lusignan, and who certainly could have had nothing in his person to charm the fairy Melusine, the tutelar genius of that romantic spot, unless her olfactory nerves were French overproof. At Poitiers a grand fair was being held, and it was with some difficulty I could find a bedroom to spare at the Hôtel de France where we stopped; but as I wanted one more on account of my four-footed companion than on my own, I succeeded at last in getting the necessary accommodation, locked up Gave for the day, and devoted the whole of the time I was to remain at Poitiers in visiting the countless relics of antiquity for which the old city is so remarkable. In the evening I resumed my journey towards Saumur on the Loire, and a little after midnight arrived at Loudun.

The occasions are few on which I have been more impressed with a feeling of solemn awe than during the half hour I stayed at Loudun; for so long did it take to obtain the relay that was to convey us the next stage, and to receive the only passenger, who certainly did not appear to be in any extraordinary hurry. In the meantime, such travellers as had started from Poitiers with me had been set down at different places on the road; and when the tired horses were taken out of the heavy, lumbering diligence, and I was left alone in the wide market-place, with the bright moonlight casting the towers of the old church of St Pierre into deep shadow, and throwing a ghastly light on the tall houses opposite, it seemed as if no effort of memory were necessary to bring vividly before me the scene of cruelty which, two hundred years before, had been perpetrated there, when Urbain Grandier, accused and convicted of witchcraft, but in reality the victim of priestly tyranny, was burned in the square on which I was now gazing. Could we recall, or were we acquainted with the events which have happened wherever, in the course of our wanderings, we may chance to have paused, no doubt the recollections might be as melancholy as they proved to be on this occasion; for where is the spot of earth unprofaned by crime more or less recent? But even those places with which we are most familiar depend in a great degree upon the aspect under which they are presented to us for the impression which they produce. In the broad light of day other influences are at work: we argue more coolly, we take things more as a matter of course than at any other time; but when, unexpectedly, and in the dead hour of night, the memory of deeds of blood forces itself upon us, it meets with a very different reception. It was for this reason, I suppose, that the fate of Urbain Grandier had so much hold upon my imagination at that moment.

The uncomfortable feeling which I have described was gaining ground very rapidly, when the clattering sound of horses' hoofs and the postilion's rude voice of encouragement luckily dispelled them. Our cattle were put to with the usual noise which accompanies the yoking of a team, or anything else, in France; but before we started for Fontevrault, the steps of the diligence were let down, and the door was thrown open by the conducteur, to admit the person who was to occupy the interior with me for the rest of the night. The night appears to be considered the most propitious of all seasons for travelling in France, and indeed generally on the continent; and whether the distances be long or short, the public conveyances always set out at the most inconvenient hours. Perhaps locomotion is so much less natural to them than to ourselves, that they try to get over it in their sleep. Their own excuse is, that it saves time; and so it does, if you are fit for anything next day, after travelling all night in a diligence. I did not, however, question the propriety of the arrangement at Loudun when I found that my companion was a female, and as far as I could judge by the glimpse I got of her figure, young and well formed. The conducteur, with customary politeness, assisted her into the diligence, and then handed to her something covered over with a handkerchief, which had greatly the appearance of a bird-cage; nor could I have much doubt of the fact when I heard the lady utter a chirping sound, and desire Coco 'rester bien tranquille.'

'A canary,' thought I; 'it's a pity that my pet is not inside too.' But I consoled myself with the reflection that she was most probably fast asleep in her basket in the sheltered cabriolet overhead.

The terrific rattle of the wheels of the diligence through the deserted streets of Loudun totally precluded all attempts at conversation, even had either of us been so inclined; and when the carriage was fairly off the *pavé*, each seemed more disposed to entertain a previous current of thought than to excite a new one. For my part, I insensibly got back to poor Urbain Grandier, and was speculating on the probable fate of his cruel persecutors, when, half an hour perhaps having elapsed, I was disturbed from my reverie by some drops of water falling on my hand. I looked about me to ascertain the reason, and could just see, by the waning light of the moon, that the bird-cage which my fellow-traveller held on her knee had slightly tilted on one side, though her hands still rested on it, and that the water which was meant for the bird was dropping upon me.

For the better explanation of our relative positions, I ought to mention that the lady and myself sat on the same side, the back seat of the carriage, which left our limbs more at liberty, and gave each of us the most comfortable corner.

'Pardon, madame,' said I, addressing my companion; 'I am afraid your cage will fall: permit me to replace it.' The lady offered no objection, but neither replied nor stirred, not even to raise her hands; so I fixed the cage in an upright position as well as I could. 'She is sleepy, I suppose,' said I to myself, my vanity putting the best construction on her indifference. 'Well, I will try to follow her example.'

I accordingly crossed my feet on the seat opposite; and settling myself well back, prepared to court the drowsy god, who generally shuns me when I travel at night. I think I should soon have been successful, for in a very short time that sense of indistinctness which precedes sleep began to steal over me; but before it had quite obtained the mastery, I was again disturbed by the dripping of water, which this time fairly trickled through my clothes. I felt excessively annoyed, not only on account of the humidity, which made me feel very uncomfortable, but because the night itself was exceedingly cold; and it was with something of asperity in my tone that I said, in a louder key than I had used before, 'Voilà qui est bien génant, madame; prenez garde à votre oiseau, je vous prie; je suis tout-à-fait mouillé.'

But neither by word nor sign did the lady show the slightest consciousness of my having again addressed her.

'If people *will* go to sleep in public carriages,' I muttered, 'they ought at anyrate to be careful not to annoy their fellow-travellers!'

This truism, however, fell harmless on the ear of the sleeper; and seeing that there was nothing to be got from her, I resolved to take the remedy into my own hands. Leaning forward, therefore, I tried to withdraw the bird-cage from its place on the lady's knees; but

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she held it so tightly, that I could not release it, though I employed a little gentle force to accomplish my purpose.

'Very singular,' thought I, 'that she should sleep so soundly. Why, the fluttering of the bird would have awakened *me!*'

But the lady was still, and so now was the canary; for as I had given the thing up as a bad job, it had recovered its equilibrium on its perch, though the cage, like the Tower of Pisa, had lost its perpendicular. Luckily, however, for me, all the water had oozed out, so I once more leaned back in my corner.

Though the roads in this part of the country are, generally speaking, very good, inequalities sometimes occur; and this I imagine must have been the case when we got to about a league and a-half from Fontevrault, for I suddenly felt a violent jerk, which not only completely woke me up, but threw my companion heavily upon my shoulder, where she lay with all her weight.

'Well,' said I, 'this is rather too bad: 'can't she sleep in her own corner? People have no right to go to sleep who can't keep their balance.' Saying which I tried to raise her; but she was as heavy as lead, and, embarrassed as I was with my cloak, I could not stir her.

'Madame!' shouted I in her ear as loud as I could; 'savez-vous, madame, que vous m'écrasez? Ayez-la bonté, madame, de vous relever.' But I might as well have talked to a stone: there she lay like a log, and the villanous bird-cage still in her lap. Presently a thought struck me: I remained for a few moments perfectly still, and listened attentively—I could not hear her breathe! I hastily put my hand on her side; but there was no sign of respiration: I grasped her hands; they were clinging to the bird-cage, and as cold as ice: I felt her pulse; it was gone!

'Gracious Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'the lady is dead!' As quick as thought I raised her then, and kept her body upright; but the head fell heavily forward. In vain I eagerly chafed her hands, untied the strings of her bonnet, and strove by every means in my power to restore animation: every effort was useless. Failing in these endeavours, I threw down one of the carriage-windows, and thrusting out my head, cried at the top of my voice to the postilion to stop. The man seemed at first uncertain whence the direction proceeded: he looked right and left, then up to the place where the conducteur sat, and last of all he turned his head towards me.

'Qu'est-ce-qu'il y a, monsieur?' he said, bringing up his horses as sharply as he could.

'Conducteur, conducteur!' I called out: 'descendez vite! Il y a une dame qui meurt!'

'Sapristi!' shouted the conducteur, tumbling rather than jumping from the cabriolet, where he had been sleeping; 'qu'est-ce que vous dites, monsieur?'

'Venez voir,' said I; and he rushed up to the door.

'Bring a light, if you have one,' I cried. 'I fear something dreadful has happened!'

'Dam!' he exclaimed; 'ah, ça, c'est donc du sérieux!'

Although the moon had shone brightly when we left Loudun, she was in her last quarter, and the conducteur had not omitted the precaution of lighting the lamp in front of the diligence. He hastily ran back and brought it, and I was then able to see the features of my fellow-traveller. They were as pale as marble, and perfectly rigid; the eyes were filmy and staring, and the mouth, from which there came a slight moisture, was partly open; her hands, as I had before imagined, were firmly clenched in the wires of the bird-cage. Again I felt her pulse, her throat, her heart; but nothing stirred. The conducteur did the same. We looked at each other in silence. At length, after screwing up his mouth and shrugging his shoulders, he spoke: 'Ma foi!' said he, 'pas de doute qu'elle est morte! Quel accident!'

'What's to be done?' I asked. 'Let us get on as quickly as we can. Perhaps if she were bled she might revive. How far is it to Fontevrault?'

'A league and a-half,' was his reply, as he shut the door again, climbed up to his seat, and gave the word to the postilion to drive on ventre à terre.

Away we went with the speed of light, my dead companion and I, like Lenore and her lover, only the situations were reversed:

> 'Hurrah! the dead can ride with speed;
> Dost fear to ride with me?'

I did not actually fear the corpse, but there was something particularly unpleasant in the tête-à-tête, and I felt inexpressibly relieved when, in the gray of the morning, we dashed into the village of Fontevrault, and pulled up at the Croix Blanche.

The landlord of the inn, expecting the diligence, was already stirring; but if such had not been the case, the conducteur and I made noise enough to wake the whole household, who soon came crowding round us.

Unfortunately we found Fontevrault so poor a place that no medical man resided there, not even the smallest apothecary. The only hope of assistance was at the Maison de Détention, once the celebrated abbey where lie the remains of the most famous of the Angevine race of English kings, Henry II. and his son Cœur de Lion, with Eleanor of Guienne and Isabella of Angoulême. We knocked loudly at the porter's lodge; but whether it arose from sheer obstinacy, from unwillingness to take the trouble, from a suspicion that some trick was afoot for effecting the release of the prisoners, or from whatever cause, the old *concièrge*, who replied to us through a half-opened lattice, turned a deaf ear to our request that the surgeon of the prison might be sent for.

'S'il y a quelqu'un de mort là-bas,' said he; 'le médecin ne peut pas le guérir; si, par hasard, votre individu est toujours vivant il se guérira lui-même.' And with these words he closed the window, and crawled back to bed again.

Further examination had in the meantime convinced everybody who looked on the unfortunate lady that the brutal old concièrge was right, and that the skill of the most accomplished surgeon in Europe could do nothing in such a case.

The next question was, the necessity for drawing up a *procès verbal;* but the village, which could not boast of a doctor, did not contain a single legal official, not even a stray gendarme. It was necessary that the body should be taken on to Saumur, the *chef-lieu* of the district; besides, the conducteur was anxious to get on to deliver his mail-bags. It was necessary also that I should accompany it, being the principal witness in the unhappy affair. To this I made no objection, as Saumur was the place of my destination; but I did object very strongly to continue an inside passenger. But even for this there was no help, as there was no room for me in the cabriolet beside the conducteur. Being a cross-country diligence, constructed on a pattern which few are acquainted with who have not traversed the cross-roads in the heart of France, it was provided only with a narrow seat, with a hood to it, that with difficulty admitted of the addition of Gave in her basket. Reluctantly, therefore, and with the worst grace imaginable, I re-entered the vehicle, choosing, however, the remotest corner from that which was occupied by the stiff and ghastly corpse, now fully revealed in the dull light of morning. To sleep, or even turn my eyes away, I found to be impossible; and for two long hours—mortal ones they might well be called—I sat gazing on my dreary neighbour, obliged every now and then to steady the body in its place lest it should roll off the seat.

At the *octroi* of Saumur, the *douaniers*, always on the look-out for articles to pay duty, thrust their heads into the diligence, demanding to know if there was anything to declare.

'Voilà de la contrebande,' said I, pointing to the dead

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body; 'si jamais il en fut; mais je crois que tous les droits soient payés.'

The procès verbal before the mayor of Saumur added nothing to the details of this adventure, and the next day Gave and I pursued our journey.

THE UNITED STATES AS AN EMIGRATION FIELD.

It would be dangerous to trust to the impartiality of the ordinary books addressed to intending emigrants. They are almost always recommendations of some particular field, to which the author is attached by pecuniary interest, family ties, or even the mere circumstance of temporary residence. The honesty of the writers—and some of them are known to ourselves to be men of strict honour—is by no means decisive as to the value of their representations; for the proverbial deceit of the human heart acts upon itself as well as externally. Thus the biographer identifies himself with his hero, and becomes an advocate; and thus the author attaches himself to the country he describes, and is metamorphosed into an emigration touter.

A little book that has just come in our way—one of the liberal shilling's worths of this vulgar era—proceeds upon a different plan.* The compiler does not confine himself to one emigration field, and he makes no pretensions to personal knowledge of those he describes. His object is to sift and compare the testimonies already given, and lay the body of digested evidence before the public, so as to enable everybody to judge for himself. Now the value of a work of the kind must of course depend upon the merit of the author as regards industry and judgment; and as the name of Sidney Smith is familiar to most people as that of a writer and thinker of more than a score of years' standing, it would seem to be some guarantee for his fitness for the task. But for our own part, we must honestly confess that we were attracted to the book at the outset by its great *literary* superiority over other productions of the class. The compiler is, obviously, a practised writer, a working author, and is as much at home in reasoning as in describing, in philosophy as in bare statistics. The introduction pronounces a eulogy upon colonies as a refuge even for the imagination, which will show what we mean:—'Colonies are "the world beyond the grave" of disappointed hopes. The antipodes are the terrestrial future, the sublunary heaven of the unsuccessful and the dissatisfied. The weaver in his Spitalfields garret, who tries to rusticate his fancy by mignionette in his window-box, and bees in the eaves, bathes his parched soul in visions of prairie flowers, and a woodbine cabin beside Arcadian cataracts. The starving peasant, whose very cottage is his master's, who tills what he can never own, who poaches by stealth to keep famine from his door, and whose overlaboured day cannot save his hard-earned sleep from the nightmare of the workhouse, would often become desperate, a lunatic, or a broken man, but for the hope that he may one day plant his foot on his own American freehold, plough his own land, pursue the chase without a license through the plains of Illinois or the forests of Michigan, and see certain independence before himself and his children. The industrious tradesman, meritorious merchant, or skilful and enlightened professional man, jerked perhaps by the mere chance of the war of competition out of his parallelogram, and exhausting his strength and very life in the vain struggle to get back again into a position already filled; compelled by the tyranny of social convention to maintain appearances unsuited to the state of his purse; plundered by bankrupt competitors or insolvent customers, and stripped of his substance by high prices and oppressive taxation, would often become the dangerous enemy of society or of government, but for the consideration that, in South Africa, in America, in Australia, or New Zealand, he may find repose from anxiety in independence, rude and rough though it may be, emancipation from the thraldom of convention, and an immunity from any compulsion to keep up appearances, and to seem to be what he is not.'

The motives for emigration are afterwards examined in detail, and its general advantages stated; then the subject of colonisation is discussed; and we at length arrive at the emigration fields, after having gone through the necessary preliminaries of mode of transit, choice of a ship, and the voyage and the sea. In the present volume, which we presume is only a part of a whole, the author confines himself to Canada and the United States; and we shall give our readers a specimen of the kind of information conveyed on the latter part of this wide and interesting subject.

The eastern, or New England states, which extend from the sea to the Alleghany Mountains, are distinguished by rigorous winters and torrid heats in summer. They are the oldest and most populous districts of the Union; and although, from the sudden extremes of the climate, subject to consumption and other pulmonary affections, are favourable to European energy and physical development. They are the more open as a field for our labourers and artisans from the migratory habits of the Yankees, who wander into other districts where they think to become their own masters. At Long Island, New York, according to Cobbett, there is not a speck of green from December to May; and yet in June the crop and fruits are as in England, and the harvest a full month earlier. The people, however, are more sallow and spare than with us, although for this our author blames mainly the dietary arrangements of the country. 'The abundance and universal accessibility of everything that can provoke the appetite, the long sauce and short sauce, the preserves and fruits, the infinite varieties of bread, all baked in a way to lie heavy on the stomach, the endless array of wines and liquors, the interminable diversities of meats, taken at least three times every day, acting upon a people whose brain runs away with the nervous energy required by the stomach to digest such high-seasoned meals, give the assimilating organs no chance of fair play at all. Dr Caldwell tells us that the amount of sheer trash swallowed every week by an American, is greater than would be consumed in a year by an inhabitant of Europe.'

Mr Smith is inclined to give the preference to the eastern over the western states as a field of emigration for persons without capital. 'Gardeners, well-trained agricultural labourers, good wagoners, would always find full employment in the east at fair wages, *paid in money*. They would have to encounter no privations, and run little risk of disease. They would be surrounded with superior comforts, a great security for health, and endure none of the hardships of inexperienced persons in a new country. A good house, near markets, medical attendance, and the accessories of civilisation to which they have been accustomed at home, they would be sure to meet. They would not, indeed, rise to the position of proprietors of land easily, or so soon emancipate themselves from service; but

* The Settler's New Home: or the Emigrant's Location, being a Guide to Emigrants in the selection of a Settlement, and the Preliminary Details of the Voyage. By Sidney Smith. London: John Kendrick. 1849.

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service is only an evil where it is coupled with dependence and precarious employment. . . . Skilful carpenters, millwrights, blacksmiths, shipwrights, shoemakers, hatters, engineers, tailors, would never have any difficulty in procuring good engagements in the east; and although the cost of food and rent is higher there than in the west, they get *money* wages, and procure clothing and many other articles cheaper than in the west.' The wages of mechanics are from L.2 to L.2, 10s. per week, and those of labourers from 4s. to 5s. per day. Women earn 3s. per day at farm work. The factories are 'models of elegance and comfort;' and the workpeople, both men and women, have almost always sums of money out at interest. But this is better still—'A journeyman brassfounder, writing from Schenectady, states he earns 6s. per day, and pays 16s. per week for board and lodging for self and wife, with meat three times a day, steaks and chops for breakfast, with pork sausages and hot buckwheat cakes, with tea and coffee, stewed peaches, apples, pears, wild honey, and molasses!'

The western states extend from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains; and their climate varies, according to geographical position, from six weeks to five months of winter. Ohio is an eminently agricultural state; and the population, comparatively dense, are of a decent, quiet, *rural* character. Towards the south it produces wine, silk, and tobacco, and has the roads, canals, and railways, farm-buildings, markets, inns, churches, and schools of a highly-civilised country. As a matter of course, the land is higher, and the wages lower than in places less favourably situated; but still there is abundance of employment of various kinds for the labouring or operative emigrant.

Illinois is considered the chief of the western states as regards agriculture; but having been more recently settled than Ohio, it presents fewer social advantages. 'But its climate is far superior—in a six weeks' winter, a lengthened and beautiful spring, a productive summer, and a delightful autumn. Less rigorous, and uniformly milder in all its seasons than the neighbouring states, in that alone it holds out unrivalled advantages; but when to these are added a greater quantity of uniformly fine soil, of unbounded fertility, than any other of the same extent in the world, and vast prairies of alluvial mould ready at once for plough and seed, we have said enough to prove it to be the very best of locations for the emigrant.' Live-stock is never housed—the climate does not require it; and game and fish are abundant and excellent. Timber for building is so plentiful that houses are cheap. 'Good board and lodging can be had for persons even of the middle ranks for L.26 per annum; and the ways and means of life are so inexpensive and accessible, that, except to the fastidious and finical, the settler may be said to be relieved from all but the merely imaginary cares of life.' Money is here the grand desideratum. It fetches 25 per cent.; but this of itself shows that everything else must be low, and that the value of money, therefore, in anything more than trifling sums, must be only imaginary. To grow rich in money in such a place is difficult, if not impossible; but a rude yet luxurious independence is easily attained. Illinois is a sanatorium for asthmatic and consumptive patients; but other diseases are induced nevertheless. 'Tempted by the cheapness of all sorts of liquors, the abundance and variety of food, and the extensive resources of confectionary, preserves, and made dishes, emigrants accustomed to the regimen of colder climates continue a diet unsuited to any, especially a warm climate. Disease feeds on the poison of an overfed system.'

An emigrant farmer would require a very trifling outlay of money to secure a good and speedy return. It is calculated that on the purchase of 200 acres, four cows, eight young cattle, and ten pigs, fencing, ploughing, &c. building, furnishing, and maintaining his family, he would expend only L.340, 17s. In eighteen months his expenditure would amount to L.484, 4s. 6d.; and in that time he would have reaped 6400 bushels of Indian corn, and 1600 bushels of wheat, besides enjoying abundance of vegetables, dairy produce, beef, pork, and poultry. The farm labourer is said to be 800 times better off in Illinois than in England. In Springfield, according to Mr Sherriff, 'market butter is worth 4d., beef 1½d., pork 1d. per lb., and much cheaper by the carcase; eggs 3d. per dozen; wheat 1s. 6½d., oats 9d., corn 5d. per bushel; good Muscovado sugar 5d., coffee 10d. per lb. Illinois abounds in all kinds of fruit in perfection. Honey, cotton, wine, castor-oil abound. Game of all kinds is in perfection.'

Opinions differ as to Michigan; but Mr Fergusson, who was employed by the Highland Society, asserts that the climate is healthy and temperate, and more favourable to European constitutions than that of the other western states. He gives the following estimate of a location:—

160 acres at 1¼ dollars per acre,	L.45	0	0
Seed, labour, rail fence for 15 acres at 6 dollars,	202	10	0
Harvesting at 2 dollars,	67	10	0
Dwelling-house, stables, &c.	180	0	0
	L.495	0	0
Returns:—			
Produce of 150 acres, at 20 bushels per acre, 1 dollar per bushel,	675	0	0
Profit,	L.180	0	0

Indiana somewhat resembles Illinois in climate and soil; it is mostly prairie, and well watered, and the soil is highly productive.

Wisconsin 'commands the navigation of the Mississippi, Lake Michigan, and the Canadian lakes; is very fertile, and produces wild rice in abundance. It abounds in coal and other minerals, and is in course of very rapid settlement, being the southern boundary of Upper Canada.' 'It is by far the best place in the world,' says a visitor, 'for the English farmer or rural mechanic with small capital. There is now plenty of land near this handsome seaport (Racine) at 5s. an acre, deeds included; and improved farms, with house, out-buildings, and fenced in, at from 3 dollars to 6 dollars per acre. The land here is the best I have ever seen; black loam from six inches to two feet deep, all prairie, with timber in clumps, like a gentleman's park, and suited to every crop. Garden vegetables grow in perfection, as well as English fruits and flowers. It is the best country in America for game, fish, and water; there is plenty of living water on every farm; wells can be got anywhere, and every kind of timber. Wild fruits of all kinds. The crop is thirty to forty bushels wheat, thirty to sixty Indian corn, forty to sixty oats, and barley, and flax, and buckwheat in proportion per acre. The best pasturage for cattle and sheep; hay three tons per acre. No country can be more healthy, being open, high prairies in a northern latitude. No persons are ill from the climate, only ague in the swamps.' 'The expense of coming hither,' continues this enthusiastic gentleman, 'from New York to Buffalo, is, by canal, 3 dollars in seven days; by rail, 10 dollars in two days; and by steamboat thence here, 6 dollars in four days and a-half. Upwards of a hundred farmers have come here in consequence of my former letter; not one has left. We have all conveniences—shops, goods as cheap as in England, places of worship, saw and flour mills, daily newspapers, and the New York mail every day: in short, every convenience you could have near New York; and your produce will sell for nearly as much, with double the crop on the new land.'

Iowa was formerly included in Wisconsin, and as political divisions have nothing to do with the laws of nature, its capabilities may be considered to be the same as those of the former state; but, alas! 'its population are rude, brutal, and lawless; and possessing no settled institutions or legislature, it is obvious that it will be avoided by all persons of character and orderly habits. Its miners, like those of Galena, are worse than savages. We may dismiss our account of this

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region, for which nature has done everything, and man nothing, by the assurance that at present it is entirely unfitted for the settlement of emigrants, except such as

"Leave their country for their country's good."

"He has taken Iowa short," is the American phrase for a rascal who has made other places "too hot to hold him."'

The following is part of Mr Sidney Smith's general summing up of the western states. 'They abound in beautiful flowers, wild fruits, and birds of every variety, and of the gayest plumage. The glow-worm and fire-fly, and butterflies of every hue are common; and the mosquitoes in the shelter of the woods are very annoying. Snakes are very numerous, of great variety, and some of them exceedingly dangerous; yet few accidents happen from their attacks. Day and night are more equally divided in America than in Europe; and in the former there is an entire absence of twilight, or gray, still evening, darkness hastening on the moment the sun sinks behind the horizon. As a general rule, roads are few and bad, and bridges still worse. Public conveyances are conducted in an inconvenient way, from the independence of the conductors upon the custom of the public; and inns and steamboats are indifferently regulated. In the former, the innkeepers bear themselves as the obliging parties, and often decline to serve customers when it is inconvenient. The beds and bedrooms are very badly managed, and the houses overcrowded. The balance of testimony is in favour of the American character for evenness of temper, deference to women, substantial good manners, with great plainness of speech and address, and great and genuine kindness to the sick or the distressed, particularly strangers, widows, and orphans. Commercial integrity is low, and there is much overreaching and sharpness in bargains and mercantile contracts. The litigious and pettifogging tendencies of the people are the result of their acuteness, logical intellect, and inferior sentimental endowments. Law and lawyers are the curse of the country, and it is emphatically said that an American will go to law with his own father about a penny.... The market of England is now opened for the provisions and grain of the western states, and we cannot entertain a doubt that for centuries to come this great republic must advance in comfort, security, prosperity, and every good which can make civilisation desirable, and the institution of society an element of human happiness.'

Texas has been denounced by the Land Emigration Commissioners, and our author has little to say in its favour. 'The southern position of Texas, and its capability of raising tropical productions, argue a too torrid climate for a European constitution. It is comparatively unsettled; it is a border debateable land betwixt Mexico and the United States; and it is peopled by the scum and refuse, the daring, adventurous, and lawless, of all other countries. When fully peopled, well settled, and placed under the vigorous control of permanent government and institutions, its natural capabilities will render it a desirable place of settlement.' He merely mentions Oregon, Vancouver's Island, and California. In the first, the climate and soil are unobjectionable, but everything else is bad; Vancouver's Island may offer greater advantages to the adventurous; but both of them, and California in a more especial manner, may be regarded 'as the destination only of men of desperate fortunes, and as a certain source of unhappiness to all persons of orderly, industrious, prudent, and virtuous habits. Their ultimate fate will, in all probability, be prosperous; and if the new projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic by canals joining chains of lakes and rivers, or by railways or aqueducts at the Isthmus of Panama, be speedily realised, they may become much more rapidly populated and settled than is with the present means probable.'

We have now run rapidly through the portion of the volume devoted to the United States, and we do not hesitate to say that we consider the work to be a most useful and impartial publication; and even without reference to any practical purpose of emigration, extremely well adapted for the perusal of the general reader.

THE SAILOR PRELATE.

It was in the year 1580 that Sir Francis Drake returned in triumph to his native land, after a successful expedition against the Spaniards in the South Seas. He anchored at Deptford, and Queen Elizabeth honoured the brave admiral by dining on board his ship. After the banquet, her majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on her entertainer, and inquired of him whether he wished to name any captain in his fleet as peculiarly distinguished for valour.

'So please your majesty,' said Drake, 'many there are in every ship who have borne themselves right bravely, as the subjects of their gracious mistress should; but one there is who merits praise above all, for by his steady daring alone three goodly galleons were taken. He stood himself at the guns until victory was declared, although a finger of his right hand was shot off, and he had received various grievous wounds. His name is William Lyon, commander of the Albion.'

'Let him be introduced into our presence,' said the queen; 'we love to look on a brave man.'

Sir Francis bowed, gave the necessary directions, and after a brief delay Captain Lyon was ushered into the royal presence. He was a good-featured, finely-formed man, with the blunt, frank bearing of a British sailor; in the present instance slightly dashed by a consciousness of his position. Her majesty received him with that kindly manner which she knew so well how to combine with dignity—a species of 'king-craft' which seldom fails to secure for sovereigns the warm love of their people. She asked him several questions touching the late expedition, which he answered in a sensible, respectful manner; and the queen dismissed him, saying, 'You deserve to rise, Captain Lyon; and we now pledge our royal word that you shall have the first vacancy that offers.' She then gave him her hand to kiss, and the gallant seaman retired.

About three months afterwards, as the queen on a state day was giving audience to her nobles, Captain William Lyon presented himself and craved an interview with her majesty. Good Queen Bess, among whose faults indifference to the wants and wishes of her subjects could not be classed, willingly granted his request, and smiled as she asked him to make known his wishes.

'Please your majesty, I come,' he said, 'to remind you of your gracious promise. You said I should have the first vacancy that offered; and I have just heard that the see of Cork, in the south of Ireland, is vacant by the demise of the bishop; therefore I hope your majesty will give it me, and so fulfil your royal word.'

'Gramercy,' said the queen, 'this is taking us at our word with a witness! How say you, my lord,' she continued, turning to the Earl of Essex, who stood beside the throne; 'would a brave sailor, think you, answer for a bishop in our troublous kingdom of Ireland?'

'If Captain Lyon's clerkly skill, please your majesty, be equal to so grave a charge, his worth and valour (of which I have heard much) will, I doubt not, render him worthy of your Grace's favour.'

'Besides,' chimed in the captain, as undauntedly as though he stood on his own quarterdeck, 'her majesty *promised me the first vacancy;* and God forbid she should be the first of her royal house who was worse than the word of their lips!'

A less absolute sovereign than Elizabeth might probably have been offended at these blunt words, and have dismissed the unlucky speaker with scant ceremony; but thoroughly secure in power, she liked to reign in her people's hearts, and besides she had the rough old Tudor love for words of truth and deeds of boldness: therefore a right royal burst of laughter proceeded from the throne, echoed by the attendant courtiers; and when

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the queen's merriment had subsided, she graciously dismissed Captain Lyon, with the assurance that his request should meet with due attention. An inquiry into the seaman's qualifications was accordingly instituted, and the result as to his moral character being perfectly satisfactory, and the fact of his having received a tolerable literary education being established, the queen was graciously pleased to grant his request; and William Lyon was duly consecrated Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

Elizabeth said to him on the occasion, 'I trust, Master Lyon, you will take as good care of the church as you have done of the state;' and indeed, contrary to all reasonable expectation, he did make a most excellent prelate—carefully extending his patronage to the most exemplary men, and labouring with unwearied zeal to promote the interests of the diocese. He built the present episcopal palace, situated near the cathedral; and over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hangs his portrait, very finely painted. He is represented in his naval uniform, and his right hand is minus the fourth finger.

Bishop Lyon enjoyed his elevation for twenty-five years, with reputation to himself and benefit to his diocese. He never attempted to preach but once—on the occasion of the queen's death. When that melancholy event occurred, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his royal mistress, and accordingly ascended the pulpit in Christ-Church, in the city of Cork. After giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following characteristic manner:—'Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on the melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me (as perhaps there may be) who have secretly longed for this event, they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it!'

The remains of Bishop Lyon have recently been discovered by some workmen employed in repairing the palace. In a corner of the lawn are the ruins of what was once the chapel; and when some stones and earth were removed, a tombstone was discovered, with an inscription in old English raised characters, stating that the tomb was erected for 'William Lion, an Englis man born, bishop of Corke, Clon, and Ross, in the happi raigne of Queen Elizabet, defender of the ancent apostolike faithe.'

A BOAT EXPEDITION DOWN THE JORDAN.

A good deal of attention, scientific and otherwise, has of late been directed to the Holy Land and adjoining countries; many interesting points of geography and topography have been discussed, among others, the depression of the Dead Sea, the level of which has been ascertained to be more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean. The Sea of Tiberias also is reckoned as 84 feet below the latter level; the difference between the two lakes, which are 60 miles apart, being more than 1000 feet. This observation, made by the president of the Geographical Society in 1842, has elicited additional remarks and suggestions; and Dr Robinson, in discussing it, states that in the distance traversed by the river 'there is room for three cataracts, each equal in height to Niagara.'

Some authorities affirm that the observations to determine the levels must have been incorrect; on the other hand, it has been shown by comparison with British rivers, that there is nothing extraordinary in the presumed fall. The Dee is a river which may be classed with the Jordan: from the Linn of Dee to the sea, 72 miles, the fall is 16 feet to the mile; and in this distance there are neither rapids nor cataracts. In the fall of the Tweed we have a nearly parallel illustration. The question, however, has been answered for the present in another way, an account of which appears in the last published part of the Geographical Society's 'Journal.' Lieutenant Molyneux of the ship *Spartan*, left the vessel at Caiffa on the Bay of Acre towards the end of August 1847, with three seamen, who had volunteered for the occasion, and Toby, a dragoman. The object was to transport the *dingy* (ship's smallest boat) on camels' backs overland to Tiberias; to proceed from thence down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and return by way of Jerusalem and Jaffa, after an 'examination of the course of the Jordan, as well as of the valley through which it flows, and specially to measure the depth of the Dead Sea.' The commander of the vessel offered every aid, and furnished his lieutenant with letters from and to the authorities of the country, so as to facilitate operations among the Bedouin tribes, from whom molestation was to be apprehended.

Four camels were provided for the boat and baggage, besides horses. After two days' travelling, the party 'arrived at the top of the last ridge of hills overlooking the Lake of Tiberias and the Valley of the Jordan, and enjoyed a most magnificent view. Jebel Sheikh, smothered in clouds, was distinctly seen; before us were the blue waters of Tiberias, surrounded by fine ranges of hills; to the left the white ruins of Safed, perched on a hill; and near the northern end of the lake a gap in the mountains, with a green patch, which pointed out the spot where the Jordan discharges its waters into Tiberias.'

In descending the hills to the lake-shore the difficulties began. 'By degrees,' says Lieutenant Molyneux, 'the road became so steep that we were obliged to hold the boat up by ropes, till at length we arrived at a point beyond which the camels could not proceed, and to return was impossible: the stones, when started, rolled to the bottom; the camels began to roar; then followed the usual trembling of the legs—the certain precursor of a fall; and, in short, to save the boat, it became necessary to cut the lashings, and let her slide down on her keel to the foot of the hill. There we again harnessed the unfortunate camels, and proceeded without further mishap to Tiberias, where, passing under the walls of the town, we pitched our tent within a few yards of the water.'

After crossing the lake once or twice, and taking soundings and other observations, the boat was steered for the entrance of the river; and encamping for the night on the bank, the party were visited by numbers of Arabs, who, after some persuasion, left them unmolested, but kept the travellers in a state of apprehension during the night, and again the next morning for several miles of the route. The true character of the stream soon became apparent, as the officer relates:—'Hitherto, for the short distance we had come, the river had been upwards of 100 feet broad and 4 or 5 feet deep; but the first turning after leaving the Arabs brought us to the remains of a large ruined bridge, the arches of which, having all fallen down, obstructed our passage. Here our difficulties commenced; and for seven hours that we travelled that day, we scarcely ever had sufficient water to swim the boat for 100 yards together.' The Arabs hung on the skirts of the party, apparently with a view of turning any misadventure to account; and when villages were passed, the whole population turned out to look at the strangers. Sometimes the river spread out into shallow channels, in which the boat had to be unloaded, and carried over the obstructing rocks and bushes. 'The *Ghor*, or great Valley of the Jordan,' is described as 'about 8 or 9 miles broad; and this space is anything but a flat—nothing but a continuation of bare hills with yellow dried-up weeds, which look, when distant, like corn-stubbles. These hills, however, sink into insignificance when compared to the ranges of mountains which enclose the Ghor; and it is therefore only by comparison that this part of the Ghor is entitled to be called a valley.'

Besides other impediments, the river was obstructed by numerous weirs, built by the Arabs to divert the water into the frequent small channels cut for irrigating

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their fields. It was not easy to pass these weirs without a 'row,' as the natives insisted on the gap made for the boat being built up again. In one instance the masonry was so thick and high that the boat had to be lifted over. In addition to this there was uneasiness respecting the cattle and baggage, which, writes Lieutenant Molyneux, 'were frequently obliged to diverge to a considerable distance from the river; but a capital fellow that we hired at Tiberias as a guide assisted us greatly in overcoming all our difficulties.' By and by a sheik and four Bedouins stopped the party, and demanded 600 piastres for a free passage across his territories; but after some altercation, a compromise was effected for a third of the sum.

In this way the travellers proceeded, opposed not only by natural obstacles, but by the fierce and rapacious character of the natives. In some places the river was so rocky and shallow, that it was found desirable to transfer the boat again for a time to the camels' backs. On this occasion, observes the lieutenant—'From a hill over which our road lay I had a very fine view of the whole valley, with its many Arab encampments, all made of the common coarse black camel-hair cloth. Very large herds of camels were to be seen in every direction stalking about upon the apparently barren hills in search of food. The Jordan had split into two streams of about equal size shortly after leaving El Buk'ah; and its winding course, which was marked by luxuriant vegetation, looked like a gigantic serpent twisting down the valley. After forming an island of an oval form, and about five or six miles in circumference, the two branches of the Jordan again unite immediately above an old curiously-formed bridge, marked in the map as Jisr Mejamia.' On encamping in the evening, an interesting instance of sagacity is recorded by the leader. 'I was much interested,' he writes, 'during the night, in observing the extraordinary sagacity of the Arab mares, which are indeed beautiful creatures. The old sheik lay down to sleep, with his mare tied close to him, and twice during the evening she gave him notice of the approach of footsteps by walking round and round; and when that did not awaken him, she put her head down and neighed. The first party she notified were some stray camels, and the second some of our own party returning. The Benisakhers generally ride with a halter only, except when they apprehend danger; and then, the moment they take their bridles from their saddle-bow, the mares turn their heads round, and open their mouths to receive the bit.'

For the next few days, so frequent were the disputes with the Arabs, the bargainings with new escorts, that the lieutenant was 'almost driven mad.' Sometimes the Bedouins would go off in a body, thinking to frighten him into terms; but the party were well armed, and could command a certain degree of respect. So tortuous, too, was the river, that, as we are told, 'it would be impossible to give any account of the various turnings;' and the leader was obliged to ride continually between the boat and the baggage, to ascertain the relative position of each: a railway-whistle which he had with him proved very useful in making signals. The expedition, indeed, 'was almost like moving an army in an enemy's country—not only looking out for positions where we could not be taken by surprise, but anxiously looking out also for supplying our commissariat.' With the thermometer ranging from 83 to 110 degrees, this was no enviable task.

On the 30th of the month, it having been found impossible to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Arabs, Lieutenant Molyneux determined on proceeding without an escort; and after the place of rendezvous was reached by the mounted party, continues:—'We, as usual, stuck Toby's spear in the ground, with the ensign flying on it, as a signal for the boat to bring up, intending to proceed as soon as she arrived. The last time I had seen her was from the top of the western cliffs; she was then nearly abreast of us; and notwithstanding the windings of the river, as the water was good, and as she had four men to pull and one to steer (Grant, Lyscomb, Winter, with the guide we had brought from Tiberias, and the man we had engaged by the road), I expected her arrival in about an hour.' The boat, however, did not arrive; and the lieutenant becoming anxious, sent out scouts to look for her, but they returned unsuccessful. Meantime he had taken up a secure position with his party, and eventually determined on going in search of the missing crew himself; but being ignorant of the language, Toby offered to go in his stead. The lieutenant then pursues:—'After most anxiously awaiting his return for an hour, he came back full gallop to inform me that he had found the boat; that she had been attacked; and that he had learned this painful intelligence from the guide and the other Arab, who were now alone bringing her down the river. . . . Forty or fifty men had collected on the banks on each side of the river, armed with muskets; and commenced their attack by throwing stones at the boat, and firing into the water close to her; and after they thus terrified the men, they all waded into the river, seized upon her, and dragged her to the shore. Lyscomb, who drew a pistol, was knocked into the water by a blow of a stick; and having got the boat on the shore, they robbed the men of all their arms and ammunition, took their hats, and let them go. They also robbed the two Arabs of their arms, and of most of their clothes, and threatened to kill them, but let them off with a beating. This was all the intelligence we could obtain; and, as may be supposed, I was thunderstruck by the recital of these melancholy facts. The guide and the other Arab had remained by the boat for half an hour, hoping that our men would return; but seeing nothing more of them, they concluded that they had endeavoured to follow me, and accordingly they proceeded down the river with the boat.'

The party were now in a critical position: surrounded on all sides by bands of notorious plunderers, and darkness coming on, added to which, anxiety as to the fate of the missing men, rendered the lieutenant truly miserable. It seemed cruel to abandon them; but the only chance of safety and succour lay in reaching Jericho as speedily as possible. The two natives who had brought the boat down were with much difficulty persuaded to take her on to the castle, and in case of the non-arrival of the party, to make their way from thence to Jerusalem, and report their position to the consul. The lieutenant, with Toby and an old man as guide and driver of the animals, then set forward; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and at times losing their way, reached Jericho, a distance of more than thirty miles, just at sunrise. The letter from the governor of Beirout was forthwith presented to the old governor at the castle; and so well did the lieutenant urge his case, that in a short time four well-mounted soldiers, accompanied by the guide with refreshments, and a note for the sailors, were scouring the country in search of them. Meantime Lieutenant Molyneux rode over to Jerusalem, where, in company with the consul, he visited the pasha, and obtained from him letters to two other pashas, directing them to send out men to the search, besides ten soldiers to assist the officer in his own exploration, and accompany him afterwards to the Dead Sea. On returning to Jericho, the boat was found to have arrived; and the next day the district of country in which the outrage occurred was diligently explored, but without obtaining any tidings of the missing unfortunates; a result which, despite a hope that the men might have succeeded in reaching the coast, threw the lieutenant into 'a desponding and gloomy mood.'

He determined, however, on accomplishing, if possible, the grand object of the expedition; and the *agha* (leader of the soldiers) was requested to be in readiness with his men the following morning. 'At last,' pursues the lieutenant, 'we reached the mouth of the river, where I was glad to find the boat floating on the slug-

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gish waters of the Dead Sea. We had great difficulty in getting anywhere near the shore, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, several horses and mules having sunk up to their bodies in the mud; but at length we pitched the tent on a small patch of sound but sandy ground.'

Two soldiers were left in charge of the tent, while the officer, with Toby and two men, an Arab and Greek, embarked. 'We shoved off,' he says, 'just as it was falling dark, with only two oars, and with no one who had much idea of using them except myself, or any notion of boat-sailing. Under these circumstances, as I made sail and lost sight of the northern shore, I could not help feeling that I was embarked in a silly, if not a perilous undertaking. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite sea enough for such a little craft: we passed several patches of white frothy foam, and as the sea made an unusual noise, I was many times afraid that they were breakers.'

Two days and nights were passed on the bosom of the dread lake: when the sun was up, the party were scorched by the heat, as though they were in a well-heated oven; and on the second night they were chilled with cold winds, and the boat became so leaky as to add greatly to the risk. In some places the arid cliffs rise perpendicularly to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet, and only in one little gap was there any sign of vegetation: a drearier scene could scarcely be imagined. Soundings were taken three times, the deepest being 225 fathoms, and the least 178 fathoms; the lead brought up rock-salt, and dark-coloured mud. 'On the second day,' continues the narrative, 'at eleven o'clock, we got sight of the tent; and at twelve we reached the shore, quite done up, and thankful for having escaped, which none of us expected to do the night before. Everything in the boat was covered with a nasty slimy substance: iron was dreadfully corroded, and looked as if covered in patches with coal-tar; and the effect of the salt spray upon ourselves, by lying upon the skin, and getting into the eyes, nose, and mouth, produced constant thirst and drowsiness, and took away all appetite.

'As to the alleged destructive effect of the Dead Sea on birds flying over its surface, we killed some which were actually standing in the water; and on Saturday, while in the very centre of the sea, I three times saw ducks, or some other fowl, fly past us within shot. I saw no signs, however, of fish, or of any living thing in the water, although there were many shells on the beach. I must here mention a curious broad strip of foam which appeared to lie in a straight line, nearly north and south, throughout the whole length of the sea. It did not commence, as might be supposed, at the exit of the Jordan, but some miles to the westward, and it seemed to be constantly bubbling and in motion, like a stream that runs rapidly through a lake of still water; while nearly over this white track, during both the nights that we were on the water, we observed in the sky a white streak like a cloud, extending also in a straight line from north to south, and as far as the eye could reach.'

Just after starting the next day to return to Jericho, the party saw a horseman at a distance galloping towards them, and at times firing a pistol; and we can sympathise with the leader's 'inexpressible delight that it proved to be the consul's janizary, with a letter to tell me that the three lost men had reached Tiberias in safety; he brought me also a most kind letter from Captain Symonds, enclosing a copy of the account that they had given him of their adventures. It would be a mere waste of words to state my joy at these tidings.' The boat was carried back to the coast, and on the 12th of September Lieutenant Molyneux found himself once more on board the Spartan. And until more accurate information shall be obtained, we may consider that the question as to the nature of the Jordan is answered.

We wish we could close our narrative here: but it is necessary, however painful, to add, that since the above columns were commenced, intelligence has been received of the death of this gallant officer, which took place, through the combined effect of climate and over-exertion, soon after his return to the ship.

MR JEREMIAH JOBSON'S 'THREE DAYS.'

THE revolutions, the fall of potentates, the change of dynasties recorded in the columns of the daily press, numerous as they have been of late, are trifling and insignificant, not alone in point of number, of which there can be no dispute, but also, I suspect, in importance to the parties more immediately affected, when compared with those which sometimes occur in private life. A vivid illustration of this truth is supplied by the following transcript of a brief but stormy passage in the history—hitherto restricted to very private circulation—of Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a gentleman who for several years enjoyed a rather distinguished position in numerous sporting and fancy circles.

On the evening of Tuesday the 13th day of February last, Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a stout, portly, rubicund-visaged personage of some fifty years of age, was sitting, painfully meditative, in the large handsomely-furnished drawing-room of Mr Charles Frampton, a young but wealthy silk-mercer of famous London town. It was just between the lights, and candles had not been brought in; but the ruddy fire-blaze sufficed to trace the workings of a perturbed spirit in his flame-coloured countenance, and to bring into bright relief the object towards which his troubled glance was principally directed—namely, a new, splendidly-carved, and highly-polished rosewood pianoforte. Mr Jobson was just returned from a fortnight's sojourn with a sporting friend in the country, and the first intimation he had of the calamity with which he was threatened, was the sight of that instrument of harmony. Although a man, as he frequently boasted, of first-rate energy and unbounded resource, he was for several minutes overwhelmed, bewildered, paralysed. Crusoe could not have been more unpleasantly startled by the naked foot-print on the sand. The housekeeper—Mr Frampton was out—was instantly summoned, and a few questions amply sufficed to convince Mr Jobson that nothing but the most consummate generalship could prevent the sceptre he had so long wielded, with immense satisfaction to himself at least, from passing from his grasp: a catastrophe not to be thought of without terror and dismay.

'I always suspected it would come this way,' mused Jobson; 'and directly I saw that abominable case of wires, I knew the crisis was at hand. Pianos and petticoats, music and matrimony, generally run in couples; although'—and he laughed savagely—'there's a precious sight of difference, I am told, between the pretty tunes played before, and the airs with variations after the ceremony. To be married to-morrow, and I, as I *am* returned, to have the felicity of giving the bride away! Well, Heaven forgive me all my sins! I suppose I must do it. It's obviously too late to prevent the marriage: I had better, therefore, endeavour to make the best of it. As for Charles, I have summered and wintered him, and know thoroughly well how he's to be managed. Through him I must govern the wife, since wife it seems there must be. That will scarcely prove, I should think, a very difficult task to a man of my experience and knowledge of the world.... Not only very handsome, but, according to Mrs Hornsby's account, uncommonly mild-spoken and amiable. No doubt she is just now—they all are before the noose is fairly adjusted—all softness, all charmingness, all distracting gammon; but the question is whether afterwards'——

Mr Jobson's troubled soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant bringing lights. 'Is Mr Frampton returned?'

'No, sir.'

'The instant he comes in, tell him I wish to see him.'

'Yes, sir.'

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The servant withdrew, and Mr Jobson resumed his melancholy musings:—

'Man is a dissatisfied animal, there's no mistake about that! Here, now, is Charles Frampton, rolling in clover without ever having had the trouble of sowing it. His father, Old Timothy, must have left him at least, one way or another, eleven or twelve thousand pounds, besides the trade and clear stock; and though we *have* gone the pace, his fortune can't be *much* diminished with such a revenue coming in from the business! He is fond of the turf, the ring, sporting of all kinds; and, thanks to my experience and advice, he is enabled to cut a dashing figure in them all. I have been his bosom counsellor and friend these five years past; I have taken all trouble off his hands, arranged his betting-book, managed his stable, his table, and his cellar for him; and yet he's not contented! The perversity of human nature is really outrageous!'——

He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of his very ungrateful friend Charles Frampton, a rather good-looking young man of about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, and, like his mentor, somewhat buckishly attired.

'Ah! Jobson, my old boy, how are you? Welcome back!'—and he shook hands pretty heartily with his philosopher and guide. 'But come, Hornsby has of course told you all about it. Mrs Herbert and her sister are down stairs, and I wish to introduce you.'

'*Mrs* Herbert!' gasped Jobson; 'a widow! an experience'——

'A widow! yes; and what of that? She is still two or three years my junior. But come along, and judge for yourself.' Mr Charles Frampton led the way out of the apartment, and Mr Jobson, groaning heavily in spirit, followed with reluctant steps.

The introduction over, the four sat down to tea, and Jobson had leisure to observe that Mrs Herbert—Maria, as Charles Frampton called her—was really an elegant, beautiful woman, certainly not more than three or four-and-twenty years of age. Her sister—also a youthful widow, a Mrs Miley—was, he saw, a merry, keen-looking, black-eyed person, about two years her senior. After tea, Mr Frampton and his *fiancée* went up stairs to look at the new piano, leaving Mr Jobson to entertain the sister, Caroline. She seemed in exceedingly good spirits, and displayed a vivacity and archness in her conversation that quite captivated her companion. He was graciously pleased to assure her, that not only should he interpose no obstacle to his friend's union with her sister, but that in fact he was rather pleased than otherwise he had made so judicious a choice. This assurance and encomium seemed to tickle the lady's fancy amazingly, and her merry eyes twinkled with roguish humour; but when Jobson, in pursuance of the patronising scheme he had mentally resolved upon since he had seen the bride, condescended to say that he should be pleased to see her there very often of an evening, and that he would, moreover, use his influence with Charles to have her very frequently invited indeed, she burst into a laugh so loud and merry, that the room rang again with her exuberant mirth. She, however, qualified her apparent rudeness by exclaiming, as soon as she could sufficiently recover breath—'Will you really, though? Why, what a dear, good-natured old soul you must be!' The carnation of Mr Jobson's cheeks deepened several shades, and at the same time a chilling doubt of ultimate success in the struggle in which he was so suddenly and calamitously involved swept over him. Had he not known himself to be a man of first-rate energy and resource, or if the stake at issue had been less enormous, he would—so rapidly did a sense of the difficulties of his position crowd upon his brain—have abandoned the field at once. Whilst he was still dubitating, the lovers returned; and one or two rubbers of whist, proposed by Mr Jobson, carried the party in a sufficiently satisfactory manner through the evening.

The ladies took their leave early. 'Charles,' said Jobson solemnly, as the expectant bridegroom re-entered the room, after seeing them safely off in a cab; 'Charles, did my ears deceive me, or *is* there a family—babbies?'

'Oh yes, Jobson; did'nt I mention it?' returned Mr Charles Frampton, whose flashing eyes and flushed cheek proclaimed that he was still in the seventh heaven. 'Maria has two, I think, perhaps three—if a dozen, it's of no consequence—pictures in little of her charming self. Beautiful as angels I have no doubt they are. Maria married very early, as I told you. Of course she did. How could it be otherwise?'

Jobson snatched up his chamber candlestick, and bolted out of the room. But compassion, either for himself or his friend, induced him to return, with a view possibly to a last effort. He opened the door, but a glance sufficed to convince him of the utter hopelessness of the attempt. His once docile pupil had seated himself in an easy-chair, and, with his legs stretched at full length, and his arms crossed on his breast, was apostrophising the lady's portrait—an admirable likeness by Chalon, brought home the day before. In the mellifluous words of Moore—

> 'Her floating eyes! oh they resemble
> Blue water-lillies'——

Jobson stayed to see no more, but slamming too the door, hastened off, and was soon in bed; for he was not only mind-harassed, but travel-wearied. 'Well,' thought he, as he laid his very uneasy head upon the pillow, 'this is going the pace—this is! Two widows, both of whom know how many beans make five, if ever woman did, and three small angels in petticoats, are pretty well to begin with at anyrate! But never mind. That black-eyed divinity laughs gaily just now; but we have yet to see who will laugh last. Charley's tastes are fixed, I know. Habit with him is second nature; and when a honey-week or so has passed, "Richard will be himself again," or I am very much mistaken.' With this consolatory prophecy Mr Jobson fell asleep.

Meantime the ladies had safely arrived at their abode in Islington—a rather genteel-looking domicile, upon the outer door of which glittered a brass-plate, intimating to passers-by that the inmates kept 'a seminary for young ladies.' They had not long arrived when a visitor was announced—Mrs Barstowe, a young and rather interesting-looking person, who, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, hastened to exchange greetings with Mrs Miley.

'My dear Caroline, how well you are looking; and where's Maria?'

'In the next room with the milliner. But what brings you here at this time of night?'

'How can you ask me, when you are aware how much I am interested in the event of to-morrow, and that I know my brother's evil genius—that horrid Jobson—is returned home!'

'Well, if that be all, make your mind perfectly easy. Your brother is too much in love with Maria for that knave's influence to avail in preventing the match. I have told you so half-a-dozen times.'

'You have; but if you knew how constantly Charles has deferred to him for these five or six years past; that he has had sufficient influence to prevent a reconcilement between my brother and his own two sisters'——

'Well, but I *do* know all about it. I have heard the story over and over again, and can repeat it out of book. Miss Mary and Miss Jane Frampton—foolish girls both of them—married: one a young surgeon with scarcely any practice; the other, worse still, one of her father's shopmen: both very excellent persons, I daresay'——

'Oh yes; indeed they are.

'Which silly as undutiful conduct naturally greatly offended Mr Timothy Frampton, who had other views for them both. He, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed the whole of his property to his son, which

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son, prompted by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of one Jeremiah Jobson—as paltry and mean-spirited a knave as ever existed—has adopted his father's just, but, I am sure, had he lived, temporary resentments, and refused to assist his sisters, although a sum which he would not miss would convert the businesses of their husbands, crippled for want of sufficient capital, into profitable ones. Furthermore, Mrs Barstowe, one of the aforesaid sisters, having the honour of one Mrs Herbert's acquaintance, is very anxious for the marriage of that lady with her brother, in order that through her influence the family breach may be healed, and all things end happily, as in a play. That, I believe, is about the sum and substance of the matter, Mary?'

'To be sure it is. And now, *will* they be married to-morrow?'

'Most assuredly; unless Maria should change her mind, which, between you and me, I don't think at all likely. As for your brother, nothing but chaining him up could keep him from being at Islington church by ten to-morrow.'

'Oh, I am so glad! And Jobson, what is to be done with him?'

'Oh, hang the fellow; he'll be properly disposed of, never fear. And now, good-night; for I have my bonnet to try on, and a thousand things to do.'

The next morning Mr Frampton and Mr Jobson, after waiting for upwards of an hour in Islington church—the bridegroom, in his nervous dread of being too late, having arrived long before the appointed time—were joined by Mrs Herbert and her sister; the bride looking as only a young and beautiful widow in white satin and orange blossoms *can* look. The magical ceremony was duly performed, and the gay party were reseated in the carriage and on their way homeward in a very brief space of time. Mr Jobson, gloomy and dispirited, gathered himself up into a corner in silent savagery. He was, however, soon roused from the gloomy reverie in which he had begun to indulge.

'So kind and generous of you, Charles,' said a silvery voice, 'to insist that not only Caroline and her little ones, but Selina, should share my home.'

'What!' cried Jobson fiercely, rousing himself and glaring round upon Caroline. 'More babbies; your babbies, ma'am?'

'Yes, to be sure, Mr Dobson, or Jobson, or whatever your name may be. Mine and Maria's: just half-a-dozen in all!' and the black-eyed lady laughed as merrily and maliciously as on the previous evening. Jobson sank back into his corner speechless, paralysed; the thing, he felt, was getting unbearable.

'But then, Caroline,' continued the bridal tones, 'is such an excellent economist, that she will save us, I have no doubt, hundreds a year in the kitchen and cellar alone of so large an establishment, and that, too, without meanness or parsimony!' Jobson groaned inwardly, and closed his eyes: it was all he *could* do.

'And Selina is so admirable an accountant, that she will be quite able, with my assistance, to take much of the drudgery of the books and accounts off your hands; so that Charles'—here the sugar tones, Jobson reports, grew double refined—'you will be able, I daresay, to dispense with the services of the two additional assistants you thought of engaging, by being enabled to devote all your own time to the sale department.'

Jobson opened his eyes to their fullest width in order to see how his quondam pupil would relish his elevation to a permanent situation behind his own counter, and, to his utter bewilderment, saw him delightedly kissing hands upon the appointment!

'So that really it may be said I bring you a fortune, Charles, in my sisters, if in nothing else.... Nonsense, you foolish man! Where did you learn to flatter so? Fie! But there is really one thing,' continued the bride, not at all exhausted, 'I *must* insist upon; and that is, that there be no more tobacco-smoking in any of the apartments. I declare the dresses we wore yesterday evening have contracted so intolerable an odour, that we shall not, I think, be able to wear them again.'

Jobson listened intently, but without turning his head, for the answer to this audacious proposition. It was not long coming. There was a light, musical laugh, followed by 'Of course, how *could* you refuse a request so reasonable?' Jobson began to have a notion that this charming dialogue, or rather monologue, was chiefly intended for his own especial edification and amusement, and dire was the passion that raged within him. 'Well,' thought he, 'the "Road to Ruin," played upon the stage, takes longer than this. We have got to the end of it in much less than a quarter of the time the players take. Let me see: since we left the church we have permanently adopted another widow and a spinster, and acknowledged three extra juvenile blessings in petticoats; we have surrendered the comptrollership of the kitchen and the keys of the cellar; cash and cheque-books are of course gone with the accounts; smoking is prohibited; and we have been elected shopman to our own establishment. If that is not being polished off out of hand, I should like to know what is, that's all!' The stopping of the coach interrupted his troubled moanings; and pleading headache as an excuse for not joining the bridal breakfast-table, he sought refuge and counsel in the privacy and silence of his bedroom. Having resolved on the course to be pursued, he left the house, having first ascertained that the bride and bridegroom, who were gone a few miles into the country, would return on the morrow about the middle of the day.

Mr Jobson returned home about ten o'clock, accompanied, as was his frequent wont, by a number of jolly fellows. They all forthwith proceeded to a large room on the second floor, hitherto set apart for convivial purposes. Jobson turned on the gas, and one of his rollicking companions, with the help of a lucifer match, kindled it, when, to the utter astonishment of the gay party, they found themselves surrounded by half-a-dozen narrow iron bedsteads, tenanted by as many white-robed innocents, who, disturbed by the intrusion, sprang up on end one after another, and set up the frightfullest yelling and screaming that ever issued from juvenile throats. Dire was the hubbub throughout the house. Servant-maids, porters, shopmen, shopwomen, came running up by dozens; and finally, by Mrs Miley's directions, the entire party were very roughly and unceremoniously bundled into the street, Mr Jobson amongst them. An hour or two afterwards that gentleman quietly returned, fully resolved upon inflicting signal vengeance on the morrow.

'Pray, Mrs Miley,' said Jobson, stalking majestically into the breakfast-room on the following morning, 'at what hour is my friend, Mr Charles Frampton, expected home?'

'Mr and Mrs Frampton will be here about two o'clock. In the meantime, perhaps you will read this note, which I should have given you last night had I seen you previous to the disgraceful riot which you and your drunken companions created.'

Mr Jobson looked indignant daggers at the audacious lady; and then adjusting his spectacles, perused the note. It was from his friend Charles, and intimated that, under existing circumstances, it would be better that Mr Jobson should change his quarters. It further hinted, that in the event of immediate and cheerful compliance, all existing pecuniary arrears would be forgiven.

The rage of Jobson was unbounded. He took off his spectacles, replaced them in their case, crammed the note into his breeches pocket, buttoned it up, and stalked towards the door in awfully-indignant silence. There he paused; and presently finding words in which to void his pent-up fury, returned with menacing gesture towards Mrs Miley and her maiden sister. Selina, who continued, nevertheless, to sip their coffee with the most provoking indifference.

'I expected this, madam, ladies, women! I expected

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this, I say, though not quite so soon. But a word in *your* ear, laughing Mrs Miley—the person who will have to leave this house is not Jeremiah Jobson! The habits of years, ma'am—the habits of years, I say'——

He could proceed no farther. The outbursting merriment of the apostrophised lady drowned his bellicose threatenings; and putting on his hat, and then so fiercely striking it on the crown that it came down over his eyes, and required to be pushed up again, he stalked furiously out of the room, a peal of merry laughter pursuing him to the bottom of the stairs.

A few hours afterwards Mr and Mrs Frampton returned from their brief bridal excursion; and of course the drunken uproar of the preceding evening, and the coarse insolence of Mr Jobson, were duly related and dilated upon. Mr Frampton, who had for some time been tired of a domination which long habit and indolence of temper alone caused him to endure, readily consented to his wife's proposal, that the said Jobson should forthwith be compelled to leave the house. He had previously solemnly promised her to give up associates who, if they had not materially damaged his fortune, had considerably tarnished his reputation in the eyes of sober-judging citizens, and here was an opportunity of putting his sincerity to the test, which she determined not to let slip. Mr Frampton agreed to leave the matter in her hands, not alone because she wished it to be so, though that would doubtless have more than sufficed, but because he was not only somewhat doubtful of his own resolution, but desirous of avoiding an angry encounter with a person with whom he had so long lived in terms of intimate fellowship.

'Mr Jobson is coming up, madam,' said Jones, an old gray-headed clerk, who had been in the firm since he was a boy. 'You will, I know, excuse my freedom, but I do hope the establishment will effectually get rid of the fellow at last. If you only knew the mischief he has made, the tyranny he has exercised! There are Mr Charles's two sisters, whom I have known from infancy'——

'Mrs Barstowe and her sister. They and their husbands will dine with us to-day.'

'Thank God! thank God!' exclaimed the old man fervently; and then in quite another tone he added, 'Oh, here's Mr Jobson!'

'Yes, here *is* Mr Jobson; and pray, old fellow, what have you to say to him, eh?' Mr Jobson had evidently been drinking to some excess.

'You had better address this lady, not me,' returned Jones quietly.

'Well, madam, and what have you to say to your husband's old friend?'

'I understand, Mr Jobson,' said that lady quite unmoved, 'that you refuse to leave this house?'

'You understand quite correctly, madam!'

'Then how do you propose to pay the debt you have already incurred for your board and lodging, which, at two guineas per week, the sum you signed a written agreement to pay when you came here, already amounts to—how much, Selina?'

'Five hundred and twelve pounds two shillings.'

'Pay? I don't mean to pay it at all!'

'And to meet this demand, to say nothing of money borrowed, there are—read the list, Mr Jones,' continued Mrs Frampton.

'One bay filly, one gray gelding, five bridles, and three saddles, in the stables. In the bedroom, two gold-mounted canes, one silver-mounted riding-whip, three greatcoats, four'——

'Fire and fagot! why, what do you mean?' roared Jobson in distracting perplexity. 'You don't mean to plunder me of my valuables?'

'Plunder you! Can you pay this debt?'

'No, I can't: no, I won't.'

'Then I have my husband's authority to say, this property of yours will be sold by auction as speedily as possible in discharge of the debt; and that whether he will sue you or not for the balance, which will be a large one, depends entirely upon your future behaviour.'

'Why, you abominable woman, I haven't a change of linen, nor five pounds in my purse.'

'So much the better: the lesson will be the more exemplary. Now, sir, please to leave the house.' Jobson glared at her like a maniac, but seemed determined not to budge.

'Mr Jones, have the kindness to call in the porters Mr Frampton directed to remain in the passage. Now Thomas, Henry, or whatever your names are, show this gentleman out of the house.'

Infuriate but vain were the struggles of the doomed potentate. The hour of defeat had struck, his sceptre was broken, and he cast rudely and ignominiously forth, to reascend his throne no more for ever!

'My dear Mary—Jane too!' said Mrs Frampton, advancing to meet Mrs Barstowe, Mrs James, and their husbands. 'Didn't I tell you I would soon exorcise the evil spirit that so long exerted such baneful influence over your brother?'

'I couldn't have believed it,' said gentle Mrs Barstowe. 'You must be a witch, Maria.'

'To be sure she is,' said Mr James, with a significant glance at Mrs Frampton's really beautiful face and figure; 'and of the only potent species—that which operates by natural magic.'

'There—there—there; that will do', replied the lady, smiling and blushing. 'I have, at all events, sufficient sense to know that if beauty may temporarily enslave a lover or a bridegroom, it is only kindness, gentleness, and respectful forbearance that can permanently attach a husband. They are our only lasting spells of power. I owe your brother much, my dear Mrs Barstowe; and I think, in restoring him his sisters, and ridding him of a knave, I have given a splendid earnest of my desire to repay him. But come; Charles is expecting us in the dining-room; and mind, all of you, not a word about "victory" or "triumph:" they are words which grate unpleasantly upon ears masculine. Come.'

Thus ended Mr Jeremiah Jobson's 'Three Days.' He has wisely wasted no time in foolish efforts to regain his vanished sceptre; and the last time I heard of him he was preparing to ship himself and very ragged fortunes to the brilliant Californian Land of 'Promise,' if naught else.

ROYAL AND NOBLE ECONOMISTS.

Royal and noble personages have not always considered it below their dignity to superintend personally their households; thus, by regulating their expenses, to prevent an undue waste and improvident expenditure. Perhaps our readers will be glad to have some illustrations of this point laid before them, which were collected during our literary peregrinations through some of the continental libraries.

Henry VII. kept memorandums, written in his own hand, of all his expenses; and the rapacious monarch maintained an economy in his palaces bordering on meanness. To quote Lord Bacon: 'In expending of treasure, Henry kept this rule, never to spare any charge his affairs required. In his buildings he was magnificent, in his rewards close-handed; so that his liberality extended rather to what regarded himself and his own memory, than to the rewarding of merit.'

Nor did the prodigal son who succeeded him, Henry VIII., fail in this respect to follow his father's example. In the great library at Paris may be seen a curious document in French, and in the handwriting of that sanguinary monarch, containing regulations for the use of the royal household. The extracts we have copied from the autograph manuscript are further interesting, as showing that our merchants' houses in the nineteenth century exhibit more elegance and comfort than was to be found in the royal palaces during the sixteenth:—

1. 'The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his majesty's health.

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2. The treasurer shall not keep ragged scullions, who walk about almost naked, and sleep or lie down before the kitchen fire.

3. No meat beyond a certain price shall be served on the king's table.

4. The servants to furnish a sufficient guarantee to provide against the subtraction of wooden bowls and copper utensils belonging to his majesty.

5. Pewter plate being too costly for daily use, the greatest care must be taken of the wooden platters and pewter spoons.

6. No boy or commissioner shall be kept at court for the use of the servants.

7. Women who are prodigal and extravagant shall be banished the court.

8. As likewise all kind of dogs, except a small number of spaniels, reserved for the use of the ladies.

9. The officers of the king's household to live in harmony with each other.

12. The stable-boys not to steal his majesty's straw to put in their beds, as a sufficient quantity has been given them.

13. Between six and seven o'clock, the officers charged with the service of the king's chamber shall light the fire, and lay straw in the private apartments of his majesty.*

14. Coal will be only furnished for the apartments of the king, the queen's, and Lady Mary's.

15. The ladies of honour to have a piece of white bread and some beef for their breakfast.

17. A present will be made to any of the king's officers marrying—on condition they make a present to his majesty.'

Amongst the French archives we have likewise examined the private journals of Charles IX. and Henry III., one of the suitors of Queen Elizabeth when Duke of Anjou. They are interesting as containing many curious facts, and throwing considerable light upon the manners and customs of the French court in the sixteenth century. In the diary of Charles IX. the most minute sums are marked down; and the monarch, to whom some historians have attributed the massacre of St Bartholomew, is frequently making presents to his old nurse, and invariably accompanying them with some such affectionate language as, 'to my good nurse' ('*à ma bonne nourrice*').

The regulations for the household of Henry III., and said to be composed by that depraved and effeminate king, occupy a considerable number of pages; and the extraordinary character and minuteness of some of the regulations gave rise to a well-known satire, published during his reign. In the regulations, the duties of every person about the court are pointed out. 'No person shall be allowed to swear. None shall touch the royal chair, nor sit down in it. Those entering the royal presence with their clothes in disorder shall be ordered to go out.' The dress of the councillors is described, and they are forbidden to appear before his majesty unless dressed in the manner indicated. There are further instructions for the royal household while attending Divine service. The service—in particular of the royal chamber—is of the most complicated description; and the task of the royal dressers was by no means a light one, which our readers may imagine when they are informed that Henry III. was exceedingly fond of cosmetics, and took especial care of his face and hands. The royal visage was anointed every evening with costly unguents, over which was placed a taffeta mask, in which his majesty slept.

Although but little comfort was to be found in royal palaces in these times, nevertheless they were far from being devoid of splendour. Notwithstanding the economy practised in the household department, the greatest encouragement was afforded to artists. Genius everywhere found the most noble and munificent patrons, and the palaces presented a magnificence and artistical value we might in vain endeavour to find in our modern residences. A curious contrast with such splendour is found in a letter of Louis XIII. to his queen, Margaret of Austria, where he writes:—

'The season for melons only just commencing, we sought for the best that could be procured, which we should have sent, but for their spoiling before they reached you. We send you a small basket of grapes, and a small one of peaches. If it were not for the expense of the carriage, we would send you some oftener.'

Neither should we omit in the list of distinguished persons who personally directed their households, the great name of Louis XIV., to whose taste for splendour and magnificence the French nation owe the celebrated palace of Versailles, and the unrivalled galleries of the Louvre, successively augmented and enriched by Napoleon and Louis-Philippe.

There is kept amongst the Belgian archives at Brussels a manuscript containing the list of the household of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. The names and different salaries are inscribed; but we could obtain no satisfactory information as to the origin of the document, which is certainly not in the handwriting of that accomplished queen. In the library at Bruges may also be seen a written list of the establishment of Charles II. and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., when the royal exiles resided in that once celebrated and still most interesting city. It is wholly devoid of interest; and we only observed that the barber of the roving monarch was favoured with a larger allowance of beer than any other person of the household. We might mention, by the way, that the only traces we could meet with of Charles's residence at Bruges, is an account of a visit the princes paid to the company of archers of St Sebastian, of which they became members, and inserted their names in the register, which may be still seen by the curious. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, when they visited Bruges, likewise enrolled themselves amongst the members of this ancient corporation, and added to the number of royal autographs already in its possession. To cite more modern examples of economy in the houses of the great, we find that Frederick the Great even disputed daily with his intendant about the expenses of his table, and knew the exact cost of every dish served up before him. Napoleon likewise insisted upon regulating his domestic expenses; and De Bourrienne relates that he entered into such minute details as to the expenses of the palace, that when, after a visit to Fontainebleau, the accounts were presented to him, the Emperor declared the sum for the orange-water placed in the ladies' rooms had been doubled.

Madame de Maintenon, who, with her confessor, may be said to have governed France during the declining greatness of Louis XIV., considered that her sister-in-law could with 15,000 francs (L.600) support all the expenses of her establishment. 'Meat,' she said, 'costs five sous a pound, sugar eleven. Your family comprises yourself, your husband, three maid-servants, four footmen, two coachmen, one commissioner—in all, twelve persons.

'Bread,	per day, . . .	1	franc	10	sous.
Wine,	... .	1	...	10	...
Butter,	... . . .	2	...	10	...
Wax Candles,	... .			10	...
Common Candles,	... . . .			8	...

'You ought not to count more than four sous of wine for the four footmen and two coachmen, and you only need two fires in the house for four months besides the kitchen fire.

'Expense during the Year for maintaining the Family, including

Fuel, Wine, &c.	6000 francs.
Horses' keep, Coaches, and Liveries, ...	4000 ...
Rent, ...	1000 ...
Clothes, Opera, Private Expenses, ...	3000 ...
Salaries, and Servants' Clothes, ...	1000 ...
Total, ...	15,000 francs.

'Thus you see,' continues Madame de Maintenon,

* At this period the rooms in England were not boarded: straw and rushes being spread out in winter, and leaves in summer.

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'that you are wealthy with such a sum, and ought to live like a princess.'

The expenses of housekeeping have, it is true, considerably augmented since 1679, when the above letter was dated; and we have transcribed it only as affording an example of a domestic budget in those days, and to prove that housekeeping may be allied to wit, grace, and high rank. The fascinating Marquise de Sevigné likewise managed her household, and numerous examples might be adduced from her letters showing that she knew how to regulate her expenses. Still more might be said upon this subject; but it is sufficiently shown that individuals of the highest birth, alike distinguished by their talents and position in society, have not thought it derogatory to superintend their own affairs, or, in homelier language, keep their houses in order.

PARADISE OF DEBTORS.

The number of debtors in the County Prison at York seems to be always very large: many remain a long time, evincing no disposition to leave the place; and when it is considered what a very comfortable life they pass, with large airy rooms to dwell in, no work to do, plenty of company to associate with, spacious grounds to walk in, and with the county funds ready to purchase food for them if they have not property of their own, all surprise on this score must cease, the wonder really being that there are not ten times as many debtors, which there probably would be were the attractions of the place generally known. In fact, this prison, like many other debtors' prisons, is a luxurious kind of poorhouse—*workhouse* would indeed be a misnomer—where the lazy and extravagant are maintained at other people's expense, and where the bare idea of being required by their labour to do something towards earning their own bread, would be looked upon as the herald of unheard-of oppression and cruelty. Of the debtors in York Castle, at the time of my visit, one had been there nearly eleven years, two more than eleven years, and one fifteen years. The governor said that he did not think these men had any wish to leave the prison. I sent for the men to have some talk with them; and the drift of their replies to my questions was, that they would not apply for their liberation, because in so doing they should have to surrender their property.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

FROST-SLEEP—ITS CURE.

In an excursion made in the winter 1792-3, from St John's to the Bay of Bulls, North America, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of our party, we had on our return to cross a large lake over the ice some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertions, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but when he had reached the margin of the lake he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle farther, delivering, at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there were some bushes near the spot I broke off a branch, and began to thrash my fellow-traveller with it; at first without much apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and as we were now but a few miles from St John's I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under special care. I left also the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Admiral Brenton.*

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbet and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon.
Take my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blithe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bright draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-winged swallow, wi' nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good-will
The hard horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill;
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring down his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows,
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrelled guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin', or christnin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleein';
Sic lauchin', sic daffin', sic dancin' until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listened to music—ilk varying tone,
Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone,
But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnie's meal!
Bless the miller, wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pook at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

—*Scotsman.*

ENGLAND THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or terreno half; an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land; if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

TO DETECT CHICORY IN COFFEE,

We have only to put gently into a tumbler of clear cold water a spoonful of coffee, which, if pure, will swim on the surface: if otherwise, the chicory will detach itself, discolouring the water as it sinks.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 286. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE MYSTERY OF FRANCE.

France is a mystery to everybody: no one can tell what to make of its odd ways, or what it will by and by come to. Its people are a puzzle to the world—a terror to their neighbours. All Europe waits to see what they will do next. I have been in France some half-dozen times, and have just returned from it after a more than usually lengthened residence, during which, with nothing else to do, I mingled with native society of different grades. On this, as on former occasions, I experienced not a little perplexity. You see a fine country, rich in natural resources; beautiful towns and cities; art realising its highest aspirations; boundless ingenuity and taste; and, generally speaking, an active, obliging, and industrious people. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the French are given to idleness. Among the classes enjoying a competence there is an excess of leisurely recreation. But take the mass of the people. The rural population are everlastingly toiling in their fields, and making the most of their small possessions; and the consequence is, that the lands are for the most part kept as clear of weeds and as tidy as a garden. And so also in the towns: you see much constant and humble application, particularly among the women. We talk of the privations of shopmen and shopwomen. Go to Paris! Opposite my lodgings in the Boulevards des Italiens were several shops, in which, from eight in the morning till ten at night, a number of men and girls ministered daily without intermission — no Sabbath for these poor creatures! Every Sunday morning off came the shutters as usual, the windows were wiped and decorated as usual, and business went on as usual, as if such a thing as the Day of Rest had never been heard of. This is France: incessant toil; occasionally a fête, when souls in bondage are let loose; but no repose — no time for thought — probably no thought, if there were time for it.

An Englishman of ordinary ideas sees that the French have lost two things—religion and loyalty: the sense of God's presence in the world, and the sentiment of veneration for human authority. It may be, doubtless is, a passing phase of a great people, to be succeeded in time by a better. But yet the Englishman must admit that the alleged vacuum in the national feelings does not wholly account for the mystery, for the French, while wanting what Britons think so essential, exhibit some social and moral features in which we do not approach them. Accustomed to the spectacle of refined usages and objects of taste, they possess a remarkable love of what is neat and tasteful. At no time do you observe sluttish dirtiness, rags, and brawling misery, such as the eye and ear encounter in the meaner quarters of our large Scottish towns; nowhere are seen disorderly females, unwashed and unkempt, such as may be noticed at all hours of the day in Glasgow. Annually, in sober and constitutional Edinburgh, some hundreds of beings are carried to the police-office drunk on a barrow—such sights attracting no special observation, as if a keen sense of decency were wanting amongst us. Can any one say the same thing of a French city? On the 4th of May, I walked the streets of Paris from morning till night. Along the chief thoroughfares, towards the scene of festivity, crowds of people from the eastern faubourgs streamed in a ceaseless flood; and finally, at a late hour, all returned peacefully homewards: it was a grand sight, that stream of well-dressed people; it was civilisation of a high order. For all that day there was not heard a high or coarse word, nor was there seen any jostling or act of rudeness. 'The French,' said I, 'know how to behave; they can be happy without being disorderly.' I write this in Edinburgh on the Queen's Birthday: it is a day of general rejoicing—that is to say, the bells are ringing, and there is a good deal of hard drinking. Some lads for the last two hours have been amusing themselves next street kicking about an old tin kettle; and at this moment, vomited from a public-house, two tipsy men are fighting under my window. Is this civilisation, or what?

It is tolerably clear that the people who can endure favourably comparisons of this kind, if not in all respects estimable, are deserving of a greater share of admiration than is usually accorded them. Vices and crimes abound in Paris, and are perhaps of the darkest shade; but the people are, in the main, orderly, decorous, and well-disposed. The very dregs of the community, when in open insurrection, do not steal—in arms for a political cause, they would scorn to be thieves. Let this fact be compared with the conduct of the band of insurgents who for an hour plundered the shops of Glasgow. Nor do we find, even among the better classes of French society, anything like that far-sighted cunning which has lately come out so strong in the English character. Their Mississippi Scheme — the invention of a Scotsman — may well balance our South Sea bubble; but the *entrepreneurs* of the Parisian gambling-houses have been outdone in swindling by English railway speculators. On these various accounts the French cannot, without prejudice, be spoken of contemptuously. With all their faults, they are a great people. It is because they are great, and can make themselves respected, that we feel so much interested in getting at the bottom of that mysterious unsettledness which affects their public career. In a people who can be so assiduously industrious, and do such marvellous things in art, science, and literature, we might naturally expect the ability for constructing a government on a solid basis; but from all experience, it is evident that this is precisely the one thing they cannot do.

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A defect so remarkable in the character of a nation might very properly engage a degree of philosophical inquiry beyond the scope of these limited pages. In a glance merely at the subject, however, it could probably be shown that the recent and prospective misfortunes of the country are due to causes which lie on the very surface of history. It is fashionable to trace national idiosyncrasies to the effects of race. Essentially Celtic, the giddy impulsiveness of the French character is ascribed to something in the physical constitution. It might be improper to meet this species of allegation with a point-blank denial, though it is very evident that the pure descendants of French families in England are in no way distinguishable in regard to solidity of understanding from the oldest inhabitants of the country. Without venturing further into this delicate matter, I am inclined to impute the whole—or very nearly the whole—of the French incapacity for government to the plainly obvious reason, that they have never been taught. 'Tis education makes the man—not meaning by that merely school learning, but the rearing up of habits, through the daily influence of example, from generation to generation. When the Englishman sits down comfortably at his fireside, and congratulates himself on the steady working of the institutions which shelter his life, his liberties, and his property, he is, I fear, not sufficiently cognisant of the fact how all this was brought about. On comparing the course of events in English and French history, the source of our security and French insecurity is revealed. From the most remote times, self-government of some sort has been habitual to the Anglo-Saxon race. From the forests of Germany, they brought with them the practice of wardmotes and juries. This was but the A B C of their learning. Substantially, they owe their training in constitutional forms to their kings. Municipal privileges—that is, powers of local self-government by delegation—were communicated by the sovereign to bodies of traders in towns, as a make-weight against the encroachments of the barons; and it was this alliance of the people with their kings that is the fine feature alike in English and Scottish history. In France, on the contrary, the kings and the barons united to oppress the people, and keep them in a state of tutelage; even the church, usually favourable to popular claims, was in France, up till the period when repentance was too late, an arrogant, overbearing corporation. It is trite to remind the reader, that when the Revolution of 1789 broke out in France, all power whatsoever was in the hands of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy. The privileged orders, as they were called, ruled everything, but contributed nothing. The people, viewed as objects of taxation, alone furnished means to carry on the operations of government. The slightest concession of the nobility and clergy to pay a trifle towards the disembarrassing of the finances, would have averted the Revolution. We all know what the privileged orders would have afterwards given to recall their fatal opposition. Have they not been punished?

Everybody likewise knows how the French people, suddenly and unpreparedly admitted to self-management, have gone on blunderingly till the present moment. Had Bonaparte been in all things an enlightened despot, he possessed the means, as he had the opportunity, of conferring charters of self-government on communities sufficiently enlightened to have merited the privilege. So far, however, from doing so, he strengthened and perfected the principle of centralised government—put the whole nation under the supervision and control of the executive in Paris. No doubt it was an important object with the early revolutionary authorities, to unite the hitherto disjointed provinces and towns in the new and uniform departmental system; and yet in this by no means discreditably-executed arrangement, they only perpetuated the elements of social disorder. The people still remained pretty much in their ancient state of tutelage; were not taught to depend exclusively on themselves for local government; did not so much as learn how to meet, consult, and petition for a redress of general grievances. The successors of Napoleon continued the same deadening policy. Guizot, with all his philosophy, did nothing to temper or elevate the spirit of a democracy against which he is now pleased to declaim. He found the French people children in the art of constitutional government, and he left them so.

The pernicious principle which enables a minister in Paris—no matter how installed—to command a whole nation by telegraph, is aggravated by the passiveness, which has grown into a habit, under the process of property distribution. Abstractly, the law of equal inheritance may be just; but in France it has undeniably the effect of disposing the vast body of peasant proprietors to take no deep interest in dynastic convulsions. What care they about 'rallying round the throne?' One throne to them is as good as another: their fields yield their produce as plenteously under a republic as a monarchy. Only when the screw of taxation receives an additional twist, do they begin to feel that King Log would, on the whole, have been preferable to President Stork. Whether arising from the same cause, or otherwise, it is certain that the French are the least inclined of any people in Western Europe to push abroad into the world with a view to bettering their circumstances. Kept at home by their ignorance of foreign languages, their love of country, or their comparative indifference to commercial gains beyond a limited point, they are further restrained from dispersal by the hopes of honours and place. The Legion of Honour is an exchequer as inexhaustible as the manufactory of ribbon from which it draws its supplies. Even youth owns the potency of decoration. A reasonable distribution of cocked-hats and swords is discovered to inspire flagging schoolboys with a love of France, glory, and grammar; and not to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are marched to work to the efficacious strains of a tambour. Place, however, is the solid material on which general subserviency is erected. The free resources of the country are literally eaten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries in Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France, the number is upwards of half a million, and as many more are looking for office. Demoralisation, by the dispensation of petty offices, is thus a powerful engine of authority. The French government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. One of the ministers lately entertained the Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands as many as twenty thousand applications for the privilege of retailing tobacco; each applicant putting forth some special claim for state favour! An eager pursuit of place among restless politicians and a redundant body of *littérateurs*, of course go far to explain the recurring phenomena of French revolutions.

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To an Englishman who gives any consideration to the aspect of French society, nothing appears more inconsistent than the letter and the practice of the new republican constitution. With '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*' inscribed in wearisome repetition on the walls of public buildings, with trees of liberty planted in mocking profusion, the people—at least those whom I had the fortune to converse with—appear to be in a condition of infantine ignorance respecting what constitutes the first elements of freedom. All their revolutions, all their changes of forms, still leave them at the mercy of fiscal regulations diametrically opposed to the principles for which they have freely shed their blood. The nuisance of passports, preventing all freedom of locomotion, except by permission of a magistrate, is continued in all its ancient virulence. At every public meeting commissaries of police possess a legal title to appear officially; to overawe the speakers; and, if they think proper, to turn all to the door by means of a company of soldiers. The same functionaries, backed by gensdarmes, exercise the authority of paying domiciliary visits at the dead of night, and carrying off all papers for which they have a fancy: no redress. Persons taken into custody for any alleged offence are kept in prison for any length of time without trial: preliminary public examinations, with the privilege of giving bail, are unknown: practically, whatever be the law on the subject, there is no habeas corpus. In the single word 'conscription' we have a whole chapter of horrors; but I content myself with noticing, that not until a young man has passed the ordeal of the ballot, in his twenty-first year, does he possess the privilege of being married: the demoralisation arising from this cause alone is beyond computation. Now, the surprising thing is, that none of those despotic regulations is made the subject of general complaint: they are submitted to, possibly with fretfulness; but no movement takes place towards their removal or modification. Indeed every new convulsion may be said to rivet them the more closely on the country; for every fresh executive, feeling the increased criticalness of its position, is obliged to maintain itself by restrictions on liberty, which no staid monarchy, like that of Britain, finds it requisite to employ. A government in danger is always seemingly tyrannical—breaks through all constitutional principles and forms, and scruples not to set aside any law that is opposed to its self-preservation. Hence I can really see no end to the series of revolutionary troubles in France. A century may elapse before the people acquire the habits of thought essential to a state of freedom. They will, to all appearance, go on destroying government after government, in expectation of finding something better; while all the time, their imagined corrective is but aggravating the disorder incidental to their unhappy condition.

I left France with gloomy forebodings of the future; nor did I find any person in my journey who entertained the most distant hope that the then present state of affairs could last. Unfortunately, no one can exactly define what form of government is at once practicable and expedient. There is a chaos of principle—antagonisms impossible to be reconciled. In the political paroxysm of 1848, forms were established thoroughly at variance with national tranquillity, and yet which it does not seem to be in the nature of things to abolish. The deliberative power given to the army would alone rend a state in pieces; though this weak point in the constitution is probably less fatal than the reliance on a National Guard, which considers itself entitled to assist the constituted authorities only when in the humour to do so. Whether without passing through the furnace of a civil, or the distractions of a foreign war, France will be able to compose her internal differences, is a question deeply affecting all Europe. Let her be at least assured, that England looks on her struggles towards an improved and settled government with anything but an unfriendly or jealous spirit, with indeed a degree of sympathy and solicitude very unlike the feelings which once unhappily prevailed between the two countries.

W. C.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.

A YOUTHFUL newly-wedded couple were preparing for the decisive step of emigration to one of the North American States: it might be called *decisive*, because, under any circumstances, they contemplated no return hither. It is unnecessary to detail all the reasons which determined these young persons to abandon their fatherland and the amenities of cultivated society, for a retired and self-denying residence amidst the primeval forests of the 'far west.' It may be sufficient to remark, that they were every way creditable to them; and that, while their wishes and expectations were moderate, their energies were braced to meet, in a firm spirit of self-relying industry and courage, whatever inconveniences or disappointments might await them. On one all-important point they felt satisfied—namely, that strong mutual affection must be the foundation of every step in the path of life they had chosen. Amidst the dimness with which the visions of their futurity were blent, *this* only seemed clear. They were voluntarily about to leave, perhaps for ever, the luxuries and appliances of polished society, together with all the ties of kindred and friendship which had hitherto smoothed and beguiled their young life's journey; and they felt, therefore, that the love must be of the nature of an enduring, self-denying tenderness, which would make them all in all to each other, and which would cheer whatever solitude, and make amends for whatever privation, they might have to encounter in their wilderness lot. On this main point, then, their youthful hearts were at rest: they had long been intimately acquainted with, and almost as long fondly attached to, each other. But in other respects they were also peculiarly fitted for the mode of life they now anticipated, and it was probably an intuitive perception of this fact that finally influenced their decision, so they set themselves cheerily to their multifarious preparations.

'I shall make a much better farmer than I ever should a merchant I feel confident,' said George Hadley; 'and now my early *penchant* for edge-tools will, I hope, find useful exercise. I think I shall be able to make something better than clumsy—that is, *very* clumsy—tables and chairs for our new home.'

'And I,' said his wife, with a fond responsive smile, 'am getting rapidly into all the mysteries of home-brewing and baking. I was not idle during my late short visit to Cousin Grace, at her country cottage, though she did stare prodigiously at my anxiety to *pry* into the depths of everything. I often think of Aunt Jane's lesson, and will even have a hand in every dish we have upon the table. Aunt Jane, you must know, promised a particular provincial pudding to a *very particular* English gentleman. She felt sure she knew the ingredients necessary, the proportions, and how to mix them, having often done it: but alas! she knew not how, or the proper time, to cook it. When she had learned to make pies and puddings, the cook or a baker finished them: here she was at fault, and to her shame and mortification the pudding was spoiled and uneatable.'

Thus they encouraged each other, and chatted over their prospects and plans, till the time of leave-taking

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arrived. Here they did wisely also, we think: they made no formal farewells; but having incidentally mentioned their intentions to each of their friends, so as to feel assured it would not be taken amiss, they quietly slipped away by themselves; and thus, as Marion said, when she stood on the vessel's deck, and looked her last on England, the gaze was not dimmed by friendship's tears, but the past looked bright, as did the future.

They had collected rather a formidable equipment of articles for personal and domestic comforts, as it was one of their aims to retain as many of the *agrémens* of the past as their future position would justify or admit of. In one particular they practised praiseworthy self-denial: they were both passionately fond of music, but, fearing lest this pursuit should tempt them to sacrifice to it too much of their time, after some consultation they agreed to take *no* musical instruments or music with them. We shall just add, that they had unitedly about two thousand pounds; a capital which would go but a little way in their rank in Britain, but which is ample for a settler in a colony who is contented to begin moderately.

After a pleasant voyage, George and Marion Hadley landed in New York. There they immediately sought, and soon obtained information, as to the best district to which to proceed. For the most part all things went favourably. They secured a farm, partially cleared, which the occupant, from various misfortunes, was obliged to resign, and which their romantic wish to be *alone* induced them to prefer to others, from its isolation, and being rather out of the track which the tide of immigration seemed likely to take. They had a fancy to keep their home retired amidst the wilds, even should townships arise at no great distance around them.

At the last place on the borders of civilisation, our emigrants provided supplies of such additional things as they seemed likely to want, with wagons and assistants to convey them to their destination. This was the most toilsome part of their long journey; still novelty, curiosity, the longings, and even the suspense of hope, made it pass gladsomely. But yet, hopeful and light-hearted as were Mr and Mrs Hadley, it was not in human nature, when their future resting-place was reached, not to exchange a look that seemed to say, 'Shall this desolate spot ever become the paradise we have dreamed of?' The fence, originally but partial, was now lying broken down and destroyed; the unsightly stumps and tangled ground, a half ruinous log-house, and the dark interminable forest, amidst whose gloomy recesses the strong breeze was sighing what sounded more like a melancholy dirge than a cheerful welcome—these were the dark features. But the summer sun shone gloriously; a cluster of majestic trees shaded and sheltered the dwelling; a few apple-trees were even now bending beneath their load of fruit, and some cultivated rose-bushes showed that here a garden once had smiled, and might smile again. The house was hardly fit to shelter the newly-arrived, with their goods and chattels; their first care, therefore, was to arrange for assistance in the erection of a new and more commodious dwelling. This, where wood was so plenty, and wood nearly all that was required, was soon accomplished. The walls were of rough logs, inside they were neatly boarded, and afterwards varnished: the roof was also of boards, with tar and bark instead of slate or tiling: there was a light and spacious kitchen, and above it a comfortable room, intended for guests: there was no hall, but directly opening from the kitchen was a good apartment, which might be called a parlour from its furniture and appointments; and still within, leading from it, was the chamber, or *sanctum sanctorum*—very snug, yet light and cheerful, its window looking to a pleasant glade in the solemn wood, where Marion felt sure they should find some agreeable walk; and in fact they did find so many, that on that side they allowed the stately trees to remain in their ancient majesty. Hardly was the house made habitable, ere the team was at work for the autumn sowing; and then succeeded winter, with its fence-making, and almost equally important in-door employments, completing the domestic comforts; and then they called their home 'Young Hope Farm.'

But it is not our intention to follow these settlers through all the details of their transatlantic residence. Suffice it to say they prospered. Their moderate wants were soon abundantly supplied from their own farm, and chiefly by the work of their own hands; for, except in spring and harvest, one stout servant-girl was all their help. Marion had a small dairy, she had poultry of the finest kinds in abundance, and she raised in the garden the only ornaments they cared for—the flowers of their country. George cultivated excellent fruit; he followed his plough, and superintended in person every operation of the farm; while for healthful recreation, and a pleasant variety to their table, he had his gun and plenty of unrestricted game. In the evening they had a few well-chosen books, or, if busily engaged with their hands, they often joined their voices in some of the melodies of home, and concluded with a grateful hymn of praise. Happily passed their time, not a moment unemployed; and they cast not one 'longing, lingering look behind.' But, monotonous as to some this life might appear, unvaried by friendly greetings or pleasant reunions, and uncheered by Sabbath bell or social worship, yet one or two incidents befell Mr and Mrs Hadley of interest far surpassing the average of those in our every-day existence; and these it is our chief object to narrate, as tending to illustrate how a self-possessed demeanour and a generous heart will meet exigencies the most trying, and eventuate in results the most satisfactory.

The following, as the preceding incidents, are strictly true. One of them we should especially shrink from having the hardihood to invent; and it is another proof of the trite remark, that the romance of real life is often more highly wrought, and more deeply affecting than any fiction, however well drawn:—

One hot bright day in the early harvest of the year succeeding their arrival in America, Mrs Hadley was engaged in the cheerful, cleanly kitchen, making preparations for their mid-day meal, of which several labourers in the harvest-field had also to partake. Her husband, as usual, superintended his work, and even the servant-girl had gone out to assist. Mrs Hadley had her face turned from the window; but as she saw one shadow after another darken the opposite wall, she raised her head to glance at the wooden clock, to see if it were possible that the dinner-hour had brought her labourers from the field. What was her surprise and consternation to see the dark figures of several Indians walk into her presence with noiseless tread and in utter silence! She had always felt an undefined but extreme dread of these savages, often represented as so terrible, and had shudderingly imagined such a circumstance as now occurred; but hitherto she had never seen any of them, so that the novelty, the suspicion, and her unprotected situation, caused her heart to sink within her. It was only for a moment however.

When two men had entered, she was relieved to see them followed by a young woman, carrying on her shoulder a little child, and whose timid stealing steps formed a striking contrast to the bold and confident bearing of the men. Mrs Hadley, rallying her courage, and endeavouring to appear quite unmoved, courteously greeted the intruders. Though they could not understand the import of her words, her gesture and her smile were nature's well-understood telegraph of kindliness and welcome. The men exchanged one syllable, it seemed to her of satisfaction, and continued to gaze earnestly at every object they saw around them. One of them was tall, and seemed advanced in years; the other was young, and was the husband of the female. Mrs Hadley, observing that the latter was almost sinking from heat and fatigue, took the child from her arms, caressed, and gave it a large piece of

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white bread, which it eagerly ate, and then a draught of new milk. She then lifted from the ample pot that hung over the fire a mess of savoury soup, which she placed on the table, with spoons, and pointed to her uninvited guests to eat. They looked at each other, at the food, and at her, but said and did nothing. Eager to propitiate their good-will, as well as anxious to fulfil the duties of hospitality to any of the brotherhood of man, the hostess seated herself at the table, took a spoon and a piece of bread, and began to eat, as if inviting and showing her guests the example. She then resigned her seat, and was pleased to see the men gravely, yet with the utmost propriety, eat as they had seen her do, though in all probability they had never handled a spoon before. Meanwhile the female had meekly squatted down at a respectful distance from her lord and father; and Mrs Hadley, recollecting that the Indian squaws do not eat with the men, placed before her some of the nicest of the meat and vegetables. The young woman—for she seemed scarcely above sixteen—looked sad and very gentle, yet smiled thankfully and admiringly at the kind and comely white woman.

Short time sufficed for the strangers to make a plentiful meal, after which, seeing a pitcher of water by, they drank eagerly, and then, with a gesture of stately courtesy, stalked away, having hardly uttered a word during their visit. As they were departing, Mrs Hadley, seeing the child much attracted by a handkerchief she wore of many-coloured silk, took it from her shoulders, and spread it over the poor babe's uncovered skin, to protect it from the fierce rays of the noonday sun. The mother more than once looked back with a deeply-grateful smile, and very soon they were all out of sight amidst the forest.

Mr Hadley was much annoyed by this occurrence, and thought it only prudent that his wife should not again be left alone, for fear of a similar or a worse alarm. They saw no more Indians, however, till the fall of the following year. By that time they had a little girl of their own; and one day when Marion was lifting her from her cot in the inner room, she suddenly saw a dark and frightfully-painted countenance glaring in at the low window. Again she preserved her coolness and composure, though the effort was even greater than before; for ere she could call her husband, who was not far off, the house was surrounded by eight or ten fearful-looking savages. This time, as no females were with them, Mrs Hadley justly concluded that they were a war party, and might be bent on mischief. With her child in her arms, she hastened into the kitchen, and warned the servant-girl of their unwelcome neighbours, commanding her on no account to display the least distrust or displeasure. Hardly had she had time for this communication, when the armed warriors crowded into the house, unceremoniously, yet with the appearance of harmlessness; and she soon had the pleasure to recognise among them the elderly man who had formerly visited her. He advanced to the fireplace, and looked as if for the great boiling pot; but there was none there that day. The hostess, however, understood him; and smiling at him (she afterwards averred it was a very fainthearted smile), as if to let him know she did, she brought a large bowl of sweet milk and a basket of wheaten cakes, inviting the Indians to partake, which they did, but without seating themselves. Mr Hadley soon after stepped in, his gun on his arm, and looked aghast when he saw by whom his kitchen was occupied. One of the Indians instantly wished to examine his fowling-piece. Alarmed at the danger, and anxious to make an impression on the wild strangers, George first fired it off at one of his own pigs that had strayed near. Most of the savages started, uttering exclamations of surprise, and then leaped to the dead animal, to examine it more closely. When he saw their excitement and frantic gestures, he began to fear he had not acted wisely; certainly he had not exercised the prudence and self-command his Marion had done. Some of the warriors remained within the threshold, and appeared acquainted with the use of fire-arms; so George loaded again as composedly as he could, while his brave wife observed suspended round the neck of one of them a well-used tobacco-pipe. By her suggestion her husband offered a supply of the weed he never used himself, but kept for the use of his visitors and labourers. This courtesy was received by the Indians with every mark of satisfaction, and shortly afterwards they took their wished-for departure. After this scarcely a year passed that some parties of Indians did not call at the farm, and never without interchanging marks of hospitality and good-will, till it seemed to be generally understood that these white people and the Red Men were friends and brothers.

A few seasons now glided peacefully past with Mr and Mrs Hadley. They still enjoyed in a great measure their beloved retirement; only one family had become domiciled within five miles of them. But that is near neighbourhood in the backwoods; so these solitary families occasionally interchanged visits. 'Few and far between' were they, it must be said, except when some neighbourly assistance was required of either. Perhaps it was a candlemaking, or a grand maple-sugar-boiling, or it was to look after the house during a confinement; on the whole, it was agreeable to all parties. Mr and Mrs Oswald had, like our friends the Hadleys, emigrated on the strength of love and industry; but they were not so fortunate, perhaps not so judicious, as the others. The lady had been tenderly nurtured, and was little fitted to sustain the roughnesses an immigrant family has, especially at first, to encounter. Moreover her health was delicate, and her family increased rapidly: three children they had carried with them, but only one survived to reach their future home. This damped the youthful pair at the outset. Still Mr Oswald and his interesting wife were happy, for they were contented and affectionate; and the husband (an energetic Irishman) was indefatigable in industry and a desire to do well.

Mrs Hadley had put her two little girls to bed one stormy autumnal evening, and was looking forward to a few hours of tranquil industry by their happy fireside, when the kitchen door was heard to open, and a female voice spoke in accents of grief and anxiety. George hastened to ask what was the matter, and found it was the servant-maid of their friends the Oswalds. She had come to ask Mrs Hadley to go immediately to her mistress, who had been taken seriously ill. Their only farm-servant had met with an accident that had quite disabled him, and Mr Oswald himself had ridden off for the nearest surgeon, a distance of sixteen miles. The girl seemed much excited and distressed; and Marion, knowing the delicate state of her amiable friend, was deeply concerned.

'What shall I do, George?' she exclaimed; 'a night of storm, and such a road! Had it been during daylight, or could you have accompanied me. But I could not be easy if both of us were to leave our children.'

'Had not I better go?' asked the husband sympathisingly.

'Ah, I suspect it is *I* that ought to be with her: poor Lucy! Yes, I will go without more hesitation. Get the mare saddled for me: I will leave this girl with you, and take our Betty, as the more efficient assistant. Hasten, dear George, and I will get ready some little matters that may be necessary.'

'Wrap well up, then, my love,' said George; for he felt he dared not oppose his heroic wife's proposal, the necessity being so pressing.

After a fervent kiss, and a 'God be with you, my dear, on your errand of mercy,' from her husband, Marion was seated on the steady animal, and Betty trudged resolutely by her side. The wind howled dismally, sweeping showers of withering leaves to the ground at every blast; and masses of black clouds were careering past the moon, then, fortunately for the night-travellers, near the full. The hardly-to-be-distinguished pathway was

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broken and rugged; but the mare knew it pretty well, and after a short time Mrs Hadley proposed that her servant should try to ride behind her, thinking they would thereby get on more rapidly. This was done, and the strong sagacious animal stepped out more surely and swiftly, as if aware of the confidence and responsibility reposed in her. In fact, in a time which, even to their anxiety, seemed short, the good Samaritans reached Mr Oswald's dwelling.

Marion knew that there were none to receive or to greet her; but all the more eagerly she hastened into the house, leaving Betty to attend to their steed. The kitchen was in darkness; a large house-dog sprung growling to meet the guest, whose arrival would doubtless be so welcome; but almost immediately recognising the visitor, the animal retired to the cheerless hearth whining piteously. There was no other sound to be heard, and Mrs Hadley hoped her suffering neighbour might be asleep, as the children doubtless were; so she stepped softly into the family room. A light burned dimly near the uncurtained window: it had been placed there as a beacon to light the *absent* home. The wood-fire had sunk low, but the regular breathing of sleepers was distinctly heard. When Marion had snuffed the candle, she saw the eldest boy, who was eight years old, with his head laid down on the table before which he sat; another little fellow, stretched on the floor, carefully covered with a cloak; and the youngest on his mother's bed, which stood in a corner of the apartment—all fast asleep. No word, or whisper, or sigh came from the invalid. Marion held her breath while she stooped over to listen for her friend's, and only the increased throbbing of her own heart was audible. The stillness was oppressive. Alas, alas! it was that of death—the mother lay a corpse, surrounded by her sleeping children! Alone, unaided, she had perished in nature's extremity! The appalled gazer soon became too painfully convinced of this fact; and the pulses of her own life almost stood still, as she beheld the once lovely countenance distorted by pain and sorrow, and fixed in its last unconsciousness. Marion was a brave-hearted, but she was also a deeply-sensitive woman. Here was wo indeed! In the whirlwind agony of that moment she perceived all its bitterness; yet the lightning glance she permitted herself to take of the circumstances, also disclosed to her what was required of herself. She stooped over the dead, and closed the glazed eyes, and smoothed the convulsed muscles of the face; then with a heavy bursting sigh she took in her arms the hapless child that slumbered on its mother's deathbed, and tenderly kissing, she laid him in another and less sorrowful resting-place: his little brother she soon nestled beside him, and then she gently touched the sleeper at the table. The poor child started, as if distressed that wearied nature had overcome his intended and promised watchfulness.

'Has papa come back?' he asked. 'Is mamma better? I am so glad you are come, Mrs Hadley!'

'Go to bed beside your brothers, my dear boy—you must be sleepy,' said his sympathising friend, deeply affected to hear him name his mother, whom he idolised. 'Your papa will soon arrive now, I daresay; and in the meantime I will see to everything.'

The boy looked wistfully to his mother's bed, and whispered, 'Mamma is surely asleep—she was so ill, and groaned so sadly; but when Ann went for you, she was better, and I gave her a drink; and then she told me to sit down and watch the children, for they were so sleepy and cross they would not let me put them to bed; so they fell asleep, and I waited, and waited, and at last I could not keep awake, I believe; but I hope dear mamma did not want me.'

'I daresay she did not, my dear; so go to bed now.' And to bed he went.

Mrs Hadley had a severer task to restrain within bounds the expression of Betty's horror and dismay than her own feelings. She at length prevailed on her to assist in making the house more comfortable, for it was too apparent that all that day's work had been left undone. A fire was made to blaze cheerfully, the rooms swept, the kettle boiled, and tea prepared to refresh the gentlemen, now momentarily expected, though one of them at least, both females thought, and Betty said, could hardly be expected to partake of it. All these cares were scarcely completed, when a horse's trampling was heard; and Marion was thankful the surgeon had first arrived, so that some preparation might be thought of for the husband, bereaved under such distressing circumstances.

The medical man attempted all he thought possible, in case the poor lady might yet revive. It proved unavailing, and the living now were first to be thought of. Mr Oswald, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, hastened as fast as his jaded horse would carry him; yet dreamed not of the fearful blow awaiting him at that home where he had so often met his Lucy's smile of welcome. But we shall not attempt to paint the scene on his arrival. Henry Oswald, notwithstanding every tenderness of preparation that circumstances admitted of, was at first almost stunned into insensibility; and I am sorry to say, afterwards acted the part of an utterly distracted person. The warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman yielded to paroxysms of sorrow and despair unworthy of a brave or a Christian man, and subversive of his duty to his helpless children.

Almost as soon as the cheerless morning had dawned, Mrs Hadley was relieved by the appearance of her husband. She had done all that seemed immediately necessary; and thought it best to take the motherless little boys home with her till their father was more composed. Alas, that time came not! The kindly surgeon and George Hadley attended upon him through the ravings of a brain-fever—and ere the necessary arrangements for the wife's funeral could be completed, he had followed her to the other world.

In a few moments of composure preceding death he recognised his friend; and when his roving eye seemed to ask for his children, the other assured him they were with his Marion, and should be tenderly cared, and, if necessary, provided for. The exhausted father smiled as if satisfied, and closed his eyes in death. The pledge thus given to the dying parent was amply fulfilled. Mr Hadley endeavoured to let the Oswalds' farm, but did not succeed; therefore, as he was unable himself to attend to it, and part of the purchase-money remained unpaid, it relapsed almost into its pristine state. The relatives of the family in Europe were of course informed of what had occurred. Oswald's friends were unable, poor Lucy's were unwilling, to interfere or assist; and the children remained with the Hadleys, whom God continued to prosper and to bless. The two youngest required not long the cares of these compassionate strangers. Inheriting weakly frames, they soon sank to the grave, over which parental tears of anguish were shed by those whose sole original tie had been pity for the desolate and helpless. Richard, the eldest boy, however, grew up a sedate and thoughtful lad; and very early became most helpful to his adopted parents. He was a few years older than their girls; and as Providence had given them no sons, Dick Oswald was to them instead of one. He was indeed even *more*; for to the wellings of devoted love and reverence were added in his breast a tide of overflowing gratitude, that one might soon foretell would probably influence all his future life; and though out of tender respect to the memory of his unfortunate parents he retained their name, yet by others he was much oftener called by that of his benefactors.

Richard had reached his sixteenth year, when, to his great surprise, a letter from his maternal grandfather called him to the country and estate of his ancestors. There appeared so much that was cold-hearted and selfish in this tardy acknowledgment of the orphan lad, that he at first spurned indignantly the unwelcome invitation. Accustomed, however, to school his inclinations to meet the paramount claims of duty a few days of

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calm consideration changed or modified the young man's opinions as to his future procedure. He felt as if he had not courage to open the subject to his adopted mother, but with Mr Hadley he then sought a full consultation.

'I think you ought to meet your grandfather's wish, if not obey his mandate,' was the result expressed by the paternal Hadley. 'I am persuaded mercenary motives are likely to have little weight with one brought up simply and industriously as you have been; yet it cannot be overlooked on other accounts, that by the deaths of your uncles you are the hope and heir of your mother's ancient family. As a matter of choice, my opinion of course is yours, since it would lead you to remain with us.' His voice trembled as he felt the pressure of the young man's hand. 'As a matter of duty,' he proceeded, 'doubts arise. Has or has not your grandfather any claims on you? You tenderly cherish your mother's memory—ask yourself how she would have wished you to act?' This latter consideration was ever a sacred point with the youth; it appeared to decide the conflict in his mind, and immediately he so expressed himself.

'Well, then, my dear boy,' concluded his friend, 'we must, however reluctantly, consider this matter settled. Only this remains to be said: if you should not find everything in Britain as you have reason to expect, or if you should ever feel the want of friends, or a congenial home, remember my house and heart, and the hearts of my family, will ever be open to receive you with a glad welcome.' And so terminated this painful interview—equally painful to the well-balanced mind of the excellent Hadley and of the child he had educated with so much care.

The present occurrence was, in truth, a very severe trial to all the inmates of Young Hope Farm. And who can wonder that it was so? The melancholy parting over, and the young man launched abroad into life, we can readily imagine he carried much of 'Young Hope' with him. Manly and energetic, he was not without praiseworthy ambition and ardent curiosity to see the world, and all its novel wonders. Yet still the secret wishes of his spirit were, that after a few years of improvement or of wanderings, he might be permitted to return—as a wearied bird would to its nest—to the peaceful sheltering haven in the western wilderness.

He wrote regularly, though at considerable intervals, to his parted friends: his short epistles contained little but the strongest expressions of gratitude and affectionate remembrance, and almost with each were sent little articles of use or elegance to those he still called his mother and sisters. He had a tutor, and then he went to college; and afterwards he travelled with his aged relative, and thus he wrote to his friend—'Amidst all the puerilities and conventional forms of artificial society, its heartless ceremonial and tiresome etiquette, how often do I find my heart and memory turning to the boundless liberty of the glorious woods—the crystal-like candour, and outspoken tenderness, with all the innocent hilarities and simple enjoyments of my transatlantic home! I am to study for the bar, I believe, as a matter of *status* and *éclat*, and I am to inherit a moderate patrimonial estate. Oh how gladly would I rather assist my father to improve and decorate Young Hope Farm!' And again—'Greatly would I prefer sitting an hour on the lonely grave by our little lake-side in communion with nature, to mixing with the most *recherché* society I have yet seen. And oh how much rather would I read one of your letters, that tell me I am still dear to you, than reap even such academic honours as I have attained to, when I cannot have your voices to add your meed of applause! My grandfather is very kind, and most indulgent: on but one subject are we not congenial. He thinks my heart is too much in my childhood's home. He seems to be seriously in dread that some fine morning he will discover that I have escaped to the woods, like a Red Indian but half reclaimed from savageism. This, too, may come to pass some day. Keep up your hearts, dear ones, in hopes it may.'

Half a dozen years escaped thus, tedious in their transit, like a dream when they are gone; and then young Oswald's grandfather died. The patrimony that now became Richard's was found to be heavily burdened: for the law, as a profession, he had an unconquerable distaste; and to keep up a hollow show on an inadequate income, was at variance with every sentiment of manly candour and straightforward principle so carefully and early instilled into his breast. Richard Oswald, therefore, immediately entered into negotiations with a cousin who panted to become a landed proprietor and head of the family (and who, indeed, had ever been disposed to consider the former merely an interloper), and from him he accepted an equivalent in cash for his patrimony.

How gladsomely was a letter from the beloved absent one now read and re-read at Young Hope Farm; for it said, in a few thrilling, joyful words, that, his duty performed, his mission accomplished, and himself at liberty, he would now return to devote his life to the friends that had nurtured his orphanage. From that day mighty preparations went on at the farm—preparations intended to welcome the wanderer to his nest again. But weeks and months rolled on, and Richard arrived not. They knew not now how to address him a letter; and hope deferred, began to make sick the longing affectionate hearts. The spring flowers, whose blossoms he had almost promised to greet, were withered; summer was fast brightening into a rich productive harvest; but Young Hope Farm looked cheerless and sad. Not a living thing was to be seen without; no cheerful busy sounds, so usual there, were to be heard, except it might be the birds singing among the trees—those trees which, twenty years before, were planted as mere saplings, now enclosed and concealed the fair home, till it was like a nest indeed, and like nothing so much. The birds, we say, still sang blithsomely around it: but was there mourning within? Yes: in the inner chamber lay the matron, the mistress of the house, apparently in the last doubtful stage of an acute disease. Her devoted husband sat near her, his face buried in his hands, for she could not recognise even him. Her eldest daughter, most like herself in form and character, supported the sufferer's head, and endeavoured to soothe her restless moanings; while the other, a beautiful girl of seventeen, was altogether overcome, and weeping bitterly. The low casement was partly opened to admit the summer breeze, bearing with it refreshingly the fragrance of woodbine and roses, while it swept the long branches of a graceful acacia against the window-panes, with a caressing-like gesture, throwing shadows as graceful and life-like over the nicely-papered walls of the rooms and the snow-white draperies of the silk couch.

The watchful daughter fancied her mother spoke: she bent her ear to catch the words, and heaved a deep sigh as she heard only 'Richard, Richard!' Yes, many times during the ravings of delirium in the last few days had that name burst with deep pathos or impatient longing from the parched and fevered lips. Richard came not. 'Oh would he but arrive to soothe the last moments, if so it must be!' thought the daughter.

The family were anxiously expecting, too, the arrival of the friendly surgeon, who had been obliged to leave them the day before. He at least now came. They heard his horse's feet; and Mr Hadley was beckoned noiselessly from the room to meet him. Almost immediately he reappeared, and was followed by a *stranger*, who silently gave a brother's kiss to each of the afflicted girls; and ere they could recover their surprise, he was kneeling beside the low couch.

'Mother,' he said, 'my more than mother! am I returned to find you thus?'

She opened her eyes, and again murmured dreamily 'Richard!'

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'Richard is come, never more to leave you. Oh mother, live to bless us!'

She looked at him with a sudden, yet faint gleam of intelligence, and then wearily turned her head, as if to rest.

The surgeon, who now entered, drew the young man and the agitated maidens from the room, which was instantly darkened; and the patient slept, happily to awake composed and sensible, the crisis past, and renewed life in prospect. And she has lived since then many happy years, the valued wife, the tender mother, to rejoice over her recovered treasure and reunited family.

The adopted son built a fair and graceful addition to the farm-house, and imparted many elegancies and useful appendages to it and to the flourishing gardens. There he married the eldest daughter, to whom his thoughts had long in secret involuntarily turned. A nephew of Mr Hadley's afterwards joined them from Scotland, and became the husband of the lovely second sister; while a third, yet in childhood, was the cherished darling and plaything of all. So the roof-tree of Young Hope—its owners delight to think that not one of their early hopes has really failed—promises fair to become a flourishing stock, adorned with numerous noble branches and rich fruit. At all events, the fair dwelling now stands in nestling loneliness and loveliness, a heart-stirring ornament of the majestic wilds, an oasis of happy rest, and of anticipations realised; demonstrating—how much more *breathingly* than our poor words may!—what skill and energy, when combined with upright intentions and good feeling, may accomplish amidst the boundless solitudes of the 'far west.'

FLOOR-CLOTH.

It has been remarked, that a people's progress in civilisation and refinement, may be ascertained from the state of their dwellings; and we have no doubt that in general it may. There is a commendable selfishness that prompts men to collect the fruits of their skill and enterprise around them, and make them subservient to their pleasure, so that domestic arrangements generally reflect not a little of individual character and resources. The history of household furniture in Scotland for the three last centuries, would present a pretty accurate picture of the national progress. In the single department of the floor, there has been a gradual ascent from plain mother earth to the elegant Brussels carpet, and scarcely less elegant fabric of which we purpose to speak. The making of *floor*, or, as it is sometimes improperly called, *wax*-cloth, is comparatively of modern date, and like most manufactures, has reached its present state by slow degrees. Of late years the growing demand for it as an elegant and fashionable article of household comfort, gave rise to a few large establishments in England; but the only one of the kind in Scotland, is the 'Scottish Floor-Cloth Manufactory,' of which we purpose giving some account. Beside the importance that attaches to it as a new branch of skill and industry, the operations carried on possess no little interest in themselves.

This work was erected in the summer of 1847, near the populous town of Kirkaldy, and is by far the largest pile of masonry in the district, forming a conspicuous object from a distance, both to the traveller by railway, and the voyager by sea. It is 160 feet long, 87 feet wide, and 52 feet high, the walls being of corresponding thickness. There are four tiers of windows, 150 in all, mostly what are called 'flake-windows,' for the purpose of ventilation. The principal apartment, which is the drying-room, occupying the main body of the building, contains two rows of immense pillars, reaching from the ground to the roof, for the purpose of supporting cross beams, from which the cloth is suspended when drying. These pillars are entire pines, such as are used for masts, imported direct from Russia. Some idea may be formed of their strength when it is considered, that beside the support given to the roof, they sustain the weight of 180 or 200 pieces of half a ton each. We were shown over the premises by the enterprising proprietor, Mr Nairn, who kindly explained all the different processes. The original fabric, which the English works mostly import from Scotland, but is here manufactured on the spot, is a coarse flaxen cloth, which is worked by two men in broad looms, being eight yards wide. The cuts of canvas, on being hoisted to an apartment called the 'frame-room,' are stretched on large vertical frames, for the purpose of receiving the ground-paint; but before describing this process, let us look at the preparation of the paint. The materials used are chiefly the ochres and leads, which are thoroughly pulverised by a crushing roller, and then mixed with linseed-oil, and other ingredients suitable to the purpose. To reduce them to a further degree of fineness, they are then poured into a 'hopper,' and ground by a pair of millstones, from which they flow into stone tubs, where they are kept for use. The cloth, having been stretched on the frames already mentioned, which reach from side to side of the building, receives on the back or floor side a coat of size-paint, and is thoroughly rubbed with a large piece of pumice-stone, in order to render it perfectly smooth. The paint is then applied from the tubs with a brush in large daubs, and afterwards spread over the cloth with a long narrow trowel. The process of rubbing with the pumice-stone is repeated, and when the coating is sufficiently dry, another and another is added, according to the desired thickness of the cloth. The consistence of the paint, which is about that of molasses, imparts great strength and durability to the fabric. On the back of the cloth being finished, the face undergoes three or four similar processes, and at last receives what is technically called the 'brush-coat,' to fit it for the ornamental prints of the blocks. As the former coating must be dry before another is applied, these operations usually occupy three or four months. The pieces are then taken down from the frames, and conveyed to the printing gallery, in the opposite end of the building. This is a narrow platform, placed near the roof, and the operations carried on in it are precisely similar to those of common block-printing. At one time a much ruder method was pursued: holes were cut in a piece of pasteboard, in shape of the intended pattern, and the paint applied through them, as is still done in stencilling the walls of rooms; but it always leaves the figure ill-defined, as well as deficient in paint. Blocks were introduced by the late ingenious Mr Nathan Smith of London, and have continued to be used ever since. In the establishment is a designer, whose business it is to devise patterns; and as every work of the kind has one or more of this profession, whose skill and genius are considered its peculiar property, it is always an object not to copy, but to combine as much as possible originality with elegance. The lately-instituted Schools of Design are doing much to supply and improve this department, in which we are still confessedly behind our neighbours across the Channel. The designs are transferred to blocks by the woodcutters of Glasgow; an art that has now attained a high state of perfection, many woodcuts being little inferior to engravings. There are always as many blocks used in printing a piece as there are colours, usually a few more; and as no one must interfere with another, the utmost nicety is required in adjusting them to each other, so as to bring out the pattern correct and entire. It is interesting to observe the printing process, how the design is transferred to the previously-prepared cloth in broken portions, till, from seeming irregularity and confusion, there results a beautiful and well-defined figure. As these operations are concluded, the cloth is drawn from the hands of the printers over the side of the gallery, and hung up in the immense drying-room, formerly described.

The choice of patterns, as in calico-printing, is purely a matter of taste. Each manufacturer exerts his own ingenuity, and avails himself, as far as it can be honour-

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ably done, of the ingenuity of others, to produce such designs as will meet public favour. In a manufacture like that of calico, where the demand is extensive, a single happy design has been known to realise a fortune. In floor-cloth, however, the leading patterns are not very numerous; but they are brought out with considerable variety of detail, and a few of them are rich and exquisitely beautiful. They are chiefly granites, marbles, oak panellings, Gothics, and chintz. The marbles exhibit a pleasing variety, in exact imitation of nature; but the three last are the most numerous and diversified. Some specimens of the Gothic, prevailing colours red and green, look very graceful, and are well fitted for long passages and spacious halls; but we were most attracted by a chintz, consisting of two bouquets of flowers, with a variety of drapery interspersed. This expensive cloth has ten different colours, and fourteen blocks were required to bring out the design. The variety of colours and patterns, when the cloths are suspended in the large drying-room, forms a rare and gorgeous sight. It is impossible to examine this work minutely without perceiving that floor-cloth is a much more complicated and expensive manufacture than is generally supposed. Few and simple as the processes may seem, they imply an advanced state of the sciences and arts. Some of the materials used are the products of researches and discoveries that extend over ages, and are still very costly. A small bag of paint, not larger than a steer's bladder, was pointed out to us as having cost L.20. The arts of block-making, designing, and transferring the designs, require a degree of skill and nicety, of which those unacquainted with them can form no conception. This is a condition of almost all modern manufactures; they are raised upon others, without which they could not exist. As with the functions of the human economy, one is necessary to another. We were wont to consider the price of floor-cloth as exorbitant, but our visit to this establishment has materially altered our opinion. Independently of the large outlay on the requisite buildings, most of the labour required is of the most expensive kind; and here, at least, the principal workmen are from the large English houses: but, above all, is the time that must elapse before the manufacturer can obtain a return for his goods. The cloth has to be about ten months in the factory before it is fit to be sent into the market.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE 'SWEDISH-NIGHTINGALE' PEST.

We wish—though entirely with a regard to our own comfort—that Jenny Lind would either marry or take the veil, and so be done with it one way or another. While she remains as she is—a spinster—she is a serious evil, especially in the provinces. There we hear not her sweet strains—except perhaps once or twice altogether, when she has condescended to become a Wandering Voice. In general, our doom is only to hear of her in the London journals; and there we hear too much. Would metropolitan editors only consider that, though it is sport to them to listen to the actual performance of this nightingale, it is death to us to have limitless paragraphs about it! This, however, we could bear, as we bear hundreds of other matters local to London, and which London innocently supposes to be interesting to the whole world of Britain. But this eternal paragraphing about the personal history of the vocalist—this is what we most specially complain of and remonstrate against. That a simple Swedish girl should have proved to be a wonder and a prodigy to a multitude of London English, in as far as she cared little about money or puffery, is nothing to us in the country, who are of much the same unsophisticated character as Miss Lind herself. Their incapability of appreciating her motives, and the pure bewilderment which they experience in consequence, are no doubt very natural to *them*, but exceedingly impertinent to *us*. To them, moreover, the mysteries of theatrical interests are matters of gossip of vast consequence: but to us, who know nothing about them, they are vapid stuff. The dread of losing a source of entertainment which they alone can enjoy, why should *we* be everlastingly bored with it? Why, above all, should we be condemned to see this delightful specimen of unspoilt and unspoilable humanity badgered through all the newspapers about her wish to retire, her intention to be married, and so forth, as if the sanctity of an individual will were in this case to be held as a compromised right? To us, in the simplicity of the provinces, the whole of this generation of paragraphs about Miss Lind's heart and hand is an utter abomination, which we should be disposed, if in our power, to make very short work in reforming. Since this is not the case, we must return to our first position, and say that, were it quite the same to Miss Lind to become a Mrs Something, and thus cut off the whole troop of Impertinents who at present howl after her, we should feel truly obliged, being thereby exempted from a trouble and a pest which we fear must otherwise continue to vex us for years to come.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE AT SHEFFIELD.

The word 'college' is associated with ideas of extensive buildings, richly-endowed chairs, and all other 'appliances and means to boot' for the advancement of learning. A People's College, then, would mean an institution of the kind distinguished by popular features, and more especially open to the classes hitherto withheld by want of funds from slaking their intellectual thirst at the more costly fountains. Let us see how the People's College at Sheffield answers to this definition.

When Mechanics' Institutes are arranged for the supposed advantage of those classes for which they were originally intended, the only branches of education taught at them are the rudimental ones—reading, writing, and arithmetic. A mechanic, therefore, after having got over these stepping-stones to knowledge, is thrown upon his own resources. There is no establishment adapted to his means where he can receive instruction in the higher branches of learning; and if he pursues the path of inquiry at all, he must do so at home, and in the midst of many discouragements and interruptions. About seven years ago a gentleman, then an Independent minister in Sheffield, was struck with this imperfection in the educational arrangements of the country; and after a preparatory lecture, he startled the adherents of the old system by opening an institution, which he called the People's College; and in which, besides the instruction usually given to mechanics, were classes for grammar, mathematics, logic, English composition, elocution, &c. besides Greek and Latin, and some modern languages.

This institution was, in point of fact, a private school, the property of the reverend gentleman; and it passed through a variety of vicissitudes incidental to such speculations, during which it was chiefly worked by Mr Bayley in person, assisted by some of the senior students as monitors. It seems, however, in the opinion of the correspondent to whom we are indebted for this information, to have at least proved that the working-classes are by no means indifferent to those higher studies which are usually considered to be beyond their intellectual reach; although this opinion would seem to be somewhat at variance with the fact, that at the close of last summer the number of students amounted only to thirty. At that time Mr Bayley was appointed to a congregation in London, and he bade adieu to Sheffield, leaving the orphaned college to the chances of the world.

Now comes the most interesting part of its history. A meeting of the principal students took place, at which much regret was expressed at the impending fate of the institution, and strong opinions advanced as to its peculiar adaptation for the work of supplying the educational wants of the lower-middle and lower classes. In fine, it was resolved by these somewhat enthusiastic and high-minded persons to continue the college *themselves;* and in so spirited a manner were their exertions responded to by the people, that upwards of one hundred young men and

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women at once enrolled their names as members. This was six months ago; and so steady has been the increase, that at the present moment there is a weekly attendance of one hundred and eighty.

Now let our readers observe this, for here lies the great interest of the subject. The college continued, and still continues, to be under the sole direction of twelve students, who were chosen as a committee for the purpose; and so disinterested are the labours of these persons, that they not only devote gratuitously their time and talents to the service of the institution, but they pay the same fee as ordinary scholars—namely, sixpence per week, and one shilling per quarter. This fee is the sole revenue—the college has never received a shilling in the way of donation; and besides these twelve, there has never been more than a single other teacher, a gentleman who is paid for instructing in French and German.

In order to convey a correct idea of the class of society by which this self-supporting and self-governing establishment is carried on, we here indicate the occupations of the teaching and managing committee:—

One master shoemaker.
One steel refiner.
Two brushmakers.
One banker's clerk.
One tailor.
One grinder.
Two fender-makers.
One caster.
One cooper.
One ironmonger.

Of these, all are journeymen, with the exception of the shoemaker and banker's clerk. Our informant is one of the committee, Mr Isaac Jackson, brushmaker; and he concludes his letter thus:—'My only object in sending you this statement is, that you might use your influence to induce the young men and women of other towns to "go and do likewise." What has been done in Sheffield may be done elsewhere.'

The most effective way in which influence can be used in a case of this kind, is simply to give it publicity. We have always stood up for the true dignity and independence of the working-classes; and here is a remarkable exemplification of the resources they possess within their own body. The time has been when a People's College, such as is described above, would have been reckoned the idle dream of an enthusiast; and it would have been so in reality so long as this belief continued. But, in spite of the ill-judged attempts that have been made to persuade the working-men that they can do nothing of themselves—that they are lost without the fostering care of wealth or authority—a healthy conviction would appear to be rising in their minds that they are themselves the arbiters of their own destiny. We trust this may spread, and that our readers will repeat to one another, and to themselves, the words of our correspondent—'What has been done in Sheffield may be done elsewhere!'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PHOLAS FAMILY.

If any one will go to the sea-coast at no great distance from Edinburgh, with a hammer in his hand, we can promise him a speedy introduction to the *Pholas* family. Finding some rocks of shale or clay, which the ebbing tide just uncovers, let him give a smart rap or two with his hammer at the doors of the pholas mansion, and he will presently see a hundred tiny jets of water pop out of a hundred minute apertures. This will tell him the pholades are at home; but to get at them personally is more difficult, if possible, than to get personal interview with the 'great ones' of another family. Always supposing that the hammer in question is a geologist's, let the sharp end of it be diligently used until a mass of the rock is detached some five or six inches square, which, from the friable nature of these strata, is not very difficult, and he will secure a sufficient number of these animals for the purpose of investigating their habits and economy. Having got the fragment of rock home, and examined it closely, it will be found perforated by a large number of holes, which lead to canals in its substance. The holes are about the diameter of a quill. On splitting a canal perpendicularly downwards, it will be seen that its direction is for the most part vertical, and that this direction is common to every canal in the mass. Sometimes, however, there is a certain degree of inclination in the direction, a fact, as we shall have to notice further on, of some consequence to the geologist. The canal runs with a perceptible increase of diameter, for five or six inches in some cases, into the stone; in others it is not so deep; and at its extremity is a pear-shaped cavity, the broadest end downwards, and narrowing toward the opening of the canal into it. Snugly ensconced in this cavity lies the terrified and home-invaded subject of our article—the pholas, or, as it is commonly called, the File-fish.

When it is considered that the pholades are so easily come at, and abound in many limestone rocks on our coasts, it is somewhat surprising that so much ignorance should have prevailed, and still exists, about these curious but simple creatures. Many zoologists consider the pholades to belong to the family of bivalve animals; but as, in addition to the two valves characteristic of this class, there are several small supplementary portions which protect the hinge, others consider it belonging properly to the multivalves. It need scarcely be said that these valves are the cases or coverings of the body, resting upon the fleshy mantle which secretes them, and united at the portion called the hinge. The shell, thus formed, is chemically composed of carbonate of lime, and is of the most delicate white colour, and frequently of an elegant form. The shape is oblong, and narrower at one end than at the other. The external surface of the shell of many species is raised into a series of cross-hatched elevations; some proceeding longitudinally, and others transversely; in others, however, the surface of the shell is quite smooth. These two large valves enclose and protect, so far as such a rock-inhabiting creature needs protection, the most important visceral organs of the pholas. But the habits of the creature demand that it should be furnished with some long and pliant instrument, by means of which, although deep-buried in its cell, it may reach the surface of the rock, and bathe in the fresh waves outside. On a clear day, and in calm waters, any one with sharp eyes may detect lolling out of the holes of the rocks, here and there, a curious tubular process, apparently formed by soldering two tubes together laterally, like the barrels of a fowling-piece. This is called the 'tube' of the pholas, and is evidently intended to supply the imprisoned creature with food and fresh water for respiration,* under the active assistance of the numerous cilia of the creature. This organ is possessed of a certain measure of retractile and contractile motion for the performance of its functions; by virtue of the latter, squirting out the jet of water which formed our introduction to the animal. It is stated by some observers, that the creature is constantly sucking in and ejecting water through the tube; but with what degree of accuracy we have not had the opportunity of ascertaining. At the broad extremity of the shell, the powerful muscular organ called 'the foot' is situated; by means of which, applying itself closely to the rock, the pholas obtains a firm fulcrum and point of attachment. The pholades derive the whole sum of their nourishment from the water, most probably from minute animalcules floating therein: on this, as we should say thin, and doubtless *watery* diet, they live, thrive, and grow fat, being conspicuous exceptions to the general rule in the case of such rigid hermits. Being incapable of motion, the young pholades are dropped from the tube of the parent on the surface of their native rock. Having thus briefly mentioned the organisation and peculiarities of

* Vide 'Ciliary Motion,' under Popular Information on Science, in No. 128.

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these creatures, we may relieve the possible tedium of pure description by adverting now to that interesting part of their history—their terebrating or perforating powers.

Although the pholades are most commonly to be found imbedded in limestone rocks, or in marly strata, they are by no means exclusively confined to such habitats; since there are some which perforate wood of the hardest description, and have also been found in lava, trap, and sandstone rocks. The young pholas, thus cast out upon the tender mercies of a rough world, without a protector, and without a home, with a tender delicate body, and a stubborn rock for its couch, and in addition, exposed to all the fury of a raging tide or boisterous surf, is in a condition which demands amazing stoutness of heart and energy of purpose. The supply is equal to the demand; for the little creature soon sets about its work, and in a little while has produced a sensible impression on its bed of stone: this deepens into a hole; and at length, by dint of unremitting perseverance, the rock-cell is formed, and the molluscous hermit dwells therein at ease, as the fruit of his labours. In what manner this operation is commenced no one appears to have determined, although the ingenious Oliver Goldsmith, in his usual easy way of getting over difficulties, says: 'The instrument with which it performs all its operations, and buries itself in the hardest rock, is only a broad fleshy substance somewhat resembling a tongue, which is seen issuing from the bottom of the shell. With this soft and yielding instrument it perforates the most solid marbles; and having, while yet little and young, made its way by a very narrow entrance into the substance of the stone, it then begins to grow bigger, and thus to enlarge its apartment.' Rejecting, however, this very plausible hypothesis, it is interesting to inquire upon what grounds zoologists have endeavoured to explain the process by which this feeble animal effects its entry into the obdurate surface of the rock. Probably upon few subjects in natural history does so much discrepancy of opinion still exist; and when the abundance of subjects every coast presents for our investigation is considered, it looks something like an opprobrium to the science that the question remains now just where it was forty or fifty years ago. The slowness of the process is probably the real difficulty in the investigation; but surely a little patience would not be misspent in settling the point? The opposing theories may be classified under the two denominations, the mechanical and the chemical. M. Reaumur, that all-intelligent observer, was early attracted to this subject; and in an interesting paper communicated to the French Academy, he supposes that it is effected by a muscular action of the foot, and that the creatures entered the rock when it was in a soft condition. The latter part of this suggestion is undoubtedly erroneous, as the pholades perforate rocks which were only soft when at an intense heat at some far-distant time; such as trap and lava. The ingenious Mr Gray of the British Museum, in a communication contained in the 'Zoological Journal,' believes that by means of the 'foot' the pholades obtain a firm attachment to the rock, and perforate it by a sort of rasping process, effected by a semi-rotatory motion of the valves of the shell. Mr Stark considered the subject deserving the attention even of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in a paper read before that learned body, he states that, from repeated examination of the recent animals, he felt no hesitation in asserting that two species at least form their holes by rotating and rasping the stone with their valves. In confirmation of these gentlemen's opinion, it is said that circular lines are distinctly visible in the cell of the animal corresponding to the elevated striæ of the shell; presenting the appearance as if the boring had been effected by an auger; and in some of the cells scooped out in wood, this appearance is very striking. Toward the upper part of the canal these marks have disappeared, in consequence of the continued friction of the fleshy tube in its motions in that part of the cavity.

A formidable argument is wielded by a host of unreasonable opponents, who say that this cannot be the right explanation, because several species of terebrating pholades have *smooth shells*. On the other side, this is met by calling to remembrance the constancy of the operation; and little is known as to the length of time which may elapse while these patient miners labour out their deepening cell! 'A drop of water wears away stones;' or, in the elegant language of one of these side advocates, the keys of the pianoforte are hollowed by 'the softest touch of the softest fingers.' And it is always to be remembered, that the constant presence of water must facilitate the operation. At the meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, this question was brought forward, and elicited, as usual, the observations of a numerous party on either side. Professor Owen, with all the weight attaching to his authority, considered the holes were produced by the incessant action of the cilia of the creature producing currents of water, which in process of time wore away the rock. But Dr Buckland replied by saying, that if that were the case, the cavities would be largest at their openings, where greatest force would be exerted; and he rather inclined to believe that the creature, by virtue of some acid secretion, softened the rock, and then produced the cavity by rasping away the softened parts by the rotation of its shell. And Mr Phillips followed on the same side, saying that the regularity of the holes proved that they were made by the motion of the shell, and not by currents of water. Sir H. de la Beche thought it probable that the carbonic acid evolved in the respiration of the animal softened the material of the rock, and assisted in its disintegration. Were it not that M. de Blainville declares, that on a careful examination he could detect no trace of acid in the secretions of the pholas, we should be disposed to agree with the mechanico-chemical theorists, and say that the perforations were the effect of the joint agency of these two causes; and if we accept Sir H. de la Beche's suggestion, the same supposition may still be the correct one.

When such 'learned Thebans' contend so ardently between themselves, we may well retire from the field, and turn, as it is best to do in all similar cases, rather to the established effects than to the litigated causes. Insignificant as it may seem, the pholas is the cause of great anxiety to man, with regard to the stability and permanence of his submarine undertakings. These tiny galleries and mines, multiplying by thousands, and attacking a large surface, at once may commit the most extensive damage, and lay the foundation of a train of events which may one day bring down to ruin the proudest monuments of human skill. The Breakwater at Plymouth was soon attacked by them, and the unseen mischief which they are now effecting there cannot be rightly estimated. Not only do they attack stone structures beneath the wave, but wooden piers of the most solid construction suffer equally; and the only remedy against their invasion, is to drive a multitude of nails into the timber, so as to render it impossible for the creatures to effect an entrance. Their ravages on the rocks of different portions of our coast, produce a magnitude of results which, when compared with the minuteness of the agents, is something surprising. The coast near Edinburgh is formed by alternating and parallel strata of shale and sandstone. The pholades have long taken up their dwelling in the shale, and have so honeycombed it in every place, that it has become rapidly disintegrated and washed away; while the sandstone remains, only rounded by the influence of time and tide. Those who are acquainted with Mr Lyell's valuable work on 'Geology,' will remember that the frontispiece is a view of the temple of Serapis at Puteoli. At a certain height, the pillars present a completely worm-eaten appearance; while above and below they remain uninjured. It is quite evident this is not the work of design; and it has been supposed to be accounted for by the former subsidence of the land beneath the waters, when the pillars became exposed to the attacks of the

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pholades, and its subsequent elevation above the surface, when these invaders perished. A similar occurrence appears to be testified by the present condition of the limestone rocks at Plymouth. Many of them are far above the highest tide-mark, yet are found penetrated by holes, undoubtedly the cells of former generations of pholades. Lower down, the shells of these creatures still remain; and at the water's edge are to be found the animals alive. Thus these perforations are often of the greatest value to the geologist, in enabling him to determine the former height of land. And, as was formerly mentioned, the inclination of the perforations, which are generally vertical, may afford him some clue as to whether any alterations have taken place, in the lapse of ages, in the arrangement and disposition of the strata. The destruction they cause is greatly accelerated by the large amount of surface these innumerable holes afford to the destructive energies of the atmosphere and water; and thus where the smooth surface of the rock might have suffered but little degradation by the lapse of a considerable space of time, these little excavators greatly help forward the process, and become most important agents in the formation of fresh strata out of the ruins of the old ones. Yet the creature means not so: in immuring itself in the rock, it is obeying the impulse of a Divinely-inspired instinct, which teaches it that its fragile and delicate shell is no sufficient protection against the fury of a boisterous element. Entering into the rock, it is safe alike from howling winds, thundering waters, and prowling enemies. Thus, in Goldsmith's smoothly-turned sentences, 'the pholas lives in darkness, indolence, and plenty. It never removes from the narrow mansion into which it has penetrated; and seems perfectly contented with being enclosed in its own sepulchre. The influx of sea-water that enters by its little gallery satisfies all its wants; and without any other food, it is found to grow from seven to eight inches long, and thick in proportion.'

It may be poetical to imagine the pholas thus spending a long existence in the obscurity of an undissipated night; but it is not so in reality. One of the most singular circumstances in their history, is their *phosphorescence*. This property has been long known; it is even mentioned by Pliny. The creature is said to secrete a certain luminiferous fluid, which causes everything on which it falls to shine with a pale phosphorescence. M. de Blainville says, that the pholades are the most luminous of all molluscous animals; and he even relates that those who eat the animal raw, in the dark appear in a most awe-inspiring fashion to be breathing flames! This phosphorescent quality is most powerful the fresher the animal is; disappearing if dried, and reviving, it is said, by the addition of a little salt water. The cheering beams of the solar ray cannot light this patient miner to its work, nor penetrate to the confines of its cell; but the Creator has given it a 'light in its dwelling,' wholly independent of the great source of light to the world around; and this pale, gentle, lambent flame makes, what otherwise would have been a dismal, gloomy cave, a light and cheerful home throughout the long years of the creature's existence.

We have mentioned the pholades as the enemies of man in some respects; we may, in conclusion, advert to a different and more agreeable relation in which they stand towards him. At the tables of some epicures these creatures are considered as a great delicacy. The Romans, who, as Dr Adam tells us, were particularly fond of shell-fish, bringing them all the way from Britain to the luxurious city, appear to have set an edible value upon the pholades. M. Desmarest, to the great annoyance of the geologists, has attempted to prove that the celebrated perforations in the temple of Serapis by the pholades, took place, not in consequence of the subsidence of the land, but of the conversion of the temple and its vicinity into a *fish-pond!* And M. de Blainville aggravates them still more by putting the question, 'Whether the pholades were not put there purposely for the supply of the table?' At the present day they are largely used as an article of food in France and Italy, and on the coasts of the Mediterranean, where they abound. In the neighbourhood of Dieppe, Mr Stark tells us that bands of women and children, each armed with a pickaxe, make a formidable army against the unhappy pholades, who tremble in their rock-citadels as these besiegers approach. By means of the sharp point of this implement, they are able to detach considerable fragments of the rock, and a rich harvest of the molluscs ensues. They are then sent to market, or, deprived of their shells, are used as bait for other fish.

That gem-like phrase, 'sermons in stones,' to use the words of a living poet, has sparkled so long 'upon the finger of Time,' that its brilliance has become somewhat damaged for our purpose. But if inanimate creation can teach lessons of wisdom to man, few, we think, will be disposed to deny that a fragment of perforated rock is more forcibly eloquent upon the subject of perseverance under difficulties, than the most nervous appeals to the mind from the pen or lips of any human philosopher.

MOHAMMED ALI'S EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE NILE.*

It is perhaps some reproach to European enterprise and skill, that one great quarter of the world should still remain in many parts unexplored. Mighty rivers rise we know not where, and flow for hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles, in we know not what direction; while on their banks, and in their vicinity, dwell numerous tribes of men whose very names have not yet met our ears. Long before the birth of history there was a city-building, mummy-making, and tomb-excavating people settled on the Lower Nile; and yet, after the lapse of four or five thousand years, we have not been able to follow up that stream to its source, or to decide whether it falls from the Mountains of the Moon or from the moon itself. Two travellers, penetrating into Africa from different points, are even now, it is said, engaged in attempting to solve the problem; and it cannot be doubted that, however unwilling Old Nile may be to show his head, the perseverance of man will be too strong for him, and dissipate every particle of the mystery in which he has so long delighted to involve his origin.

Once in Upper Nubia, we held a conversation with certain Arabs, who professed to have penetrated far into the interior, and to be well acquainted with the character of the tribes found there. They spoke of them as gentle and hospitable; and as a proof that they fully believed the truth of what they had advanced, offered to accompany us any distance up the river. Various obstacles then concurred to hinder our making the attempt: the Nile was too low to allow of our boats being dragged, without much difficulty, up the dreary length of the second cataract; the Strygians, almost in open revolt, barred the passage across the Desert; and Mohammed Ali's tyranny had irritated the black population, and rendered them inimical to all strangers proceeding under the protection of a firman from him. Still, had the season of the year been favourable, our persuasion is that the attempt, if then made, would have been crowned with success. Our Arabs were bound to us by strong personal attachment; and their natural courage and passion for adventure would have enabled us to face without flinching the dangers of the way.

Mr Werne proceeded up the White River under much more propitious auspices—as far, we mean, as regards safety. The expedition consisted of four *dahabies* from Kálura (vessels with two masts, and cabins about 100 feet long, and 12 to 15 broad, each with two cannon); three dahabies from Khartum, one of which had also two cannon; then two *kaidss* (ships of burthen with

* Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile in the Years 1840-1841. By Ferdinand Werne. From the German, by Charles William O'Reilly. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1849.

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one mast); and a *sandal* (skiff) for communication. The crews were composed of 250 soldiers (Negroes, Egyptians, and Syrians), and 120 sailors and mariners from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudan. They set sail from Khartum on the 23d November 1840, and soon reached that imaginary line which constitutes the boundary of the Turkish dominions. On the White, as on the Blue Nile, travellers soon learn to complain of the monotony of the scenery, just as men do when they are descending through the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. The similarity between mountains is as great as the similarity between plains; and you become, therefore, tired of the Alps at least quite as soon as of the Desert. But what by Werne and others is termed monotony, is only in the general aspect; for when you come to note the minuter accidents of the landscape, you cannot fail to discover abundant variety. In a succession of date and other groves, there is a constant vicissitude of light and shade; of expansion and contraction; of closeness and irregular dispersion; and then the rise and fall of the banks, the aspect of the villages, the open ground or forest in the back distance, the sky clouded or bright, and the ever-fluctuating river, now narrowing its dimensions to those of the Rhine or the Thames, and now spreading away in lakes terminating in woods of reeds or gigantic rushes, and suffused with pink or tinted with blue by innumerable varieties of the lotus, suffice to keep alive expectation and the appetite for novelty: add to these the occurrence of new tribes acting as a mysterious link between you and the unknown interior. Bear also in mind that every day brings its chances of strife, its probabilities of danger, its certainty of perplexities, embarrassments, and difficulties, and you have enough to impart vivacity to the tamest imagination.

But in the case of Werne, had external sources of interest failed, there would seem to us to have been always an ample supply of amusement on board. The old Egyptian pasha had apparently caught all the oddities within his reach, and put them on board these exploring arks, to excite the curiosity and multiply the entertainment of each other. There were Turks with Circassian slaves, Kurds from the Alpine regions of Central Asia, full of their wild and primitive superstitions, which they developed in strange stories or legends; Arabs, Nubians, Barabras, Negroes, and, above all, adventurers and vagabonds from France, Germany, and Italy, who had spent half their lives in roaming about the shores of the Mediterranean, persecuted by fortune, and persecuting each other with still more unrelenting malignity. The Frenchmen hated the Italians; and the Germans, not without reason, paid and received the same compliment. Still all was not painful in this motley society: all the more remarkable originals laboured with incessant assiduity, and generally with success, to keep awake the merriment of their companions. Of these the most curious was perhaps Feizulla Capitan, who sought consolation from the ills of life in mending his own breeches, or vest, or cloak. He always sat ready to ward off with his needle the blows of adversity. If the wind slackened, Feizulla stitched; if his crew were lazy or disobedient, he stitched again; and if malaria, or heat, or moisture spread disease through the expedition, he looked solely to the magic little instrument of polished steel for comfort. But time and vicissitude work wonders in the greatest of men. No needlewoman, compelled to make shirts at three-halfpence a piece for advertising houses in the City, ever plied her thimble with more persevering enthusiasm than Feizulla Capitan; yet at length it would not do. His sorrows bore down his needle, and he took to brandy-and-water, or to brandy-neat, as the next best substitute.

The European adventurers, though sometimes equally comic, were much less harmless than Feizulla Capitan. While he was engaged in stitching up rents, they were usually busily employed in making them. Tearing to pieces each other's reputations, scheming, plotting, manœuvring, to ingratiate themselves with the Turks, and overreach their Christian companions, if the epithet be not in general a misnomer. Werne has diligently chronicled these achievements of theirs; allowing it at the same time to appear, however, that he was very little more disinterested or amiable than they. Doubtless he had sometimes good reason to complain; as, for example, when Vaissier sold him four sacks of moulded biscuits, with a few good ones at the top to make the cheat pass. We forgave him on that occasion for seizing the iron shod in a boot, a heavy stick four feet long, and sallying forth in search of the culprit; and we are likewise disposed to overlook the fact of his not having pushed him into the Nile, when, meeting in a narrow pathway overhanging that river, he muttered, by way of deprecation, the words 'wife and children;' but for the honour of our western character, we should have preferred that the various instances of meanness, rapacity, and profligacy recorded in Werne's volumes had not taken place in the sight of pagans and Mohammedans.

When men travel through a known country, they often mention names which serve as resting-places for the reader's imagination. In ascending the Lower Nile, for example, you meet with Kahira, and Benesaef, and Manfaloot, and Dendera, and Thebes, and Philea; but after leaving Khartum, the voyagers up the White Stream appeared to be overwhelmed by the endless extension of the same idea. You cross and recross the Nile, you sail through reedy lakes, you see the bed of rain-torrent after rain-torrent, you successively encounter the villages of the Barabras, Denkas, the Shilbuchs, the Keks, the Bundurials, and the Dushoils. But these terms are linked with no associations, and point out no differences to your mind. In vain does the traveller descend to minute details—inform you that the banks to-day were higher or lower by a foot than yesterday; that the river turned now towards the east, and now towards the west; that its rate of flowing was sometimes three, and sometimes four miles an hour: you long to push on rapidly towards the mountains, where the stream has its perhaps fabulous cradle.

Yet, by the way, you like to hear a little of the Keks, &c.; and therefore Mr Werne, digressing a little from south-south-west and south-south-east, which is his stock topic when he aims at being eloquent, makes a descent upon the shore, and favours us with a few particulars respecting the people. The following is a favourable specimen of this sort of information:—

'A young woman was so enraptured at the sight of my glass beads, that she wanted to sell me her child, which she carried in a skin under her left arm, as if in a bag. I do not think that I am mistaken with regard to this offer, although one ought not to be confident that the daughter of a harmless nation like the Keks would do so. Perhaps she was a prisoner, which might be the case here generally, and that these women are watched by the men. It is always possible that the men take their favourite wives with them for comfort's sake, and leave the others at home, or put them in some kind of bodily restraint.

'A very large and broad surtuk caught my eye, and I was curious to find out the species of wood of which it was built; but the bulls, standing close to each other there, pointed their horns at me. Two natives sprang nimbly to them, in order to quiet them, whereupon I went off as quickly as possible; and the more so, because last year a soldier had been gored to death. A village bull towered above all of them. His high horns were adorned with two animals' tails; he had also ornaments around his neck. I was not able, however, to examine these ornaments very closely; for he rushed too quickly into the herd, that he might, like all the other beasts, stick his nose as quickly as possible into the smoke. This is a ludicrous sight. Every beast appears to know exactly his heap, or rather his neighbourhood, else an uncommon confusion would take place; for they have their stakes very close to one another.'

Having escaped being gored by the village bull, Mr

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Werne, falling from Scylla into Charybdis, gets into awkward proximity to twenty crocodiles. He is ill and weak, and one should say, hardly worth eating; yet the crocodiles were of a different opinion; and no sooner scented his Teutonic flesh, than they began to put their noses and their tails in motion, each for the selfish purpose of taking the first bite. But we must allow him to tell the story in his own way:—'I have fortunately overcome a violent attack of illness which overtook me yesterday evening. Such a faintness seized me in my excursion yesterday that I was obliged to sit down. I slept or lay in a swoon, I know not which. I awoke when it was already dark. A shot was fired near me: I tried to answer; but my gun flashed in the pan; for I had fired it off in a half-unconscious state to call for assistance. I dragged myself in the direction of the spot, and worked through the bushes to the shore, in order to walk more comfortably on the sand. At last I had the stream before me. On my left I saw the fires near the ships; but I was suddenly struck with terror, for there was the horrible sight of more than twenty crocodiles a few paces before me on the light sand! I had really commenced to count the beasts; but did not, however, remain long in *bivio herculis*, for they began to move, scenting human flesh. I hastened back into the bushes, plunged into the holes hollowed out by water which I had previously tried to avoid, and arrived without any accident close to the ships. I heard voices behind me, and recognised my servants, who were in search of me. They were mourning, and reproaching themselves for having left me. Sale set up a loud howl, because he thought I was devoured by the crocodiles. They found me on the ground; they had also been pursued by the beasts. What a poor creature a sick man is!'

Most persons who have ever known the Turks will read without surprise almost any illustration of their cool inhumanity; yet even these perhaps will experience some astonishment at reading how, without provocation, they shot down a number of the harmless natives: the sorrow of whose relatives is thus described by Werne:—'We sailed away with the wind favouring our criminal action, for our men had again come on board before the firing commenced. . . . The natives were hastening towards it; but they did not trust themselves near us. Yet they knew not the melancholy truth that our shots would hit at a distance. Hitherto they feared only the thunder and lightning of them, as we had seen several times. We halted a moment; the unhappy creatures or relatives of the slain came closer to the border of the shore, laid their hands flat together, raised them above their head, slid upon their knees nearer to us, and sprang again high in the air, with their compressed hands stretched aloft, as if to invoke the pity of Heaven, and to implore mercy of us. A slim young man was so conspicuous by his passionate grief that it cut to my heart; and our barbarians laughed with all their might. This unbounded attachment to one another, and the circumstance that that woman, in spite of the danger so close at hand, sought for the man of her heart among those who had perished, affected me exceedingly; because such moral intrinsic worth, flowing from pure natural hearts, is unfortunately more acquired than innate in civilised nations. We had only advanced a little on our way, when above thirty unarmed natives, who must yet at all events have been informed of the tragical incident that had just occurred, sat down on the sand directly close to the river, without suspicion, or designing any harm to us, as if nothing had taken place. And really I had enough to do to prevent their being shot at.'

After this incident, it was not unnatural that the Turks should entertain suspicions of the designs of the natives: they could not help feeling conscious that they deserved to be viewed with detestation, and looked for a display of treachery and cruelty similar to their own. Having reached a natural obstruction in the stream, which, however, would have been none at the period of the inundation, they began seriously to think of their return; and Mr Werne describes the collected circumstances which determined them in the following passage:—'Nature has drawn here a real bar of rocks through the White Stream, which we dare not venture to surmount; for the water has fallen for some days, as is quite evident, and the vessels could only, by taking out all their freight, pass the defile near the large rocks, which is called on this account Bab-agate. The river-bed beginning from hence appears to be generally of a more rocky nature; for we perceive, even from the rocks on the island of Ishanker, breakers in the stream up the river. However, there is no doubt that we might sail away victoriously over these obstacles at the time of the inundation, for the river here rises to about eighteen feet high. The main thing would be, then, for north winds to blow exactly at this period strong enough to withstand the pressure of water rising in this mountain land; for I am still of opinion that the rapidity of the current increases from hence in such a manner, that we could not advance by the rope even with the best will. We have remained here at the island three entire days, and the *ne plus ultra* is not so much inscribed on the pillars of Hercules in the water, as desired in the hearts of the whole expedition.

'The war-dance which the blacks performed yesterday has contributed certainly to the final determination to return. Even I thought yesterday that I heard and saw in the fearful battle-song a declaration of war, and a challenge to the contest. It was almost impossible to persuade one's self that it was merely a mark of honour. The natives marched up and down the island in columns, brandishing their lances in the air; sung their war-songs with threatening countenances and dreadful gestures; then fell into still greater ecstacy, ran up and down, and roared their martial chant. Nevertheless I altered my opinion that this was done with hostile views, for the native interpreters remained quietly with us on board the vessel; and when we sent them to request that this honour might not be paid to us, they returned, though not having effected their object.

'It was thought advisable that we should leave the shore, for the natives had only need to have sprung down to be on board our vessels. There were certainly too many black people; and a warlike rapacious enthusiasm might easily, it was true, possess their minds, influenced as they were by the military manœuvres. It was well, therefore, that a reiterated request on our side was answered, and an end put to the warlike ceremony without our having betrayed our fear by pushing off from the shore. . . . Selim Capitan was really inclined to explore the ascent; but this continuation of the voyage was not to last longer than a day. But when he knelt this morning on his carpet before sunrise, directing his face to the East for prayer, and discerned the numerous fires on the right shore, which he had not remarked during his ablutions, he looked at me so mournfully and suspiciously that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. He concluded his prayer; and now he saw also, on the island Ishanker near us, a number of such little straw fires, over which the naked people were warming themselves, whilst nearly every single man was stretching out his long legs over his own little fire. Then his courage sank anew, for there were still more blacks than yesterday.

'These men, however, did not come empty-handed, and barter rose to a pitch of greatness and variety such as we had not before seen: a quantity of fowls, goats, sheep, cows, and calves, wood, ferruginous sand, and iron dross, tobacco, pipes, sunsim durra, weapons, all kinds of ornaments for the body—everything for beads. Nevertheless the good Ethiopians did not show themselves to-day quite blameless, for they sold quivers full of arrows, many of which were without points. They delivered the wares while receiving the beads; or the seller ran hastily away, retaining the goods as well as the purchase-money. They cuffed and wrestled with

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our men, without, however, making use of their weapons. On the whole, however, the injustice was on our side; the drum, therefore, beat to recall the crew to the vessels.

'It was the middle of the day, about two o'clock, when Selim Capitan, in order to take his leave, and to employ the dreaded people at the moment of our departure, and keep them far from us, threw ten cups of sug-sug on shore; and the cannons on all the vessels were discharged, to bid solemn farewell with twenty-one shots to the beautiful country which must contain so many more interesting materials.'

They were at this time something less than five degrees from the equator; and considering the nature of the stream throughout the whole northern portion of its course, we may infer that if its channel tend southward, the sources of the White Nile may be beyond the equinoctial line. The stream was still large, and the navigation of it beyond the rocks apparently quite practicable. But it may beyond that point be fed by numerous tributaries, which would enable us to account for its great volume of the much shorter course. All this, however, remains in doubt; though, as we have already observed, there is some probability that the veil may ere long be lifted from the fountains of the Nile.

RAMBLES OF AN OBJECTLESS MAN.

'HAPPY are they who find their bread ready baked,' is a proverb which often recurs to the thoughts of those who have the trouble of baking it for themselves. But, as Sancho would say, 'every one knows best where his own shoe pinches him,' and *my* misfortune consists in having that very abundance for which so many others pine.

I am one of those who may be said to enjoy a life of easy competence. As there is no reason why I should work, I do *not* work; as no one opposes my will, I may be said to have no will; in short, I am losing all appetite for enjoyment of every description; and I am really ill, seriously ill: even my physician is ready to allow it. He tells me to amuse myself; but this is more easily said than done: he orders me to walk; I obey him; but *ennui* follows me everywhere. I am as weary of the parks and the West End, as of the bustling City. I find it as difficult to suppress a yawn at a fancy ball, as when seated at my own chimney-corner, or my friend's fireside. As to the parks, I go there but seldom. I feel mortified at not having a handsome tilbury, or a prancing horse; neither of which, if I had them, would, after all, afford me any real gratification. I am made unhappy by seeing others enjoy luxuries which I cannot afford. *Enjoy!* did I say? Perhaps, after all, they *enjoy* them not. They are envied by pedestrians, that is all; and yet the sight of even this poor satisfaction is irksome to me. To-day, however, for a wonder, my walk was sufficiently agreeable to make me wish to remember it. It enabled me to pass two hours in blissful oblivion of my fits of indigestion, my aching head, and the leaden pace of time. A bright thought struck me—I will write the history of my walk, and this will enable me to pass one more hour without *ennui*.

I went out, as I had done day after day, weary of being at home, without feeling a wish to be anywhere else. I turned my steps, with a sort of mechanical indifference, towards Hyde Park. It was a dull April day; the atmosphere was neither hot nor cold: all around me looked gloomy and uninviting. Still I strolled on, not knowing what else to do, till I reached a spot which was the resort of numerous pedestrians, workmen lounging away their hour of repose, women, old men, and children. I leant against a tree, and stood silently observing the scene before me. There were a number of children belonging to the poorer classes, playing about under the eye of their mothers, or perhaps under that of a grandfather or grandam, proud of their little charge; whilst, mingled here and there amongst them were groups of high-born children, handsomely dressed, and attended by their nursery-maids. I could not help asking myself the question, 'Which are the happiest?'

My attention was quickly arrested by two of the loveliest and most tastefully-dressed children I had ever seen. It was impossible for the eye not to rest with pleasure on their graceful forms, rosy cheeks, fair blue eyes, and cherry lips. A *lady* might be able to describe more particularly their costumes of richly-broidered cashmere pelisses, and beaver hats with waving plumes—but the charm of the *ensemble* was enough for me; and I could not take my eyes off these little embryo dandies, the eldest of whom seemed barely five years of age. They were throwing from one to the other, with the most imperturbable gravity, a ball, which continually missed its aim, and rolled upon the ground. It was picked up each time by the little boy whose turn it was next to throw it; and the brilliant ball of gold and blue was thus passed backwards and forwards with as much cool gravity as if they had been two old ambassadors exchanging their credentials. The only variety which occurred to enliven the monotony of the game, was the care with which the elder of the two—who, I suspect, was the owner of the toy—wiped off the dust from the glittering plaything with his little white hand, which he took care each time duly to rub in his nurse's apron, and then returned to his game with the most stoical indifference.

As I stood contemplating these beautiful children, my attention was suddenly arrested by a very different object. A ragged, chubby-cheeked boy sprung forward with a cry of delight, and knelt upon the grass by the two young players. His features were irregular and strongly marked, his shoulders high, and his well-worn fustian garments hung clumsily about him. The newcomer clapped his hands, and laughed for joy: his large eyes sparkled with delight. The sedate, high-born boys, the brilliant ball, seem to exist only for him. Each time that it bounds towards the side where he kneels, he bends forward in wondering admiration; but still he ventures not to touch, hardly even to *breathe* upon it. The young players, without deigning to bestow upon him more than a passing look, take up their toy carelessly from his side—the game recommences, and with it his transports of joy. No one, however, invites him to take his turn in playing with this beautiful ball. No one, in exchange for his joyous sympathy, offers him the smallest share of the pleasure which they were themselves so listlessly enjoying. Each kept that which was his own: the poor boy his superabounding delight; the two others their plaything and their dignity. Whilst I remained a passive looker-on at this scene, that verse of the Gospel, 'To him that hath shall more be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he *seemeth* to have,' came forcibly to my mind. It seemed to me that this joyous-hearted little fellow, with his well-patched clothes and beaming countenance, was an exemplification of this truth. I know not what irresistible folly possessed me, but I felt a sudden desire to give a plaything to this child, who certainly did not need one—he who took so much delight in only seeing the playthings of others.

'I traversed the park in haste, not indeed without some misgivings that I was perhaps creating an artificial want, and helping to mar an unsophisticated happiness. But it so seldom happens that I feel *any* impulse to action, that I have not the courage to resist one when it is thrown in my way. I hastened to the nearest toy-shop, and purchased a small wheelbarrow, thinking it very possible that the infantile enthusiasm of my young protégé for the glittering ball might already have expended itself. I could not help enjoying prospectively the delight of my ragged friend. But, alas! on my return the whole group had disappeared: the two little boys, their smart nurses, and the joyous looker-on, all had vanished from the scene; neither could I any longer discover on the empty benches the pale and sickly-looking woman whom I had supposed

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to be the mother of the poor boy. I explored every avenue, and looked at every ragged child; but all in vain.

I soon found, however, that I, or rather the toy I carried, had become the object of universal attention, and that I was followed with longing eyes by every little ragamuffin in the park. Whenever I appeared, I heard echoed on every side of me, 'The wheelbarrow!—there is the gentleman — the gentleman with the wheelbarrow!' After a quarter of an hour spent in a fruitless search, I turned my steps towards my solitary home, grievously disappointed. I felt also somewhat embarrassed by my purchase, and not a little discomposed at hearing myself called by every group of children whom I passed, 'The gentleman with the wheelbarrow.' As I thus pursued my way, doing my best to conceal my toy, I overtook an old man carrying on his back a little girl, warmly wrapped in a fur cape, which in its days of pristine freshness had doubtless borne the name of ermine; but to which time—the unveiler of still more important secrets—had restored the appearance and the name of cat-skin. The old man leant with one hand upon his stick, whilst in the other he held a wind-instrument, whether a clarionet or bassoon I know not, for my eyes were fixed upon the child whom he carried on his back. The moment the poor wandering musician stopped, the little creature glided into his arms, and was gently deposited on the ground. I then discovered a pair of crutches which formed her only support: she was a perfect cripple.

The poor father had stopped at the steps of a hall-door, and was seeking with gentle care to seat his unfortunate little charge as comfortably as he could, when I approached them. 'Here,' said I, 'this is for her. You will be able to seat your child more comfortably there than on the cold pavement.'

I am no poet, and such one *ought* to be in order to give the most remote idea of the transports which the poor little sufferer manifested on receiving this unexpected gift. Her eyes danced with delight as she exclaimed eagerly, 'For me!—for *me!*' She dropped her crutches; and, seeming inspired with new vigour by the excitement of the moment, pushed it before her for a few yards.

'You do not thank the gentleman,' said her father gently. She let go the wheelbarrow, raised towards me her sparkling eyes, and with an expression of grateful pleasure which I shall not readily forget, kissed her little hand to me over and over again. Never did any expression of gratitude so touch my heart as that of this little cripple: never can I forget the tone in which she exclaimed, 'For me!—for me!' As I entered my own door, I met an old college-companion, to whom I related this little incident. He asked me coldly, 'Whether the little girl were pretty?' Where shall we find a face which is *not* pretty when it beams with grateful joy?

For the first time during many a long year I passed this day without *ennui;* and during my walk I learned this one important lesson—that as the luminaries of heaven reflect from one to another their light and heat, even so it is that one human heart must reflect upon the other the genial glow of happiness and joy.

FRESH AIR.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvium from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's everflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in primest health the year throughout. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry-tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting-place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roe-buck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

MY EEN ARE DIM WI' TEARS.

My een are dim wi' tears, John,
My heart is sair wi' wae,
I lie an' watch the stars, John,
Awearying for the day;
Yet it winna bring me rest, John,
An' it canna bring me peace,
Till the clay is on my breast, John,
An' thocht and feeling cease!

I hae looed ye weel and lang, John,
An' shall while I hae life;
But ye've caused me mony a pang, John,
Wha should hae been your wife.
Though ye never said a word, John,
My trusting heart to win,
Ye hae leed before the Lord, John,
An' that is deeper sin!

Ye're hand leed seeking mine, John,
When naebody could see;
An' ye kissed it mony a time, John,
An' wasna that a lee?
An' your een leed looking luve, John,
Whene'er they turned on me;
An' your gifts, what did they pruve, John,
But love—or treachery?

An' your step leed coming here, John,
Sae aft in cauld an' rain,
For mony a happy year, John,
Whase memory is pain!
For I thocht the time would come, John,
When we nae mair would part;
Yet ye gaed without ae word, John,
To ease my breaking heart!

Ye cam' o' your ain will, John,
Ye saw that I was poor;
Ye kenn'd I was nae light o' love:
Ye should hae passed our door.
But I loo ye after a', John,
An' pray to God in heaven,
That I may be ta'en hame, John,
An' your deceit forgiven!

MARY.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST POISON.

In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician. To prevent rat-poison being made a bad use of, or taken by mistake, the arsenic is mixed with tallow and lampblack, which makes a compound that no human being could partake of. None is allowed to be sold in a pure state.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 287. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849. Price 1½d.

KEYF:

THE ORIENTAL CONCEPTION OF ENJOYMENT.

The idea entertained by the Orientals of pleasure has very little resemblance to ours. When in search of enjoyment we excite ourselves to action, shun solitude and quiet, and surround ourselves with noise and bustle, marvellous and thrilling sounds, colours brilliant and gay, forms of all beauty, everything, in fact, that can strike, and, as it were, irritate the senses: the Orientals, on the contrary, endeavour to relapse into perfect repose. Tranquillity has little charms for us except when we cannot attain it, whereas for them it is the first requisite of happiness. A soft deewan on which to recline, in a half-darkened room by day, and a dimly-lighted kiosque at night, with a cool breeze to fan the air, and the low voice of a singer, or the tinkling notes of some simple instrument at a little distance, rather to mark than to disturb the general stillness; a few grave companions, allowing at long intervals a solemn word or two to escape from amidst the snowy waves of their venerable beards; the soothing pipe, replenished in formal silence by a respectful slave; an occasional 'fingan' of coffee: these are elements of keen enjoyment in the opinion of many a wealthy Muslim, and would not be exchanged for all the gorgeous and giddy amusements which all the capitals of Europe afford. Often, it is true, they are not found sufficient. Differences of age and temperament, varieties of fortune and taste, lead people to look for the same result amidst other impressions. But the state of mind coveted is always a kind of contemplative beatitude, expressed in Arabic by that untranslateable word, 'Keyf.'

It is easier to ridicule than to appreciate this said keyf. Travellers who merely pass through the country have never any opportunities of enjoying it; for it seems to require the preparation of a relaxing climate. Frames braced and invigorated by the keen air of the north are no more fitted to receive this kind of intoxication, than the mind of a grave political economist is capable of experiencing the maniacal excitement into which a howling derwish can throw himself almost at will. The most calm and indolent of Englishmen is restless and uneasy compared with the placid Egyptian in his moments of repose. It was long before I could feel, and therefore before I could understand, the pleasure of sitting huddled up for hour after hour in the same position in the corner of a divan, with a pipe in hand, perfectly indifferent to the flight of time, and perfectly careless of putting the passing moments to profit, exchanging now and then, in a low languid voice, with one or two companions, a brief remark, just sufficient to keep up the communication between us, and escape from the impression of complete solitude.

During the latter part of my residence in the East, I had begun to relish this sort of thing occasionally, although active pursuits fortunately prevented me from becoming a complete Oriental. I admit the pleasure of such an existence, and can now understand why many Franks, fascinated by its mysterious charm, forget their household gods, and lingering near the banks of the Nile, dream away their whole lives in one continued state of keyf. But it is not the less true that this passion for reverie and unproductive contemplation, indulged in more or less by a whole people, is a great obstacle in the way of its progress; and as long as the doctrine of Fatalism prevails to justify and encourage it, we may expect to see Mohammedan countries continuing in their present backward condition. As I have mentioned this doctrine, I may venture to remark that its pernicious influence in the ordinary affairs of human life has never been accurately estimated. It is certainly true that it sometimes produces great and admirable resignation after overwhelming catastrophes, and co-operates in preventing those violent accesses of despair which are so common with us. Suicide is unknown in Eastern countries, except among slaves. On the other hand, it checks improvement in the arts, and stands in the way of every kind of reform. 'As our fathers did, so do we;' 'what our fathers suffered, that must we suffer;' 'that which is ordained, it would be presumptuous to endeavour to alter.' Such are the arguments by which an Oriental usually meets every proposal of amelioration. Of course, if they were logical, and carried out their doctrine to its utmost consequences, the result would be perfect immobility; but they are not so consistent, and act upon the principle they lay down only so far as to justify their mental indolence. I will add, that in spite of their affected resignation to the decrees of Fate, the natural instincts of man constantly get the upper hand. They seek refuge from those decrees when sickness befalls them, for example, in charms and incantations, as well as in the prescriptions of infidel doctors; but they will not take any means of avoiding disease, except those which are absolutely prescribed in their ritual. They will escape from a house if the roof threaten to fall in; but they will not study to improve their mode of architecture.

I once had a conversation with an Arab, whom I roused from a state of keyf to pester him with argument. I told him that it *was* criminal to pass so many hours of his life in both bodily and intellectual inaction; and succeeded at length in making him understand my meaning. He at first sought refuge in the pretence that he was elevating his mind by the contemplation of the unity of God; but he soon acknowledged that this was only true in a vague sense, and that he had been in a state of half-unconsciousness, with a few indistinct unconnected images slowly traversing his mind, forgetful

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of everything that had passed, and indifferent to everything that was to come. 'You were drunk!' said I. 'No,' said he; 'I was enjoying my keyf.' Whereupon, being perfectly roused, he began to make the apology of this condition, and endeavoured to show that it was the only consolation which man possessed for the evils he suffered in this world. At my observation that most of those evils existed only by man's sufferance, he smiled in pity, and said that all was ordained from above; that we could not modify one tittle the course of events, and had nothing to do but to submit passively, and take every opportunity of relapsing into the unconsciousness of keyf.

The reader has now some idea of the state of mind which the Orientals regard as the highest happiness realisable upon earth. Their modes of producing it are various. Some resort to the dangerous but expeditious method of smoking or eating *hashish*—a preparation of hemp-seed. *Hashashin* (the origin of our word assassin) —that is to say, men who indulge in this practice—are indeed not uncommon in Egypt, where I have known even Europeans occasionally thus degrade themselves. Not long before I left the country, a horrible incident occurred. There had been a party of these unhappy wretches collected in a coffee-house during what is called a *Fantasia*, which may mean either any ordinary amusement, or an orgie. Next morning the shop remained closed after the usual hour. The neighbours assembled, and knocked loudly, but got no answer. At length they burst open the door, and saw twelve bodies stretched on the divans on the floor. Seven were ascertained to be quite dead; two or three more died in the course of the day; whilst the remainder recovered, and related how they had swallowed pastilles containing *hashish*, sold to them by a pedlar from Constantinople. The dose was unusually strong, but was such as the still more depraved Stambouli are accustomed to take.

Another and more vulgar class of men drink *arraki*—a spirit distilled from a variety of substances, but principally from dates. It is sometimes flavoured with mastic, and has not a very unpleasant taste. It is considered to be extremely prejudicial to the health, but is nevertheless swallowed in large quantities by the dancing-girls of all classes, as well as the dancing-boys and the dissipated frequenters of coffee-houses. The consumption of it must be great. It may be procured not only in the cities, but in almost every village of any importance. Almost all donkey-boys, many boatmen, and some servants, will drink spirits if offered to them by Europeans; and I remember a Sherif, or descendant of the Prophet, wearing a green turban, whom we met on the desert coast near the Maädieh, and who, after refusing to partake of the cup with us before witnesses, came and begged some cognac on the sly, and tossed it off *neat* with great *gusto*. Good wines are enjoyed in private by some wealthy Turks; and Ibrahim Pasha, it is said, was once found dead-drunk with champagne one morning under the sycamore-tree in a public avenue through his own grounds.

The classes I have hitherto mentioned, however, are exceptions to the general rule. The Muslim is, on the whole, very sober, and contents himself with the gentle exhilaration caused by coffee and pipes. The universal use of these stimulants in Egypt becomes less remarkable when we find that, as far as has hitherto been ascertained, they are perfectly innocuous there. I never heard of tobacco producing sickness as in Europe. For my own part, although I could not smoke at all on my arrival, I adopted this necessary accomplishment without the slightest inconvenience. It is almost universal in all Mohammedan countries; although at Siwah, in the Libyan Desert, I found that nearly all the inhabitants abstained, as from a vice. The Wahabis, a fanatical sect of Arabian reformers, prohibit smoking among other luxuries; but I was assured by a native trader, who professed to be familiar with Arabia, that they indulge to excess in coffee, which they never sweeten. He told me that they ground it with stone pestles in large rude mortars, made of a peculiarly hard stone, and that it often produces in them a complete state of intoxication. 'This is their keyf.' Some of them, he said, smoke in secret; but this was merely an opinion of his own, and indicated that his lax practice was offended by their austerity.

There is one fact connected with smoking which is worth mentioning—namely, that in Ramad'han time, when the whole population fasts from sunrise to sunset, the hoisting of the flag at evening no sooner announces that the fasting time is over, than the ready-filled pipe is snatched up, and a few whiffs are taken, before either hunger or thirst is satisfied. A small cup of coffee succeeds, and then the solid food is devoured. I find it difficult to explain this, because it would appear more natural that, after a long day of hard labour under such privation, an intolerable thirst should exist. Probably habit is more imperious always in its demands than ordinary appetite; and it is not impossible that this practice of smoking, instead of eating and drinking at once, may have some effect in counteracting the evil effects of long abstinence.

I have now mentioned the every-day methods which the Arabs have of obtaining keyf. Collected in groups of two or three, or even alone in a corner, they seem, under the influence of the above stimulant, to be capable of isolating themselves for a time in imagination from the world, and surrounding themselves with agreeable thoughts. There is no nation more prone than they to build castles in the air. They are always making extravagant suppositions—representing themselves, for example, in possession of wonderful wealth or marvellous supernatural powers, by the aid of which they sometimes do the most ordinary things possible.

We were once dropping down one of the placid reaches of the Nile, very indifferent whether our boat advanced or stood still. The sail, lazily swelling, urged us gently along the side of a little island fringed with reeds, that rattled against the panes of our cabin. Over the banks, that shut us in like huge hedges, a few palms rose here and there in the distance, flecking the sky with spots of dark green. The water was steeped in all the brilliance of the heavens; a few aquatic birds stooped gently sometimes along the surface. The crew seemed to feel a sense of inexpressible enjoyment, and one of them producing a *darabbukkah* or Arab tambourine, began to beat a tune, whilst another chanted a plaintive love-song; and we listened under the influence of coffee and pipes, and allowed ourselves to be soothed into a perfect state of keyf. Ahmed, our servant, came and sat down on his heels near us with his cup in hand, and after listening devoutly to the end, could not contain his satisfaction. No pleasure, he said, was equal to being on the Nile; and '*if he had five millions of guineas*,' he would buy a boat, and live for ever in it! We said he might do the thing for much less; but he would not abate one jot of his supposition, and we were obliged to admit the five millions. His plan, at first, was to carry about the whole sum in the hold; but he afterwards consented to invest half of it in some English commercial house of acknowledged stability. He then said that he would procure the most beautiful woman in Egypt as his wife, with an eunuch to watch over her. This addition to his family drew on the necessity of having a second boat as a *harim*; and Ahmed took terrible anticipatory vengeance on every audacious wight who attempted to gain a glimpse of his beloved. We were a long time settling all these matters; and the evening had come tranquilly on in the midst of our speculations. The state of keyf now grew too perfect to allow of our continuing the conference, and relapsing into silence, we watched the red streak, and the yellow streak, and the gray streak, successively disappear, and the stars unfold their petals, and the moon come peering over the bank, revealing five or six ghost-like sails, gliding slowly down in our wake. How long this state continued, and whether reverie was succeeded by slumber, I know not; but a

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loud chorus of voices, and the bumping of the boat against other boats, and the grating of its keel on the sandy bottom, and the splashing of the water, and the lights along shore, and, above all, the barking of dogs, told us that we had arrived, as the reader likewise has, without knowing it, at the decayed city of Er-Rashíd.

This gives me an opportunity of describing another mode the Orientals have of producing keyf. We landed, and repaired to the coffee-house. It was a spacious building, surrounded by divans and shelves covered with *gozehs* and *shisheks*—two kinds of water-pipe. Some groups were collected here and there watching the game of *tab;* but we soon understood that there was another point of attraction in the neighbourhood, and that most of the idle folks had repaired thither. One of the entrances of the coffee-house led into a broad passage covered with trelliswork, supporting a huge grape-vine, through which the moonbeams worked their way, and fell in bright spots on the stone pavement below. On the opposite side was a kind of kiosque, from which sounds of merriment and laughter proceeded. We repaired thither, and found two or three Turks sitting smoking their pipes in state, whilst a motley crowd of idlers squatted or stood round in a ring. The point of attraction was a poor fellow, deaf and dumb, playing a game with a waggish soldier. The latter held a long piece of cotton-wool in his mouth, and the deaf man was trying to take it from him with his teeth. The various incidents of this contest—the wise looks and rapid movements of the soldier, and the awkward attempts and disappointed whine of the infirm one—seemed to afford infinite amusement to the whole company, most of whom were smoking, or drinking coffee. The principal Turk—no less a person than the governor of Rosetta himself—perceiving two strangers, ordered seats and coffee to be brought to us; a courtesy which we duly acknowledged by laying our hands to our breasts. Our arrival, however, did not interrupt the sport, if sport it can be called, which soon led to some exhibitions of real or affected anger on the part of the actors. We left them in about half an hour; but for some time after could hear from the cabin of our boat, moored close by, occasional exclamations of pleasure and bursts of laughter, which showed that these worthy Muslims were not sensible of the monotony of their amusement.

Exhibitions of dancing-girls were formerly most popular among this keyf-loving people; but the tribe of Ghawazeh has been banished from Lower Egypt; and although many dancing-women are still to be found exercising their calling illicitly in the villages, the inhabitants of the great towns can rarely indulge in such a luxury. The displays of the *khawals*, or dancing-boys, are substituted; and it is only on certain festive occasions that the *awalim*, or female singers, imitate the performances of the Ghawazeh before the women; whilst the men listen to their songs from behind a screen, or through an open window. The accomplishments of the awalim do not necessarily include a knowledge of dancing; but since the exile of the Ghawazeh, many of them have emulated the renown of their predecessors.

Singing is very general in the coffee-houses, scarcely one of which is without some professional attendant, who lives on the few para pieces, &c., which the poorest Arab will liberally bestow on whoever contributes to produce his darling state of keyf. Some of these performers have fine voices when young, but their powers do not last for many years. Whether it be from overexertion at first, or want of cultivation, few seem to acquire a reputation of long-standing. Two or three musicians often accompany the singer, who generally occupies an elevated seat outside the door; whilst the audience not unfrequently nearly fills up the part of the street opposite—all sitting on benches or seats made of palm branches. After a few stanzas, the performer begins to throw his head about as if in a state of ecstasy, his eyes all the while 'in a fine frenzy rolling.' He assists his voice by forming a kind of trumpet with his left hand half round his mouth. Every now and then the crowd expresses its admiration by ejaculating in a sort of deep chorus the word 'Alláh!' These ejaculations become more and more frequent as the song proceeds, and at length follow hard upon every equivoque, every impassioned expression, every long-drawn and voluptuous quaver. The audience associates itself completely with the enthusiasm of the performer. A collection is usually made at the moment of greatest excitement.

Story-telling is not so common an entertainment as singing, but it prevails to a considerable extent. The romances related are often very amusing, and set off with all kind of picturesque gestures. The reciters are divided into various classes, each of which confines itself to the relation of a particular kind of adventures. It is not common to hear the stories of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights;' but I was present once at the telling of the story of the 'Sage Dúbare' in a coffee-house near the mosque of Abu-l-Abbas at Alexandria. Many Arabs who are not professional possess extensive repertories of tales and anecdotes, which they are fond of relating one to the other; and the incidents are often well put together, and very interesting. However, I will not at present diverge into this subject, having given, I trust, a tolerably correct idea of the mental state which the Egyptians covet above all things, and call 'pleasure,' as well as their various modes of producing it.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

ESTHER MASON.

About forty years ago, Jabez Woodford, a foreman of shipwrights in the Plymouth dockyard, whilst carelessly crossing one of the transverse beams of a seventy-four gun-ship, building in that arsenal, missed his footing, fell to the bottom of the hold of the huge vessel, and was killed on the spot. He left a widow and one child—a boy seven years of age, of placid, endearing disposition, but weak intellect—almost in a state of destitution. He had been a coarse-tempered, improvident man; and like too many of his class, in those days at least, dissipated the whole of his large earnings in present sensuous indulgence, utterly careless or unmindful of the future. Esther Woodford, who, at the time of her husband's death, scarcely numbered five-and-twenty years, was still a remarkably comely, as well as interesting, gentle-mannered person; and moreover had, for her station in life, received a tolerable education. Her rash, ill-assorted marriage with Woodford had been hastily contracted when she was barely seventeen years of age, in consequence of a jealous pique which she, for some silly reason or other, had conceived regarding Henry Mason, an intelligent, young seafaring man, of fair prospects in life, and frank disposition, with whom she had for some time previously, as the west-country phrase has it, 'kept company,' and who was, moreover, tenderly attached to her. Esther's married life was one long repentance of the rash act; and the severance of the tie which bound her to an ungenial mate—after the subsidence of the natural horror and compassion excited by the sudden and frightful nature of the catastrophe—must have been felt as a most blessed relief. A few weeks afterwards, she accepted an asylum with her brother-in-law, Davies, a market-gardener in the vicinity of Plymouth, where, by persevering industry with her needle, and thrifty helpfulness in her sister's household duties, she endeavoured to compensate her kind-hearted relatives for the support of herself and helpless, half-witted child. Mason she had never seen since the day previous to her marriage; but she knew he was prospering in the busy world, and that, some time before her husband's death, he had been ap-

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pointed chief-mate in a first-class merchant-ship trading to the Pacific. He had sailed about a fortnight previous to that event; and now, ten lazy months having slowly floated past, the lover of her youth, with whom, in that last sunny day of her young life—how distant did it seem, viewed through the long intervening vista of days and nights of grief and tears!—she had danced so joyously beneath the flowering chestnut-trees, was once more near her; and it was—oh happiness!—no longer a sin to think of him—no longer a crime to recall and dwell upon the numberless proofs of the deep affection, the strong love, he had once felt for her. *Once* felt! Perhaps even now!—— How swiftly had the intelligence communicated by her sympathising sister tinted with bright hues the dark curtain of the future!

'And yet,' murmured poor Esther, the flush of hope fading as suddenly as it had arisen, as with meek sad eyes she glanced at the reflection of her features in the small oval glass suspended above the mantelpiece—'I almost doubt, Susy, dear, if he would recognise me; even if old feelings and old times have not long since faded from his memory'——

'Stuff and trumpery about fading away!' broke in Mrs Davies. 'Henry Mason is the same true-hearted man he was eight years ago; and as a proof that he is, just read this letter, which I promised him to give you. There, don't go falling into a flustration; don't now, Esther, and to-morrow market-day and all! Don't cry, Esther,' she added vehemently, but at the same time sobbing furiously herself, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck: 'but perhaps—perhaps it will do us good, both of us!'

It may be necessary to state that I owe the foregoing particulars to the interest felt by my wife—herself a native of beautiful Devon—in the fortunes of this humble household. Esther was her foster-sister; and it happened that just at this period, it being vacation-time, we were paying a visit to a family in the neighbourhood. A few hours after the receipt of the welcome letter, my wife chanced to call on Esther relative to some fancy-needlework; and on her return, I was of course favoured with very full and florid details of this little bit of cottage romance; the which I, from regard to the reader, have carefully noted down, and as briefly as possible expressed.

We met Henry Mason with his recovered treasure on the following evening; and certainly a more favourable specimen of the vigorous, active, bold-featured, frank-spoken British seaman I never met with. To his comparatively excellent education—for which I understood he was indebted to his mother, a superior woman, who, having fallen from one of the little heights of society, had kept a school at Plymouth—in addition to his correct and temperate habits, he was indebted for the rapid advance—he was but a few months older than Esther—he had obtained in the merchant service. The happiness which beamed upon Esther's face did not appear to be of the exuberant, buoyant character that kindled the ruddy cheek and ran over at the bright, honest eyes of the hardy sailor: there seemed to mingle with it a half-doubting, trembling apprehensiveness; albeit it was not difficult to perceive that, sorrowfully as had passed her noon of prime, an 'Indian summer' of the soul was rising upon her brightened existence, and already with its first faint flushes lighting up her meek, doubting eyes, and pale, changing countenance. Willy, her feeble-minded child, frisked and gambolled by their side; and altogether, a happier group than they would, I fancy, have been difficult to find in all broad England.

The next week they were married; and one of the partners in the firm by which Mason was employed happening to dine with us on the day of the wedding, the conversation turned for a few minutes on the bridegroom's character and prospects.

'He has the ring of true metal in him,' I remarked; 'and is, I should suppose, a capital seaman?'

'A first-rate one,' replied Mr Roberts. 'Indeed so high is my father's opinion of him, that he intends to confer upon him the command of a fine brig now building for us in the Thames, and intended for the West India trade. He possesses also singular courage and daring. Twice, under very hazardous circumstances, he has successfully risked his life to save men who had fallen overboard. He is altogether a skilful, gallant seaman.'

'Such a man,' observed another of the company, 'might surely have aspired higher than to the hand of Esther Woodford, dove-eyed and interesting as she may be?'

'Perhaps so,' returned Mr Roberts a little curtly; 'though he, it seems, could not have thought so. Indeed it is chiefly of simple-hearted, chivalrous-minded men like Mason that it can be with general truth observed—

"'On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.'"

The subject then dropped, and it was a considerable time afterwards, and under altogether altered circumstances, when the newly-married couple once more crossed my path in life.

It was about eight months after his marriage—though he had been profitably enough employed in the interim—that Henry Mason, in consequence of the welcome announcement that the new brig was at last ready for her captain and cargo, arrived in London to enter upon his new appointment.

'These lodgings, Esther,' said he, as he was preparing to go out, soon after breakfast, on the morning after his arrival, 'are scarcely the thing; and as I, like you, am a stranger in Cockney-land, I had better consult some of the firm upon the subject before we decide upon permanent ones. In the meantime, you and Willy must mind and keep in doors when I am not with you, or I shall have one or other of you lost in this great wilderness of a city. I shall return in two or three hours. I will order something for dinner as I go along: I have your purse. Good-by: God bless you both.'

Inquiring his way every two or three minutes, Mason presently found himself in the vicinity of Tower Stairs. A scuffle in front of a public-house attracted his attention; and his ready sympathies were in an instant enlisted in behalf of a young sailor, vainly struggling in the grasp of several athletic men, and crying lustily on the gaping bystanders for help. Mason sprang forward, caught one of the assailants by the collar, and hurled him with some violence against the wall. A fierce outcry greeted this audacious interference with gentlemen who, in those good old times, were but executing the law in a remarkably good old manner. Lieutenant Donnagheu, a somewhat celebrated snapper-up of loose mariners, emerged upon the scene; and in a few minutes was enabled to exult in the secure possession of an additional prize in the unfortunate Henry Mason, who, too late, discovered that he had embroiled himself with a *pressgang!* Desperate, frenzied were the efforts he made to extricate himself from the peril in which he had rashly involved himself. In vain! His protestations that he was a mate, a captain, in the merchant service, were unheeded or mocked at.

To all his remonstrances he only got the professional answer—'His majesty wants you, and that is enough; so come along, and no more about it.'

Bruised, exhausted, almost mad, he was borne off in triumph to a boat, into which he was thrust with several others, and swiftly rowed off to a receiving-ship in the river. Even there his assertions and protestations were of no avail. Nothing but an Admiralty order, the officer in command candidly told him, should effect his

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liberation. His majesty was in need of seamen; and he was evidently too smart a one to be deprived of the glory of serving his country. 'You must therefore,' concluded the officer, as he turned laughingly upon his heel, 'do as thousands of other fine fellows have been compelled to do—"grin and bear it."' In about three weeks from the date of his impressment Mason found himself serving in the Mediterranean on board the 'Active' frigate, Captain Alexander Gordon, without having been permitted one opportunity of communicating with the shore. This was certainly very sharp, but it was not the less very *common* practice in those great days of triumphant battles by land and sea.

Very drearily passed the time with the bereaved wife. Her husband had promised to send home something for dinner, and various groceries; yet hour after hour went past, and nothing arrived. Morning flushed into noon, day faded to twilight, and still the well-known and always eager step sounded not upon the stairs! What could have detained him from his wife, shut up, imprisoned, as it were, in that hot, hurrying, stifling city? She feared to listen to the suggestions of her boding heart; and with feverish restlessness ran out upon the landing, and peered over the stairs every time a knock or ring was heard at the street-door. This strange behaviour was, it seems, noticed by the landlady of the lodging-house, and injuriously interpreted. A knock came to the door, and that person entered to know at what time *Mrs* ——, she had forgotten the young woman's name, expected the dinner, she, the landlady, had undertaken to cook.

Esther timidly replied that her husband had promised to return in two or three hours at latest; and that she did not comprehend his continued absence—was indeed quite alarmed about it——

'Your husband!' said the woman, glancing insolently at Esther's figure. 'Are you sure he *is* your husband?'

The hot blood suffused the temples of the indignant wife as she said, 'This apartment, madam, I believe is mine?'

'Oh, certainly, as long as you can pay for it;' and rudely slamming the door, the landlady departed.

The long wretched night at last over, Esther rose with the light; and after giving her son his breakfast from the remains of that of the day before, set off with him to the place of business of the Messrs Roberts. It was early, and one clerk only had as yet arrived at the office. He informed her that Mr Henry Mason had not been seen, and that the partners were greatly annoyed about it, as his immediate presence was absolutely necessary.

Stunned, terrified, bewildered by the frightful calamity which she believed had befallen her, she felt convinced that her husband had been entrapped and murdered for the sake of the money he had about him: the wretched woman tottered back to her lodgings, and threw herself on the bed in wild despair. What was to be done for food even for her boy? Her husband had not only his pocket-book with him containing his larger money, but had taken her purse! She was alone and penniless in a strange city! The hungry wailings of her witless child towards evening at length aroused her from the stupor of despair into which she had fallen. The miserable resource of pawning occurred to her: she could at least, by pledging a part of her wardrobe, procure sustenance for her child till she could hear from her sister; and with trembling hands she began arranging a bundle of such things as she could best spare, when the landlady abruptly entered the room, with a peremptory demand—as her husband was not returned, and did not appear likely to do so—for a month's rent in advance, that being the term the apartments were engaged for. The tears, entreaties, expostulations of the miserable wife were of no avail. Not one article, the woman declared, should leave her house till her claim was settled. She affected to doubt, perhaps really did so, that Esther was married; and hinted coarsely at an enforcement of the laws against persons who had no visible means of subsistence. In a paroxysm of despair, the unhappy woman rushed out of the house; and accompanied by her hungry child, again sought the counting-house of the Messrs Roberts. She was now as much too late as she had been too early in the morning: the partners and clerks had gone, and she appears to have been treated with some rudeness by the porter, who was closing the premises when she arrived. Possibly the wildness of her looks, and the incoherence of her speech and manner, produced an impression unfavourable to her. Retracing her steps — penniless, hungry, sick at heart—she thought, as she afterwards declared, that she recognised my wife in one of the numerous ladies seated before the counters of a fashionable shop in one of the busiest thoroughfares. She entered, and not till she approached close to the lady discovered her mistake. She turned despairingly away; when a piece of rich lace, lying apparently unheeded on the counter, met her eye, and a dreadful suggestion crossed her fevered brain: here at least was the means of procuring food for her wailing child. She glanced hastily and fearfully round. No eye, she thought, observed her; and, horror of horrors! a moment afterwards she had concealed the lace beneath her shawl, and with tottering feet was hastily leaving the shop. She had not taken half-a-dozen steps when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice, as of a serpent hissing in her ear, commanded her to restore the lace she had stolen. Transfixed with shame and terror, she stood rooted to the spot, and the lace fell on the floor.

'Fetch an officer,' said the harsh voice, addressing one of the shopmen.

'No—no—no!' screamed the wretched woman, falling on her knees in wild supplication. 'For my child's sake—in mercy of the innocent babe as yet unborn—pity and forgive me!'

The harsh order was iterated; and Esther Mason, fainting with shame and agony, was conveyed to the prison in Giltspur Street. The next day she was fully committed to Newgate on the capital charge of privately stealing in a shop to the value of five pounds. A few hours after her incarceration within those terrible walls, she was prematurely delivered of a female child.

I have no moral doubt whatever, I never have had, that at the time of the committal of the felonious act, the intellect of Esther Mason was disordered. Any other supposition is inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and character. 'Lead us not into temptation' is indeed the holiest, because the humblest prayer.

Three weeks had elapsed before the first intimation of these events reached me, in a note from the chaplain of Newgate, an excellent, kind-hearted man, to whom Mrs Mason had confided her sad story. I immediately hastened to the prison; and in a long interview with her, elicited the foregoing statement. I readily assured her that all which legal skill could do to extricate her from the awful position in which she stood, the gravity of which I did not affect to conceal, should be done. The offence with which she was charged had supplied the scaffold with numberless victims; and tradesmen were more than ever clamorous for the stern execution of a law which, spite of experience, they still regarded as the only safeguard of their property. My wife was overwhelmed with grief; and in her anxiety to save her unhappy foster-sister, sought, without my knowledge, an interview with the prosecutor, in the hope of inducing him not to press the charge. Her efforts were unavailing. He had suffered much, he said, from such practices, and was 'upon principle' determined to make an example of every offender he could catch. As to the plea that the husband had been forcibly carried off by a pressgang, it was absurd; for what would become of the property of tradesmen if the wife of every sailor so entrapped were to be allowed to plunder shops with impunity? This magnificent reasoning was of course

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unanswerable; and the rebuked petitioner abandoned her bootless errand in despair. Messrs Roberts, I should have mentioned, had by some accident discovered the nature of the misfortune which had befallen their officer, and had already made urgent application to the Admiralty for his release.

The Old Bailey sessions did not come on for some time: I, however, took care to secure at once, as I did not myself practise in that court, the highest talent which its bar afforded. Willy, who had been placed in a workhouse by the authorities, we had properly taken care of till he could be restored to his mother; or, in the event of her conviction, to his relatives in Devonshire.

The sessions were at last on: a 'true bill' against Esther Mason for shoplifting, as it was popularly termed, was unhesitatingly found, and with a heavy heart I wended my way to the court to watch the proceedings. A few minutes after I entered, Mr Justice Le Blanc and Mr Baron Wood, who had assisted at an important case of stockjobbing conspiracy, just over, left the bench: the learned recorder being doubtless considered quite equal to the trial of a mere capital charge of theft.

The prisoner was placed in the dock; but try as I might, I could not look at her. It happened to be a calm bright summer day; the air, as if in mockery of those death-sessions, humming with busy, lusty life; so that, sitting with my back to the prisoner, I could, as it were, read her demeanour in the shadow thrown by her figure on the opposite sun-lighted wall. There she stood, during the brief moments which sealed her earthly doom, with downcast eyes and utterly dejected posture; her thin fingers playing mechanically with the flowers and sweet-scented herbs spread scantily before her. The trial was very brief: the evidence, emphatically conclusive, was confidently given, and vainly cross-examined. Nothing remained but an elaborate *ad misericordiam* excusative defence, which had been prepared by me, and which the prisoner begged her counsel might be allowed to read. This was of course refused; the recorder remarking, they might as well allow counsel for felons to *address* juries, as read defences; and *that*, as every practical man knew, would be utterly subversive of the due administration of justice. The clerk of the court would read the paper, if the prisoner felt too agitated to do so. This was done; and very vilely done. The clerk, I daresay, read as well as he was able; but old, near-sighted, and possessed of anything but a clear enunciation, what could be expected? The defence, so read, produced not the slightest effect either on the court or jury. The recorder briefly commented on the conclusiveness of the evidence for the prosecution; and the jury, in the same brief, business-like manner, returned a verdict of Guilty.

'What have you to say,' demanded the clerk, 'why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law?'

The shadow started convulsively as the terrible words fell from the man's lips; and I saw that the suddenly-upraised eyes of the prisoner were fastened on the face of the fearful questioner. The lips, too, appeared to move; but no sound reached my ears.

'Speak, woman,' said the recorder, 'if you have anything to urge before sentence is pronounced.'

I started up, and turning to the prisoner, besought her in hurried accents to speak. 'Remind them of the infant at your breast—your husband'——

'Who is that conferring with the prisoner?' demanded the judge in an angry voice.

I turned, and confronted him with a look as cold and haughty as his own. He did not think proper to pursue the inquiry further; and after muttering something about the necessity of not interrupting the proceedings of the court, again asked the prisoner if she had anything to urge.

'Not for myself—not for my sake,' at last faintly murmured the trembling woman; 'but for that of my poor dear infant—my poor witless boy! I do not think, sir, I was in my right mind. I was starving. I was friendless. My husband, too, whom you have heard'—— She stopped abruptly; a choking sob struggled in her throat; and but for the supporting arm of one of the turnkeys, she would have fallen to the ground.

'Unhappy, guilty woman,' said the recorder, with the coolness of a demon, 'the plea of insanity you would set up is utterly untenable. Your husband, it seems, is serving his majesty in the royal navy; defending his country, whilst his wife was breaking its laws, by the commission of a crime which, but for the stern repression of the law, would sap the foundations of the security of property, and'——

I could endure no more. The atmosphere of the court seemed to stifle me; and I rushed for relief into the open air. Before, however, I had reached the street, a long, piercing scream informed me that the learned judge *had done his duty*.

No effort was spared during the interval which elapsed previous to the recorder presenting his report to the privy-council—a peculiar privilege at that time attached to the office—to procure a mitigation of the sentence. A petition, setting forth the peculiar circumstances of the case, was carefully prepared; and by the indefatigable exertions of an excellent Quaker gentleman—whom, as he is still alive, and might not choose to have his name blazoned to the world, I will call William Friend—was soon very numerously signed. The prosecutor, however, obstinately refused to attach his name to the document; and the absence of his signature—so strangely did men reason on such matters in those days—would, it was feared, weigh heavily against the success of the petition. The amiable and enlightened Sir Samuel Romilly not only attached his name, but aided us zealously by his advice and influence. In short, nothing was omitted that appeared likely to attain the desired object.

Two days before the petition was to be forwarded to the proper quarter, Henry Mason arrived in England, the exertions of his employers having procured his discharge. The 'Active' was one of Captain Hoste's squadron, which obtained the celebrated victory off Lissa, over the Franco-Venetian fleet commanded by Admiral Dobourdieu. Henry Mason, it appeared by the testimonials of the captain and officers of his ship, had greatly distinguished himself in the action. We enclosed these papers with the petition; and then, having done all in our power, awaited with anxious impatience the result of the recorder's report. It was announced to me, as I was sitting somewhat later than usual at chambers, by Mr William Friend. The judgment to die was confirmed! All our representations had not sufficed to counterbalance the supposed necessity of exhibiting terrible examples of the fate awaiting the perpetrators of an offence said to be greatly on the increase. Excellent William Friend wept like a child as he made the announcement.

There are many persons alive who recollect this horrible tragedy—this national disgrace—this act of gross barbarity on the part of the great personage, who, first having carried off the poor woman's husband, left her to die for an act the very consequence of that robbery. Who among the spectators can ever forget that heartrending scene—the hangman taking the baby from the breast of the wretched creature just before he put her to death! But let us not rake up these terrible reminiscences. Let us hope that the *truly guilty* are forgiven. And let us take consolation from reflecting that this event led the great Romilly to enter on his celebrated career as a reformer of the criminal law.

The remains of Esther Mason were obtained from the Newgate officials, and quietly interred in St Sepulchre's churchyard. A plain slab, with her name only plainly chiselled upon it, was some time afterwards placed above the grave. A few years ago I attended a funeral in the same graveyard; and after a slight search, discovered

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the spot. The inscription, though of course much worn, was still quite legible.

I had not seen Henry Mason since his return; but I was glad to hear from Mr William Friend that, after the first passionate burst of rage and grief had subsided, he had, apparently at least, thanks to the tender and pious expostulations of his wife—with whom, by the kind intervention of the sheriffs, he was permitted long and frequent interviews—settled down into calmness and resignation. One thing only he would not bear to hear even from her, and that was any admission that she had been guilty of even the slightest offence. A hint of the kind, however unintentional, would throw him into a paroxysm of fury; and the subject was consequently in his presence studiously avoided.

A few days after the execution, Mr William Friend called on me just after breakfast, accompanied by the bereaved husband. I never saw so changed a man. All the warm kindliness of his nature had vanished, and was replaced by a gloomy fierce austerity, altogether painful to contemplate.

'Well, sir,' said he, as he barely touched my proffered hand, 'they have killed her, you see, spite of all you could say or do. It much availed me, too, that I had helped to win their boasted victories;' and he laughed with savage bitterness.

'Henry—Henry!' exclaimed William Friend in a reproving accent.

'Well, well, sir,' rejoined Mason impatiently, 'you are a good man, and have of course your own notions on these matters: I also have mine. Or perhaps you think it is only the blood of the rich and great which, shed unjustly, brings forth the iron harvest? Forgive me,' he added, checking himself. 'I respect you both; but my heart is turned to stone. You do not know—none ever knew but I—how kind, how loving, how gentle was that poor long-suffering girl.'

He turned from us to hide the terrible agony which convulsed him.

'Henry,' said Mr Friend, taking him kindly by the hand, 'we pity thee sincerely, as thou knowest; but thy bitter, revengeful expressions are unchristian, sinful. The authorities whom thou, not for the first time, railest on so wildly, acted, be sure of it, from a sense of duty; a mistaken one, in my opinion, doubtless; still'——

'Say no more, sir,' interrupted Mason. 'We differ in opinion upon the subject. And now, gentlemen, farewell. I wished to see you, sir, before I left this country for ever, to thank you for your kind, though fruitless exertions. Mr Friend has promised to be steward for poor Willy of all I can remit for his use. Farewell. God bless you both!' He was gone!

War soon afterwards broke out with the United States of America, and Mr Friend discovered that one of the most active and daring officers in the Republican navy was Henry Mason, who had entered the American service in the maiden name of his wife; and that the large sums he had remitted from time to time for the use of Willy, were the produce of his successful depredations on British commerce. The instant Mr Friend made the discovery, he refused to pollute his hands with monies so obtained, and declined all further agency in the matter. Mason, however, contrived to remit through some other channel to the Davies's, with whom the boy had been placed; and a rapid improvement in their circumstances was soon visible. These remittances ceased about the middle of 1814; and a twelvemonth after the peace with America, we ascertained that Henry Mason had been killed in the battle on Lake Champlain, where he had distinguished himself, as everywhere else, by the reckless daring and furious hate with which he fought against the country which, in his unreasoning frenzy, he accused of the murder of his wife. He was recognised by one of his former messmates in the 'Active;' who, conveyed a prisoner on board the American commander Macdonough's ship, recognised him as he lay stretched on the deck, in the uniform of an American naval officer; his countenance, even in death, wearing the same stormful defiant expression which it assumed on the day that his beloved Esther perished on the scaffold.

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

We have progressed since my last. The Queen's Birthday is over; that anniversary on which mail-guards, postmen, and official understrappers make their appearance in new coats, rejoicing in all the brightness of virgin scarlet. 'Derby Day,' too, has come and gone; than which none causes so much stir and locomotion among metropolitan lieges, its gulf of vivid excitement now converted into a cud of mingled bitter and sweet for adventurers to chew. In the back-greens of law-courts, and other such crafty precincts, the grass and shrubs are emulating their country kindred; and our squares look summer-like in their foliage, which has at last come forth; while drouthy folk indulge in unwonted libations, reminding us that midsummer is at hand.

There are so many things to talk about, that I hardly know where to begin; however, the sale at Gore House will serve as well to lead off with as any other *quidnunc*. Few events of late years have created greater sensation in the world of *ton* than the dispersion of Lady Blessington's effects by the hammer; and during the view week, the road at Kensington was beset by long lines of carriages and pedestrians, all crowding to the centre of attraction. The sight was one well worth seeing; so numerous were the rarities and curiosities, and so tasteful the luxurious elegance. It is said that connoisseurs are disappointed that the portrait of her ladyship by Lawrence, on which Byron wrote a poem, sold for no more than three hundred and sixty guineas—poet and painter alike at a discount. But to particularise would demand whole pages; so I shall just remark that Gore House has seen strange contrasts in its occupiers—first the famous Whitbread, then Lady Blessington, and now, so says rumour, about to pass into the possession of a Quaker M.P.

I need hardly tell you that the Royal Academy Exhibition is the grand spectacle of the day; but, in addition to this, there are so many sights and *réunions*, that it is a wonder how people find time to 'do' them all. Whatever may be thought about the world growing wiser, there can be little doubt that it grows cleverer, as the industrial-art exhibition of the Society of Arts, the soirées of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and of Lord Rosse, the new president of the Royal Society, fully evidence. It is pretty well known that the late president, Lord Northampton, gave the soirées at his own residence; but those of his successor have been held in a suite of rooms in Somerset House. Of the four which take place during the season, three are now over; from five to six hundred gentlemen—titled and untitled, scientific, philosophical, and literary—having 'assisted,' as the French say, at each. You know of course that on such occasions it is customary to bring together models and specimens of new inventions and works of art, which, if the refreshments fail to do so, may give the visitors something interesting to talk about. Some of these things will bear talking about on paper, if you can put up with general description instead of technicalities. Foremost I may enumerate the working models of his two famous telescopes, brought over from Ireland by Lord Rosse. That of the 'monster telescope' especially conveys an accurate and satisfactory notion of the huge instrument to those whose opportunities do not admit of their taking a journey to Castle Birr to see the giant. We are promised ere long some account of its exploits. Then, commending itself to all interested in navigation, comes a model of Mitchell's screw-pile lighthouse, as erected on the Maplin sand. A cause of astonishment to the uninitiated in this, as in the case of the screw-propeller, is the apparent inadequacy of the screw to its office. It consists of a single disk of metal adjusted near

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the lower extremity of the pile, whereby a sandbank may be penetrated, and the timber afterwards fixed in its place. The 'screw mooring' also exhibited is similar in construction: it may be twisted into any part of a shoal or bed of a river, where its powerful 'bite' affords secure hold for the attached buoy. In juxtaposition with such objects as these, you would see choice specimens of Daguerreotype; a triptych of the sixteenth century, dear to antiquaries; Varley's rotating-winch double-action air-pump; Clement's apparatus for making five hogsheads of sugar per diem; or Hill's potato-crusher. Next in order are several beautiful designs intended to show the adaptability of iron to architectural purposes: the elegance and variety of the combinations are indisputable; but are iron arcades and houses suited to our English climate?

Gutta-percha again: specimens of wire coated with the Protean material, giving rise to projects for economical telegraphs. The wires raised on poles, as at present in use, are, as shown by experience, exposed to atmospheric disturbances and other casualties. You will remember the throwing down of miles of wire by the weight of accumulated snow, on the South-Eastern Railway at the beginning of this year. It is proposed to avoid such accidents, by burying a coated wire underground, carrying it across the country independent of lines of rail. This may be laid down for L.30 or L.60 per mile; in the latter case, the gutta-percha coating is in turn braided or 'served' with rope, and covered with marine glue. In Germany they content themselves by giving a coat of paint only to the gutta-percha; and according to the statements, there are 400 miles so prepared laid down on one of the lines in that country. If carried into execution as proposed, we shall be able to send you a message to Edinburgh at less than one-half of the present charges.

While on the subject of gutta-percha, a few words may very well be given to Mr Whishaw's inventions: among these are speaking-tubes, to supersede bells in private houses or offices. So extraordinary are the conducting powers of this new product, that a whisper can be conveyed to long distances; and it is obvious that much trouble will be saved by a person being able to state his wants without the preliminary delay of a bell-summons. The cost is not great; seeing that the tubes, with terminals or mouth-pieces, can be supplied at 8d. per foot. But we are, it seems, to be able to speak to a distance without any connecting tube at all; across the inner quadrangle of a building, for instance, by means of large concave gutta-percha reflectors, fixed, one opposite to the other, on each side of the court, at an upper window, if required, each having a short tube attached, through which the message is spoken. By experiment, the inventor has ascertained that a whisper can be heard at a distance of forty feet; and he anticipates hearing a loud-spoken tone from a quarter of a mile. Such an instrument has long been desiderated on railways during repairs, so as to avoid the delay which now occurs in sending a messenger from one gang of workmen to another. In this case each reflector would be mounted on a stand similar to that of a theodolite; and thus the portable *telephone* would be available where the *telegraph*, as at present arranged, does not admit of application. The instrument might be so fixed at each end of a tunnel, that the attendants at either extremity could communicate without leaving their boxes.

Perhaps you will say I am dwelling too long on these soirées; but I cannot leave the subject without noticing two other models, which you will very likely consider the most noteworthy of all. The first is Mr Appold's 'centrifugal pump for draining marshes,' &c.; and a most ingenious adaptation it is. You have heard of the turbine—a small box water-wheel possessing extraordinary capabilities for work. Well, Mr Appold's model contains such a wheel, made of tin, a little thicker, but not larger, than a halfpenny. This is fitted at the bottom of a square tube dipping into a small cistern containing water, which may represent a lake, &c. The little wheel being made to rotate with great velocity, throws up water rapidly into the tube above itself, until it overflows in a continuous stream at the top, and the volume of this stream is such as to deliver *eight* gallons in a minute; and on applying a nozzle, the stream is driven to a distance of twenty feet. This, you will say, is a marvellous effect from so apparently insignificant a cause; but a wheel, about fifteen inches diameter, exhibited at the same time, will deliver 1800 gallons per minute: it requires, however, to be worked by an engine of four-horse power. Mr Appold has lately proposed to the engineer of the Dutch government to fix a similar wheel on the Haarlem Sea, now in process of being drained, by forty pumps driven by steam. A centrifugal pump of forty feet diameter would do more work than all the others put together, and would deliver—so the inventor asserts—1,500,000 gallons per minute. With such power at command, one would think we ought never more to hear of ships foundering at sea; and the emptying and reclamation of the Zuyder Zee resolves itself into a possibility.

Though last, not least, is the newly-invented machine for making *apyrotypes*, which, to quote from the description, are—'Printing types manufactured by self-acting machinery, of copper or other hard metal, without the aid of heat.' It is the work of a Frenchman, Monsieur Pettit, expatriated by the unsettled state of affairs in his own country. Such a machine scarcely admits of being gossipped about, so I must just give you a summary of the inventor's own words. The essential principle of type-manufacture, he states, has remained the same since the invention of printing, more than 400 years ago; and, as is well known, the comparative softness of the metal employed is a defect. This defect is now overcome. 'The extreme durability of copper,' we are told, 'when employed as a printing surface, is fully admitted by all printers. A London firm, employed to print stamps for the government, is in the habit of using raised copper surfaces for this purpose. No less than 125,000,000 impressions have been taken from one of these plates! If this result has been arrived at with copper in its ordinary state, it must be evident that the durability of the apyrotypes, formed of copper, hardened by the compression to which it is subject in the process of manufacture, will be almost infinite.' The first cost of 100 lbs. weight of the copper type exceeds that of ordinary type by more than L.20; but as it will last sixty times as long, there must be sixty renewals of the common type; so that ultimately there will be a saving in favour of copper of more than L.800: besides which, the production of bad work by the soft metal types at sixty different times in the same interval will have been avoided. The copper not only remains uniform, but effects an economy of ink in its greater power of resisting pressure.

M. Pettit informs me that he made three machines before he succeeded in reaching the present stage of perfection. The one exhibited is about four feet long and two feet wide, constructed entirely of iron or other metal, and is of enormous weight. There is a winch turned by hand, and a fly-wheel; on revolving this, fourteen different motions are produced, which, all combined, form the types from square strips of copper inserted in the proper place: so that the workman has nothing to do but turn the wheel, and types drop into a tray at the rate of thirty-two a minute! Many printers and scientific men have expressed their approval of the new machine; among the latter Professor Faraday, who explained its mode of action to the company assembled at Lord Rosse's soirée. The proposal is, to dispose of it in six shares of L.6000 each; two of these, it is said, are sold, one of the purchasers being an eminent London typefounder. And now, if all anticipations be realised, we shall from this time 'date a new epoch in the art of typography.'

Although I have done with the soirées, I must claim a letter-writer's privilege to discuss everything; and

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under this comprehensive head I may mention, what you will be pleased to learn, that the Geographical Society have awarded their medal to Mr Layard for his eminent researches in Nineveh—a recognition of merit honourable to both parties. As new claimants rise to honour, old ones pass away. Mr Vernon is dead; but his name will live for centuries to come, while eyes are left to view the noble gallery of paintings, worth L.120,000, which he gave to the nation. He doubtless foresaw this reward, when he had the good sense to decline an offer of knighthood made to him by authority. Faraday, amid his grand magnetic researches, has been making science familiar to juvenile auditories at the Royal Institution, in a course of six lectures 'On the Chemical History of a Candle.' Who can protest about *infra. dig.* after this? But among other incidentals, there is one bearing on 'the sanitary interest:' the 'Lords' have been discussing the merits of a project for supplying Whitehaven with water from Ennerdale Lake. Those who have seen this magnificent sheet of water will recognise the excellence of the source, and we can but wish success to so promising a scheme. The distance is eighteen miles; and bearing in mind the Croton aqueduct of New York, which delivers 60,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, we presume the question of impracticability is not to be entertained for a moment.

To descend from great things to little: is it to the troubles in France that we are indebted for the *décrotteur*, or shoe-black, who, with his stand and polishing apparatus, has been seen of late about the 'west end?' I should like to see the profession become general in London. The convenience would be great for dirty-booted pedestrians. Besides this enterprising individual, we have a *marchand de gallettes* established in Fleet Street. Thus you see it does not always require revocation of Edicts of Nantes to send us foreign talent.

You are perhaps beginning to query if I ever mean to stop; yet to close without a few words about literature would be to omit an important item of the everything. I promise, however, not to be prolix. The Parliamentary Committee is still pursuing the inquiry relative to the establishing of public libraries in populous towns and districts throughout the country. This is a sign of the times. It is easier to lead educated minds, than to coerce brutal instincts and unreason. And here, too, it is worth remembering, that with a People's College at Sheffield and Nottingham, we are likely to have a third in the metropolis of the eastern counties—Norwich, where the building of one is proposed by a gentleman of fortune. Thus may we hope to

'Make knowledge circle with the winds.'

But apropos of literature: Sir John Herschel has rewritten his astronomical treatise, under the title of 'Outlines of Astronomy;' and from such a source you may be sure that the advantage is on the side of scientific readers. And Dr Forbes, whom you would take for a staid medicus, having scampered over Switzerland last autumn with all the vivacity of a truant schoolboy, has just published 'A Physician's Holiday,' by way, I suppose, of making others as cheery as himself. Be this as it may, he tells some things unknown before, and has produced a very readable book.

Accounts from the continent state that no one there now cares to read any publication larger than pamphlets; and of these there are legions, in which vexed questions of politics are discussed with every variety of talent and temper. Among these trifles I observe one —'Journal d'un Insurgé Malgré Lui'—'Journal of an Insurgent in Spite of Himself.' There ought to be something worth picking out in such a book. It appears that the writer was taken prisoner by accident (?), and shut up in the cellars of the Hôtel de Ville, until removed to the dungeons of Ivry. He suffered much, and observed more; and comes to this conclusion—'insurrection ought never to be permitted.' Of a different stamp is the uniform series of quartos containing the works of their best philosophers, printed at the expense of the French government. Laplace's works in seven volumes have recently been presented to various institutions in this country by the minister of public instruction. The Academy, too, in conjunction with this functionary, offers a prize of 600 francs for 'Un Petit Traité'—or rather 'A short Treatise on Popular Hygiène, avoiding purely Scientific Details, for the Use of Workmen in Towns, and the Inhabitants of the Country.' The book is to be more especially adapted to the department of Seine-Inférieure, and is to convey general precepts in the most attractive style possible.

In France, the early history of the language has been much studied; and the Academy, with a view to the further promotion of the study, is about to republish the most ancient known French Grammar. Singular enough, this was written by an Englishman, Jehan Palsgrave, tutor to Princess Mary, in the reign of Henry VIII. There are but six copies in existence; and of these, five are in this country, and one in Paris, in the Mazarine Library. Being written in English, it is said the peculiarities of the old pronunciation will be better detected than if the work had been written in the vernacular of Gaul.

It has often been a reproach to our government that they neglect the collection of our national historical documents; and in the reign of George IV. an order was issued to remedy this defect. The results have now appeared in the first of a series of thick red-backed folios, entitled 'Monumenta Historica Britannica,' or 'Materials for the History of Britain, from the Earliest Period to the End of the Reign of King Henry VII., published by Command of Her Majesty.' This initiatory volume contains the writings of Gildas, Bede, Asser, Aethelweard, Henry of Huntingdon, Maistre Geffrei Gaimar, with many others, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and engravings of coins. At the same rate, a volume in twenty years, we shall have to wait a long time for the remainder of the series.

But if legislatorial debates have a claim to interminability, gossip has none—so, *ad rescribendum*.

A MONTH AMONG THE PYRENEES.

As the regular routine of a Pau season, where either health or pleasure is concerned, includes a few weeks' residence at some of the many watering-places among the mountains, we proceeded to the Eaux Bonnes immediately on giving up our apartment in the pretty little town where we had so pleasantly passed the winter. My brother had hired a calêche for the summer, with three horses and a driver, on very reasonable terms. The driver was a very intelligent man, and proved extremely useful to us in the course of our wanderings.

Our drive from Pau through Gan to Louvie was both cold and rainy, although it was near the end of May at this time. The air became really piercing as we advanced deeper among the hills; but we forgot all discomfort as we proceeded, the scenery became so beautiful. The road lay up a valley enclosed by mountains, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds, and it followed the course of a rapid stream through a gorge sometimes no wider than the road and river, sometimes opening into meadows, sometimes extending into plains. There was no want of wood on the lower slopes of the hills or in the valley. Many a pretty-looking hamlet improved the cheerful aspect of our route; and here and there a smaller glen diverged on either hand, as if there were no end to the intricacies of this range of the Pyrenees. We stopped frequently to walk to different points of much attraction; and in this way so lengthened the journey, that it was late in the afternoon when we reached a large plain filled with villages, and through

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which flowed several small rivers, the marble quarries and the huts of the labourers in them appearing high up among the forest-trees that covered the lower sweeps of the distant mountains. From this basin-like plain a road turned off over a handsome bridge, and up a very steep hill above a mile in length, ending in a ravine, along one side of which, on a narrow ledge a considerable height above the torrent, which we heard thundering below, runs a row of high white houses, built for the visitors to the Eaux Bonnes. We put up at the Hôtel de France; and ordering fires in the bedrooms allotted to us as our private chambers, we declined the public table for that first evening, and drank our tea in my room in English solitude. The singularity of our abode struck me the next morning with wonder. There we were in a very large hotel, one of a long row of high houses, for there are fifteen of these boarding-houses rising from a shelf apparently just wide enough to support them, a precipice below, a mountain behind, and a mountain opposite—the noise of rushing waters ever filling the ear, so many cascades dash down into the troubled stream which frets along among the rocks at the bottom of the ravine. The shelf looks narrower than it really is; for besides the houses which stand on the brink of the precipice, there is a road and a side-path between them and the sheltering mountain, and part of the way a narrow strip of shrubbery, and a little brook running along beside it carrying away the waste waters of the springs. These were within a few minutes' walk of our hotel. The street ends abruptly by turning off round a corner of the rock, and forming a crook of some hundred yards long, piercing into the hill as it were. This crook contains a few private houses, the rooms in which are let as required to those who prefer a more retired life than is led in the hotels, the pump-room, and the chapel. We determined on following exactly the prevailing habits of the place, and therefore decided on remaining where we were with a large agreeable party, many of whom were well acquainted with us, and in lodgings where cleanliness, space, comfort, and good cookery were all combined for by no means an extravagant charge; for we had made our bargain, and soldered it with the magic 'tout compris.'

We found our life a very pleasant one. We rose early; went to the springs; wandered about till the hour of our substantial breakfast; formed then the parties for excursions, which occupied the remainder of the morning; dined all together in the fine room, which would have held almost as many more; and spent the evening in the still finer saloon, where work, reading, cards, music, and dancing went on without effort, and where a lively conversation, full of wit, full of good-nature, and full of information, accompanying manners studiously polite and often high-bred, made these sociable *réunions* really enjoyable. The company from the other houses frequently joined us, and we returned the compliment, when, although we had only amateur music, the younger members of our society managed to play the double parts of band and dancers, till the elders began to wish for their pillows, as no late hours overnight ever prevented the early walk to the pump-room. Whether it were the waters in which my invalid son bathed daily, and drank of plentifully, or the fine air, or the gay spirits round us, or altogether, I know not, but never did any one so rapidly gain strength as did my boy up in this beautiful wilderness. We were almost always out, on foot or pony back, wandering in all directions among the mountains—sometimes along roads leading to well-known places, sometimes sauntering in the well-kept walks nearer at hand, sometimes led on by a mere bridle-path to some hidden hamlet, stumbling upon some fantastic rock or some enchanting waterfall, or some deep narrow glen running up into the gloomy forest, from whence issued the smoke of the charcoal burner and the sound of the woodman's axe. The picturesque appearance of the small villages, or the still more interesting lonely cabin, either perched on some height, or half-concealed by the woods of the valley, at a distance, added considerably to the peculiar beauty of the ever-varying scenery. Close at hand, they are rather squalid-looking dwellings, small, low, and rudely finished, and very untidy about the doors, exhibiting no luxury, but containing the few humble comforts required by so hardy a people. There appeared to be a sufficiency of food and fuel among them; good bedding was invariable, and good stout clothing. The capuchin, or hood, which is generally worn here by all during rainy weather, is a singular addition to the head-gear: it is nothing but a bag open on one side, pulled on over the cap or handkerchief quite low down upon the shoulders, the corner left sticking up as a top; but being generally of a bright colour on the women—scarlet trimmed with black, or gray trimmed with scarlet—the effect is gay as well as odd. The men seldom afforded themselves any stuff better-looking than sacking—the same dingy hue at least—without any ornamental edging, though the material was woollen. When not required as a *parapluie*, the capuchin is folded flat, and stuffed into the belt of the blouse, or apron, unless it can be used as a cushion beneath the weighty burdens always borne on the head in these mountains, and by the women mostly, who seemed indeed to do all the drudgery, the men employing themselves as herds or shepherds, in the quarries, or in the forest, where their habits of labour were beyond my observation. I can only answer for the industry of the hard-worked women, none of whom ever seemed to lose a moment: when not in the fields, their knitting was ever in their hands—they would trot merrily along, a fagot on their back, or a pail or a basket on their head, knitting all the while faster than my eye could follow the needles. The dress of both sexes was well suited to the rough weather of the mountains, but it was extremely ugly: dark gowns, dark aprons, and dark handkerchiefs on the women; dark caps, dark blouses, and dark trousers on the men; and no linen to be seen on either.

My love of wild flowers carried me often on foot distances I should hardly have ventured on had I set out with the intention of reaching them. Often, too, this taste set me scrambling up and down to positions a little awkward for an elderly gentlewoman, who, the excitement of advance over, found the retreat in cold blood sometimes difficult. These adventures, however, formed a very amusing foundation for our evening gossip, and also led to a more intimate acquaintance with a young person in whom I became extremely interested—a young English lady, of great skill as a botanical artist. She arranged all my beautiful bouquets scientifically in her dried collection, copying them first, by painting them on card-paper, as I have seldom seen nature rivalled. The colours she employed she procured in Pau, in little round flat cakes, mixed up, not with gum, but honey. Their brilliancy and softness are much beyond anything we are at home accustomed to. I should think the result of our united labours must form a rare collection: many of the larger flowers were superb, and I hardly think my researches omitted one of any size or species, so that the Flora of this part of the Pyrenees was perfectly represented. The best part of the employment was the improvement in the health of this very delicate young person during its progress. She and her donkey soon penetrated into many of my recesses of treasure; and though the rocks and water-courses remained beyond her reach during our stay at the Eaux Bonnes, she had explored them all before we met again at Cauterêtz.

One of our favourite long walks was to the Eaux Chaudes [Hot Springs], to which there was a short

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footpath across the hills, rude in many places, and not altogether free from danger in descending to, or crossing, the torrents. The ordinary approach to these hot springs by the carriage-road made a considerable round; for when we drove there, we had to return to the wide plain full of villages, and after recrossing the bridge to meet the Pau road, we followed it on straight up the steepest hill anybody almost could ever have had to ascend in a carriage. Near the top, the rock has been tunnelled through to admit of a passage, the overhanging summit rendering any other mode of reaching the opposite side of the mountain impracticable. In this narrow, gloomy vault, where an icy blast always meets the traveller, stands a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, who is supposed to protect all wayfarers during the dangers of this journey, paying her for the same a few sous merely, the descent on the other side being fully as steep, though not quite so long, as the ascent. It is a zig-zag road, cut out of the rock, by the side of which a torrent dashes turbulently down in the chasm it has worn on the face of the precipice. The scene is so wild, and made me so nervous the first time I travelled it, that I felt quite relieved on reaching the bottom, and turning round the wall of rock which had screened us from all other prospect, to find myself in another valley, where, nestled down in a quiet meadow, was a small hamlet, attached to what appeared to be a fine baronial castle.

This imposing edifice is placed on a rocky promontory, which rises from the bank of the river, and shows remarkably well amidst the steep surrounding mountains. It is the new bath-house, which has been for many years in the course of erection, and is to contain baths, pump-room, library, and shops below, and numerous apartments for the invalids above. But French workmen are proverbially slow—so slow, there is no saying when this spacious building will be ready for occupation—and in the meanwhile the few sick persons who now visit these waters must lodge in very indifferent quarters, and put up with the dreary but essentially comfortable accommodation of the old bath-house. This we entered from the road by an upper floor, and then descended a staircase to a long corridor connecting the two wings of the hotel, where we found established a cook-shop, a confectioner, a grocer, a wine-shop, all in a row, diligently served by tradesmen visitors, who come during the season to supply invalid visitors with these necessaries. It is not much the fashion to resort to the waters here: they have gone out of repute since Cauterêtz and Barèges became so celebrated: probably their fame may revive with their improved accommodation, for the scenery around, and on far into Spain, is wonderfully fine, and they are just in the way of the most interesting of the many excursions to the various mountain-tops to which tourists in general have such pleasure in ascending. My brother was foremost in all these enterprises. He never seemed to me to be satisfied while there was any height above him he had not reached. Every *pic* on the Pyrenees he had, I believe, the satisfaction of remembering he had set his foot on, though I never could make out that he saw anything from them surpassing the beauty which quite contented me in the valleys. We once or twice drove as far as Gabas, where stands a small Spanish customhouse on the frontier. The scenery on this excursion was superb. Mountain rose above mountain, rock towered over rock, assuming every sort of fantastic shape; often taking the resemblance of battlemented keeps, or the long flank walls of a time-stained fortress. And then we entered the forest, where the black pine, oak, and other hardwood trees, mingled with the lighter birch near the stream, combined to form a gloom that was delightful: through which, and a thick underwood of box, we peeped to catch at intervals small patches of verdure, brilliant with flowers. We crossed the river several times by means of good wooden bridges, and at these opportunities observed that sheep covered the lower hills; cattle, with a few mares and foals among them, grazed upon the strips of meadow; and sometimes a goat appeared gazing from some pinnacle. We saw no habitations after leaving the Eaux Chaudes a couple of miles behind; and it was not till I mentioned, in surprise, the absence of all visible owners of these flocks and herds, that I heard of the curious village, hidden from view high up among the fastnesses of nature's contriving, where dwell the singular people who boast so wide a pasturage. On through this wild ravine still stretched the well-engineered road, the increasing gloom of the forest adding to the interest with which we traversed its solitary length. Eagles soared above: cascades innumerable dashed down on every side. We were shown the paths by which, during the winter season, the hunters tracked the bear, and the rocks where the wild-cat and the wolf were sheltered. A lively trade in furs is carried on through the medium of the active mountaineers, who bring many varieties of this rich merchandise into the market, the martin-sable of the Pyrenees, in particular, being much sought after.

In summer, no such exciting employment is going on. The only evidences of man we met with were the newly-felled pines, which lay in large piles among the underwood, waiting to be barked by the woodmen, who carry on their trade in a rude style, marking the little progress in the arts yet made in these remote regions. An axe, and a small double hand-saw, by the aid of which two indolent workmen cut up a log into planks, was all the machinery they seemed to be acquainted with. The branches lopped off the trees were made into charcoal on the spot by a set of most hideous old women in dark dresses, who also gathered the bark. The general run of the timber was used for building and for firing in the district, but any very large tree is sent off to Bordeaux or Bayonne for the shipping.

Another of our long excursions was to Oleron, from whence we went to visit the Vallée d'Aspe. This indeed involved an absence of a few days, as the distance was considerable. We had to drive down the steep hill, and back to the plain with the villages, and then retrace our route along the valley to Louvie. We then left the Pau road, and struck off to the west, skirting the roots of the mountains, across a very fertile plain to Oleron, a large town, not remarkable for much but its situation upon two wide rivers, and the surrounding well-wooded and well-cultivated fields. Part of the country we were now travelling through was very park-like, very English, in many places very pretty, full of small châteaux and villages, which looked well at a distance, though they were disappointing to enter! On arriving at the lower part of the Vallée d'Aspe, we found that it resembled North Wales—a rich and peaceful scene, quite pastoral in its character—a rest to the imagination after the sublimer scenery of the Eaux Chaudes and the Eaux Bonnes. The low hills, of various forms, are cultivated nearly to the top; the fields are of many strange shapes, divided by wooding, and dotted all over with little clumps of trees, half concealing the cottages: a wide river flowed quietly through the meadows—all was repose for the first few miles of our journey. Bédous, where we stopped to feed the horses, is a sort of town in a large plain, perfectly uninteresting; and the inn so little agreeable, that as soon as we had shown our passports to the gensdarmes (for Bédous is another frontier station—Spain was very near us), we took our sandwiches in our hands, and walked to a waterfall at a little distance, considered to be among the finest in the district. We also crossed the river, and went along a rude mountain-road to the village of Osse; a collection of mean cottages set down on a bare hill-side—stones being the principal feature in its scenery. We had stones all round us; we walked over stones and by stones; and there were stone-walls for hedges, and no trees anywhere. About three hundred Huguenots are collected here in thirty or forty houses, who, thus isolated from their brethren of the Reformed faith, have maintained the integrity of their

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creed from the time of the Albigenses. Their perpetual intermarriages have resulted in lowering their capacities, mental and bodily, to a very unfortunate degree. Slow, lazy, stunted in every way, many of them deformed, they have vegetated in the miserable discomfort consequent on their increasing inertness till this present time, when a possibility of improvement has presented itself in the form of an intelligent young man, sent from the Evangelical Normal School at Paris, where he was educated, to take charge of the rising generation. He is paid by the society; supplied by it with books and other school requisites; and he teaches much after our own improved methods—by the help of monitors, tablets on the walls, the black-board, and pictures, which last he told me had had the effect of wakening up the minds of very dull pupils. One cannot but painfully regret the degree of ignorance which has tended to degrade this unfortunate community. At the time of our visit, the pastor was a superannuated old man, more occupied with the means of supporting his family than zealous in his clerical duties. His house was the best in the village, yet was but a poor one. His kitchen, in which he seemed to live, was no better finished than any small farmer's in the district; it was, however, well filled with simple stores, implements of husbandry, bright pots and pans, and all the evidences of woman's thrift. His daughter or granddaughter was at her wheel within the large chimney, dressed like the peasants of a humble class, as was the old minister, who must 'rest in peace' ere the schoolmaster's labours can be fully rewarded. A young and better-instructed priest would much assist in the regeneration of this desolate place: but he would need to be an enthusiast in his holy calling; none else could endure so cheerless a situation among a degraded people, despised by their neighbours, and with no means of living on a sterile mountain amid rocks, and stones, and misery, but the poor pittance paid by the French government to the dissenting clergy.

Close to Bédous there is a column in the centre of a field raised to the memory of a Bernais poet, much admired by all classes of his countrymen: his verses are in all mouths, but being in the patois tongue, we could not comprehend their peculiar beauty. There is a Roman inscription on a rock near the first bridge we crossed on entering the valley, announcing the advance so far of a cohort more than a thousand years ago. Traces of the Romans abound in these parts, their love of mineral waters having led them to most of the health-restoring springs of these mountains. We stopped at Sarrance, a very pretty village, to see its very pretty church, much resorted to all through the summer by sick pilgrims, who come to beg the prayers of 'Our Lady,' represented here by a small stone image, which tradition reports to have fallen from heaven in a miraculous manner. Another tradition has it, that the Romans dropped this image in the river as they crossed, and that the legion long lamented its 'Minerva.' The fine bracing air of this sunny spot may have something to do with the cures certainly effected under the shadow of the shrine of our 'Lady of Sarrance,' who, like many other excellent objects, must have that within which passes show, for she can boast of little outward beauty. She is rudely hewn in black marble, her features much defaced, and her stature of the smallest, being but a foot and a-half in height. She is very finely dressed, and is enclosed in a box, with one side of it glass, which turns upon a pivot, so that she can either look out from the top of her altar upon the faithful kneeling below, or turn to a select few in her private chamber, whither we ascended by half-a-dozen steep steps to have a nearer view of her. The attendant priest quitted the confessional hurriedly upon our entrance, pushing aside with little ceremony his humble penitents, to do the honours of the shrine to a party of strangers. As we drove on towards Oleron, and again on driving from it, the scenery around reminded me of Kent — fine old wood, heights and hollows, hedges, corn-fields, and a great many country-houses, and no water after leaving the two rivers at Oleron behind. It was all rich and lovely, but tame when compared with the wildness of the mountains towards which we returned, with the sort of joy that one feels on meeting old friends again; so surely do the more marked features of a rugged landscape impress the heart of a true lover of nature. The walks about the Eaux Bonnes were more attractive to us than ever; and in particular I took pleasure in wandering low down by the rocky banks of the stream, whose thunders we heard so plainly from our aërial dwelling, though we seldom saw much of it till we sought for its foaming waters among the trees which shrouded its course. This noisy torrent leaps, rather than flows, from one rock to another, forming a succession of rapids each more attractive than the last, till in some half-dozen places it meets with an obstruction of sufficient size to send it foaming down in what would be quite a cascade elsewhere.

The air, the pure water, the cleanliness, and the cheerfulness of this singular place, made us leave it with regret; but the proper time had been spent at these fountains, and we were ordered to Cauterêtz. There is a bridle-road across the mountains between the two places, which we at one time thought of taking, sending the calèche with the luggage round by the public road; but on further consideration, we abandoned this excursion, on account of a fancy I or my son had taken to return to Pau. The company of actors appointed to this district had arrived there, and I had got it into my head that I should like to see them. I had not been at a play for years—at a French play never—and as the Toulouse theatre had a fair reputation, I wished to take advantage of this visit from part of the troop, to form my own judgment of French comedy. We took rather a large party with us, many of our Eaux Bonnes friends agreeing to accompany us. On our arrival at Pau, we found it necessary to take a whole box for the somewhat numerous party. The theatre is small: it was well, though not brilliantly lighted, and there was little scenery, and only three or four actors, yet I never was more diverted. They gave us two vaudevilles of one act each; five actors appeared in one, only four in the other. They were perfectly well dressed; there were no clap-traps, no hints to the galleries, no allusions to the politics of the day, and very little story; but that little was so well told, the actors were so completely the people they represented, they were so fully occupied with their parts, apparently so unconscious of an audience, the dialogue was so spirited, so well given, that we were carried away in earnest by the illusion. One young actress would have been quite a 'star' in England from her comic powers: she had a fine clear soprano voice too. Besides these little comedies, a young Spaniard played very brilliantly on the pianoforte between the pieces; music that was very agreeable to listen to, from the beauty of the several airs he introduced into his composition, and the style and the touch he was master of. There was also some very good dancing by three members of the *corps du ballet* at Madrid, who were making a little money on their return to Spain from Paris, where they had just concluded an engagement. They were handsome young people, very graceful, and very agile, and particularly happy in their costumes, which were varied to suit their dances. When they danced the 'fandango,' the girl wore a dress of white satin, flounced and trimmed with broad black lace, the effect of which was really elegant, though in description reminding us a little of the magpie. I daresay these active Spaniards were capable of performing all those astonishing whirls, and twirls, and flights, and contortions, so much in fashion at our own Opera; but they had the better taste to confine themselves to national dances of a lively character, during the evolutions of which they merely attudinised a little more than unprofessional exhibitors would have considered seemly. Altogether, we passed a most agreeable evening; and

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we all agreed, that if the Toulouse company rank only third amongst the provincial actors, numbers two and one must be well worth taking a longer journey than our twenty miles to see.

CURIOSITIES OF METEOROLOGY.

METEOROLOGY, or the science of the phenomena of the atmosphere, can scarcely be said to have been known at all before the latter part of the last century, since it was not till then that the atmosphere wholly ceased, in the imaginations even of the learned, to be a simple body, and was divided into its constituent fluids. The proportions in which are intermixed the two gases oxygen and nitrogen, forming the air we breathe, are the first curiosity we meet on entering the subject, and fill us with surprise and admiration. Two volumes of the former fluid, and half a volume of the latter, compose the atmosphere, fitted for the respiration both of the animal and vegetable world: but if differently combined, even in a slight degree, what would be the result? If instead of half a volume of oxygen there were a whole volume, all mankind would die in convulsions of intoxication, for the production would be nitrous oxide or *laughing gas*. If the volumes were equal, then we should have the poisonous acid called nitric oxide; and if two of nitrogen and five of oxygen, instead of the wholesome fluid surrounding our globe, there would be a sea of aquafortis! In short, the *only* combination of the two gases fitted for the support of animal and vegetable life is precisely the one that exists.

In a former paper, we mentioned the curious effect of elevation upon the temperature of boiling water; and in a work which will supply us with abundant materials for the present article—and which we wish strongly to recommend to our readers*—there is an anecdote on the subject taken from a traveller on the Andes. 'Our potatoes,' says Mr Darwin, 'after remaining for some hours in the boiling water, were nearly as hard as ever. The pot was left on the fire all night, and next morning it was boiled again; but yet the potatoes were not cooked. I found out this by overhearing my two companions discussing the cause; they had come to the simple conclusion that the potatoes were bewitched, or that the pot, which was a new one, did not choose to boil them.' This phenomenon depends upon the weight or density of the atmosphere, which becomes less as we ascend. The weight of the whole mass of air surrounding the globe is computed to be equivalent to that of a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter; or, according to other writers, if expressed in tons, it would give 5114 *billions*.

The temperature of the currents of air that sweep across the ocean, and diminish the region of cold on the land, is another curious subject. The explanation usually given is, that these winds chill the particles of water on the surface of the deep, which immediately descend, and have their places supplied by others, warmer, and of less specific gravity; and that this goes on till the temperature of the wind itself is increased.

Of the various phenomena of the atmosphere, that of twilight is one of the most beautiful. 'Although it is the western horizon,' says Dr Thomson, 'which glows most lovingly, still, immediately opposite the setting sun, especially under certain atmospheric conditions, the eastern sky partakes of the roseate hues. The intensity of this tinge is greatest at the moment when his disk sinks below the horizon. It is the last effort of the sun to dart his rays upon the sky before leaving us for the night, which reach us by reflection, deprived of all their colours but the red. Below this a deep-blue or dusky-looking segment appears, and when circumstances are favourable, it is well defined. This is the *anti-twilight* of Mairan: it is the shadow of our globe cast upon the sky.' Our author notices the singular brightness witnessed at midnight in some European countries in 1831. This second twilight (if such it was) was so light, that small print could be read; and during the months it appeared—August and September—the barometer fell, storms swept the earth, and the sun was of a silvery whiteness. At the north pole, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, there is a period of continual twilight, then of continual night, and then of twilight again, till the sun asserts his place in the sky, and reigns supreme. Continual daylight! What a splendid idea! Captain Beechey and his comrades were at first reluctant to quit the deck; and when they did so, it was so wonderful—when they came again to keep their *night*-watch—to find the sun still gilding the firmament! But this soon became irksome; and the mariners, taking a lesson from the instinct of the birds around them, went to their roost at a regular hour.

Clouds are not essential, as they are commonly supposed to be, to the phenomenon of rain. Sometimes the rain may be wafted on the wind from a distance; but it likewise may arise from the condensation of moisture, 'without its passing into the intermediate state of clouds. In the higher regions this vapour may become frozen, even without the semblance of a cloud, and descending to a warmer stratum, be again dissolved, dissipated, or precipitated.' Sir J. C. Ross tells us that in the South Atlantic it rained for above an hour when the sky was free from clouds. In the Mauritius this is not a rare phenomenon; but in Europe, the greatest time of its duration was ten minutes at Constantinople. In old writers we are frequently told of the sky 'raining blood;' and in fact a red rain, as well as a red snow, is perfectly well authenticated. There occurred a fall near Bristol consisting of the seeds of ivy-berries. Pollen showers, vulgarly called yellow or sulphur rains, are common: some are the pollen of the Scotch fir: and one extraordinary fall of this kind of rain, which took place during the night, was phosphorescent, and greatly alarmed the beholders. 'On the afternoon of the 11th of June 1847, the wooded part of Morayshire appeared to smoke, and for a time fears were entertained that the fir plantations were on fire. A smart breeze suddenly got up from the north, and above the woods there appeared to rise about fifty columns of something resembling smoke, which wreathed about like water-spouts. The atmosphere now calmed, and the mystery was solved; for what seemed smoke, was in reality the pollen of the woods.' Showers of 'manna' are frequent, and consist of an esculent lichen, which in time of famine has often done good service. In 1670, the lakes and ditches at the Hague looked like blood; an appearance which was discovered by the microscope to be owing to myriads of small red animals. In 1815, a lake in the south of France suddenly became a patchwork of red, violet, and grass-green, and was referred to similar natural causes by the experiments of Klaproth. In short, the preternatural rains of the olden time are ascertained by science to have received their colour from plants, animalcules, or mineral substances.

The phenomenon of a celebrated *black* rain has not been explained. 'Upon the 23d November 1819 a very remarkable black rain fell at Montreal, accompanied by appalling thunder. It was preceded by dark and gloomy weather, experienced over the United States: at times the aspect of the sky was grand and terrific. "In Montreal the darkness was very great, particularly on a Sunday morning; the whole atmosphere appeared as if covered with a thick haze of a dingy orange colour, during which rain fell of a thick and dark inky appearance, and apparently impregnated with some black substance resembling soot. At this period many conjectures were afloat, among which, that a volcano had broken out in some distant quarter. The weather after this became pleasant, until the Tuesday following, when, at twelve o'clock, a heavy damp vapour enveloped the whole city, when it became necessary to light candles in all the houses; the stalls of the butchers were also lighted. The appearance was awful, and grand in the

* Introduction to Meteorology. By David Purdie Thomson, M.D., Grad. Univ. Edin., Licent. Roy. Coll. of Surgeons, Edin. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1849.

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extreme. A little before three o'clock a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, accompanied with a noise resembling the distant discharge of artillery. It was now that the increasing gloom engrossed universal attention. At twenty minutes past three, when the darkness seemed to have reached its greatest depth, the whole city was instantaneously illuminated by the most vivid flash of lightning ever witnessed in Montreal, immediately followed by a peal of thunder, so loud and near, as to shake the strongest buildings to their foundation, which was followed by other peals, and accompanied by a heavy shower of rain of the colour above described. After 4 P. M. the heavens began to assume a brighter appearance, and fear gradually subsided."'

Showers of sand and earth have been numerous; but showers of flesh, fish, frogs, &c. are worth noticing. The flesh 'was recognised as a distinct substance by Scheuchzer about the beginning of last century, and in 1747 its true animal nature was shown by Lemonnier. Since then, its properties have been investigated by Vauquelin and others. It bears a greater resemblance to mucus than to gelatine or tannin; but it does not exactly agree with any one of these: it is unctuous, grayish-white, and when cold, inodorous and tasteless: it is soluble in hot water, and then resembles thin beef-tea.' This substance has skin attached, and resembles human flesh! In South America, in 1698, an area of country forty-three miles square was strewed with fish; and in England, at a considerable distance from the sea, a pasture-field was found scattered over with about a bushel of small fish. A shower of herrings fell in 1825 in Kinross-shire; but instances of the same kind are numerous both in this country and elsewhere. At Ham, in France, M. Peltier, after a heavy rain had fallen, saw the square before him covered with toads. 'Astonished at this, I stretched out my hand, which was struck by many of these animals as they fell. The yard of the house was also full of them. I saw them fall on the roof of a house, and rebound from thence on the pavement. They all went off by the channels which the rain formed, and were carried out of the town.'

Blood spots have produced greater terror than even red rain. 'A widow chancing to be alone before her house in the village of Castelenschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her! She rushed in alarm into the cottage; but, oh horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones—it falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf—and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder! The villagers and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the noise; they succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains: but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond—blood flowing from the loft—blood covering all the walls of the house. Blood—blood—everywhere blood!' These spots were merely mould; the remarkable, almost instantaneous growth of fungi in a humid atmosphere.

In Scripture we read of hailstones being miraculously showered down upon the Canaanites, and of the 'thunderings and hail' which struck the Egyptians with terror. In other countries there have been natural showers of the same kind. In England, in 1202, hailstones fell as large as eggs; at the end of the seventeenth century some were found measuring from eight to fourteen inches in circumference; and in Scotland, in 1269, 'there rose "great winds, with storms of such *unmeasurable* hailstones, that manie townes were thrown down" by their violence, and fires spread throughout the kingdom, "burning up steeples with such force of fire, that the belles were in diverse places melted."' In the Orkney Islands, in 1818, hailstones were gathered as large as a goose egg; and in 1822, men and animals were killed by them on the banks of the Rhine. 'The most extraordinary hailstone on record is said by Heyne to have descended near Seringapatam towards the close of Tippoo Sultan's reign: it was as large as an elephant!'

The icebergs are immense glaciers which have tumbled from the mountains into the ocean. 'Frost,' says Pennant, 'sports with these icebergs, and gives them majestic as well as singular forms. Masses have been seen assuming the shape of a Gothic church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich drapery of that style, composed of what an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to relate, of crystals of the richest sapphirine blue; tables with one or more feet; and often flat-roofed temples, like those of Luxor on the Nile, supported by transparent columns of cerulean hue, float by the spectator.' Icebergs have been seen in the form of church spires 300 feet high. Some have an area of six square miles, and are 600 feet high.

We now come to a different, and perhaps a more interesting class of phenomena. The glory surrounding the shadow of the observer in certain conditions of the atmosphere has frequently attracted attention. 'During the intense frost of January 1820, this beautiful meteor was seen at Perth, upon the fog which arose from evaporation from the ice upon the Tay. Looking from the bridge, the spectator beheld his shadow on the vapour, of gigantic size, surrounded by a halo, and throwing off prismatic radiations.' An analogous appearance was sometimes witnessed by Mr Green, the aëronaut, when about two miles above the earth. It was the shadow of his balloon thrown upon the upper surface of a cloud, and always surrounded by a triple iris. The parhelion, or mock-sun, is a more magnificent meteor, but it has been frequently described. The mirage is usually caused by 'the irregular refraction of light passing through strata of air of unequal density.' 'Dr Vince, when at Ramsgate, saw the *whole* of Dover Castle, as if upon the Ramsgate side of a hill which obscures the castle, excepting the turrets, from that town. Between Ramsgate and the land from which the hill rises, almost six miles of sea intervene, and about the same distance thence to the castle, which stands upon a cliff about 320 feet above the sea. During the continuance of this beautiful mirage, the castle was so vividly depicted, that the hill did not itself appear through the image.' On the beach at Hastings, the coast of France, from Calais to Dieppe, became distinctly visible; and the fishing-boats were seen with a glass lying at anchor. When human figures in motion, such as soldiers, are seen in this spectral manner, the picture becomes very exciting, and may account for some appearances described in history—such as the phantom-fight of Artaveld—and set down as preternatural. A phenomenon of this kind was seen on the Mendip Hills. 'It represented a large body of troops moving onwards with drawn swords; their position and space were often changed; and so distinctly were they visible, that the very trappings of the horses, and the several accoutrements of the soldiers, could be distinguished: the phenomenon lasted above an hour. It was afterwards ascertained that a body of yeomanry were practising about fifteen miles off.' The following is still more interesting, and is susceptible of a similar explanation. 'On a summer evening in the year 1743, when Daniel Stricket, a servant to John Wren of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the door along with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so extremely steep, that a horse could scarcely travel upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. On the following morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation of finding the man dead, and of picking up some of the horses' shoes, which they thought must have been cast, while galloping at such a furious rate. Their expectations, however, were disappointed.' In the following

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year, the same Daniel Stricket was walking about seven o'clock in the evening, a little above the house, when 'he saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souterfell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. . . . The equestrian figures seemed to come from the lowest parts of Souterfell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then advanced in regular troops along the side of the fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain, after describing a kind of curvilineal path. The pace at which the figures moved was a regular swift walk, and they continued to be seen for upwards of two hours; the approach of darkness alone preventing them from being visible. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front, and took up the same pace with the rest.'

The Fata Morgana, as seen from the Straits of Messina, is thus described by an Italian writer:—'On the 15th August 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a most wonderful and delectable spectacle. The sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; whilst the waters on the Calabrian shore grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the ridge. On this was depicted in *chiaro-scuro*, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into grades like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed upon the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly afterwards lost in colonnades, then ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the *fata morgana*, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable.' The Enchanted Coast of the polar regions is another beautiful effect of refraction, and presents, according to Scoresby, the appearance of an ancient city with its ruined towers and monuments.

The Spectre of the Brocken is the shadow of the spectator himself cast upon clouds and mists. This is seen of gigantic size from the summit of the Hartz Mountains; but the following adventure of a traveller on our own Skiddaw is equally interesting:—'One of the party was a short distance in advance, when a ray of sunshine darted through the mist, and he saw a figure walking ten or fifteen yards distant from his side. Taking it for granted that this was one of his companions, whom he had supposed at some distance, he vented some expressions of disappointment; and receiving no answer, repeated, and repeated it again. Still there was no answer, though the figure kept steadily advancing with even steps. At last he stopped, half angry, and turned quite round to look at his silent companion, who did the same, but receded as he approached; and it became evident that the figure, apparently dimly seen through the mist, was his own shadow reflected on it. It was then surrounded by a bright halo, and as the light became stronger, grew less and less distinct. The rest of the party came up in time to witness this remarkable appearance, with some modification. On reaching the ridge of the mountain, our figures, of supra-human size, appeared to be projected on the mist in the direction of the Solway.'

St Elmo's Fire is a luminous meteor which appears resting upon the tops of the masts of a ship at sea, or sometimes upon the points of spears on land. Lord Napier describes it as 'a blaze of pale phosphorescent light flitting and creeping round the surface of the mast;' and this, in an intensely dark night, and accompanied by thunder and lightning, must have formed a very impressive spectacle. The fireball, though probably electrical, has never been properly accounted for. The most remarkable one on record 'occurred on the 18th August 1783, about 9 P. M., and was visible over a wide extent of Europe, from the north of Ireland to Rome, frequently changing its form and hue. It crossed the zenith at Edinburgh, and then appeared round and well-defined, of a greenish colour, casting a shade upon the ground of a similar tint: a tail of considerable length attended it. Its aspect was much changed when seen at Greenwich, for it then looked like two bright balls, the diameter of which was about two feet, followed by others connected together by a luminous body, and finally terminating in a blaze tapering to a point: the colours of the balls were different. This was a phenomenon awfully grand! The height of the ball was estimated to be far above that usually assigned to our atmosphere; its speed was not less than 1000 miles a minute, and its diameter was computed at 2800 yards.' The fireball sometimes heralds the appearance of falling stars, a phenomenon equally mysterious: on one occasion at least a thousand of the latter fell before dawn.

The Ignis-Fatuus is supposed by some to be of electrical origin, while others suppose it to be phosphuretted hydrogen evolved in the process of decomposition. 'The suggestion of this gas,' says Dr Thomson, 'as an explanation of the meteor, recalls the chimera of sepulchral lamps perpetually burning. The sober matter-of-fact man may join the sceptic in rejecting the fable, though told by Licetus, of the unextinguishable lamp in the tomb of Pallas, the hero of the Mantuan bard, discovered about the year 800, after being shut up nearly 2000 years. Are we to accept the account of the burning lamp of Olybius, encased in its double urn; or that of Tulliola, which was said to be found burning, when, in the time of Pope Paul III., fifteen centuries after Cicero had bewailed the loss of his daughter—her sepulchre was accidentally opened? But what shall be said of Camden in the seventeenth century, or of the alleged discovery in Spain in the present era? This antiquarian and historian tells us that the vault in York, where the remains of Constantius Chlorus reposed, was violated when the monasteries were ransacked, and the sepulchral lamp was found burning, but it immediately expired! So at Bacna in Spain, near the Castellum Priscum, between Granada and Cordova, so late as August 1833, another ignited sepulchral lamp was discovered. Like the former, the flame instantly expired, and the vessel was broken from its fastenings on attempting its removal.'

We must now conclude, but for no other reason than that we have come to the end of our space. Dr Thomson's book is full of sound and entertaining instruction. Evincing extensive reading and judicious arrangement, it will be found an admirable 'Introduction' to the science of which it treats—a science consisting as yet more of detailed observations than of established principles, of description rather than of explanation. Less technical than the treatises of Daniel and Kämtz, our author's work will be especially useful to general readers, carrying them pleasantly over what is known, and referring with scrupulous fidelity to the sources from whence he has drawn his materials, or in which attempts have been made to explain the phenomena described.

CAPTAIN POSITIVE.

A FRENCH veteran with one arm was seated before the door of his neat cottage one pleasant evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads, who with one voice intreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:—

'In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no; when *we* fought, it was for the honour of France, and against her foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 6th of November 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept at a respectful distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians put together. For the last few days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should be certain of finding food,

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fire, brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

'We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain: he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"*Morbleu!* captain," said I, bending over him, "you can't lie there."

"You see that I *can*, because I *do*," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus;" and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me, and tried to walk; but in vain: he fell once more, dragging me with him.

"Jobin," said he, "'tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go:—at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my—my mother. Go to see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all."

"Is that all, captain?"

"I said so. Good-by, and make haste."

'Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

"No, captain," cried I, "I wont leave you: either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you."

"I forbid your staying."

"Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"If I escape, I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now, you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow!"

"Very likely, captain; but you must come with me."

'He bit his lips with anger, but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burthen I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, and could perceive nothing but the white silent plain around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping towards me, their lances in rest, and shouting their fiendish war-cry.

'The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his hoof on my left arm and crushed it in pieces. Boys, I did not say a word; I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks dispersed.

'When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured, would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

'Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low-sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse—stepped towards me, saying, "What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth, sire," said one of his followers. "I saw him marching behind the column carrying this officer on his back."

'The Emperor—for, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said, "'Tis well. You have done very well." Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-nurtured beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, "cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition-wagons. Adieu!" And waving his hand towards me, he passed on.'

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

'But tell us about the cross, and what became of Captain Positive,' cried several impatient voices.

'The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys: I wear *that* in my button-hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!' And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended round his neck.

LEAF-GOLD AND PAPER-SHAVINGS.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the London bookbinding trade in the nineteenth century, when we state that the *weekly* consumption of leaf-gold, enriching the exterior of books, amounts to about 3,600,000 square inches; and that the weight of paper-shavings sold annually by the London binders, cut off the edges of books, amounts to 350 tons!—*Illustrated Historic Times.*

The present number of the Journal completes the eleventh volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF ELEVENTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.

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NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XII.

Nos. 288 to 313. JULY—DECEMBER, 1849.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1850.

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EDINBURGH:
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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 288. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849. Price 1½d.

WORTH OF THE PRESENT.

In the record of his Journey to the Western Isles, Samuel Johnson, among other reflections made on landing at Iona, gives us the following characteristic sentence:—'Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' In various shapes, and under different turns of phraseology, we may meet with a similar cast of thought in almost all the professedly-reflective writings of the eighteenth century. There is a constant proneness to undervalue the passing day, and to consider time as interesting and significant only in its past and future relations. Such a tendency is doubtless inherent in human nature, and has an appropriate function to fulfil in the general economy of things. In the contemplation of the past resides one of the purest and most affecting kinds of poetry, while the looking forward to the future is connected with aspirations in which there is much to purify and refine. It is, however, more than questionable if the present should be held as so devoid of these ennobling characteristics as to require to be degraded below either past or future time.

If Johnson's aphorism were true, the fond musings of the poet over the romantic barbarisms of early ages, the prepossessions of foolish politicians in favour of what they call the wisdom of our ancestors, the dreams of the castle-builder, and the arguments of the procrastinator, would all be supreme rationality. All efforts to give a just economy to the passing hour, and to secure the means of ministering to our daily enjoyments and necessities, would want the respectability which common sense attaches to them. Seen in this light, we readily detect the fallacy of the saying—that is to say, its over-statement of the truth. It were well to ascertain, if possible, how Johnson, who was not a man to write anything which he did not believe to be true, should have been led into uttering so flimsy a sophism. No error, it has been said, can be properly refuted, unless we place ourselves in the position of the erring party, and from thence perceive how, and under what conditions, his mistake originated. Now Johnson, though a man of commanding intellect, and in other respects sufficiently capable of thinking soundly, was nevertheless, like every other writer, necessarily and unconsciously influenced by the temper of the times in which he lived, and accordingly his views naturally partook of the current tendencies of thought. The age he lived in was remarkable for nothing more than for its want of faith in man. It did not recognise nobleness as an inherent quality of the soul, which, with every opportunity for action, might reveal itself in beneficent facts or exalted efforts, conformably to the general laws of life, and thus announce the relations of human purpose with the universal aims of principles; but it sought to deduce its conceptions of duty from the casual and accidental phases of external prosperity, and reckoned only that virtuous which could exhibit the signs of a material success. Thus men were temporarily deprived of those everlasting sanctions which once made heroism and a severe virtue possible, and surrounded life with awful and beautiful obligations. With this degradation of the scope and ends of existence, all existence assumed an aspect of meanness and triviality, and to the eyes of a wise man naturally looked contemptible. Life, as men lived, had only a paltry and ephemeral significance, and afforded no possibilities of activity answerable to the aspirations of the gifted and earnest minds which in all ages appear among mankind. Only in 'the past, the distant, and the future,' could these contemplate the realisation of their soul's exalted dream. It *had* been realised in the olden primitive days, when men felt themselves related by an unspeakable mystic wonder with invisible realities; it *would* be realised again, when men should have learned science in love, and, through new stages of inquiry, recovered the simplicity of spirit which a presumptuous scepticism had obliterated: but it was not capable of being realised *here* and *now*, because of the inevitable baseness of the present time, and of the littleness of the pursuits of existing men. Hence the past and the future would be invested with a sacredness which the present did not reveal, and the dignity of human nature would seem standing in abeyance. To a stern reflective moralist, looking with a profound pity on the low and trivial concerns wherein men for the most part seemed engaged, and finding in his own heart some prophecy of better things, it might naturally enough seem wise to escape, if possible, from the bondage of prevailing customs, and to assert the freer dignity of man by a habitual commemoration of his nobler achievements in former times, or in contemplations of the unborn grandeur of his fate, which the future might be expected to make manifest. Thus the intrinsic purport of Johnson's saying might perhaps, to his own mind, be even this:—Let not life be consumed and wasted utterly in such poor enjoyments as the passing day affords you, but know that man's powers and responsibilities are linked with the infinity of things—that of old men made their lives sublime, and that the promise of futurity is nothing less than a continual advancement. Ponder well the record of the heroic energies which worked so successfully in the past, and admire this boundless realm of possibility which stretches yet before you onwards to the utmost boundaries of time; and the capacities and desires of your souls shall be thereby quickened and expanded, and you shall be elevated in the rank of 'thinking beings.'

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Whether Johnson was aware of this enlarged meaning of his words, or had no apprehension that they could be so interpreted, is of little moment to the purpose now in hand. It is enough that this, or something like it, was probably the latent sense which he struggled to express. So considered, the words convey a measure of obvious, though not very striking truth; which, however, being once perceived and admitted, we can the more readily understand the actual deficiencies of the writer's insight. It is a clear case of limitation. It is true enough, as he apparently wished to say, that when men are immersed in purely frivolous pursuits, their minds may be enlightened and entertained by the act of bringing imaginatively before them the high accomplishments of earlier and better eras, or by prefiguring to themselves the ulterior developments of an advanced system of society; but it shows a very imperfect appreciation of the capabilities and needs of man to eject the present from our thoughts by a too habitual and exclusive veneration for the past and future, since over the first of these we can have no possible control, and can influence the other only by what we now actually perform.

A juster view of life would lead us to recognise the present as the sole possession of time with which we are practically and specially concerned. 'Work while it is called to-day' is one of the wisest of all possible injunctions. The past ought doubtless to be contemplated for the significant experiences it will yield us: the historical glories and catastrophes of the olden time, with whatsoever interest and warning they may have, need to be effectually studied by the living, inasmuch as they afford instructions for their own life-voyage of discovery. The future, too, which for ever looms brilliantly, if often delusively, before us, has a perennial and inevitable charm for the imagination; and, as a land of perpetual promise, is linked intimately with our sympathies and hopes. The past and future have a historical and prophetic connection with the present, and therefore can never be severed from the regards and considerations of men. But the present alone is the available field and workshop of our actual performances. The hour that now is, is the element wherein we are ordained to live, and out of it we have to unfold the possibilities of our destination. It is the point which visibly connects us with the boundless contingencies of universal being. We build our fate out of the rough materials which every day hurls confusedly around us. From a rude unshapen mass of capability, it is our appointed task to rear the temple of a manful and worthy life. Time, thoughtfully considered, is as earnest and awful as eternity. It is indeed eternity in the vesture of an hour—a visible revelation of the infinite continuity, disclosed to us under finite limitations; a divergent ray of duration, under an aspect of mortal circumstance. Not lightly should a man esteem this fleeting phenomenon called to-day. Under the lowest consideration, it is the outcome of all preceding generations; and with its chequered sunshine and gloom it is ours even now to work in with faithfulness and courage. Gird well thy heart with integrity and strong endeavour, and put the stamp of an everlasting emphasis upon whatsoever duty thou canst find to do; for every act and effort of a man is charged with an abiding force whose vitality is never quenched, but visibly or imperceptibly circulates for evermore.

It is only by a constant faith in the sacredness of the present that life can be effectually ennobled. Let us understand the pre-eminent worth of the living time, and learn to solemnise our lives by large and universal aims, that shall embody the sublime suggestions which the future prefigures to our belief, in noble and commanding deeds and institutions, such as may be left, without apology or regret, to take their place hereafter among the memorials of the past. If men would take life earnestly, it would never appear mean. Could they sincerely believe themselves accountable to the universe for the fit employment of their powers, and that the whole creation is wronged by any baseness or craven fear, and that it is blessed and benefited to the like extent by every stroke of rectitude, by every breath of love, they would deem their activity of some account, and regard the transient common moments as consecrated time. He who cannot, with a proud reliance on its sufficiency, accept the duty which the day brings to him, and throw some grace of truthfulness over the meanest occupation he may have, will never be qualified to perform successfully any greater or more honourable work. And never to any man shall time, under any of its remoter aspects, disclose its truly grand and complete significance, unless a sense of its present significance has been in him already consciously developed. Whoever would faithfully fulfil the measure of his destiny, let him dwell in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of every day. Here let him cherish lofty and noble thoughts, and dare to perform great and magnanimous actions. If this hour suffice him not for all the purposes of manly and earnest living, there is small likelihood that any other hour would suit him better. Postpone not thy life. Stand where thou art, and work manfully towards thy ends. So shall thy life be profitable to thee; so shall it be as a stream of welcome tendency, bearing thee bravely onwards to serener satisfactions—to quiet and sufficing joys.

PADDY THE TINKER.

A VERY few years since a poor family residing in the suburbs of Omagh in the county of Tyrone attracted much notice. The adventure which caused it found its way to the local journals; and the details as repeated, though varying in some points, agreed in the main circumstances of the story. A friend, who spent some time in the neighbourhood, favoured us with such particulars as he could gather, and which probably comprise the true version of the affair.

The Callaghans—who are a large family—live in a cabin by the wayside at some distance from the town. People wondered how so many found room within its narrow walls; but they not only found room, but content and cheerfulness. And those who passed the door often heard the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter, chiming in with the clatter of tins and the tinker's hammer: for it was the tinkering trade which gave support and occupation to those within. Those who were too young to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, could at least wipe the dust from the pots and pans, and make them look bright and clean. The donkey, who drew these precious articles to distant parts of the neighbourhood and to country fairs, was an object of respect and love to the whole family. His lodgings were in the far corner of the cabin—which was portioned off by a ledge of wood—where he was duly cared for by the elders of the family, and fondly caressed by the youngsters. As he passed along on the winding road of a fine sunny morning, the glittering of the tins might be seen as they flashed through the green hedges. Sometimes his master walked by the side of the little cart, encouraging the patient beast with familiar words. When a shawl for herself, a cap for Micky or Jack, or any article of dress for some member of the family, was to be got in exchange for a kettle or a saucepan, Mrs Callaghan took her husband's place: nor did she ever forget in her mercantile transactions to secure some tobacco for her goodman. Paddy, their first-born, and his mother's special darling, was sometimes deputed to attend the fairs; and Mrs Callaghan declared that he made larger sales and better bargains than she or his father could. It was no wonder that Paddy got customers; for he was, as all the neighbours allowed, '*a likely boy*, and had a pleasant word for every one; and so much fun, that he'd *make a cat laugh*.' Indeed frolic and laughter were always to be had in his company. Besides his convivial talents, Paddy had a decided genius for tinkering; and his copies of some of his father's

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chefs d'œuvres were so exact, that it was difficult to distinguish them from the originals. It was not to be supposed that a person so endowed, and of such social propensities, should not join in such amusements as offered. It must be confessed that he, like many other gifted men, left many of his works unfinished, so often was he tempted beyond the domestic circle. He was a guest at all the dances and the weddings in the neighbourhood; and there was not a girl of the party who did not wish to have Paddy for her partner; for if he was merry at other times, he was almost out of his wits with spirits when dancing a jig.

It was one morning after he had returned from one of those merry meetings that Paddy called his mother aside, and told her that he had offered himself to Nancy Maguire, and been accepted. It was in a thoughtless moment that poor Paddy had proffered his heart and hand; but it must be confessed that his thoughtless moments were neither few nor far between; seeing that they generally continued from the time he opened his eyes in the morning till he closed them at night. The news was anything but pleasant to his mother, particularly as she found that Paddy was to leave her, and set up for himself in Maguire's cabin; which was to be given up, rent free, to him and Nancy, by her father, who meant to settle a few miles farther on. Considering Paddy's great talents, and his high reputation for tinkering, Mrs Callaghan looked on the whole affair as a take-in on the part of the Maguires. She thought, too, that the girl might go gadding about; but, after all, that would have made her the fitter for a tinker's wife. Paddy only knew that she was pretty, and could dance a jig right well; and he hoped all the rest. He left his home with a sigh; for though it was but a mud cabin, he loved it dearly. His father resolved that he should have an equivalent for the cabin; so bestowed on him a supply of sheet-iron, and the necessary tools for working at his business. He was soon settled in his new abode with his pretty little wife, and it was not his fault if they were not always good-humoured and gay. Some folks, however, said that Nancy was better tempered at a wedding or a dance than she was at home; and others went so far as to say that she never gave Paddy an easy minute, but that *she was ever at him*. Nancy's friends told a different story; and said that if the girl thwarted and snubbed him, it was all out of good-nature, and for his good. Constant dropping, they say, wears the smoothest stone, and however it was, poor Paddy lost all his fine spirits; and his eyes, that used to be for ever dancing in his head, looked dull and heavy; and instead of the *hop, skip, and jump* which had distinguished his gait, he now moved listlessly on, as if it was all one to him where he went. It was said that he had on two or three occasions threatened to go away for good; but Nancy, let matters have been how they might, would have been sorry if he had parted in anger.

'What is come over our Paddy?' Mrs Callaghan said to his father. 'He's not the same boy he was—the half of him aint in it—and his cheeks, that were like the reddest roses I ever seen, have no more colour in them than the drivellin' snows; and no jokes and laughs any more. I'm afraid of my life that Nancy has a contrary temper; and he is one that never was come across since the day he was born—one that was used to have his own way in anything he'd take into his head, from the first moment that he could use his little fists, and came to his natural speech.'

'Maybe,' replied her husband, 'his sheet-iron is out; but that needn't trouble the boy, for I'll share what I have with him.'

One day, as Mrs Callaghan was sitting on the low stool by the fire, and the bellows with which she had been blowing it lying on her lap, Paddy walked in, and passed by the children, who were standing about the door, without speaking. He went over to the fire, and drew the other stool, and sat down by his mother. 'Mother,' said he, after a moment's silence, 'I'm come to bid yees all good-by; for I can't put up with Nancy's tongue no longer—it's beyond the beyonds: she's all out too cantankerous: the very heart's fairly scalded in me. So I think it better to go quiet and aisy at onst; and so I have listed with the party that's baitin' up for recruits; and I'm come to lave my blessin' with yees all, mother darlint'——

His poor mother burst into violent fits of crying; and Paddy's eyes, which had been full when he entered the room, overflowed, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks: the children all hung about him, and with sobs joined their intreaties to their mother's that he would not leave them. But Paddy could not go back of his engagement, and go he must. It was a sorrowful parting to them all. He never had been longer from home than for a few days, when he happened to go with a cargo of tins to a place too distant to admit of his return on the same day. On these occasions he was always missed, and his return eagerly watched for by the whole family: the children would be up and away at the first dawn of day to look for him from the point which commanded the most extensive view of the road. There would they remain, straining their eyes, till the donkey-car, with Paddy by its side, came in sight; then, with shouts, they would bound on to meet him. And now he was to go beyond the seas—perhaps to foreign parts, and might stay away for years upon years; and if he did come back, he might find the green grass growing over those who would have been the most delighted to give him the *Cead mille failta*. It was thus the poor mother thought; but all couldn't keep him. He shared his bounty with his parents; but the money looked hateful in the eyes of his mother. A few days, and he was away with the party with whom he had enlisted. None grieved more after him than his wife; for she blamed herself, and thought that he would not have left her if she had not been too cross. She feared to call on his people, for she felt that they were angry with her; and so left the neighbourhood without seeing them, and went to stay with her father. The cabin in which she and Paddy had lived was soon inhabited by other inmates. Paddy's mother fretted sorely after him—and she was for ever talking of him. She never wearied of telling of all the arch ways and *'cute* remarks of his boyish days. The neighbours heard the stories so often, that they had them by heart. Every one observed, from this time, what a favourite little Jack was with his mother; he was like what Paddy had been at his age, and he was always by her side.

Paddy liked a soldier's life at first, when it was new to him; but its monotony after a time tired him. He felt as if one sight of the green fields, and the little mountain rill at home, would do him good. The very cabin, humble as it was, seemed to his fancy, in the distance, a very paradise. Vague longings to return, it is said, at length formed themselves into regular plans; and in the third year of his service, we have heard, he did actually desert.

It would lead us into too great length were we to detail all that he suffered in his vain endeavours to reach home; all the harassing expedients to which he was driven to elude the police, who were on the look-out for deserters, and who, he had often reason to think, were on his track; the days of concealment, and the nights of watching; or, if slumber came, the troubled dreams, in which grim-visaged police and fiendish drum-majors were sure to present themselves in the most appalling attitudes. To escape from this wretched state he intreated the aid of an uncle, in whose house in Clogher he had sought refuge. His uncle applied to the Roman Catholic bishop, who, through the instrumentality of an officer very high in the army—to whom he had once rendered an essential service—effected all that was required, and Paddy was extricated from his perilous situation, on condition of his immediately returning to quarters. Arrived there, he must have thought himself very fortunate in being let off with a good scolding, and a few

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days' retirement in the black hole. To do him justice, after his probation he showed himself grateful for the lenity he had experienced; and by the strictest attention to his duty, proved how anxious he was to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his officers. After serving for another year, he got his discharge; and now he might go home with an easy conscience, and free from all anxiety. He took a kind farewell of the comrades whom he had before left with so little ceremony. His excitement and hurry to reach home were very great: he took passage in the first vessel which he found bound for Ireland. Unfortunately, she was not sea-worthy, and he narrowly escaped being wrecked. They found much difficulty in reaching the port; and poor Paddy was so worn out by his exertions in assisting at the pumps, that a little rest would have been necessary; but the moment he put his foot upon his native soil his heart got up, and slinging his worldly goods, which were tied up in a blue and white handkerchief, on his stick, which he rested on his shoulder in musket-fashion, he set out in double-quick time, singing and whistling snatches of merry songs for the first two or three miles, and thinking of the joy with which he would be greeted on his unexpected arrival, especially by his poor mother. But his limbs grew weary, and his hands and feet burned with heat; his head ached; and he was tormented with parching thirst. He put up on his way for the night at a little shebeen shop (so are the humble houses of entertainment designated); but he could partake of none of the good cheer spread before him; the smoking dish of potatoes, and the tempting rashers of bacon and fried eggs, utterly failing in provoking his appetite. The bed to which he retired was no resting-place to him, for he rose from it in the morning guiltless of a slumber. The people of the house saw that he was ill; but he said *the air would do him good.* So he paid his reckoning for the dinner which he had not tasted, and for the bed in which he had not slept, and pursued his way. He was indeed ill; and how he ever reached his uncle's house was wonderful.

The pleasure which his relations felt at seeing him come back his own master, was subdued when they saw how weak and ill he appeared. They, however, gave him a hearty welcome: he sat shivering and cowering over the fire, complaining of the cold, though his face was flushed, and his hand was burning. He lay upon the bed; but sleep would not come: the headache and thirst increased. His uncle and aunt whispered that it was *the sickness* which he had (the term always used to express fever). They imparted their fears to him in the morning; spoke of their dread of infection, and proposed his removal to the hospital of the workhouse. Paddy acquiesced in the propriety of the measure; and he was accordingly brought there, and instantly put to bed, which, from the crowded state of the establishment, was shared with another fever patient. The fever ran high, and bad symptoms came on. On the eighth day his case was pronounced to be hopeless; and at his earnest request a messenger was sent to tell his parents that he was in Clogher—ill, and in hospital. What would have been such joyful news to his family, who had no expectation of his coming back, was embittered by the account of his illness; but he was young, and had always been strong and healthy; so they hoped he would soon be well, and among them once more. It was resolved that his father and his favourite sister Peggy should go to see him, and bring him back on the donkey-car, if he could be removed with safety. The poor mother stayed at home, to take care of the cabin and of the children; she stayed at the door till the travellers were out of sight; she offered up an earnest prayer for Paddy's recovery, and safe return with his father and sister.

The way seemed long to them, who burned with impatience to see him. At length they arrived at the house of their relations: the accounts of poor Paddy were most disheartening; he was so much worse, that his death was every moment expected. His father and sister gained admittance to the ward: he was ill indeed; and they wept bitterly when they looked at him. His eyes were directed towards the door; and, after a moment, he hid his face in the bedclothes, exclaiming, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' His father and Peggy caressed him, and wept over him; but still he would interrupt their fond words with, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' These were the last words they heard him speak, as they left the ward at the hour prescribed for visitors to take their leave. They were at the door at daybreak the next morning, when they learned, what they most dreaded to hear, that poor Paddy had died at twelve o'clock the night before. From the nature of the complaint—which made every precaution for the prevention of the spread of infection necessary—but a few hours had been allowed to pass till the remains were consigned to a coffin. The grief of the father and the girl affected those who witnessed it; and the earnest request, that they might be allowed to take poor Paddy's remains home to his own burying-place, was complied with; and the coffin was placed in the donkey-car. Bitter were the tears which Callaghan shed as he adjusted it, and covered it with straw, that it might not shock the eyes of the poor woman at home, till the sad news was broken to her.

In the meantime she had cleaned up the cabin, and put everything in order. She made the bed as comfortable as she could for her darling, having fixed on the snuggest corner for his resting-place; 'for wake and weary my poor child will be,' she said, as she made all her little arrangements. She had made some purchases for the jubilee which she was determined to have to welcome him. The tea and sugar, and the bread and butter, were all ready on the shelf for a refreshing repast. The sound of every distant car, and the bark of every dog, brought her to the cabin door. At length, nearly at nightfall, she caught a glimpse of a car and persons walking by its side. She called to the children within to blow up the fire, and to make a good blaze. She soon ascertained that the travellers were her own people; but Paddy was not with them. She tried to comfort herself for the disappointment which she felt by saying, 'It was better not to bring the dear creature so far, till he gathers a little strength; and the night-air, sure enough, might give him *could.* But it wont be long till he comes to; for sickness never lay heavy upon him.' When they reached the door, she perceived by the face of her husband that something was amiss; and when she looked at Peggy, she saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She feared to ask what was the matter: but the sad tale was soon told; and the coffin was laid upon a table, and the poor mother knelt by it, wringing her hands, and calling Paddy by the fondest epithets; and telling the poor lifeless clay how she loved him; and asking why he had parted from her. Her husband tried to calm her; but the words of comfort which he spoke fell coldly on her ear, and did not reach her heart. Paddy, wild and thoughtless as he had been, had always been the joy of *that* heart. It was agony to think she was never to see *him* again who had been the very light of her eyes! She asked for any message he might have sent—for every word that he had spoken. They repeated his last words, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' They cut her to the very heart, and seemed as if they would for ever mar any hope of peace; for, while they spoke of his love, they told too plainly that he had felt her neglect. Oh how she accused herself for having let anything on earth detain her away from him at such a time! 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' seemed for ever to ring in her ears, and vibrate through her very heart—'Why didn't my mother come to see me?'

The remains were borne the next day to the quiet old churchyard about two miles off, and were followed by a great concourse of persons; for all the neighbours wished to pay the last mark of respect to

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one who had been born and bred among them, and who had been so well liked; and as they walked along, many were the anecdotes of his good-nature and pleasantry which were recounted. It was with difficulty that the friends, who had lingered behind the rest, could prevail on the poor mother to leave the grave, on which she had thrown herself in wild agony. A few days more, and she might be seen about her usual occupations. The poor cannot afford to indulge their grief; but still, as they go about their business, it lies heavy at their heart; and though they cannot sit apart for hours and days, and let their tears flow on without restraint, yet they find time in all their active hurry for passionate bursts of agony.

The poor mother might still often be seen wending her way with her cargo of tins to some neighbouring fair or market. Many an object that she had been wont to pass heedlessly by, told stories of other days that wrung her heart. As she passed the rich pasture-lands, and heard the tinkling of the sheep-bells, she remembered how often Paddy, who was ever at her side when a child, would make her stop, that he might dance to their merry chime. The very primroses, glinting out on the green banks, seemed too beautiful and sweet, now that Paddy, who loved to gather them when a boy, was gone. The little birds, chirping and hopping gaily among the green branches, seemed, as it were, too happy without him, who was wont to seek out their nests and attend the young brood. She would sometimes stop on her way and let the donkey feed by the road-side, while she sat near the hedge to think of Paddy; and she would clasp her hands, and utter vehement cries, and exclaim, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' Strangers who went along thought she was some poor demented creature, and passed on to the other side. The neighbours knew it was grief that ailed her, and pitied her the more because they thought that she was crazed. As she sat thus one day, she might have heard the step of one close by, if she had heeded anything. A trembling hand was laid upon her shoulder, and in a tone, low almost as a whisper, Nancy—Paddy's wife—said, 'Wont you turn round? Wont you give me one kiss?' She did turn round, but it was to give an angry look; for she blamed her for his having gone away. The poor girl said no more; but gathering the end of the mother's cloak in her hand, she kissed it passionately, and went on her way. After a moment, the unhappy woman thought she had been too harsh, and she called after her; but Nancy had hurried on, and was already far out of hearing: and this, too, weighed upon her heart; and so months passed on.

One evening when she had returned late from market she sat down to reckon her gains. She was weary after her long day's journey; but she did not neglect to see that the poor *dumb baste* was comfortable. He was in his own corner of the cabin, and the children were busy about him. The dusk of the evening had come on, and the blaze from the turf-fire was not strong, so the cabin was rather dark and gloomy. The latch of the door was raised, and those within thought it was by the goodman of the house, who was expected home about that hour; but it was a stranger who entered. He said nothing, but went over to the fire, drew a stool, and sat down; and having taken a pipe from his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and applied himself intently to smoke. Mrs Callaghan concluded that he meant to pass the night there, as it is very usual for wayfarers at nightfall to turn into the cabins by the wayside to seek a night's lodging. The required hospitality is seldom refused, except in cases where there is sickness within, or too many in the family to admit of room for another. The latter being the case in Callaghan's cabin, his wife told the unbidden guest that she would give him a night's lodging and welcome if there were room; but added, as she pointed to the group of children, that they were too many, and advised the traveller to push on to the next house, which was not far, and where there was plenty of room. As he made no reply, she concluded that he had not heard her, and repeated what she had said. After a dense whiff from his pipe, he merely said he was very well where he was, and did not mean to go farther, and then resumed his smoking with increased energy. The unwilling hostess felt a little alarmed, lest he should be one of those bad characters who sometimes intruded into houses with a design of robbing the inmates. She wished most anxiously for Callaghan's return, as she did not know how to act by a person who appeared determined to have his own way. The children looked frightened, and stood motionless, observing the intruder: little Mary, summoning up her courage, came from among them, and went to the obscure corner where he sat, that she might take an accurate survey of his features: when she got close to him, and looked up in his face, she called out, 'Mammy, it's our own Paddy!'

The poor woman rushed over, took one look, and fell to the floor in a state of insensibility. The children raised her; but she had not quite come to herself when her husband entered: the children ran to him, exclaiming, 'That's our Paddy!' as they pointed to the man, who went on smoking at the fire.

Callaghan looked at the man, and ran in terror for protection behind the donkey. 'Don't go nigh it, childer—it's a speret: don't go nigh it.' Then turning to the donkey, he inquired of him, 'Wasn't it you that brought home our Paddy from Clogher hospital? Wasn't it yourself that drew the cart with his coffin and himself in it all the ways? Hadn't we a wake, though he was shut in it? Didn't we lay out every pinny we had to buy candles, and pipes, and tobacco, and all that was right and requisite? And didn't all the neighbours come? And hadn't they a pleasant night? And didn't they all go to the funeral? And didn't we lave him with his own people, that had been there for these hundreds of years? And what is it, then, that can make his speret unaisy?'

The donkey denied nothing that his master asserted; but was perhaps unable to answer the last query, as he still remained silent.

'Oh, Paddy, darlint!' exclaimed Mrs Callaghan, 'what is it disturbs you out of your grave? Is it more masses you want for the repose of your poor sowl? Sure if it is, you have only to spake the word; and if every screed in the house was to go to the pawn-office, it shall be done.'

Taking the pipe deliberately out of his mouth, the man or spirit rose, and came forward into the middle of the room, and waving his hand, said, 'I *am* Paddy!—Paddy sure enough; and though I've made my ways to yees, it's only to tell yees all my mind, and to go away for good and all: for I don't feel mighty well plaised with any of yees. Mother, you never came nigh me at all, though you heard I was so bad in the hospital, and that the doctors had given me up. Why didn't you come to see me? Father, you and Peggy seen me dyin' in my bid, and left me there, and never asked for a sight of me again. You wouldn't have sarved a dog so. There was I left; and the comrade that was in the bid with me died by my side that very night you seen me. He was put in his coffin, and his friends came next mornin' and took him away. I suppose yees all thought I was dead, and thrown out upon some dunghill, and that you had fairly got shot of me for the rest of your days. But you see I've come back to tell you my mind, and to say to yees all that I never will darken your doors again after your unkind tratement. But I lave yees my blessin'——'

Paddy would have gone out, but they all clung to him. Everything was soon cleared up by the explanation which took place. Paddy's father had brought home the remains of the poor man who had died, and who had been supposed by the nurses to have been his son. He had been wept over and waked by strangers, attended to the grave by those who had never seen him, and laid with those with whom he had never claimed kindred or friendship.

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Paddy and his mother were in each other's arms crying for joy. His father was by his side, and the children gathered round him, laughing and crying by turns. An hour had scarcely passed, when Nancy, who had been on her way home with some purchases for her father and mother, heard the strange report, and rushed into the cabin in breathless haste. Paddy's arms and heart were open to receive her, and she wept for a moment in silence on his bosom; then looking up in his face, she said, 'I have got you back, Paddy, and you will never lave me again: never will a cross or con*trary* word pass my lips any more.'

'And as for myself,' said Paddy, 'I was all out too careless and too fond of rovin'; but I have more sinse now; and now that I'm back with yees all again, I'll never lave you while the breath's in me.'

No friends ever came to look after the man who had been buried in Paddy's stead.

'We'll, let him stay where he is, the poor lonely stranger,' said Mrs Callaghan; 'for never again will I be the one to turn out livin' or dead. Wasn't I near turnin' out our darlint Paddy from his own natural home the night he came back to make us all so happy!'

WHO ARE THE HUNGARIANS?

THIS is a question which has been frequently asked of late; and the present article—if so inspiriting a subject may be handled with the due avoidance of political excitement, and matters of historical fact tolerated—is an attempt to answer it.*

The inhabitants of Hungary—which term generally includes Transylvania and Croatia—comprise several distinct races: the central districts are occupied by the Magyars, with Wallacks to the east; Slovaks on the north; and Croats to the south. The two latter are Sclavonians or Sclaves by origin, being descendants of the Illyrians and Isheks, and, with the Pannonians, had cultivated the faithful soil from the earliest ages until the Magyar invasion. The Wallacks were a tribe that had replaced the Dacians, exterminated by Trajan in the days when Rome stretched her mighty arms to the remotest corners of Europe.

The Magyars, or Hungarians Proper, though of the same stock, are not the same barbarian Huns of whom we used to read in our schoolboy-days as issuing from their Mongolian wilds, devastating and terrorising in their march westwards, even to the very walls of Rome. This division wandered over various parts of Europe before approaching the Danube; and soon after the days of Attila, a colony distinguished for bravery established themselves at the eastern extremity of the Carpathians, under the name of Szeklers (petty Scythians). They were followed by others under Arpad—a chief still famous in the national annals, from the sixth to the ninth centuries—until the whole territory was subjugated; and afterwards consolidated by the wise policy of King Stephen, whose crown is regarded by Hungarians of all classes, even at the present day, with the most fervid reverence. Animated by a restless warlike spirit, the Magyars were continually making inroads on the lands of their neighbours: but not with impunity; for in the sixteenth century they were totally defeated in a tremendous battle at Mohacs by Sultan Soliman, a reverse of which no Magyar can speak without mingled feelings of grief and shame. So disastrous was the result, that partly by constraint, and partly by treachery, they were led to place themselves under the protection of Austria—a proceeding more fatal to their liberties and welfare than the Turkish victory. The emperors of Austria became kings of Hungary, but with no other legal powers than those recognised by the constitution of the kingdom. The great object, however, of the government at Vienna was to Germanise the Magyars as much as possible; and for a time the result proved according to wish. By an edict of the Emperor Joseph II., German was substituted for Latin—which had been, and still was, until recently, the political language of Hungary. The Magyars resisted this encroachment, and made an attempt to found the Hungarian Academy, for the cultivation and diffusion of their native tongue, which, they contended, was as well adapted for all purposes of literature and polity as that forced on them by authority. They would speak neither Latin nor German, but Magyar; and the Latin name of their country—now inapplicable—should be changed to Magyarie. But Joseph pushed his reforms with a high hand: he even caused the national stamp to be disused—an apparently insignificant act, but one which had the effect of strengthening the resistance opposed to him. Hence the origin of the Magyar movement, which has continued down to our own days, and whose aim is to give a unity of action to the different races by whom the soil of Hungary is occupied.

After Joseph's death, when a new generation of Magyars had arisen, they pushed their claims with so much energy, as to regain a portion of the constitutional rights of which they had too long been deprived. Their views comprehended no throwing off of allegiance with regard to Austria: they desired only that old-standing treaties should be adhered to; that as a limited monarchy theirs should be a free nationality under the crown of St Stephen worn by the emperor. But their demands or remonstrances were systematically evaded; messages from the Diet were either not answered, or treated as the communications of rebels. They had nothing for it but to oppose a persevering aim to the caprices of a government which sought to overcome practical difficulties by fanciful theories—to coerce mind as the best mode of satisfying its aspirations.

The national pride of the Magyar is extraordinary—surpassing that of the Spaniard or the Scottish Highlander of olden time. A peasant clad in a greasy sheepskin will tell you the Magyars are the greatest among nations; their language the most harmonious, being, in fact, the medium through which Divine revelation was vouchsafed to mortals; and that the national costume is perpetually worn in heaven. Yet the condition of these peasants is almost identical with that of the Anglo-Saxon serfs in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The population was divided into three classes—we say *was*, for reasons which will presently appear: the magnates, or chief nobles, who, among other privileges, were exempt from all payment of taxes; the *boeskoros nemesek*, sandalled or peasant nobles, a class which in intelligence and education scarcely differed from other cultivators of the soil, yet they had a share in the representation of the country, besides certain immunities, one of which was, as stated by Mr Köhl, that 'they could not be hanged like other people for any crime they might commit, for it is their privilege to be beheaded, and to have their hands tied before instead of behind the back.' In common with the magnates, too, a peasant noble could walk across the magnificent suspension-bridge at Pesth, or any other taxed thoroughfare, without paying the toll; while his less fortunate neighbour, between whose appearance and his own scarce a difference could be detected, would be compelled to pay the charge. Last came the peasants, designated *corvéable*, which means that whether they pleased or no, they had to bear all sorts of burthens for everybody else: they had first to work for the support of themselves and families, then to pay all the taxes and tolls, to keep the roads and bridges in repair all over the kingdom, to furnish the nobles and other travellers with horses for their vehicles when travelling, and to forego the enjoyment of all political rights. It is difficult to believe in the existence of such a state of things, the evils of which must always be painfully

* The Editors, being unable to pronounce any opinion of their own on the question between Hungary and Austria, desire that the present article, which they insert on account of its information, should be regarded as representing only the views of its author.

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obvious. As may be expected, as little trouble as possible was taken in mending roads and bridges; each peasant threw down his quota of material without regard to its fitness for the purpose: thus the roads mostly took care of themselves; bridges would sometimes be altogether wanting; and the casualties of travelling in Hungary were reckoned at 'a risk a mile.' Had not nature been as bountiful to the land as man was perverse, the peasant class must long ago have perished.

Happily for lord and vassal, feudalism and serfdom are becoming matter of history: the one may now aspire, while to the other remains the noble duty of guiding and fructifying the aspiration. Here will be a new claim to our notice; yet apart from this, there is much in Hungary that commends itself especially to English sympathies. Of all continental nations, they perhaps approach the nearest to ourselves in general character; and though we have seldom bestowed a thought on them, England and her literature have long been objects of their attention. They are not unwilling to be influenced by exterior experiences; and looking abroad over Western Europe, as observed by a French writer, M. Desprez—'It is to England they address themselves. The parliamentary institutions, the division of the two countries into counties, the resemblance of the Chamber of the Magnates to that of the Lords, and of the Elective Chamber to the Commons—all these coincidences naturally attract the attention of the Magyars. Yet even among the more enlightened there would probably be a persuasion of the superiority of their race to that of the Anglo-Saxon. Still they admire English society the more because it resembles theirs; they study English politics with eagerness, following the course of events in their newspapers; they write learned works, in which British institutions are compared to theirs, not without showing that the political forms of Hungary are simpler, closer to tradition, than those of England. Besides, political life among the Magyars assumes instinctively or purposely the habits and usages of English life. Their casinos may rank as clubs; the leading orators are fêted and feasted by their partisans, and on great occasions take part in public meetings, and sometimes they harangue the multitude from balcony or hustings. Some among them have obtained the name of the O'Connell of Hungary. In fine, when the Magyars wish to give a prompt estimate of themselves to a traveller unacquainted with them, they do not hesitate to call themselves English of the East.'

As above indicated, the Diet, or Parliament of Hungary, consists of two assemblies, the institution of which is nearly contemporary with our own, being only five years later. As Miss Pardoe writes—'It was strange and startling to remember, that within nine hours' journey of Vienna—surrounded by absolute governments like those of Austria, Turkey, and Russia, the iron link being broken only by the frontier of ruined Poland, standing like a sign and a warning to the nations—a race still existed who had resolutely flung the yoke of despotism from their necks, and dared, despite the intrigues of cabinets and the threats of power, to assert their rights.'

Such, however, is the Hungarian Diet which met at Presburg. As before observed, it consists of two assemblies, numbering—recent changes apart—six hundred members, of which two hundred form the Upper House, or Table—Upper and Lower Table being the terms used. The former sits by right; the latter is elective, and triennial. All motions originate with the Lower Table, but are first discussed at what is called a 'circular meeting.' Respectably-dressed persons are admitted to the body of the hall as well as the galleries, and are permitted to applaud when anything is said which they consider worthy the honour. The author above quoted gives us an account of one of these meetings, which it may not be out of place to transcribe:—'The first circumstance that struck me,' she observes, 'was the extreme order and business-like appearance of the whole assembly. No listless loungers occupying a couple of chairs with their elaborate idleness; no boots, looking as though they had collected all the dust or mud of a great thoroughfare; no members sitting with their hats on, as if tacitly to express their contempt both for their occupation and their colleagues, were to be seen even in the unformal and undress meeting of the Hungarian deputies. The tables were covered with papers, folio volumes containing the national laws, and the caps and gloves of the members. . . . The crowd who thronged the lower end of the hall, and extended for some distance between the tables, were orderly and attentive; and the regularity with which the proceedings progressed was admirable; and, after all that I had been told on the subject of the "semi-barbarous legislators" of the country, surprised me not a little.'

Another peculiarity is worth notice:—'In one respect the Hungarian people have the advantage of our own as regards their representation—no deputy being permitted to vote against the feeling of his constituency.' Remarkable instances sometimes occur of the exercise of this privilege. On one occasion a debate arose as to the late King Ferdinand's right to levy troops, while at the same time interfering with the freedom of public discussion. Among others, a deputy from one of the most populous counties spoke strongly in favour of voting the levy, much to the satisfaction of the government party; but on concluding, he said—'These are my opinions, my principles, and my views. I cannot look upon the question in any other light. But—I am instructed by the county which I represent to vote with the opposition; and my vote must be registered accordingly.' As may be expected, the Opposition were not slack with their cheers. The elections, in which the system of voting by ballot prevails, are conducted pretty much as in England—that is, with music and shouting, speechifying and excitement.

In 1823–24, the government, forgetful of constitutional stipulations, attempted to levy troops without the concurrence of the Diet. This produced a new Magyar movement in 1825, headed by two of the most distinguished nobles, Szechenyi and Wesselenyi. To the former is mainly owing the navigation of the Danube, which, prior to his exertions, was in a very imperfect state. He is the author of several treatises on political and economical questions; in which, for the first time, his countrymen have been able to read wholesome truths, and to find their faults unsparingly rebuked. The Magyars have had the good sense to appreciate the writer's object; and his frankness, instead of repelling, has won their esteem. Szechenyi has mainly sought to indoctrinate the higher nobility, while Wesselenyi has laboured to extend the influence of the lower ranks; and, with a view to acquire greater popular rights, has purchased land in numerous counties. Thus, on the one hand, Magyarism has been catechising and criticising administrators and political economists; and on the other, energising the provinces, stirring multitudes to the necessity of action, and inspiring a band of ardent writers. Among the latter, the poet Worosmarty has roused and thrilled the national heart by his songs and poems, overflowing with generous sentiments and exalted patriotism.

It is not to be expected that the course of politics, any more than that of love, should run smooth; and causes of difference have arisen in Hungary from the impatience of the Magyars to realise their views without delay: the Croats and Slovaks contend for equal privilege on their part, at times with a warmth that threatens violence. Austria has always been ready to foment these jealousies, as a means of affirming her own power; but late events have tended to abate them, by showing the necessity for combined effort unbiassed by prejudice. The two great champions are not now heard as formerly: Szechenyi slackened his exertions on finding the course of events leading to extremes; and Wesselenyi, for a speech in which he denounced Austrian injustice, was punished by a long imprisonment, which

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so weakened him, that on his release he was unable, as before, to take an active part in public life.

But if the *hour* be come, the *man* is there: Ludwig Kossuth* has proved himself no unworthy leader. He began life as an attorney, and first came into collision with the government by publishing reports of the proceedings of the Diet in defiance of the law. Mr Köhl thus speaks of the 'noble deputy.' 'He was imprisoned for a considerable time for having made public some discussions of the Diet, which were forbidden to be printed, by distributing a considerable number of manuscript copies. He was subsequently liberated, and is now editor of the "Pesti Hirlap" ("Pesth Journal"), the most popular Hungarian paper, and the most fearless and untiring advocate of all that tends to the amelioration and advancement of his country; the boldest and most unsparing denouncer of the errors and abuses in the constitution and government. He has made it his especial care to keep guard over what he considers the weak side of his countrymen—namely, the liability of the judges and other officers to corruption and irregular influences, and never fails to discover and expose offences of this description. Under these circumstances, it cannot be but that Mr Kossuth should have many enemies; but he counts a far greater number of friends—the whole public of Hungary being on his side—and he is the favourite and political hero of the day. His "Hirlap" is the oracle on all occasions; and during my stay in Pesth, whenever any public matter was discussed, I continually heard the eager inquiry—"What does Kossuth say of it?"

'I looked with much interest at this man, on whom the eyes of all Hungary may be said to be fixed. He is of middle size, and very agreeable exterior; his features are regular, and decidedly handsome, but strongly-marked and manly. He is in the prime of life, with rather redundant hair and whiskers, but a mild and modest expression of countenance. He was rather pale when I saw him, and his features wore an air of earnestness, slightly tinged by melancholy, though lighted up by his fine flashing eyes. He spoke for full half an hour without a moment's hesitation, and his mode of delivery appeared to me extremely agreeable. His voice is as fine as might be expected from so handsome a person; and the sounds of the Hungarian language, powerful and energetic, seemed, from his lips, I might almost say warlike, although they come hard and harsh from the mouth of an uncultivated speaker.'

The above description was written six years ago, since which time Kossuth—the Magyar Cobden—has risen higher in popularity and usefulness. He is now 'Governor-Protector' of Hungary; and should his life be spared, there is every reason to hope that the exercise of his noble talents will prove a lasting benefit to his country. The difficulties of the position are great, but not greater than may be overcome; and the elements of success are not lacking. Hungary possesses a soil of unrivalled fertility, producing an almost tropical vegetation, teeming with grain and fruit. The Banat alone will grow ten times as much corn as is needed for her whole population; and beneath the surface the mineral treasures are inexhaustible. There are mining and other schools, and libraries and learned societies in her towns; her press sends forth numerous works annually, and the spirit of improvement animates the people. Much may be done by the application and development of such resources as these. Instead of being pitted against neighbouring states, their entire strength may now be devoted to the social wants of their own country, and the amelioration of its condition. The bulk of the population is Protestant: they embraced the doctrines of Calvin at an early period; and their manful struggles against persecution, and their valiant efforts in behalf of the Empress Maria Louisa, are noble chapters of history.

During their present struggle for constitutional rights, the savagery of surrounding races has been let loose upon them with a vindictiveness which we could only expect from a Tamerlane or Nadir Shah; but which, to present notions, savours more of a desire to exterminate than to conciliate. Ever since 1835, the party which sought to modify the relation between noble and peasant has been gathering strength. By and by came the outbreak in Galicia, which alarmed the one and excited the other. The Diet of 1847 drew up a series of resolutions embodying certain reforms: no class was to be exempt from taxation, but all were to pay in proportion to their means; civil equality was declared; the peasant relieved from his *corvées*; the old exactions were altogether abolished; and a large extension of the suffrage granted. But to accomplish all this, it was necessary that Austria should no longer have uncontrolled power over the public purse of Hungary, and that her demoralising efforts to bend every community to her deadening policy should cease.

The Diet proved itself in earnest, for every religion was tolerated, and the peasants were not only released from feudal servitude, but the nobles gave up to them more than two-thirds of the cultivated lands throughout the kingdom. Twenty millions of acres have been divided into thirty or sixty-acre lots, and apportioned among five hundred thousand peasants, now invested with all the rights of ownership. Every person is entitled to vote who pays a yearly rent of L.10, or whose property amounts to an annual value of L.30; a mechanic who keeps an apprentice, and individuals holding university diplomas, may also vote. Croatia was pacified, the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania united, and the whole of the proceedings signed and confirmed, by the emperor at Vienna in April 1848; but while the rejoicings were still going on throughout the newly-regenerated kingdom, the central government commenced its schemes for deliberately nullifying what, through its sanction, had become the law of the land. A revolt was excited in Croatia, and a Croat colonel, Baron Joseph Jellachich, appointed Ban, or ruler; and at the same time the frontier tribes were everywhere instigated to attack the Hungarians. At last Austria threw off the mask, and sided openly with the Croats, and then the Magyars became aware of the duplicity of which they had been the victims. Still they did not wish to renounce their fealty; and the documents authorising levies of troops, and an issue of paper money, were sent, as usual, to be countersigned by the emperor. For a time circumstances appeared to favour the Austrian cause; the rebel kingdom was overrun with marvellous rapidity, and encountering but few enemies. But the roads were broken up and barricaded, ditches dug, and filled with water, bridges broken down, streams of water made to flood the lowlands, everything in the shape of food was destroyed; so that by the time the conqueror reached Pesth, he had lost gloriously thousands of men. It was now the Magyars' turn; under the brave generals Georgey, Bem, and Dembinski, they came up from the interior of their land, and before many weeks were over, a series of splendid victories had crippled the invaders, and driven them clean out of the country. A provisional government was formed, which hitherto has successfully provided against all contingencies. Russian troops are now called in to assist in extinguishing this newly-kindled spark of freedom: should the Magyars succeed in beating them also, Eastern Europe will have scope to march on its noble career of civilisation.

Hungary and Transylvania united present an area a little larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland, being 125,000 square miles. The population is 14,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are Magyars, the remainder being Sclaves, Wallacks, Jews, and Germans. Now that they are freed from the oppressive burthen of Austrian duties, their internal and foreign trade may be largely extended. The vast body of new enfranchised proprietors will pour supplies into the market, and may obtain manufactured articles in exchange by other

* Pronounced *Kossoot*.

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means than the periodical fairs on the Bavarian frontier. There is a great demand for articles and munitions of war, which are admitted duty free; cotton goods pay a small charge. A correspondent of the 'Mining Journal' recommends English merchants, as soon as they hear of the capture of the port of Fiume by the Magyars, to lose no time in forwarding cargoes of saddlery and hardware, which would meet immediate sale. In return, we may get hemp, flax, tallow, wool, grain, hides, and splendid tobacco.

It has been the misfortune of the Hungarians to be overpraised or calumniated; we think the time has come when their true character will be better understood. With many defects, they possess qualities and social customs well worthy of imitation. While writing this sketch, a thought has been present to our minds, with which we conclude. It is this: how much misery and mischief would be avoided if rulers would take the trouble to learn the A B C of polity and morality!

POPULAR RHYMES AND NURSERY TALES OF ENGLAND.*

Mr Halliwell has been encouraged, by the success of his collection of nursery rhymes, to form a more comprehensive collection aspiring to contain the popular rhymes of England, on the model of the Scottish collection of Mr R. Chambers. While regretting that, from defective opportunity or want of time on the part of the editor, it is a less extensive or perfect assemblage than might be wished, we receive it with pleasure, as at least tending to supply a desideratum which we had long had in view, and as being, in itself, and as far as it goes, a most agreeable contribution to our literature. Mr Halliwell gives, like Mr Chambers, a collection of rhymes, generally of a proverbial character, on places and families; also rhymes on natural objects and on popular superstitions. He puts on record the snatches of quaint verse employed in the nursery for the solacement of infants, and amongst children themselves in their amusements; likewise the prose recitals which pass current by cottage firesides through all ages, and all over the land. He gives a serious interest to many of these things by tracing their great antiquity and their connection with similar examples of what Mr Chambers originally, we believe, called *natural literature*, in other countries.

It is curious to learn that variations of the familiar song on the ladybird belongs to the vernacular literature of England, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden; and that the riddle, *Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall*, is, in one form or another, a favourite throughout Europe. The following is the Danish version of that ingenious enigma:—

'Lille Trille
Laae paa Hylde;
Lille Trille
Faldt ned af Hylde.
Ingen Mand
I hele Land
Lille Trille curere kan.'

Which may be thus translated:—

'Little Trille
Lay on a shelf:
Little Trille
Thence pitched himself:
Not all the men
In our land, I ken,
Can put Little Trille right again.'

Equally curious it is to learn that an old woman intrusted with an infant in Jutland will amuse it, exactly as her remote English cousin will do, by touching its features in succession, with a facetious play upon the name of each; thus:—

'Pandebeen,
Oisteen,
Næsbeen,
Mundelip,
Hagetip,
Dikke, dikke, dik.'

That is—

'Brow-bone,
Eye-stone,
Nose-bone,
Mouth-lip,
Chin-tip,
Dikke, dikke, dik!'

a ticklement under the chin following the last line. Or to find that, while the English mamma apostrophises the fingers of her babe, as—

'Tom Thumbkin,
Bess Bumpkin,
Bill Wilkin,
Long Linkin,
And Little Dick,'

the Danish dame is equally prone to the following mysterious allusions:—

'Tommeltot,
Slikkepot,
Langemand,
Guldbrand,
Lille Peer Spillemand;'

running over the several digits in succession as she speaks. The last line means 'Little Peter the Fiddler,' which Mr Halliwell justly remarks is not a bad name for the little finger. The community of such things to northern Europe and a country which stands towards it in nearly the same colonial character as Massachusetts to Great Britain, seems a sufficient proof of their great antiquity.

It is not merely in such simple matters that such a community of ideas is to be traced; we find it likewise in productions of the intellect where a more special as well as elegant character is observable. There is, for instance, a game reported from Essex by Mr Halliwell. 'Children form a ring, one girl kneeling in the centre, and sorrowfully hiding her face with her hands; one in the ring then says—

Here we all stand round the ring,
And now we shut poor Mary in;
Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor mother go through the town.

To this she answers—

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor mother go through the street.

The children then cry—

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor father go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor father go through the street.

Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see your poor brother go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor brother go through the street.

Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see your poor sister go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor sister go through the street.

* By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

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Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see the poor beggars go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see the poor beggars go through the street.

After a protracted dialogue, in which gentlemen and ladies are successively introduced without having any effect on Miss Brown, the following occurs:—

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor sweetheart go through the town.

The chord is at last touched; and Mary, frantically replying—

I will get up upon my feet,
To see my sweetheart go through the street,

rushes with impetuosity to break the ring, and generally succeeds in escaping the bonds that detain her from her imaginary love.' Now it appears there is a similar ring-dance song in Sweden. 'A girl sits on a stool or chair within a ring of dancers, and, with something in her hands, imitates the action of rowing. She should have a veil on her head, and at the news of her sweetheart's death, let it fall over her face, and sink down, overwhelmed with sorrow. The ring of girls dance round her, singing and pausing, and she sings in reply. The dialogue is conducted in the following manner:—

The Ring.

Why row ye so, why row ye so?
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

Sure I may row, ay sure may I row,
While groweth the grass,
All summer through.

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your father's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my father? My mother lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your mother's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my mother? My brother lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your brother's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my brother? My sister lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sister's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my sister? My sweetheart lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sweetheart's dead,
Fair Gundela!

[*Here she sinks down, overwhelmed with grief.*]

Gundela.

Say, can it be true
Which ye tell now to me,
That my sweetheart's no more?
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your father lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my father? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your mother lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my mother? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your brother lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my brother? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sister lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my sister? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sweetheart lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

Say, can it be true
Which ye tell now to me,
That my sweetheart lives still?
Thank God, thank God for that!

The veil is thrown on one side, her face beams with joy, the circle is broken, and the juvenile drama concludes with merriment and noise. It is difficult to say whether this is the real prototype of the English game, or whether they are both indebted to a still more primitive original. There is,' pursues Mr Halliwell, 'a poetical sweetness and absolute dramatic fervour in the Swedish ballad, we vainly try to discover in the English version. In the latter all is vulgar, commonplace, and phlegmatic. Cannot we trace in both the national character? Do we not see in the last that poetic simplicity which has made the works of Andersen so popular and irresistibly charming? It may be that the style pleases by contrast, and that we appreciate its genuine chasteness the more because we have nothing similar to it in our own vernacular literature.'

Of the antiquity of the popular rhymes of England Mr Halliwell adduces some special illustrations of a remarkable character, though not always, we think, with the effect of convincing a cautious reader. We overlook for the present the more problematical cases, and would merely remark that it is interesting even to learn that 'A was an apple-pie, B bit it, C cut it,' &c. is used as an illustration in a work on preaching, published by Eachard in 1671; or that 'Nanty Panty, Jack-a-Dandy, loved a piece of sugar-candy,' &c. besides many of the like rhymes, is referred to in a satirical poem written about 1720, it is supposed, on a popular bard of that day: thus—

'Namby Pamby's double mild,
Once a man, and twice a child;
To his hanging sleeves restored,
Now he fools it like a lord;
Now he pumps his little wits
All by little tiny bits.
Now, methinks, I hear him say,
Boys and girls come out to play,
Moon does shine as bright as day:
Now my Namby Pamby's* found
Sitting on the Friar's ground,
Picking silver, picking gold—
Namby Pamby's never old:
Bally-cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.
Namby Pamby is no clown—
London Bridge is broken down;
Now he courts the gay ladies,
Dancing o'er the Lady Lee:
Now he sings of Lickspit Liar,
Burning in the brimstone fire;

* 'Namby Pamby is said to have been a nickname for Ambrose Phillips. Another ballad, written about the same time as the above, alludes to the rhyme of "Goosy Goosy, Gander."'

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Lyar, lyar, Lickspit, lick,
Turn about the candlestick.
Now he sings of Jacky Horner,
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb—oh fie!
Putting in—oh fie! his thumb,
Pulling out—oh strange! a plum!
Now he acts the grenadier,
Calling for a pot of beer:
Where's his money? He's forgot—
Get him gone, a drunken sot!
Now on cock-horse does he ride,
And anon on timber stride,
See and saw, and sack'ry down,
London is a gallant town!'

The probability we believe to be, that nearly all the popular rhymes of both countries have come down from an early age, albeit in many cases with slight alterations.

The fireside stories, though including Jack and the Giants, and some other old favourites, are disappointing. They are not told in the nursery manner, and have in general a more prosaic character than we should expect. In rhymes and tales alike, if we could depend on our own impartiality, we should be inclined on the whole to say that Scotland shines out as a more poetical and sentimental country than England. But this is not a point for us to press, and we are too much pleased with Mr Halliwell's labours to criticise rigidly in the matter. As a conclusion to the short notice to which we are limited, we cannot do better than quote what our editor gives regarding the robin and the wren. 'The superstitious reverence with which these birds are almost universally regarded takes its origin from a pretty belief that they undertake the delicate office of covering the dead bodies of any of the human race with moss or leaves, if by any means left exposed to the heavens. This opinion is alluded to by Shakspeare and many writers of his time, as by Drayton, for example—

Covering with moss the dead's uncloséd eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.

'Webster, in his tragedy of "Vittoria Corombona," 1612, couples the wren with the robin as coadjutors in this friendly office:—

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

'Notwithstanding the beautiful passage in Shakspeare to which we have alluded, it is nevertheless undeniable that, even to this day, the ancient belief attached to these birds is perpetuated chiefly by the simple ballad of the Babes in the Wood. Early in the last century, Addison was infatuated with that primitive song. "Admitting," he says, "there is even a despicable simplicity in the verse, yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." Exactly so; but this result arises from the extraordinary influence of early association over the mind, not from the pathos of the ballad itself, which is infinitely inferior to the following beautiful little nursery song I have the pleasure of transcribing into these pages:—

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song—
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?'

VISIT TO IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR WORKING-CLASSES.

When lately in London, I had an opportunity of visiting the large building which, a few years ago, was erected at Somer's Town, St Pancras—a northern extension of the metropolis—as Model Dwelling-Houses for the Working-Classes. Approaching it from the south, after crossing the New Road, we have occasion to pass through a series of small, narrow streets, environed by houses and lanes of the meanest possible kind, and at the time of my visit, well strewed with vegetable and other refuse from the shops and stalls of greengrocers and costermongers. On getting pretty well clear of this unsightly district, I arrived at the model dwelling-house, which may be said to terminate at the corner of a main line of street. It is a large brick building composed of a centre and two advancing wings, with a courtyard in front; the whole enclosed with an iron railing. My first impression on seeing the edifice was disappointing: it had too much the air of a workhouse, a factory, or at least a public institution of some sort—perhaps an 'hospital supported by voluntary contributions.' I would humbly object to the fancy of getting up any species of dwellings for working-people, which will have the least effect in keeping these classes distinct from the ordinary population—in making them feel that they are a *caste* 'to be done for' by kindly-disposed people. I am afraid that the edifice in question is too much calculated to convey such impressions, and so far I think there has been an error in the structural arrangements. Unless there be some special reason to the contrary, I should prefer seeing houses of this nature forming part of the general line of street, or at all events not hospital-like in external appearance.

The building has no sunk storey: it rises from the level ground to a height of five storeys, each showing a long range of windows. The entrance to the courtyard in front is by two gateways in the railings; from the courtyard, the different floors are reached by common stairs. There are no outer doors on the stairs, which is a disadvantage, for by this means the cold wind has free access to the top of the building; and the doors to the respective dwellings on the landing-places being thin, the houses in winter are far from being so warm and comfortable as they might otherwise be. On making an observation as to the want of outer doors at the foot of the stairs, I was told that that was admitted to be a defect; but that, on the other hand, if doors were attached, openable at pleasure by all comers, the stairs would be the nightly resort of *tramps*—the lazzaroni of the streets, who gladly shelter themselves anywhere. The application of a process for opening and shutting the outer-doors from each landing, on a bell being rung without, as in Edinburgh, would unfortunately entail far too heavy an outlay; and besides, the vast number of children who require to go freely out and in, renders any process of outer-door shutting inadmissible.

With these preliminary remarks, we ascend to one of the dwellings. The first thing noticed is the narrowness of the passage and stair; and the second, that the walls, from bottom to top, are unplastered—the bricks being only whitewashed over. I would not say that the want of plaster is objectionable; it only raises an unpleasant idea of ultra-economy as to the construction. I, however, found every stair remarkably clean, considering the amount of thoroughfare; which is more than can be said of many common

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stairs in Scotland. Each stair is lighted by a skylight. On every landing there are three, sometimes four doors, of as many distinct dwellings. When we enter one of these house-doors, we find ourselves at once in an apartment seemingly half-kitchen, half-room. I did not observe that any houses had inner porches, though in some a short passage leads to the first apartment. The apartments in a dwelling always lead from each other: you go through the kitchen to the bedrooms. From a plan furnished by the resident collector of rents, I observe that in one class of houses the sitting-room, which is used also as kitchen, measures 14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, the bedroom 12 feet 11 inches by 6 feet 10 inches, and the bed-closet 12 feet 11 inches by 9 feet 7 inches. The kitchen is provided with a range, which contains a small boiler and oven. Entering from the kitchen or sitting-room, there is a small light closet, provided with every suitable accommodation—water, sink, &c.; in one corner is a shaft, down which dust may be poured. The various shafts communicate with dust-holes beneath the ground-floor, which are cleared out at short intervals. The entering of the closet from the sitting-room, which is not unusual, must appear to every one as an objectionable arrangement: the superiority of an entrance from a porch between an outer and inner door on the landing is obvious. Another structural defect is the want of accommodation for coal. In one of the houses I examined there was only the bottom of a cupboard, which would hold perhaps one or two hundredweights of this much-used article. As the working-classes are held down not less by their general improvidence than a habit of buying all articles in small parcels, it should be an important object to encourage them, by all suitable appliances, to purchase everything, coal particularly, in a reasonably large quantity: all Scottish dwellings on floors, except the very meanest, have accommodation for at least a ton of coal. In looking round the interior of these houses at St Pancras, I was again struck with the plain style of finish. There is not a bit of cornice, and the make of the windows and doors is far from creditable—contract work, it may be presumed, jobbed, relatively dear, and unsatisfactory. It is right to add that every house I entered possessed the usually tidy and comfortable look of English dwellings, however humble. Many windows had neat curtains; some rooms were prettily papered, and had prints in frames: all were less or more carpeted. But who can do anything but praise the love of order and decency which signalises the English, wherever found in an undegraded state? At one stair-head an inhabitant had railed in a little space on the landing for flowers in pots, a circumstance suggestive of pleasing reflections. What dwelling may not be adorned and rendered more loveable by a few flowering-plants?

The number of distinct houses in the building is 110, or at the rate of 13 to 15 houses in each of the eight stairs. The rents vary according to size. Houses of two rooms are from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per week; and of three rooms, from 4s. 9d. to 6s. 3d. per week. These charges include water and all taxes and rates. The rents are no doubt low in comparison with those payable for floors or portions of floors by many families of a humble class in the densely-crowded parts of London; but I am disposed to consider them high in relation to what ought to have been, by prudent management, the outlay on their construction in such a situation. The sum of 6s. 3d. per week, or L.16, 5s. per annum, seems no light charge for a house of three small apartments up a stair, when compared with the rents at which independent dwellings of five or six rooms can be obtained within three miles of the Exchange. And yet, all things considered, they are a decided improvement on the houses of a small size usually rented in crowded neighbourhoods.

The building, it may be known, is the property of the 'Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes,' incorporated in 1845. The capital of the Association was raised by shares, on what we consider the only sound principle in such undertakings—the profitable investment of money. As yet, the return has not come up to the expectation of realising 5 per cent. interest. The speculation, however, is not a failure. The object of providing houses of a decent and wholesome kind to the industrious classes has been satisfactorily realised. Having seen it somewhere mentioned that these classes had not taken advantage of the opportunity here presented to them, I was at some pains to inquire into this allegation, and have pleasure in stating that it is entirely groundless, as the following list of inhabitants will demonstrate:—13 printers and compositors, 7 pianoforte-makers, 7 clerks, 5 working-jewellers, 3 engravers, 2 porters, 2 railway police, 5 chasers, workers, and polishers of silver, 3 artists, 1 usher, 3 engine-makers, 4 tailors, 2 missionaries, 3 coach-makers, 3 painters, 3 journeymen stationers, 2 pattern-designers, 1, each, whip-maker, cutler, grainer, cabman, cabinet-maker, copperplate-printer, blind-maker, typefounder, &c. Whatever, therefore, may be said with regard to the better construction and arrangement of buildings of this nature, it is an undoubted fact that the working-classes, as they are called, do in sufficient numbers take advantage of them.

From a report read at a late annual meeting of the Associated Proprietary, we transcribe the following passages:—'All the dwellings have been occupied, and almost without intermission, from the date of their completion; and several applicants have been, and are still, waiting for vacancies. Fifty-nine families have continued tenants since their respective dwellings were ready for occupation in January, February, March, and April 1848. The total number of tenants has been 173, several of whom, having left their apartments, have subsequently wished to return. It is gratifying to the directors to make this statement; and they have pleasure in being able to add, that not only have the tenants expressed themselves pleased with the superior comforts and accommodation afforded them, but have also proved, by regularly paying their rents, and their general strict observance of such rules as your directors have thought proper to lay down for the management of so large a building, that they are desirous of assisting them in preserving a high character for respectability in its occupants. The strongest fact, however, which the directors can advance to prove the healthy condition of this first investment of the Association, is, that out of L.1390, 1s. 3d. of rents accrued due, L.1382, 12s. 4d. have been paid, leaving only L.7, 8s. 11d. in arrear; the whole of which, within a few shillings, will be ultimately received, the prospects of the artisan being better at the present time than at the period of the actual receipts. It may be remarked that, of 178 tenants who have occupied the buildings, on two only has it been found necessary to distrain, both of whom have since paid their arrears. Nine deaths only have taken place in the building, eight of which were children. There are now 351 children on the premises, and 29 have been born there.'

On the same occasion the Earl of Carlisle observed, that 'even in a commercial point of view, the success of the Association could no longer be doubted; but were they to look at the case in a moral point of view, all doubts and misgivings as to success must vanish from their minds, and their language and feelings must be those of congratulation and assurance. To enable them fully to participate in these feelings and sentiments, he would only advise them—such as had not done so—to pay a visit to the dwellings. It was that which would, more than anything else, excite them to vigorous action in behalf of the objects of the Association. When they saw the neatness and the cleanliness of the apartments in those dwellings, and thought of the miserable hovels in which the majority of the industrious classes had been hitherto crammed, and from which those who inhabited those apartments had been transferred—in

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damp cellars, surrounded with foul air and filth of all kinds, or mounted up in attics under the broiling tiles, exposed to the summer sun—when they thought of that, and contrasted the pleasant apartments they were now placed in, certainly no one could but feel that a more rational mode of exercising their benevolence could not be devised. It was true there was nothing gaudy about those dwellings; but they were well aired, and were capable of affording many comforts which their ancestors, who lived under lofty ceilings, and in gilded apartments, could not boast of. They were capable of affording most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries of social life. The proportion of deaths which had taken place among those who inhabited them were few in comparison to the rest of the metropolis; while the society of the metropolis had been enriched by a number of births which had taken place in them. It was said at the outset that these dwellings would be inhabited by a set of ill-behaved, troublesome individuals; but he spoke the truth when he said that the fact was the reverse: a better-conducted class of people could not be found.'

Dr Southwood Smith spoke to the same effect; and referring to the comparatively small number of deaths, observed:—'Taking the deaths at twelve—five adults and seven children—the mortality was only 1 4-10 per cent., while the mortality in the metropolis generally was 2 8-10 per cent., or double that among the residents of those dwellings. There did not seem to have been a single case of typhus fever, nor fever of any kind among the adults; neither had there been any case of cholera. But the best test as to the healthiness of a place was afforded by the deaths of children. In different parts of the metropolis the amount of the mortality among children varied. In Holborn, St Giles's, St Saviour's, and Whitechapel, the mortality among children under five years of age was so high as 10 per cent. In other parts of the metropolis it was 8 per cent., but in this establishment only 1 4-10 per cent. Those facts spoke for themselves, and must convince every one of the good the Association had effected.'

The Association is at present engaged in erecting a similar establishment at Spitalfields: it is to be called the Artisans' House, and to possess a lecture and schoolroom, coffee-room, cook's-shop, and other accommodations for general use. We regret to see that some of the defects of the St Pancras building are to be reproduced in this.

ODDITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE is a little volume before us which is a favourable specimen of what may be done, even in the way of writing a book, by a man ignorant of science or literature, but having reasonably observant eyes in his head, and common sense to direct them.* It affords at the same time, however, an illustration of the absurdity of the common educational curriculum, which begins and ends with certain languages. In the exceptional cases in which the boy is born an artist, this introduces him to a literary career, but to nothing else. His mind has not been farther opened. It has not been sought to make him acquainted with the globe he inherits, with the system of which it is a part, with its materials and their combinations, with its inhabitants, animal and vegetable; and the consequence is, that when he goes abroad into the world, he sees without understanding, and is satisfied with receiving and reproducing a series of mere sensuous images, fit only for the amusement of minds as vacant as his own. It is truly lamentable to think how many ardent, chivalrous, and talented adventurers penetrate every day into the most interesting countries in the world, and return without having added anything to the stock of human knowledge beyond a few facts, unconsciously given, but seized upon by those at home who comprehend their value. If travellers carried with them a knowledge, however general, of geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, &c.—far more easily acquired than Latin and Greek—they would take altogether a new status as a body, and their books would be ransacked with eagerness by the learned, without giving a whit less delight to the vulgar.

Mr Byam, with perhaps somewhat less than the average literary skill in setting them forth, has more facts than are usually found in the compass of so small a volume; and without any scientific knowledge of natural history, his tastes as a sportsman have led him to bestow special attention upon the habits of animals. Some of the anecdotes he gives are new, and a greater number *odd*; but Oddity appears to be the characteristic of the whole country which is the scene of his 'wild life.'

Central America, our readers know, is the isthmus connecting North and South America; and our traveller—whose objects were to hunt wild animals and discover rich mines—built his hut on the borders of Nicaragua and Segovia, about 120 miles from Leon, the capital of the former state. 'Food is plentiful, though coarse, throughout the country; but even in the towns the people are very poor, so far as regards the possession of money. If they have little wealth, however, they have few wants. All they care about is idleness and tranquillity. Mr Byam, in passing through a town (not on a holiday), counted the number of persons who were at work, and found them to amount to *four!* The oddity is, that these good quiet souls are never out of the turmoil of a revolution! The government is perpetually changing; proclamations flying about, neutralising each other; and the few hundred troops robbing and murdering all parties time about. In explanation, we are told that it is the few hundred troops who make the revolutions. 'Leon, being the capital of the province of Nicaragua, and head-quarters for the troops, may contain fifty thousand inhabitants and about three hundred dissolute soldiers; and it is by this mere handful of ruffians, or rather by a portion of them, that revolutions are effected. A subaltern officer gains over a portion of the men with promises of plunder, increased pay, and promotion for the non-commissioned officers to the commissions soon to be vacant. They await the time when the barrack-guard and sentries will be all composed of the men so gained over. The barracks are then taken possession of in the night, the commandant's house stormed and plundered, and the next morning a few volleys of musketry make the people acquainted with the fact, that their late commandant and his adherents have been placed on the fatal "Banqueta,"* and have made vacancies for the successful rebels, who may most likely be destined to suffer the *lex talionis* within a very few months.'

But it is only near the coast where these revolutions are felt: the interior is secure in its poverty, its paucity of population, and its independence of spirit. There the sturdy peasant sows his maize, and then has nothing to do but to hunt or fish. He has a horse for riding, and a cow or two for milk, curds, and cheese; and once or twice a year he takes a colt and a quantity of beeswax to the nearest town, and buys with them a piece of chintz for his wife and daughters, and enough of strong linen for himself to make a pair of trousers and a shirt. What has such a man to do with revolutions, or revolutions with him?

The first oddity we come to among the animals is the ox, who has a great talent for deer-stalking, and takes much pleasure in its exercise. His education, however, is somewhat severe. He is tied up to a tree by the horns, and is every now and then beaten near their roots, till the horns are loosened, and become extremely sensitive. A cord is then fastened to each tip, and he is now guided as easily as a horse is when bitted. The horns in time get well, but not till he has acquired

* Wild Life in the Interior of Central America. By George Byam, Late Forty-third Light Infantry. London: Parker, West Strand. 1849.

* The seat upon which prisoners are placed when about to be shot.

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the habit of being guided by them; and as soon as this is accomplished, he is taken out to stalk, and in a short time follows the amusement with all the keenness of a sportsman. 'It is really curious to watch the scientific mode in which an experienced ox conducts the operation on an open plain; he must take a pleasure in it, or else acts the part to perfection. No sooner does he perceive a deer on the open plain, than down goes his head, and he nibbles, or pretends to nibble, the grass, walking in a circular direction, as if he were going round and round the deer; but the cunning file always takes a step sideways for every one he takes in front, so as to be constantly approaching his victim, but in such a manner as to excite no alarm. In a large open plain the ox will make two entire circles, or more, round the game, before he has narrowed the inner one sufficiently to enable the hunter to take aim within proper distance; and the first notice the unsuspecting stag receives is an arrow, generally behind the shoulders —a gun-shot is best directed at the neck, but an arrow as above, for it impedes more the movement of the deer. An experienced hunting-ox is best left alone, as he is far more cunning than any hunter, and always keeps his master well hidden; he is only checked by a small pull when within shooting distance.'

Another way of hunting deer would seem to be very barbarous, but for the necessity the poor Indians are under of preventing depredations which, when successful, reduce their families to starvation. They observe the part of the fence which the deer leap over into their maize fields, and fix some sharp-pointed stakes in the earth for their reception. The marauders come bounding down after dark, and having no suspicion of a place they had passed in safety the night before, do not take the precaution to look before they leap. They are transfixed on the stakes, and an Indian watching at a distance runs up and destroys the victims.

The ox is not the only animal distinguished for his sporting propensities. The cuyote, supposed to be a large breed of dog run wild, hunts the panther in packs, but only when the latter has by some aggression aroused his vengeance. When the panther, for instance, in the course of his travels, finds himself suddenly in the midst of an assembly of cuyotes, he can rarely withstand the temptation to knock some of them over before taking to flight. The *esprit de corps* is immediately on fire at the insult, and the fugitive is followed by the dogs one and all. Tired out with the pertinacity of the pursuit, he at length takes to a tree, and perches himself on a branch high enough to be out of the reach of his enemies. But this does not dishearten them: the contest merely turns to a blockade, and assembling round the trunk, they wait patiently till their enemy descends, well knowing that he cannot remain there for ever. The conclusion of one of the odd hunts we give in the words of an Indian, Mr Byam's authority, only premising that by the word 'tigre' he means a panther:—'"The tigre was tree'd, Don Jorge, and the cuyotes were about fifty in number, and they kept continually walking round and round the tree where the panther was sitting, uttering now and then a fierce growl. I saw this in the forenoon," said the Indian, "from a high tree which I had climbed up in search of honey; and towards sunset I mounted the same tree, and the tigre was still there, with the cuyotes under the tree; but only about half the number, as the others had most likely gone in search of food; but at sunset they returned and took the others' places, who then took their departure. I went to my rancho, and at sunrise was again at my post, for I was very curious to see how it would all terminate: the tigre and the cuyotes were still there, but the smell even where I was was horrible; and if I could smell it so strong, what must the tigre have done, who was only a few feet above it! At last he took a leap into the middle of the pack, and though he killed and disabled a few, he was soon pulled to pieces."'

The cuyotes hunt the deer likewise as regularly as a pack of hounds. When they lose the scent, they separate in all directions; and when it is recovered, the successful individual announces the fact by a peculiar howl. These dogs never bark even when tamed, which, the Indians say, is a proof of their being of a dishonest breed: a dog of honour, according to them, barks in imitation of his master's shouts when driving cattle; but a cuyote has no sense of fidelity, and will not take the trouble to learn.

The racoon is another odd fellow. He usually lives in communities of fifty and upwards; but occasionally, for some inexplicable reason, he separates from his comrades, and takes to the life of a hermit. This life agrees with him exceedingly well, and he grows sleek and oily. The beavers in North America who live out of their village have probably been expelled for their misdeeds, for they grow thin and shabby, and have a careworn, neglected look, like so many old bachelors. But the solitary racoon is probably influenced by some virtuous motive. He soon ceases to be lean and dry, as are all the comrades he has left; and instead of playing the ascetic, he gets all his little comforts about him, and eats, drinks, sleeps, and grows fat, like a racoon whose conscience is at rest. A hermit of this kind is rarely met with. Our author never saw more than one, and 'he was far heavier than his livelier brethren; also, when the skin was off, the fat was half an inch deep on his back, and half of him roasted the same day proved a most excellent feast for several persons: the weather would not allow of its being hung up for a few days, which no doubt would have improved it. The meat was like excellent roe venison with plenty of fat, which that sort of venison does not possess.'

There is a monkey in the forests surrounding the lake of Nicaragua which attaches himself to a particular locality, and even a particular tree. 'They generally appear to choose trees about a hundred yards apart, and there the great red-bearded monkey sits, making what seemed to me a booming noise, but very horrible, and without much variation. The cry is responded to by others, and taken up again by those more distant, and the forest resounds and echoes with the most unearthly sounds.' This monkey is himself an oddity, for the rest of the tribe wander about from place to place—'come like shadows, so depart'—and as they never travel but at night, have something mystical both in their appearance and disappearance. Here is an instance of the affection they show for their young:—'A person with me wishing to secure a young monkey alive, fired at the mother in whose arms it was, thinking she would fall, and the baby be unhurt:* however, the fall only broke her arm, when she shifted her child to the other arm, and tried to climb, but could not. She then placed the little one on her back, and with the assistance of another monkey, who was also wounded, raised herself from branch to branch of the surrounding trees, and, I was very glad to see, escaped.' To shoot wantonly such creatures!—'I have never but once,' says our traveller, 'fired at a monkey, and would never do it again, except at a troop of plunderers—and then a good example is not lost on their little community. Wantonly shooting them is cruel and useless; but let us always except from the list of the cruel those who are making collections of skins for stuffing; those who have fruit-grounds, and wish to keep them far away; and, above all, those who are hungry, and like a tender roasted monkey, which, setting prejudice aside, is as good a dish as it is possible to eat. But if a sportsman, for mere sport's sake, could see, as I have seen, a monkey with a rifle-ball through him, lying on his back on the ground, putting his hand upon the wound, and then raising the hand to the glazing eye to look at the blood, together with the anguish plainly shown by the almost human distortions of the face, he would never fire at one a

* 'The easiest way to procure a young monkey is to look out for a she monkey, with a young one in her arms; if she falls down, she is generally between the ground and the young one, who is seldom hurt.'

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second time, or if he did, his heart must be of strange stuff and in a strange place.'

The monkey, however, is an odd animal everywhere; and we shall now direct our attention to another tribe of creation, selecting an instance to show that there are human feelings, habits, and manners among the birds as well as the beasts. Our author was one day watching at some distance the carcase of a pony, which had been placed on a hill with a view to its being devoured by the vultures. He saw with interest the gathering of these birds from all parts of the compass; and at length the dim specks in the sky, enlarging as they approached, resolved in one instance into a magnificent bird, with extended and seemingly motionless wings, the whirring noise of which became distinctly audible. This was the King of the Vultures; and the spectator, who had heard much of his majesty, was extremely anxious to observe what effect his presence would have upon those of his subjects who, coming from shorter distances, had already commenced the feast. They all retired; some perching on the neighbouring trees, but the greater number forming a circle around, and watching with courtier-like deference while the monarch alighted and commenced his meal. Long and heartily did the king eat; but not a single claw was extended towards the savoury food, either from the circle already formed, or by any one of the numerous guests who continued descending to the banquet. At length the Royal Vulture was satisfied; and having taken his departure, with a slower and heavier flight than before his arrival, his subjects threw themselves upon the fragments of the repast, and devoured them without ceremony.

Mr Byam, we may say in passing, combats the notion that vultures are attracted by the scent. 'Sight I believe to be the cause of the "gathering of the vultures;" for, having lived for six years in countries where vultures abound, and having examined their habits very closely, I have often seen this opinion confirmed. The enormous height they soar at gives them a widely-extended view, their keen eye enabling them to perceive a dead animal from incredible distances, and their instinct teaching them to watch the movements of dogs and other carnivorous animals, as well as to watch the flight of their own species.'

We come now to an odd adventure, which must have involved an agony of terror altogether without parallel. The coral snake is the most deadly in existence. After its bite there is no time even to attempt a cure; the victim falls instantly, his blood coagulates, and he soon becomes a lifeless mass of putridity. There is no mistaking the appearance of this terrible creature, which is made manifest not only by its bright-red colour, but by its body being of an almost uniform thickness from head to tail.

An Indian, dressed in a pair of loose drawers, with a coarse poncho over his head, lay down on his back on the side of an eminence near the path to sleep. He was awakened by something crawling over his leg. It was a coral; and gliding up his drawers, the reptile went to sleep upon his stomach. To move, almost to breathe, was death: but what to do? Even if travellers passed by, the first touch of their friendly hand would be the signal for the snake to sink its deadly fangs into his flesh. Yet this was his only chance of escape, slight as it might be; and after enduring unspeakable mental agonies, for what was to him an immeasurable time, he actually heard footsteps approach. He called out. The footsteps hastened—but hastened on—the passer-by taking the voice to be that of the decoy of some marauding Indians. Another came and passed, and another; till at length the poor wretch could only moan inarticulately as he heard the tramp of a horse. The rider saw him; and drawing near, observed distinctly the form of the snake (which was three feet long) beneath his drawers. He dismounted; and taking a pair of scissors from his saddle-bags, cut gently the cloth till the creature's head was visible as it lay fast asleep. He immediately seized it by the neck, and threw it suddenly off; but it was some little time before the rescued Indian recovered sufficiently from his prostration both of mind and body to comprehend his safety, or even to be able to stand.

Another adventure is related of almost equal peril, but of a kind which, with somewhat less remorse, we can describe as 'odd.' Everybody remembers Mr Waterton's celebrated ride upon an alligator, and the severe remarks that were made upon the narrative by persons who had never seen an alligator in their lives. Mr Byam, however, who is intimately acquainted with the animal, who resided long near its haunts, and acquired a neighbourly knowledge of its habits and manners, declares that, even setting aside the *prima facie* evidence of Mr Waterton's high character, the account is perfectly probable and consistent. The tail of the alligator, he says, is the only dangerous weapon of the creature, which in the water he uses to stun any large animal he may encounter. When he accomplishes this, he drags his victim to the bottom, and holds it fast with his powerful teeth, while he tears it asunder with his claws. The tail is much less manageable on land, even if Mr Waterton's courser had been less occupied with the anchor in his mouth. The alligator, indeed, is dealt with very unceremoniously by the Indians of Central America; for when dragging the large pools of a river for fish, if one of these enormous creatures gets into the net, a man walks coolly into the water, throws a noose round the fore-leg, and he is straightway drawn on shore, and killed with the axes of the party.

Sometimes, however, these lords of the pool give more trouble, as the adventure we allude to will show. One of them was a perfect dragon among the calves, and even cattle that came to drink at the river, pulling them every now and then under the water; till the farmer, a dusky acquaintance of our author, became wild with rage. One day, when riding, he had the fortune to fall in with his enemy in shallow water at some distance from his accustomed pool; and having, as usual, his lasso with him, attached to the pommel of his saddle, he at once gave chase, and as the beast was making for his haunt, threw the noose round his neck, and tried to drag him to a tree on the bank. But he had entirely miscalculated his means: the horse was no match in strength for the alligator, and was brought upon his knees. The avenger, therefore, was compelled to follow where he thought to have led, and in an instant man and horse were spinning through the river to the opposite bank.

The predicament was serious, and our friend tried to sever the lasso with his axe. But the instrument was blunt; the hard thongs resisted its edge; and on dashed the alligator with his prisoners in his wake. Down thundered the three, through shallows and deep water, rattling over stones, plunging in pools, till a voice of terror came upon the farmer's ear—the roar of a fall of the river as high as a house! On hearing this, the first thought that darted through the man's mind was, that he was about to die unconfessed! 'No, caballero,' said he, when telling Mr Byam the story—'no, senor, there never was, nor ever will be again, such a *paseo* (promenade)!' He now remembered, however, all on a sudden that there must be a knife in the pocket of his sheep-skin mantle; and succeeding, after some trouble, in getting at it, he at length severed his tow-rope.

'For nights after, Don Jorge,' continued the relator of this adventure, 'I could not sleep; or if I did for a moment, awoke fancying myself going again on my *maldito* voyage down the river—sometimes soused to the bottom of a pool, and sometimes tumbling and rolling about among the big stones—until at last I took such a violent hatred to this particular alligator, that I used to lie awake all night thinking how to be revenged. I used to go to the pool every morning to try and get a sight of him, and one morning I did see him; but what made me still more angry was, to see the loop of the lasso still round his neck, for all the world like a necklace: he must have gnawed off the

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remainder about a yard from the noose. I then went home, loaded my long Spanish gun very carefully with two balls, and taking with me a cur of a dog, who could do nothing but yell and howl, I returned to the pool, and tied the dog to a tree close to one of the alligator's paths. I then took a long string, and making it fast to the cur's leg, hid myself behind another tree, and began to pull hard at the string, and the dog began to howl lustily. In a short time the *lagarto's* nose appeared above water, and then his eyes and head: both dog and alligator must have seen each other pretty clearly, which made the dog howl more than ever. The beast, after looking round to see if the coast was clear, made straight for the shore, and was just creeping up the steep bank to seize the dog, when I fired my long barrel at him, not five paces distant, and sent a ball just into his eye. He was dead before you could say "Ave Maria!" and, Don Jorge, I slept soundly that night, and gave the cur-dog a good supper.'

This farmer stood much upon his dignity, which must have given a still higher relish to his story of having been run away with by an alligator. He was one day in a great rage with his son for having failed in an errand he had intrusted to him. He would fain have thought of some terrible name to call him, but ass, mule, or dog, would have been a reflection upon himself as the father of such an animal; and so, to save his dignity, while venting his indignation, he said to Mr Byam, 'Don Jorge, my son has eaten a he-mule for his breakfast!'

Let us conclude our list of oddities by mentioning that in Central America it is the custom for a man when overtaken by heavy rain, which there comes down in a deluge, not to cover himself up from the invasion, but to strip to the skin! This was our author's own practice when in the forest; and the reason was, that in that climate ague is invariably produced by wet clothes. The reader now sees, we hope, that there is some amusement to be gleaned from this little work; and he cannot do better than undertake the task for himself.

'HAPPY HOME.'

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, 'marries it,' goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home to go to and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story—or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted—and as that face was all he wanted, all he 'paid attention to,' all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to 'love, honour, and protect,' he gets sick of his trade; knows a dozen faces which he likes better; gives up staying at home of evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters, whisky-punch, and politics, and looks upon his 'home' as a very indifferent boarding-house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his 'face' knows anything about training them; so they come up helter-skelter—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the whole household.—Another young man becomes enamoured of a 'fortune.' He waits upon it to parties, dances the Polka with it, exchanges *billets-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets 'Yes' from it, is published to it, takes it to the parson's, weds it, calls it 'wife,' carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he, too, is married, and has got a home. It's false. He is not married: he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He's in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the newer baby; and then bid the 'fortune' and him who 'husbands' it good-morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded 'fortune' were falsely declared to be one.—Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them: they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, first one and then the other, proffering themselves both in exchange for her one heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair (of whiskers) before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.—*Burritt's Christian Citizen.*

CHILLIANWALLAH.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHILLIANWALLAH, Chillianwallah!
Where our brothers fought and bled!
Oh thy name is natural music,
And a dirge above the dead!
Though we have not been defeated,
Though we can't be overcome,
Still, whene'er thou art repeated,
I would fain that grief were dumb.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a name so sad and strange,
Like a breeze through midnight harpstrings
Ringing many a mournful change;
But the wildness and the sorrow
Have a meaning of their own—
Oh, whereof no glad to-morrow
Can relieve the dismal tone!

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a village dark and low,
By the bloody Jhelum River,
Bridged by the foreboding foe;
And across the wintry water
He is ready to retreat,
When the carnage and the slaughter
Shall have paid for his defeat.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a wild and dreary plain,
Strewn with plots of thickest jungle,
Matted with the gory stain.
There the murder-mouthed artillery,
In the deadly ambuscade,
Wrok the thunder of its treachery
On the skeleton brigade.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
When the night set in with rain,
Came the savage plundering devils
To their work among the slain;
And the wounded and the dying
In cold blood did share the doom
Of their comrades round them lying,
Stiff in the dead skyless gloom.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
Thou wilt be a doleful chord,
And a mystic note of mourning
That will need no chiming word;
And that heart will leap with anguish
Who may understand thee best;
But the hopes of all will languish
Till thy memory is at rest.

A 'TRAP' QUESTION.

Looking in the other day at the Jubilee School of Newcastle, we found a score of the lads interrogating each other in history. One young rogue came out with a 'trap' question. 'How many kings,' said he, 'have been crowned in England since the Conquest?' Several answers were returned, but none receivable by the querist; and being called upon at length to furnish the information himself, he replied, 'One!' 'One!' exclaimed a dozen incredulous voices. 'Yes, one!' repeated young Quibble: 'James the Sixth of Scotland was the only king that was ever crowned in England!'—*Gateshead Observer.* [Richard the Lion-hearted was of course a king when he was crowned for the second time on his return to England after his imprisonment by the Duke of Austria.]

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 289. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE DESERT AND ITS ADVENTURES.

The ancient and classical comparison of the Desert to the ocean, and the oases to verdant islands scattered on its surface, is as true to nature as it is beautiful in poetry; and it may assist in presenting to the imagination a more correct picture than is usually drawn of the great African wilderness. The Sahara, or Falat, as it is now more frequently called, has too long been a land of mystery, peopled only with paradoxes, and fertile only in natural impossibilities. It is represented as a uniform plain, entirely composed of arid sands, without water, without vegetation, offering, in short, no sustenance for either animal or vegetable life; then palm-trees are made to rise in this empire of absolute sterility, and wild beasts to raven in solitudes denuded of everything that could serve for nourishment or prey. Let us try if we cannot extract from the Algerian experiences of the French some ideas more consonant with nature and probability, and at the same time still more redolent of that spirit of romance which hovers over the waste places of the earth.

The fertile tract of country occupying the north of Africa, and stretching along the shores of the Mediterranean, is called the Tell, and may be considered the continent of the white people. It is a belt of about eighty miles broad from north to south, bounded on the north by the humid plains of the Mediterranean, and on the south by the burning waves of the Desert, which recent French writers call the Algerian Sahara. This desert, which includes the solitudes of Shott, Aughad, &c. divided by the great Atlas Mountains, and diversified with numerous oases, represents a sea studded with islands grouped in archipelagoes. Proceeding southward, we arrive at the great ocean, that is, the Central Desert; and beyond it, still southward, is Soudan or Nigritia, the name given to an immense region little known to Europeans. This is the continent of the black people, bounding the sandy ocean to the south. The fleets which plough these dangerous deeps are the caravans. They are equipped on the shores of the Tell; put in to the islands of the Algerian Sahara, to renew their provisions and trade with the inhabitants; at length they quit these archipelagoes, turn their head southward, and make for the continent of the blacks, whose principal port is Timbuctoo. The caravans that merely pass from one oasis to another are but cruisers; those only which steer for Timbuctoo or the Haouss, undertake what is deemed a voyage. They are organised on a most extensive scale, and supplied with implements of war, on account of the enemies that they may expect to encounter.

The great Central Desert of Falat exhibits considerable portions of surface covered with scanty vegetation; besides these there are stony plains, for the most part somewhat elevated; lines of dunes, or sandy hills, which are generally, but not always, liable to shiftings; large sheets of perfectly arid and barren shingle; and depressions constituting basins, in which the waters settle that have flowed through the country in the rainy season. The most remarkable deviation from this general character is the famous Djebel-Hoggar, which rises like a large island in the bosom of the sandy ocean. The plateau and peaks of Djebel-Hoggar must be very high, for though it is in the torrid zone, the inhabitants line their dresses with fur, and huddle together under tents covered with skins, to secure themselves against the intense cold.

The driest and most barren parts of the Falat are those where the ground is stony, raised, and steady. Over these tracts the sands often roll in the form of vortices, or settle in temporary hills, which are soon removed by the wind, and rolled down the declivities. They then gather and settle in the hollows abovementioned: and thus it is easy to explain why vegetation is seldom found in the bottom of these basins—why there is no formation of beautiful oases, as in the Algerian Sahara. If the water is a fertilising element on the one hand, the quantities of sand on the other, passing and repassing over every inch of the soil, is a powerful obstacle to vegetation. The hollows thus present simultaneously the principles of life and death. Even in the Algerian Sahara this antagonistic operation of sand and water on vegetation may be observed; the oases are constantly menaced by sandhills, which advance towards them, encroach by degrees on their gardens, and threaten their very existence.

But the Falat differs from the Algerian Desert, in having much more sand and less vegetation; being subject also to a temperature considerably higher, and liable to severe storms, which sometimes bury whole caravans in the sand. Far also from being studded with frequent and beautiful oases, its wells are often two or three hundred miles apart. And if, as sometimes happens, a storm has blown the sand in such a manner as entirely to cover the wells and springs to which the fainting caravan had been pressing, both man and beast must perish, unless the encumbrance can be cleared away; or the water, having taken another course, be found in some neighbouring spot. In the twenty-three days' journey from Agabli to Timbuctoo, eight or ten are reckoned on without water; and this is the portion of the journey which is most dreaded. If the sirocco overtakes a caravan here, and blows for some time, it dries up the water, and occasions many deaths. But this is not a sandy tract; the soil is composed of a stiff, red earth, which is called *tanegrouffe*.

The palm-tree does not grow in the Falat; and there are some places quite destitute of every species of vegetation. But for the most part we find plants scattered

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everywhere, and more thickly in the hollows which have not been invaded by the sand. On the driest tracts, few animals are to be met with; but about the skirts of the Desert, and in the mountains, we find giraffes, ostriches, gazelles, zebras, antelopes, lions, panthers, and serpents. Among the domestic animals are the goat and the sheep—nearly the only ones which thrive in the most inauspicious situations.

The spaces which are utterly dry and barren have of course no settled inhabitants, but are from time to time tracked by caravans or traversed by freebooters. On the other hand, wherever there are found even scanty supplies of water and vegetation, there may be seen groups of tents, sheltering a miserable population whom one might suppose incapable of supporting life on the little share of nature's bounty that falls to their inheritance.

The inhabitants of the Central Desert are called Touareg; Targui being the singular. They are a white people, and are often supposed to be like the inhabitants of Sahara, of the Berebber race. Certainly there are several points of resemblance between them; but the Touareg have habits, manners, and a way of life quite peculiar to themselves. Their language is derived from that of Barbary; but it is a dialect very different from that spoken in the oases. It has a roughness, which has led to its being called the German of the Desert; and seems to approximate most to the language of the Gouanches, the former inhabitants of the Canaries. In religion the Touareg follow Islamism; but they singularly mingle the idolatrous rites of Fetishism with the duties of the Koran.

The Touareg do not compose a tribe merely, but a great nation—the scum, the pirates of the sandy ocean. Driven in all probability at some remote period from the Tell, by the invasions of the conquerors who have successively appeared in Algiers, then expelled from the Algerian Sahara, which they seem to have occupied in early ages, they appear desirous of avenging themselves to this day on the descendants of those who banished their race to the Desert. Their families live in towns to the south-east, along the borders of Soudan, or occupy huts in the Djebel-Hoggar above-mentioned; and here the men also spend the months of winter. But in spring they betake themselves to a wandering life, their occupation being either to transport goods along the line from R'Dames to Demergon, or to rob the caravans on the line from Timbuctoo to Insalah.

In all his expeditions, whether honest or otherwise, the mehari is the inseparable companion of the Targui. The accounts which have been given of the sagacity, docility, and swiftness of this animal are almost incredible. General Marey, who appears to have seen three of them, thinks that the mehari is to the common camel just what a racer is to a draught-horse. The Central Desert is not only its native country, but, it would seem, its exclusive abode. It has very rarely been seen in the Tell, or indeed in any of the more northern parts of Africa; the reason being, either that it cannot be acclimatised, or, as some say, that it dies from eating a poisonous plant called *drias;* which is so like a nutritious one belonging to Falat, that the animal does not perceive the difference, and perishes the victim of its error. It is a dry, nervous, lean, supple, sober, and submissive creature, and allows itself to be guided by means of a long rein, which is either passed through the ring, or hooked to the small metallic trunk which is fastened through the muzzle. His prodigious swiftness is suitable to the immensity of the plains which he has to traverse. The natives divide their meharis into ten classes: the lowest comprehends those which can make about twenty-five of our miles in a day, and the highest those which clear ten times the distance in the same space of time. It is confidently asserted that a good mehari can travel from seventy to eighty miles day after day continuously.

Their mode of rearing this favourite animal is singular. When it is born, they plunge it to the neck in fine, shifting sand, that the delicate bones of its legs may not be bent by supporting the weight of its body; and for fourteen days it is subjected to a prescribed diet, chiefly consisting of butter and milk, of which both the composition and quantity are varied from day to day, according to well-known rules. It is an object of great solicitude that it should have a dam renowned for the rapidity of its movement, for it is a settled point in the Desert that the mehari inherits chiefly the maternal qualities. It is seldom allowed to run till the end of the first month; an iron ring is then passed through its nose, and its education is begun.

The sagacity of a well-trained mehari is no less wonderful than his swiftness. If the Targui chooses, in the midst of a rapid course, to plant his lance in the sand, the attentive animal, cognisant of his master's every wish, turns round the weapon, till the cavalier has succeeded in picking it up again; then, without at all abating his speed, he pursues his course as before. When the warrior falls in battle, his faithful companion does not abandon the field: he approaches the Targui, stretches himself on the sand, like a dog fawning at his master's feet, watches whether he exhibits any sign of life, and appears to invite him to remount his back, and fly from the scene of carnage. If the Targui remains mute and motionless, the mehari takes the way to the town or *douar* * where his family reside; and when they see him return alone, the women begin their lamentations for the dead, and the children raise the bitterest cries. The agitation spreads through the village, and all turn their anxious inquiring gaze towards the horizon: some dark spots appear; they increase and approach: these are other meharis without their masters; silently, but too truly, telling that the loved ones have been defeated and slain.

The constitution of the Touareg, like that of their meharis, is dry; and their form so slender, that the appellation of *lath* is given to them throughout the Desert. They are divided into black and white; not according to the colour of their skin, but of their costume. The white Touareg dress nearly like the Arabs, but the black have a peculiar stamp; their clothing, mounting, arms, manners, habitations, are unlike any of their neighbours.

The black Touareg wear pantaloons, like Europeans, confined at the waist with a woollen girdle. They go barefooted, because they scarcely ever walk, but mount their meharis to pass the shortest distance from one place to another. Those, however, who are not rich enough to have an animal to ride on, wear a kind of sandal tied on their feet with strings. They dress in a variable number of vestments, made in the form of blouses, or loose gowns, and composed of cotton cloth, variously striped, and only a few inches broad. This cloth is called *saie*, and is brought from the Negro country. Whether in the town or the camp, they generally wear at least three of these blouses, the outermost of which is ornamented with rich embroidery in gold, forming irregular designs, and particularly heavy on the left breast and the right shoulder-blade. When they betake themselves to the open country, they add other two blouses of a dark colour, and cover the head and neck with a long deep *haick*, or woollen scarf, which leaves only the eyes uncovered. The stuff of which this is composed is covered with a varnish, made from various gums, to prevent the adhesion of the sand. They shave the head, leaving only a long queue behind; and they wear a *chechia*, which disappears under the folds of the haick, so that at a distance the Targui appears like a black spot gliding over the surface of the glittering sand.

When the winter is over, the Targui prepares to tear himself from his repose and his family, and to pursue his marauding career. The fleets of caravans are now

* A douar is a group of tents.

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ploughing over the Falat; they must either pay him an impost, and thus gain his protection, or else they must fight their way. He furnishes himself with some scanty provisions, and a leathern bottle filled with water: he arms himself with his long lance, broad two-edged sword, a dagger, enclosed in a sheath attached to the fore-arm, his bow and arrows, and a shield of elephant's skin. Thus equipped for war, he mounts his mehari, bestriding a kind of saddle placed between the hunch and shoulders. He bids a hasty adieu to his family in the act of urging on his courser, which carries him away so rapidly, that he hears not their responsive wishes for the success of his enterprise. He joins the piratical troop, which may number from a few hundred to two thousand men. They march only by night, under the guidance of the stars, and thus suffer much less from the noontide heats, as well as approach the caravan with more probability of being unobserved. Each morning they take their observations, and they can perceive the approach of a caravan at a distance of twenty-five miles at least. Whenever the camel-drivers have left their bivouac and commenced their march, the usual stillness of the Desert is disturbed, not by cries, not even by a vague sound, but by certain vibrations in the air, which can be detected only by the acute senses of the Touareg. The robber-horde advance with caution, and presently a cloud of sand proves they were not mistaken. The attack is fixed for the following morning. But the caravan also has its scouts, who have glided like serpents among the undulations of the sand to reconnoitre the force of the enemy. The main body, encamped around some water-springs, wait with patience the return of the explorers. If it appear that the robbers are so numerous that it would be unsafe to venture alone into the Desert, the caravan remains by the water for several days, or even weeks, or months, till other similarly-destined bands arrive; they then unite, and when the body is large enough, they prosecute their course. If, on the contrary, the pirates do not appear very formidable, the caravan determines to proceed, sure to be attacked, and likely to lose some of their men, as well as loaded camels.

The next morning a glimmering light appears in the horizon, and the disk of the sun comes into view almost immediately afterwards; for in these countries the twilight and dawn are but momentary. The camels lying with their long necks stretched out on the sand are awaked by their conductors, and utter their frightful grumbling. Some with great docility allow themselves to be loaded; others rise and attempt to escape; but a few gentle blows from the driver make them crouch down again. The Sheik-el-Bakal, commander of the fleet, is absolute master of all its movements, and gives the signal for starting when he deems all in readiness. The Menair, who are experienced travellers, acting in the capacity of pilots, take their places in the van, and the whole mass puts itself in motion. The scouts have observed the Touareg retire, doubtless to seek another prey; the marauders gradually fade in the distance, till they are entirely lost amid the warm tints of the horizon.

But the merchants have mistaken a *ruse* of the enemy for a final retreat. The Touareg, learning from one of their own scouts that the caravan is proceeding, approach it after the evening has closed in, clearing perhaps a hundred miles in a single night. At daybreak a hoarse, wild, fearful cry breaks the silence of the plain: it is the signal of attack. A desperate conflict ensues. The sand is the battle-field; and it will be the only grave of the vanquished. Happy those who fall by a mortal blow, rather than be left lingering wounded on the plain! The conqueror would not take the trouble of despatching those he has prostrated; he knows that the Desert will complete the work of death, and that the tedious agonies of thirst and despair are more cruel than any tortures his bitterest vengeance could suggest. After the massacre comes the pillage; and the victorious troop, carrying off their spoil, and leading away their loaded camels, disappear behind the sand-hills.

In the evening the sand and sky are bathed in lurid colours by the setting sun: these brilliant tints become by degrees brown and sombre; till, in the darkness which veils the heavens and weighs on the earth, nothing meets the eye but a track as of fire in the horizon. In the stillness of night one may for a time hear cries, and prayers, and blasphemies from the scene of the late carnage; but the Mussulman soon wraps himself up in that passive resignation which is one of the leading features of his character; and he will die without a rebellious feeling against the fate which he believes was determined for him by an unalterable decree from the moment of his birth. Some shadows may be seen to move, to creep along, and to fall again immovable: these are the last convulsions of the dying.

A dull sound arises, increases, approaches; the atmosphere becomes unusually dry and heavy; each breath of wind is as suffocating as the blast which escapes from a burning furnace; and the particles of sand, which are lashed into shape, appear to burn like sparks from a crackling fire. It is the sirocco! The sands roll their impalpable grains over each other; the surface of the plain ripples at first like a tranquil lake when agitated by the fall of an insect. But the undulations increase more and more; now it may be called a billowy sea; and the vortices rise in the air, turning spirally at the base, spreading like a sheaf at the top, and increasing in their course over the sand, which they worm out by this whirling motion.

The noise again decreases, and at last is entirely hushed; the troubled air becomes calm; and the coolness of night supersedes the hot breath of the sirocco. But the sand has engulfed the wreck of the caravan; the moon shines on a level plain; and all is silence and solitude in the Desert!

THE CADET BRANCH.

Two of the cheeriest, blithest ladies of my acquaintance were the Misses Tabitha and Deborah Darvill, who, with their long-widowed, gray-haired mother, resided, a few years ago, in one of the pleasant semi-rural cottages the neighbourhood of London is so thickly studded with; upon an income which, to persons unfamiliar with the magic of a minute and judicious economy, might appear barely sufficient for the mere necessaries of life, but which *they* made amply suffice for most of its modest luxuries. Guileless, cheerful-hearted maidens! who that witnessed with what a gentle, loving-kindness you

'Rocked the cradle of declining age'—

how gaily you gossipped, how prettily you played and sung—how sensibly, when you had nothing better to do, you discoursed—could have thought otherwise than contemptuously of the venerable fallacy which connects misanthropy with elderly-maidenhood, and invariably associates singleness at forty with crabbedness and an evil disposition? For myself, I beg to express a firm belief that if Tabby and Debby—familiar domestic brevities these, permitted, be it understood, only to a favoured few—I say I firmly believe that if Tabby and Debby had each blessed three husbands, and been surrounded by a dozen or more cherubs in bibs and pinafores, they could scarcely have been more gentle, obliging, and thoroughly amiable than they actually were. This, I repeat, is my solemn opinion. But coming as it does from a confirmed old bachelor, it must of course be taken *cum grano salis*. One weakness, besides tea, these ladies confessed to: they loved, with an enthusiasm unsurpassed by that of the celebrated Mrs Battle, a sound, quiet rubber of whist—good old constitutional whist, mind; none of your *short* heresies—with its illustrations, 'a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.' Fortunately they lived in a thoroughly whist neighbourhood. The two

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semi-detached cottages that, with their own, constituted the chief street of that young locality, were occupied by two staid widowers; with whom, since the death and burial of their wives, whist seemed the one-cherished object of existence; and hundreds of rubbers were valiantly fought out in that pleasantest of pleasant parlours between the mature maidens and their somewhat ancient neighbours—Mr Peter Danby, and Mr John Dusatoy.

Yes, Peter Danby and John Dusatoy are the names of the gentlemen; but if the reader is to understand clearly this charming little 'histoirette'—that is, if I do not mar it in the telling—something more of introduction than the mere announcement of their names is essentially necessary. Mr Peter Danby—a man of singularly-expressive silence—may be dismissed after his own manner in a very few words. He is a retired drysalter, living physically and morally upon the accumulations, material and mental, of former exertions. The first—the material—are decidedly the most tangible, consisting as they do of between five and six thousand pounds in sundry solid securities, national and joint-stock. The mental capital, though not perhaps so accurately set down, nor so easily reckoned up as consols and debentures, must necessarily be considerable; as, without having added one single item to it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the street—who is unquestionably the old lady yonder, nodding so comfortably in her arm-chair over her knitting—he has for many years enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, a daily reputation from it: a man of powerful action I have no doubt, but of marvellous few words. Many a brave talker, I am told, he has in his time listened down: kept steadily at it, in fact, till the fountain was thoroughly run out. Shortly, to sum him up, and give his brief-total, he is a kind of drysalter-illustration of Mr Carlyle's somewhat paradoxical apothegm in his Hero as Poet: 'speech is great, but silence is greater.' His tremendous superiority at whist may be imagined.

Mr John Dusatoy, on the other hand, is essentially a man of words; but unfortunately of such small ones, that a shower of them produces the faintest imaginable impression. A decent, quiet, well-meaning little man, nevertheless, is John Dusatoy. Dusatoy, I repeat, is a very quiet, respectable person; wears a carefully-kept flaxen wig, and has everything handsome and comfortable about him; and, to crown all, a daughter, who——

Yes, sir; positively the young lady seated at the rosewood work-table, with the beautifully-moulded Grecian head, raven tresses, dark full brilliant eyes—and now, as she rises to snuff the candles for the absorbed whist-players, you perceive, of queenly figure and graceful, elastic carriage—is the little flaxen wig's heiress and only daughter, Geraldine Dusatoy.... Well, sir, what of that? I maintain that it is a soap and candle dealer's birthright—his and every man's inalienable, constitutional privilege—to have his daughter christened by any name he pleases. You admit it? That being the case, I don't mind still farther enlightening you. But in order that I should be enabled to do so, you must, if you please, step back with me to just seventeen years ago last Monday evening. A long distance! And now we have got to it, only look what a dark, gusty, sleety, plashy, disagreeable evening it is! Well, on this very evening Mr John Dusatoy was belated at a distance of something more than six miles from his lawful home and wife, situated both of them in one of the large manufacturing towns of the north of England. It was entirely his own fault, I must tell you, that he was thus belated. He might have been home hours before, had he not been fascinated, juggled out of his usual prudence, by a troop of spangled vagabonds, with a black-eyed gipsy girl for their prima donna, who were exhibiting their tricks and tumblings at the 'Golden Fleece,' whither Mr John Dusatoy had betaken himself by appointment early in the afternoon, for the settlement of a rather heavy account. When he at last rose to depart, he found that he had awfully overstayed his time; and direful were the forebodings which filled his mind as to the reception he should meet with from Mrs Dusatoy—a respectable, but altogether over-eloquent lady, who, John instinctively felt, as he glanced at the hands of his watch, had already heaped up abundant treasures for him. 'Nearly seven miles by the road,' soliloquised the repentant, self-accusing soap-dealer: 'bless me, I shall be two hours or more getting home that way. Through the wood saves nearly three miles; but then it is so plaguy dark, I might miss my way.' He nevertheless resolved to venture. The brandy and water he had swallowed rendered him unusually valiant; and on he desperately staggered, through marsh, and brake, and brier. Rash, rarely successful men are they who wander from beaten paths in search of short cuts to desired havens; and honest Dusatoy proved no exception to the rule. For more than two mortal hours did he wander to and fro in the dark, marshy, perplexing wood; till, worn out, bewildered, terrified almost to death, he sat down upon a damp, uncomfortable stump, fairly overcome with fright and vexation. The imminence of the peril roused him to renewed exertion. 'Man lost!—man lost!—man lost!' he shouted, jumping up, and raising his voice to a dreadfully-cracked pitch, in the desperate hope of attracting assistance. The strange sounds echoed through the stillness of the forest; but no sympathising voice responded to the agonised appeal. 'Man lost!—man lost!' reiterated the perturbed but persistent off-man with quavering vehemence. This time there was an answer. 'Who—o—o—o—o?' came distinctly down the wind. 'Poor Johnny Dusatoy!' he replied with deprecatory supplication: 'as honest a man as ever broke a bit of bread!' 'Who—o—o—o—o?' again returned the sympathising stranger. Johnny eagerly repeated his description, baptismal, patronymic, and moral, and still the same query replied to his frantic asseverations. On, however, he pressed in the direction of the voice; and, as he conjectured, was not more than a quarter of a mile from the cold-blooded questioner, when, emerging from the tangled darkness into a somewhat clear opening in the wood, he was startled out of his few remaining wits by the apparition of an enormous gipsy suddenly confronting and striding towards him. No wonder his jaws rattled like a pair of castanets, and that he shook in every fibre of his little body: it was—no doubt about it, considering the hour and the locality—a most unpleasant meeting.

'Who is that?' demanded the grim vagabond; 'who is that dialoguing with the owls at this time of night?'

'I—I—I, p-o-o-o-r Jo-ohnny Du-u-u-satoy, as ho-o-o-nest a'——

'Oh, it's you, is it? I'm glad of it, for I thought I had missed you. You are the very man I want.'

'A-a-a-am I?'

'Yes: you are rich and childless; and you must take this one, and bring it up as your own. The girl you saw at the inn has preserved it during the last five or six days at the hazard of her life. The band, for various reasons best known to themselves, will have it destroyed and buried snugly out of the way. I have undertaken the job; but at the request of that girl have promised to deliver it to you; with this distinct understanding, that you bring it up as your own; and above and before all, that you never breathe a word to one living soul as to how you came by it.'

'Ye-e-es.'

'You consent: I am glad of it, as it may save trouble. Now, then, here's a Bible: look and see that it is a real one. Good. Now place your hand upon it, and repeat after me.' Mr John Dusatoy stretched forth his hand, and mechanically repeated the words of an awful oath binding him to secrecy. He then, at the command of the gipsy, kissed the book.

'It is well. Now mark: if ever you reveal to a single human being what has passed to-night, you will be a

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dead man before twenty-four hours are over. Come, this is your path.'

Five minutes afterwards, Mr John Dusatoy found himself upon the high road, within ten minutes' distance of his home, with a lusty infant of about two years of age in his arms. His mind was in a state of complete confusion. He certainly had seen such things done in a play, and had read of them in circulating romances, but that a respectable man and a rate-payer should be served a trick of the kind in actual real life seemed utterly absurd and incredible. He, however, moved mechanically homewards, holding the babe nearly at arm's length, something after the manner in which people carry joints of meat to a bakehouse; and had arrived within a yard of his domicile before a thoroughly full sense of the utter desperateness of his condition flashed upon him. If he had before dreaded encountering his amiable partner, how on earth was he to face that determined woman with such a present as *that* in his arms? The very idea of it turned him up and down; and cold and sleety as it was, he perspired like a roasting cook in the dog-days. Long, long he stood irresolute; but at length nerving himself to desperation, he rang the bell. Quickly a well-remembered step was heard upon the passage floor-cloth, and a well-remembered voice exclaimed—'Oh, there you are at last! Upon my word this is very pretty—remarkably so indeed. Aint you ashamed of yourself?' continued Mrs Dusatoy, fairly boiling over, and at the same moment throwing open the door. 'Aint you ashamed'——

The current of her eloquence was checked at once. I give you my word, sir, that a company of grenadiers charging into that passage with fixed bayonets and bear-skin caps could not have so scared that remarkable woman, as did the blessed babe sustained upon her husband's outstretched arms. She started back dumbfounded, paralysed! Johnny, profiting by the momentary panic of his better half, darted by her, rushed frantically into the parlour, and deposited the infant on the table, exclaiming, as he wiped his teeming forehead, 'There! I swore a dreadful oath I would do it, and I *have* done it. There!'

The scene which followed must be left to the imagination, which, if a very brilliant one, may possibly do it justice. I can only relate the fag-end of the fray, after the storm had spent itself, and John Dusatoy had escaped to bed. 'Well, Sally,' said the mistress of the house, addressing her confidential maid-of-all-work; 'we cannot throw the brat into the street, so you had better take it and let it sleep with you to-night;' and Mrs Dusatoy, who had been engaged for the last two or three minutes in an unsatisfactory voyage of discovery over the baby's features, endeavoured to transfer it to the arms of her handmaid. But the child would not be so shifted. It clung perversely, but most endearingly, round Mrs Dusatoy's neck, pressing its coral mouth upon her lips, and peremptorily refusing to depart. The good woman's better nature was awakened by the child's appeal. Thoughts of the one, only one sweet bud of promise that had briefly blessed her life, swelled her heart and filled her eyes. 'Never mind, Sally, she shall remain with me to-night at all events.' The next morning, after patiently listening to her husband's explanation, Mrs Dusatoy agreed to adopt the child. It soon secured a firm hold on the affections of both husband and wife; and as the Dusatoys were even in those days comparatively rich, a liberal education was ungrudgingly bestowed upon the beautiful Geraldine—this name was found marked upon a portion of the infant's dress, and was of course retained—and possessed as she was of great natural capabilities, she speedily reflected credit on her instructors. Her birth, or rather her rescue and adoption, Mrs Dusatoy a few weeks before her death unreservedly communicated to the sorrowing, adopted daughter. That knowledge has not, as you perceive, in the slightest degree abated the affectionate respect which she has constantly manifested towards her kind, well-meaning, reputed father.

And now, sir, having, as I trust, fully satisfied your curiosity respecting the young lady at the work-table, you will, if you please, allow me to continue my story without interruption.

The whist-players, then, on the evening in question, were not, it was quite clear, in harmonious accordance. Both Tabby and Debby seemed fidgetty and nervous, strangely forgot what cards were out, and altogether played abominably. Twice Mr Dusatoy, as fresh hands were in course of distribution, had querulously remonstrated with Debby upon not leading the right suit at the right time; and once Mr Peter Danby, after enduring much unwincingly, paused in the midst of the play, laid his cards emphatically on the table, raised his spectacles from his eyes to his forehead, and glared solemnly in fair Tabitha's face with a look which said as plainly as look could, 'Remember, madam, you are losing *my* money as well as your own.' There were four sixpences, I should state, under one of the candlesticks. This done, he replaced his spectacles, resumed his cards, and steadily continued the game.

'Well,' said Miss Deborah at the conclusion of the hand, 'we *are* playing shockingly; but the truth is, we have been a good deal flustered this afternoon by a letter from General'——

'*Lieutenant*-General D'Harville,' interposed Tabitha; at the same time volunteering the orthography of the general's name.

'Yes, Lieutenant-General D'Harville,' resumed Deborah; 'and that, it seems, is the correct mode of spelling *our* name, which has been somehow shortened and vulgarised by dear papa's connection with the City. The general reminds us that we are a cadet branch of the family tree. Now what, for mercy's sake, *is* a cadet branch?'

'It's people that go to the East Indies to serve their queen and country in the capacity of gentlemen,' replied John Dusatoy with confident alacrity.

'Nonsense, Mr Dusatoy. How can Tabby and I, or dear mamma, be people of that sort?'

Mr Peter Danby paused for an instant in the act of shuffling the cards for a fresh deal, and looked with much intelligence at Miss Deborah: he then favoured Mr Dusatoy with another emphatic glance, easily translateable into 'You're a donkey;' he, however, only *said*, as he placed the pack before him, 'CUT!' Everybody felt that Mr Danby *knew* what a cadet branch was, but that he for the moment declined imparting his knowledge. This was a favourite trick; and indeed one of the chief modes by which he raised and sustains his great reputation.

'I believe,' said Geraldine, coming, as usual, to the rescue, 'that a cadet is a younger brother, and I suppose his family might be called the cadet branch of the house?'

'That explains it, dear Geraldine,' cried the spinsters both in a breath. 'Quite. Well, who *would* have thought it?'

General Sir Frederick D'Harville had in fact written a curt stately note, informing Mrs D'Harville—corruptly spelt Darvill—that having lost his only son about a twelvemonth previously in one of the great Indian battles, he and Lady D'Harville had determined to adopt one of their nieces, and bestow her handsomely in marriage, in order, as better could not be, that the ancient family might be continued and perpetuated through the cadet branch. He would call, for the purpose of escorting his niece to Maida Hall, on the morrow about noon.

For obvious reasons, the entire contents of this strange missive were not communicated to the company; but enough transpired to convince the widowers that a dreadful blow had been aimed at the peace of the card-table; and that, moreover, any further play even on that evening was out of the question. Mr Peter Danby rose, quietly placed his broad-brimmer on his deliberate head, drew on his gloves, buttoned up his coat, bowed comprehensively, and stalked forth in accusing silence.

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Mr Dusatoy and his adopted daughter departed half an hour later.

Alas, there was more, much more in danger than the whist-table! Pope was quite right: in these days the Evil One tempts, not by poverty, but riches. For the first time Tabby remembered with bitter malevolence that Debby was three years her junior; and Debby, for the same reason, exulted ungenerously over her sister. Twelve hours before, neither of them would have believed in the possibility of such feelings arising within their gentle bosoms; so sad was the change wrought by the glittering bait, present and prospective, set before them by their crafty uncle the lieutenant-general.

The general arrived the next morning in great state. He was a fine military-looking man, and was indeed possessed of many admirable qualities; but all dimmed and obscured, to the superficial observer at least, by overweening pride of birth and lineage, and haughty superciliousness of manner. He was ushered into the front parlour by the awe-struck maid-servant; and a minute afterwards, Geraldine Dusatoy, blushing, and somewhat embarrassed, but losing nothing of her native grace and dignity of manner, entered to apologise for the momentary absence of Sir Frederick's nieces.

The instant the general's eye fell upon the form of the beautiful girl, he started from his chair with strange emotion; and advancing rapidly towards her with extended hands, exclaimed in a tone of joyful surprise, 'My niece!' Geraldine explained, and Sir Frederick's countenance immediately fell. He did not, however, relinquish her hand, and continued to gaze at her with a troubled, inquisitive glance. Presently the door opened: 'Miss Deborah D'Harville,' said Geraldine, very much embarrassed, and anxious to divert the general's attention from herself.

'It is very strange,' muttered Sir Frederick, gently yielding Geraldine's hand, and turning mechanically towards Deborah: 'Who is this young lady?'

'Geraldine Dusatoy—a neighbour.'

Tabitha now entered; and Sir Frederick's attention being necessarily given to the sisters, Geraldine Dusatoy adroitly slipped away, much wondering at the general's strange behaviour.

General D'Harville's reception of his nieces, as soon as he recovered his rarely-disturbed self-possession, was kind and courteous. It was soon arranged that Deborah, as the youngest, should succeed to the vacant niche of heiress to the House of D'Harville; and preparations for immediate departure were at once commanded. I will not say that the general's hopes and anticipations were not somewhat damped by the perusal of the record of mature age stamped upon the countenance even of his youngest niece; but he by no means despaired of the stability of his ancient House. He was a man of singularly sanguine temperament, and had in his youth led two forlorn-hopes.

Arrived at Maida Hall, Deborah was introduced to her stately aunt, Lady D'Harville—a tall, splendid, but apparently a grief-stricken woman. 'Surely,' thought Deborah, 'I have seen that face before. Oh, to be sure. If she were twenty years younger, and happier looking, she would be the very image of Geraldine.'

Lady D'Harville received her niece with a cold, sad smile; and Deborah, after a few frigid words of course, was consigned to the care of her appointed attendants.

'Your niece's education, Sir Frederick,' said Lady D'Harville as soon as Deborah had left the apartment, 'has, I fear, been sadly neglected. You will have enough to do to render her presentable at the next drawing-room.'

'Yes: there is no time to spare neither. At all events, she has good blood in her veins. We must make up for lost time as well as we can.'

The result of the general's resolution to make up for lost time is very clearly set forth in the following epistle received by Miss Tabitha about a fortnight after her sister's departure:—

'Maida Hall.

Dear Tab.—If you still feel any desire to be a great heiress, and live in state, get your things packed up ready; for, please goodness, I'll put up with the life I'm leading here no longer; no, not to be cadet branch to Queen Victoria! The general comes home to-morrow evening; and if he wont take me back in the carriage, I'll run away! Why, Tabby dear, you can have no conception of the torments and martyrdoms I have been made to endure, in the hope of transmogrifying me into a fine lady. But it's no use, Tabby dear—not the slightest: it's not in me, and that's the honest truth. First of all, as early as seven in the morning, I'm drilled for three-quarters of an hour by Sergeant Pike, in order to make me keep my shoulders back: after breakfast, my French and Italian masters take me in hand for an hour each: then come the piano and harp professors, and I am made to thump and twang away till luncheon-time: directly that is over, Monsieur Pirouette, the dancing-master, exercises me for two mortal hours: and when *he* has concluded, it is time to surrender myself into the hands of Mademoiselle Angélique, to be screwed up, frizzed, and plaited for dinner. Ah, Tabby, if I could once see that dear Angélique upon the bare back of our donkey, and I behind with a good switch in my hand, *wouldn't* I—— But no matter, here I wont stop, that's poz! The cadet branch and posterity may shift for themselves for what I care; I'll have no more of it, and so you may tell dear mother; and believe me, Tabby, your affectionate sister in affliction, Deborah Darvill.

'Yes, Darvill! good, honest, downright Darvill! The deuce take their H's, and their E's, and their apostrophes, say I, for ever and amen!'

Tabitha and Geraldine Dusatoy were still occupied on the following morning commenting upon this portentous letter, when the general's carriage was seen to drive furiously up to the garden gate, and presently out sprang Deborah, before the door was well opened, and came running frantically up the gravelled path towards the cottage. In she burst, hot, panting, and impatient.

'God bless you, Tabby; here's an uproar, and all of my making! Geraldine, don't be frightened; there's a dear: but as sure as you're alive, you are an elder branch, or worse. Turn down your left shoulder, and you'll see. The general had been talking to his lady about your uncommon likeness; but there, poor soul, you don't know anything about it; and I happened to let out that you were a "babe in the wood," suckled by gipsies seventeen years ago, and that your name was Geraldine; and if Lady D'Harville hasn't been going on distractedly ever since, wringing her hands, and walking in her sleep like the lady in the play. Oh, here she is.'

Lady D'Harville, supported by her husband, here entered the room in a terrible state of agitation. The instant she saw Geraldine she sprang wildly towards her, and clasping her in her arms, exclaimed in a choking voice, and with frenzied eagerness, 'It is she! I know it—feel it! Oh, God would not so deceive a mother! Quick—quick, if you would not see me die! Her left shoulder—three moles triangularly placed!'

'It is she!—look here!' shrieked Sir Frederick with wild excitement, and at the same time seizing the astonished Geraldine in his arms. Lady D'Harville slid down on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes raised towards Heaven, ejaculated in broken accents, 'Thanks, Father of Mercies, thanks!'

The explanation which, as soon as the excitement had in some degree subsided, was gone into, proved perfectly satisfactory. Maida Hall had been broken into and plundered a few days previous to the night on which John Dusatoy had duetted with the owls, by a band of gipsies, and the child carried off, in the expectation, it was conjectured, of obtaining a reward for its restoration. The pursuit, however, was so hot, that the band must have feared to afford any clue to the

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detection of the authors of the burglary by any negotiation of the sort; and hence doubtless their resolution to put the child out of the way: a design happily frustrated by the compassion of the gipsy girl, and the opportune appearance of Mr John Dusatoy at the 'Golden Fleece.'

Matters were speedily arranged: Mr Dusatoy parted regretfully with Geraldine; but both were consoled by the frank and cordial invitation the honest man received from Sir Frederick and Lady D'Harville to visit Maida Hall as frequently as he found it convenient and agreeable to do so. A large addition to the income of Mrs Darvill and her daughters was also spontaneously offered by the general, and of course gratefully accepted.

Sir Frederick, Lady, and Geraldine D'Harville departed just as the shades of evening began to fall. Half an hour afterwards, the candles were lighted, the card-table again set out—Mrs Darvill was wheeled closer to the fire, and the accustomed four once more seated themselves at their beloved board of green cloth. Deborah, enfranchised Deborah, all smiles and sunshine, having shuffled the cards, waved them in the air with a gesture of exuberant triumph, and then, bringing them down with a flourish, plump before Mr Peter Danby, exclaimed, 'Cut!' 'With all my heart,' rejoined Mr Danby, suiting the action to the word. 'Hurra!' This unwonted outburst added of course considerably to the excitement, which, however, completely subsided during the progress of the deal. 'Play!' cried Tabitha. Deborah played, and on went the solemn game; and on it is going to this day, as any lady or gentleman who can procure an introduction may easily satisfy him or herself on any evening during the week, 'Sundays excepted.'

HYBERNATING QUADRUPEDS OF BRITAIN.

A BEAUTIFUL dispensation is observable in the hybernation of such creatures as feed entirely on insects, or on the more delicate parts of vegetable structures. As soon as the blasts of winter destroy the substances which are essential to their support, they (for the most part) bury themselves in the ground, as in the case of the hedgehog; or roll themselves in a soft warm coverlid of moss and fibres, as in that of the dormouse. The bat, however, is an exception to this rule; it merely 'puts itself by,' as it were; suspending itself, for this purpose, by the hinder-legs to the roof of a dark cavern, or the rafters of some deserted castle or neglected church, where it quietly sleeps, until the warm sun calls forth from their chrysalid tombs the moths which serve it for food. Let us glance at the habits of the winter-sleepers peculiar to these islands.

Being possessed of a most sensitive acuteness of ear, the rest of the bat might be frequently broken, and its senses roused to a feeling of hunger, which it had no means of satisfying, were it not for the curious apparatus by which it can at pleasure close the aperture through which sound is conveyed. This consists of an integument resembling a small ear, placed backwards, at the entrance of the larger or real ear, which acts at will, in the manner of a valve. Some species of bats are distinguished by very large ears; while in others, as the vampire-bat, it is small; but this aural appendage is observed in all. The body of the common bat is somewhat smaller than that of the mouse, which it much resembles in form and colour, though the fur of the latter is lighter than that of the bat. The face is like the visage of a faery mastiff; and though its cry seems but a faint piping, yet if it be held close to the ear, it sounds like the miniature bark of a dog: the wings are formed by the continuation of the skin of the back and breast down the fore-arms, encasing the finger-bones, and extending along the body to the legs, and again to the tail; and thus the order of bats has been appropriately named Cheiroptera, from two Greek words signifying hand-wings. We say appropriately, for when the bat spreads its wings, it has the appearance of extending them with its hands, as a lady would do with a shawl which was placed on her shoulders, and which she was about to wrap around her. The wings are black, and of a leathery texture; the front point of each is furnished with a hook, with which the animal supports itself when not about to retire to sleep. By means of these wings, it is enabled not only to follow the evolutions of the insects on which it preys, but to sweep them together by a forward semicircular movement, so as to bring them more within reach. The mother also folds her wings round her young whilst suckling them. The manner in which the young are carried about by the parents is exceedingly curious: the former attaches itself by the hind-claws to the breast of the mother, and in such a way, that when the latter flies about with her burthen, the back of the young one is downwards.

The food of the bats consists of those countless tribes of insects which come abroad in the warm twilight of a summer's evening; hence their scientific name *Vespertilio*. They drink on the wing, in the manner of swallows, and frequent the margin of waters, on account of the large number of insects which abound in such places. Bats are excessively sensitive; so much so, that Spallanzani considered them to be possessed of a sixth sense; for they avoided objects placed in their way, when deprived by him of eyes and the power of smelling. This delicacy of perception seems to exist principally in the membrane of the wing. An instance of the acuteness of all their senses is observable in the rapidity with which they turn, if, when flying low, two persons, placing themselves a few yards apart, alternately raise their hands as the animals approach, which will cause them to fly backwards and forwards incessantly; this being what we, as children, used to call playing 'living battledore and shuttlecock.'

It is stated that there are fourteen distinct species of bats in Britain. Of these the most common are the noctule (*V. noctula*), which is mostly found in trees, though sometimes in houses also; as is the whiskered bat (*V. mystacus*), the long-eared bat (*V. auritus*), which attaches itself to churches, where it hangs in clusters from the joints of the rafters like swarms of bees. We must not, however, omit to mention, that though bats frequently congregate together in this manner, they never fly abroad in flocks: the pipistrelle (*V. pipistrellus*), which dwells mostly in caverns; and the barbastrelle, which is rare, and which is said to have no odour—which certainly is not the case with the others.

If we consider the anomalous position in which these animals were placed in the eyes of our forefathers, we shall not feel surprised at the superstitious feelings with which they were regarded. Flying with the wings of birds, yet bearing the head and fur of quadrupeds; pursuing the insect tribes, and eschewing the ground, yet bringing forth and suckling their young; rejected of the earth and air, shunning the pure light of the sun, dwelling in dark and haunted places, serving as a prey to no creature save the ominous raven or the solitary owl, and appearing only at the hour of spirits, these observers of old, who were at once accurate and superficial, could not but regard them with suspicion; and thus we find, as Mrs Jameson remarks, that while angels were represented with the wings of birds, malignant spirits bore those of bats. The bat is easily tamed, and becomes an amusing and familiar pet. Mr Bell mentions one which, being set at liberty in the parlour, would, if a fly were held between the lips, settle on the cheek of its young patron, and take the insect with the greatest gentleness: and so far was the familiarity carried, that when either of his young friends made a humming noise with the mouth, in imitation of a fly, the bat would search about the lips for the promised dainty.

The squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*) is undoubtedly one of the prettiest of our native quadrupeds, whether we consider the brilliancy of his black eyes, the beauty of his red back and white chest, the luxuriance of his bushy tail, or the agility and grace of his playful movements; so may he in one particular lay claim to being one of the most singular. We allude to his bird-like propensity for building his nest in trees. Choosing a convenient spot, he

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lays the foundation in the fork of the branches, and there he brings moss, leaves, and twigs, with which to make a structure which will resist the most violent storms: he makes it with a dome, as the wren forms hers, and leaves only a small aperture near the top for ingress and egress. And if not more interesting, it is at least more amusing to watch him (or we should say her) during the time of building; for she well knows that no bird's patience will be required for the purpose of sitting on eggs, and the labour, though not one of greater love, is one of more careless glee: and the little animal becomes so buoyant with delight at each addition to the nest, that it would appear as if no gambols were sufficiently eccentric to express her joy. We, not having been born in the days when evil spirits roamed at large upon the earth, have a great partiality for bats; but it is a grave and staid fondness—a regard associated with lonesome caverns and ruined buildings, with tombs and spirits—a feeling which makes us sad, yet most calm. Not like this is our love for the bright and joyous squirrel—a love which calls back childish thoughts and feelings, and makes the very throbbing of our hearts imitate the antics of the exulting animal. And then what intense pleasure it gives us to see the little creature sitting with a fir-cone between its paws, picking out the seeds with his long front teeth, and eyeing us sideways all the time with an expression of the utmost roguery and fun; or perhaps, as we approach a little nearer, chattering and scolding in the fiercest manner possible: for he is a courageous little fellow, and very daring when he knows that we only are near; as if persuaded that he had discovered our nature, and knew that we would not hurt him, and therefore he defies us. But only let a gun appear, or a schoolboy approach within a stone's-throw of the tree, and down goes the hero: the hitherto pert tail is extended as flatly on the bough as the trembling body, and there he crouches, close and motionless, until the danger is past.

But the fir-cone is not his only food: the nut, the acorn, the beech-mast, and a variety of similar fruits, are devoured by him, as well as the young buds of trees, with occasionally a few grains of corn, or a blade or two of grass. Jesse has stated that squirrels catch and devour birds, but this appears to have proceeded from some unaccountable mistake, which a glance at the teeth of this rodent animal will at once disprove. That squirrels will pursue birds with great vehemence, we are perfectly aware, for we have seen them so engaged, more especially in the building season; but this is caused merely by some little passing jealousy or annoyance; and it is quite as common to see the squirrel chased by the bird. Notwithstanding the fun and frolics of the squirrel, it is a provident and careful little creature, which lays up in a hollow tree, or some similar cavity, a store of nuts, acorns, &c. for the dreary days of winter, or rather for the bright sunny days with which the winter is occasionally enlivened; for on such days the mild air partially rouses the little sleeper, who peeps out to see if the glad spring is near, nibbles a nut or two, and goes to sleep again. Somewhat allied to the squirrel is the dormouse, the soft-furred little emblem of sleepiness. It is of the same family, and resembles it in the length of its tail, its colour, the agility of its movements, and the brightness of its eyes; though the form of its teeth appears to connect it more closely with the mouse family (*muridæ*). It also, like the squirrel, lays up acorns, nuts, and other fruits of this description for the winter, on the approach of which it rolls itself in a warm ball of moss, from which it emerges occasionally to take a little food, and then rolls itself up again. The nest of this pretty little animal is formed in the hollow of a tree, or in the roots of a bushy shrub, and is thickly lined with moss and leaves. There are few animals which are so easily tamed, or which appear to be so completely happy in confinement. Accustomed, when in a state of nature, to the most secluded and most beautiful forest coverts, it appears, when in captivity, as if it knew not a thought or wish beyond its cage, felt not a want, except for food and materials for its hybernaculum, and experienced not a regret for its free birthplace. And it soon becomes so sophisticated, as to find a piece of lace or a handkerchief quite as convenient a substance to be nibbled up for a winter coat as the freshest, greenest moss.

The harvest-mouse (*Mus messorius*) is the smallest of our British quadrupeds; measuring from nose to tail two inches and a-quarter, four-fifths of which measurement is occupied by the tail. It was first brought into notice by White, the Selborne naturalist, who thus describes its nest:—'They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. This elegant instance of the efforts of instinct was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle.' It also builds in the stalks of the growing wheat. The nest—

> 'A wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
> That costs it mony a weary nibble'—

is nicely lined with delicate fibres, and the young are ready to leave it by the time the corn is ripe and the straw is cut down. In the winter, the harvest-mouse, if not comfortably located in a corn stack, retires into the ground, where it forms a bed of dry grass and leaves. It is one of the prettiest little creatures possible. It is very slender, and most graceful in its movements, running up and down the blades of wheat with the utmost agility and lightness. Professor Henslow particularly notices the prehensile properties of its tail, which is serviceable to it when climbing. He says that he kept one of these little animals in a large deep earthenware pan for more than a year. In the centre of this pan was fixed a perpendicular stick, up which the mice would run, and then slightly bending the tip of the tail round it, they would slide down with great rapidity. When they reached a knob in the stick, they would quickly untwist the tail, and immediately coil it round again. It is a most cleanly creature, and spends much time in brushing its face, ears, &c. with its paws.

The water-rat (*Arvicola amphibus*), or vole, as it is sometimes called, is certainly the most unconquerably shy of all our native quadrupeds; yet if we can sufficiently accustom it to our presence, it is a most entertaining little animal: now darting from beneath the broad leaf of the water-lily, and swimming a little way down the stream; now concealing all but its head under water, while it fixes its sharp eye on us, and nibbles a few blades of river-grass; now ascending the bank, and indulging in a few gambols

> 'On the happy autumn fields;'

and finally, on the slightest alarm, disappearing with the rapidity of lightning into the matted roots which hang over the stream, or diving until the danger is overpast. In form it is allied to the common rat; but the structure of its teeth places it amongst the family of beavers; its fur, which is of a dark red-brown, is very thick and warm. It makes its nest, in which it also sleeps through the winter, in the holes and interstices of the river bank, where it frequently brings up six or eight young ones. It is extremely expert in diving for minnows and other small fish, as well as in catching frogs, for the spawn of which it seems to have a great liking.

Perhaps few animals have in all ages been greater objects of superstition than the shrew (*Sorex*). The Egyptians paid it divine honours; and the mummies of two distinct species have been discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, in the crypts of Thebes and Memphis. Of these there are twenty specimens in the collection of Egyptian antiquities in Paris, belonging to M. Passalagna. It was worshipped in the Athribitic district of Egypt, and was sacred to Latona. The extreme smallness of its eyes caused its dedication to one of the gods of darkness and concealment. Aristotle, Pliny, and

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Agricola, declare its bite to be dangerous to horses and other beasts of burthen; the last recommends, as a remedy, that the little animal should be cut asunder, and applied to the wound. In France, and even in our own land, it has been believed to paralyse any animal over which it runs; in this case 'planet-struck' and 'shrew-struck' appear to be synonymous terms; and Bingley states that the prescribed cure was 'to drag the animal through a piece of bramble that grew at both ends.' White also speaks of a pollard ash which was highly regarded as a shrew-ash. 'Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which the beasts suffer from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part; for it is supposed that the shrew is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that whenever it creeps over a beast—be it horse, cow, or sheep—the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would keep its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was thus made:—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew was thrust in alive; and plugged in no doubt with several quaint incantations now forgotten.'

The shrew has an extremely long nose, which is pointed and overhanging. This appears to be of use in burrowing and digging for its food, which principally consists of insects, grain, and other miscellaneous substances. The common shrew (*S. tetragonurus*) measures about 2¼ inches from the nose to the tail. This tail is somewhat quadrangular, from which the name is probably derived. It is of a mouse colour, and not reddish-brown, as has been frequently stated. The nest is usually formed in loose heaps of stones, ruined walls, or, not unfrequently, in the clefts of broken ground. We have often remarked great numbers of these animals lying dead in the fields and lanes in the beginning of the autumn: their death appears to have been a natural one, and always to occur at the same period of the year. The upper fore-teeth of the shrew are of a peculiar formation, having an extremely minute barb on each side. The water, or long-tailed shrew (*S. fodiens*) is larger than the last-mentioned, and is extremely rare in most parts of our island. The form of the two species is very similar. It is an excellent diver and swimmer, and is so excessively shy, that it is seldom seen. They usually make their homes in the banks of rivers and streams. They are merry, sociable, little things, who spend a great portion of the day in play.

It is a common error to regard the shrew as a 'kind of mouse;' whereas it belongs to the order Insectivora, which includes the hedgehog and the mole. The first of these, the common hedgehog or urchin (*Erinaceus Europæus*), is well known, on account of its armour of prickly points, and also from the peculiar faculty which it possesses of rolling itself into a ball when attacked; or, to speak more correctly, of withdrawing its head and legs within the muscular envelopment of the back; in which state it receives no injury from any fall, however great the distance may be. Like the shrew, it has been the object of many superstitious fancies; the greater part of which, however, are of a curative, instead of an injurious nature. 'All plants,' says the 'Journal of a Naturalist,' 'producing thorns, or tending to roughness, were formerly considered to be of a drying nature, and upon this foundation the ashes of the hedgehog were administered as a great desiccative.' Pliny prescribes the gall of a hedgehog, mixed with the brains of a bat, as a depilatory: while Albertus Magnus declares that the oil in which one of its eyes has been fried, if kept in a brass vessel, will endow the human eye with the faculty of seeing as well by night as by day; an economical substitute for a lamp which must have been very useful to this learned seeker of the Philosopher's Stone, as that valuable substance did not deign to bestow any portion of its riches on those who studied its materials. Perhaps this was one of the valuable ideas given to him by his far-famed speaking head of brass. In modern times, the hedgehog has been used as an article of food, though it has quite now fallen into disuse in England: it was (and still is, on the continent) generally roasted or made into a pie, and was considered best in the month of August. The skin, with the spines on it, is constantly used in country-places as a muzzle to place on the noses of calves, for the purpose of weaning them; and before the cultivation of teasels was carried to any extent, this skin was found serviceable as a carder of hemp.

The hedgehog is a nocturnal feeder, and extremely timid, for which reasons it is but rarely seen; though it exists in great numbers even in the cultivated districts, from which the generality of our native quadrupeds have long been banished. The food of the hedgehog consists principally of insects and worms; we say *principally*, because its alleged propensity for eggs and young birds has given rise to much controversy amongst naturalists; and as we have had no opportunity of proving the question, we leave the decision to those better qualified to make it. That the hedgehog destroys and devours snakes, has been satisfactorily shown by the Dean of Westminster, and none can deny that animal matter is occasionally consumed by it; yet the habit of hybernating seems very unusual in a carnivorous or an omnivorous creature.

The nest is formed amongst the roots of bushes, in the most secluded coverts; each nest contains from three to five young ones; they are born blind; and their spines, which are white, become hardened two or three days after their birth. In winter the hedgehog burrows, though not to any depth, in the ground; and before establishing itself in its retreat, it weaves itself a warm coat, by rolling amongst the dry leaves which lie on the ground; and which, adhering to the prickles, form a large ball, which appears as if entirely composed of some vegetable and inanimate substance. It is difficult to account for the universality of the belief that this animal commits a robbery by sucking the cows, unless it be from the attraction the cowhouse presents to it in the swarms of flies to be found there; while a glance at the small size of its mouth must at once show the fallacy of the idea. It is, notwithstanding its retiring habits, easily tamed; in which case it becomes very useful in a garden, as it devours a great number of depredating insects. We once knew one which was perfectly domesticated, and which would lie for hours partly drawn within its coat of mail, but with its head and cunning eyes peeping out and watching for the children, who brought it flies. When one was held out to it, it would wake up very briskly, seize the proffered morsel, and then return to its state of dreamy contemplation.

As the mole is commonly regarded as a hybernating animal, we shall include it in this paper; though at the same time we most heartily concur with those naturalists who affirm, that though the mole probably sleeps for a greater number of hours each day in the winter than it does in the summer, yet it cannot properly be called a winter-sleeper or hybernator. That it retires deeper into the ground is indeed true; but in this its movements only follow those of the grubs and worms on which it preys. During the past winter, 1848–49, we have observed the moles at work every day: this will perhaps be attributed to the unusually mild weather which they experienced; but even in the most severe seasons, the approach of a thaw brings with it fresh mole-hills; a fact which may be accounted for by the radiation of heat from the earth, by which the moles feel the genial change before we do. Keen and accurate observation is the only instrument by which a controversy of this kind can be determined; but analogy is certainly in favour of the non-hybernation of the mole; for no animals hybernate save those who are with difficulty supplied with food in the winter days. The mole feeds almost exclusively on earthworms and grubs, which in winter bury themselves deep in the ground; therefore we may reasonably conclude that the mole does not hybernate.

There are perhaps few animals whose form seems better adapted to the circumstances in which their mode of life places them, or less calculated for movement in any other

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sphere, than the moles. The strong, hand-shaped claws would, with their out-turned palms, be found almost useless on the surface of the ground, though perfectly contrived for excavating, as well as for moving in the burrows, in which these creatures are born and die: the short leg, heavy and keel-formed breast-bones, and shapeless body, which, above ground, seem almost incapable of movement, travels at an incredible pace when under it; nay, even the diminutive eye, and the texture of the fur (which lies smoothly, whether stroked backwards or forwards), are instances of the same adaption of form to habit which we see in the wings of the bird, the swiftness of the hare, or the armour of the hedgehog.

The mother mole hollows out her nest not under the small hillocks which we see in the fields—and which are merely the accumulations of earth made in, and rejected from, the galleries—but under a larger one, which is placed in the shelter of a hedge, a wall, or the roots of a tree. Here she raises a mound, on the flattened top of which she lays a little bed of dried grass, and deposits her young. This apartment also serves as a sleeping-room for the parent during the winter; but in the summer it generally reposes in one of its open galleries. When one district or pasture-ground is exhausted, the moles usually migrate to some fresh field; and it is stated that in so doing they frequently cross large rivers. The mole displays great and heroic devotion as a spouse or a mother. An instance is on record in which a female having been caught in a trap, the male was discovered lying dead beside it: few, we think, would imagine that the heart of a mole was so easily broken, or that his love was so strong. The eyes and the organs of hearing are so minute in this animal, that it was not formerly supposed to possess either, though men soon discovered that its sense of hearing was remarkably acute—

> 'Tread softly: let not the blind mole
> Hear thy foot fall.'

Such are a few habits of those animals of our own land which sleep 'the winter through;' but there is one common, we believe, to them all, which we state in conclusion, because it is so beautiful an illustration of the instinct by which their Creator leads them. We allude to the care with which, when they store up grain for their winter supply, they bite out the embryo or growing point of the seed, so as to prevent it from germinating, and thus becoming worthless.

PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.

One can scarcely look over a newspaper without perceiving indications of a growing feeling that the recently-fashionable doctrines respecting paupers and criminals act injuriously on society without being beneficial to the parties commiserated. Humanity is felt to be not less commendable than ever it was, but not that blindly-inconsiderate humanity which almost obliterates a sense of *justice*. The indiscriminate relieving of paupers with weekly doles of money, no matter how the paupers have brought themselves into a state of wretchedness, no matter how they misspend the means placed at their disposal, is found *not to answer*: it is found to manufacture pauperism at so rapid a rate of increase, as to appear to be going on to an absorption of all the available resources of the country, leaving a nation of beggars instead of independent labourers.

England, by its workhouse test, more or less stringently applied, may be said to have escaped the consummation here hinted at; but Ireland and Scotland are too surely gravitating into an abyss of pauperism, and their case demands the most earnest consideration. A few facts will show the working of the new Scotch poor-law:—

In the year ending 1st January 1836 the sum expended on the poor did not exceed L.171,042: in the year ending 1st February 1846 it amounted to L.295,232, an increase of L.124,190 in ten years: in the year ending 14th May 1847 it was L.438,915, being an increase of L.138,683 in one year: in the year ending 14th May 1848 it was L.544,334, being again an increase of L.110,419.

The number of poor on the rolls at 1st February 1845 was 63,070, or about 1 in 42 of the population: on the 1st February 1846 it was 69,432, or about one in 38: on the 15th May 1847 it was 74,161, or about 1 in 35·3. The total number of paupers of all sorts relieved during that year was 146,870, or about 1 in 17·8 of the population. On the 14th May 1848 the number of poor on the roll was 77,732, or 1 in 37·7 of the population. The total number relieved during that year was 227,647, or 1 in 11·51 of the population.

Besides the evil of an enormously-increased expenditure, there is a rapid deterioration in the general character of the labouring population. This is forcibly stated in a Report by a Committee of Commissioners of Supply for the county of Peebles:—'The aversion, which was almost universal in rural districts, to relief from the parish is now unknown. The provident habits of the people are giving way, and their friendly societies for provision against sickness are in many instances dissolved; and it is not unlikely that a few years will witness the complete extinction of these beneficial institutions all over the kingdom. Families no longer show any desire to maintain their parents in old age; and from the facility with which illegitimate children are thrown upon the parish, a direct encouragement is held out to immorality, and to the indefinite extension of pauperism. In one word, the working of the law, as it stands, removes all stimulus from the labouring population to exercise habits of industry, frugality, and foresight, and acts as a positive incentive to carelessness and improvidence.' Such are the unfortunate effects of an act of philanthropy which is now perceived to have proceeded on too favourable a view of human nature.

And so with regard to criminals. A few years ago the national mind was all for tenderness, kindly treatment, reformation. Severity was scouted as unchristian, inhuman, calculated to strengthen rather than weaken evil dispositions. Then was established that beautiful organisation of prison discipline which gave to each delinquent a neatly-furnished apartment to live in, with all the comforts of elegant seclusion. The object was amiable; it was designed as a correction by humane means. Has this end been accomplished? Alas, no! It is found that while you possibly operate beneficially on a few, you give the bulk rather a taste for imprisonment: they contrast the comforts of their cells with the wretchedness of their ordinary garrets and cellars, and act accordingly. In short, the prison has lost its terrors, and the result, as might be expected, is an expansion of the criminal class.

Besides the great Central Prison at Perth, which may be called Downdraught-General for Scotland, each county has been put to an immense expense for palace prisons. One of these establishments, erected near Cupar, for the county of Fife, we some time since had an opportunity of visiting. Nothing could be more perfect in its way: it was a 'Pentonville' on a small scale. The Fife Prison Board has just issued a memorial respecting the operation of this institution, in which they present a variety of facts worthy of earnest consideration. After making every allowance for turbulence at railway works, increased vigilance of police, &c. they regret to arrive at the unavoidable conclusion that 'crime, even amongst the permanent population of the county, has been materially on the increase. To reach some proximate idea how the present prison system has worked in deterring from the repetition of crime, it may be stated that in the county prison at Cupar the recommittals have been nearly in the following proportions:—for the second time, 1 in 11; third time, 1 in 44; fourth time, 1 in 144; fifth time and

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oftener, 1 in 216. In Dunfermline prison the proportion for the second committal has been much the same, but greater for those beyond that number. The County Board believe that these statistics show a smaller average of recommittals than the returns of Scotland at large, but still they substantiate the inefficiency of the present system of prison management in preventing the repetition of crime.'

With regard to incarceration, as now regulated, 'they consider that the system aims too indiscriminately at reformation, without reference either to age or length of sentence.

'It must be acknowledged by all who have thought upon the subject, that it is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of a first punishment on the subsequent character of an offender; and hence the necessity for its nature and severity being such, according to the age of the criminal, as will deter both him and his associates from the commission of crime: this the present system is not fitted to do.

'In their own prisons not only has the separate system become impracticable, but frequently two or three male prisoners are confined together, which, in an apartment heated and ventilated according to the present regulations, and supplied with wholesome food, and allowed entertaining reading and conversation, is not only no punishment, but in their opinion positively holds out a temptation to the commission of crime. And even were the separate system practicable, the County Board believe the comforts enjoyed in prison, in point of cleanliness, food, and lodging, to be so superior to what the majority of the working-classes can command in their own dwellings, or the lodgings which they frequent, as entirely to annihilate the moral effect of incarceration as a punishment. Indeed several prisoners in the county of Fife have admitted that their comforts were greater in prison than in their own homes.'

The Board are of belief that the present prison system has been formed too exclusively with a view to reformation. 'A hardened criminal's mind,' they properly add, 'must be prepared for the influences which the chaplain and teacher may bring to bear upon it; and they consider that it would be beneficial to their future progress that their stubborn hearts should be broken down under 10 or 15 days' close confinement on stinted diet, without work or instruction, before the present system is brought into operation, when they can conceive no treatment more likely to promote a wholesome reformation than kind, religious, and temporal instruction and advice, accompanied by moderate labour in separate confinement, with separate out-of-door exercise. Any treatment with the view of reformation for short-sentenced prisoners without stringent penal accompaniments suited to the age of the convicts, the County Board consider to be worse than futile.

'In their experience many of the long-sentenced prisoners have made wonderful progress in education, and not a few have been taught to read and write tolerably who were in perfect ignorance on their admission. Many also have made professions of repentance, and expressed resolutions of amendment during their confinement; but they know of few who have evidenced the reality of their reformation by a sustained course of good conduct.

'The County Board approve of the present separate system, as likely to lead to reformation in the case of long-sentenced prisoners, provided it were fully carried into operation after a period of more penal regulations after their first short conviction.'

In concluding, the Board observe that, on the whole, their experience has led to the conviction that the present system of prison discipline has proved ineffectual in the objects of prevention, punishment, and reformation; and the remedies which they venture to propose are, a more severely penal system in the case of all short sentences; flagellation exclusively for the petty offences, and flagellation, with imprisonment, for the graver offences of juveniles; and that, in cases of long sentences, the separate system should be fully enforced.'

Every Prison Board of management could, we believe, tell the same tale, and point to the necessity for a less indulgent system of discipline.

A GUIDE THROUGH LONDON.

'The limits of London, as defined by act of parliament, are the circumference of a circle, the radius of which is of the length of three miles from the General Post-Office. This would make London about twenty miles in circumference; it is generally said to be about thirty.'* This thirty miles of ground, which geologists call the London Basin, is, as everybody knows, crammed with habitations as closely as they can pack. These are arranged—if such a word can be applied 'to a world without a plan'—in streets, alleys, squares, lanes, crescents, &c. in so dense a confusion, that a map of London strikes the stranger as an inexplicable puzzle which no ingenuity can unravel. Most of the streets take such heterogeneous directions, that he often travels east when he thinks he is going west, and finds himself in one of the four counties on which London stands, when he is perhaps in another, two counties off. The Thames, instead of affording him a clue out of the maze, confounds him. 'I began to study the map of London,' says Southey (Esperella's Letters), 'though dismayed at the sight of its prodigious extent. The river is no assistance to a stranger in finding his way. There is no street along its banks, and no eminence from whence you can look around and take your bearings.'

There is therefore no place in the world for which a guide is so thoroughly requisite as the Great Metropolis, and it is remarkable that till now such an auxiliary has not existed—at least such a one as gives a comprehensive as well as detailed view of the vast subject. Perhaps no man—till the courageous Mr Cunningham, whose volumes are now before us—has had the nerve to deal with the million of facts London presents; or whoever has, may have been crushed under the mountain of labour it entailed. We heartily congratulate the present author, not only on having survived his task, but on having performed it thoroughly and well.

It is quite clear that Mr Cunningham gave up as hopeless and impossible the notion of guiding his reader through the streets of London. All, however, he could do for the bewildered stranger he has done. He says to him in effect—'Find your way into any locality, street, or public edifice you are interested in or want to know about, and I will tell you everything worth knowing concerning it.' His 'Handbook' is therefore arranged alphabetically. 'The dictionary form, though not a novelty in books about London,' he says in his preface, 'is, I am confident, the very best form the work could have taken. The visitor who finds himself in a certain street, or near a certain building, and wishes to read on the spot whatever is known about them, has, where the alphabetical plan is followed out, only one reference to make—he goes direct to the article itself.'

As a specimen of Mr Cunningham's knowledge of his subject, of his research, of the quantity of knowledge afforded in a small space, and of the collateral information to be instantly got at by cross references, let us take an article at random. You are in Fleet Street—the chief scene in Sir Walter Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel'—and you turn up the entry in the 'Handbook.'

'Fleet Street.—A line of street with shops and houses on either side between Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill, one of the largest thoroughfares in London, and one of the most famous, deriving its name from a streamlet called the Fleet, obscure in itself, but widely known from the Ditch, the Prison, and the street to

* A Handbook for London Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham. In two volumes. London: John Murray.

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which it has lent its name. There are two churches in the street—*St Dunstan's-in-the-West* and *St Bride's*. The following places of interest are described under their respective titles:—*South* or *Thames Side*—Middle Temple Gate; Inner Temple Gate; Falcon Court; Mitre Court; Ram Alley, now Hare Place; Sergeants' Inn; Water Lane; Whitefriars; Salisbury Court. *North Side*—Shoe Lane; Peterborough Court; Bolt Court; Johnson's Court; Crane Court; Fetter Lane; Chancery Lane; Apollo Court; Bell Yard; Shire Lane. The Fire of London stopped at the church of St Dunstan's-in-the-West on the one side, and within a few houses of the Inner Temple Gate on the other. Fleet Street has been famous for its waxwork and moving exhibitions since Queen Elizabeth's time, "probably," says Gifford, "from its being the great thoroughfare of the City." It has only recently lost its character for waxwork exhibitions.

"*Sogliardo.* They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet Bridge. You can tell, cousin?

Fungoso. Yes, I think there be such a thing: I saw the picture.

Ben Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour."

"And now at length he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet Street,
All those may see't
That will not believe my ditty."—*Buller.*

"I design to expose it to the public view at my secretary, Mr Lillie's, who shall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the Moving Picture in Fleet Street."—*The Tatler*, No. 129.

Mrs Salmon's celebrated waxwork exhibition (a permanent exhibition like Madame Tussaud's) was shown "near the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street." The house was distinguished by the sign of the Salmon, and has been engraved by J. T. Smith.

"It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of a fish that is her namesake."—*The Spectator*, No. 28.

"The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of waxwork, that represents the beautiful Statira."—*The Spectator*, No. 31.

Eminent Inhabitants.—Sir Symond D'Ewes.

"Sir Henry Spelman, an aged and learned antiquary, came to visit me at my lodgings near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street, where I had lain since my coming to town, who dining with me, we spent a great part of the day in solid and fruitful discourse."—*D'Ewes's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 97.

Michael Drayton, the poet,

"lived at the bay-windowe house, next the east end of St Dunstan's ch: in Fleet Street."—*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 335.

Cowley, the poet.

"He was born in Fleet Street, London, near Chancery Lane. His father was a grocer, at the signe of . . . ."—*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 295.

Praise-God-Barebones. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and owner of a house called "The Lock and Key," in the parish of St Dunstan-in-the-West, let to a family of the name of Speight, in whose occupation it was when it was consumed in the Great Fire of London. It was rebuilt by Barebones.*—T. Snelling, known by his works on coins. One now before me has this imprint, "London: printed for T. Snelling, next the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street, 1766, who buys and sells all sorts of coins and medals." The Horn Tavern is now "Anderton's Hotel," No. 164 Fleet Street. *Eminent Printers, Stationers, and Booksellers.*—Wynkyn de Worde, "at the signe of the Sonne." Richard Pynson, "emprentyd by me Rycharde Pynson, at the temple barre of London, 1493." Rastell, "at the signe of the Star." Richard Tottel, "within Temple Bar, at the signe of the Hande and Starre;" now the shop and property of Mr Butterworth, the law bookseller, who possesses the original leases from the earliest grant in the reign of Henry VIII. down to the period of his own purchase.

* Addit. MS. 5070, in Brit. Mus.

John Jaggard, in the reign of James I., and Joel Stephens, in the reign of George I., were law stationers in Fleet Street, using Tottel's old sign of the Hand and Star. W. Copeland, "at the signe of the Rose Garland." Bernard Lintot, at "the Cross Keys," "between the Temple-gates," and next door to *Nando's*. Edmund Curll, "at the Dial and Bible against St Dunstan's Church." Lawton Gilliver, "at Homer's Head against St Dunstan's Church." Jacob Robinson, "on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane;" now Groom the confectioner's.

"The friendship of Pope and Warburton had its commencement in that bookseller's shop which is situate on the wayside of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane. Warburton had some dealings with Jacob Robinson the publisher, to whom the shop belonged, and may be supposed to have been drawn there on business; Pope might have a call of the like kind: however that may be, there they met, and entering into a conversation which was not soon ended, conceived a mutual liking, and, as we may suppose, plighted their faith to each other. The fruit of this interview, and the subsequent communications of the parties, was the publication, in November 1739, of a pamphlet with this title—'A Vindication of Mr Pope's Essay on Man. By the Author of the Divine Legation of Moses. Printed for J. Robinson.'"—*Hawkins's Life of Johnson*, p. 69.

Arthur Collins, "at the Black Boy in Fleet Street;" here, in 1709, he published the first edition of his excellent Peerage. T. White, at No. 63. H. Lowndes, at No. 77. John Murray, at No. 32. [*See* Falcon Court.] *Eminent Bankers.*—Child's, at Temple Bar Within, the oldest existing banking-house in London; "Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, at the Marygold in Fleet Street," were goldsmiths with "running cashes" in the reign of Charles II. The old sign of the house, the Marygold, is still preserved. Alderman Backwell, who was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II., was for some time a partner with Blanchard and Child; his accounts for the sale of Dunkirk to the French are among the records of the firm. The chief proprietor in the house is the present Countess of Jersey, wife of George Child Villiers, Earl of Jersey. "In the hands of Mr Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar," Dryden deposited his L.50 for the discovery of Lord Rochester's bullies, by whom he was barbarously assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, Covent Garden.—Hoare's; "James Hore, at the Golden Bottle in Cheapside," was a goldsmith, with a "running cash" in 1677; and Mr Richard Hoare, a goldsmith, "at the Golden Bottle in Fleet Street," in 1693. Among the debts of the great Lord Clarendon occurs, "To Mr Hore for plate, L.27, 10s. 3d."—Gosling's, at "The Three Squirrel's, over against St Dunstan's;" Major Pinckey, a goldsmith, lived, in 1673–4, at "The Three Squirrels, over against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street." *Celebrated Taverns and Coffee-Houses.*—The Devil Tavern; the King's Head Tavern, "at the corner of Chancery Lane;" the Bolt-in-Tun; the Horn Tavern; the Mitre; the Cock; the Rainbow; Dick's; Nando's; Peele's, at the corner of Fetter Lane (in existence as early as 1722). Chaucer is said to have beaten a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, and to have been fined two shillings for the offence, by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple; so Speght had heard from Master Barkly, who had seen the entry in the records of the Inner Temple.'

Here all that the inquirer wishes to know about this celebrated thoroughfare is compressed into three pages. Mr Cunningham doubtless had not room for Boswell's and Dr Johnson's opinion of the charms of Fleet Street, as reported by the former:—'We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He (Johnson) asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." Johnson: "You are right, sir."'

Fleet Street naturally recalls to the reader's recollection its neighbouring Alsatia; and with the burst of Jeremy, in Congreve's 'Love for Love,' on his lips, 'Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever!'

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he will naturally turn to Mr Cunningham's amusing account of that precinct, the unbridled liberties of which were anciently not altogether bounded by its northern limit, Fleet Street.

The dictionary, which of course occupies the bulk of the book, is preceded by concise general information respecting London, and directions as to what 'the painter and connoisseur should see,' and what the architect, the sculptor, and the archæologist should see. There are also lists of the celebrated palaces near to, and the palaces and chief houses of the nobility in, London. The author also informs the weary pedestrian where he can best recruit exhausted nature during his peregrinations. He points out where he can best dine, where a draught of the best London porter is to be had, and where the best cup of coffee; where he can best lodge, and how he can best get from one end of the brick-and-mortar wilderness in omnibuses and cabs to another; and to show how necessary this last sort of information is, he gives the length of some of the streets. We find that the New Road is 5115 yards, and its continuation, the City Road, 1690 yards more; so that this single thoroughfare is nearly 4 miles long. Oxford Street is 2304 yards, Regent Street 1730 yards (or within 30 paces of a mile), and the Strand 1369 yards long.

The 'Handbook' is not only a guide to the surface, but takes the reader into the lower regions of London—its sub-ways. The amount of sewerage within the city of London—that small centre which does not occupy above an eighth of the space on which the metropolis stands, but which, notwithstanding, includes fifty miles of streets—goes under 47¾ miles of them. The tunnelling for the purpose of drawing off refuse under the rest of the town must be prodigious, for the ordinary daily amount of London sewerage discharged into the river Thames, on the north or Middlesex side, has been calculated at 7,045,120: and on the south side, 2,457,600 cubic feet, making a total of 9,502,720 cubic feet—a quantity equivalent to a surface of more than 36 acres in extent, and 6 feet in depth. In other words, this vast body of *bane* is allowed to poison the water of the Thames and the air of London, and by consequence the health of the people, when, by judicious management, it might be converted into a blessing; for it is the finest possible manure, and, if properly dealt with, could be made to fertilise the land for hundreds of miles round London. We perceive that the 'Gardeners' Chronicle'—a first authority on this subject—promises half-a-dozen crops per annum on grass land by the use of London sewerage as manure; and Mr Chadwick shows its economy by stating, from actual experiment, that the cost of labour in applying it to the land is no more than 1s. 8d. per acre, while the ordinary cost of a less efficient top-dressing in present use is from 13s. to 14s. per acre. A company has already obtained full legislative powers for diverting the fœtid but most valuable refuse into the agricultural districts by means of underground pipes and steam-forcing agency. Thus London will soon become a vast centre of sewerage—and there is great room for the extension of the centre; for a vast portion of the metropolis itself is still without the means of drawing off refuse. It will scarcely be believed that it is only within a year or two that Buckingham Palace, the residence of her Majesty, had the advantage of sewers; and Mr Cunningham states that the parish of St James's, with 168 streets and alleys, has fifty-eight of them totally without sewers. If the court parish be in this condition, what must be the state of those wretched sinks of filth and disease Rotherhithe, Bethnal Green, Jacob's Island, &c.?

There are several hundred miles of water-pipes hidden in the soil of London. These are said to supply 35,000,000 gallons of that fluid to the inhabitants per diem; yet of the 270,000 houses in London, 70,000 have no water supplied to them whatever. The London public are the victims of seven Water-Companies, whose charges are so exorbitant, and their profits so inordinate, that a hundred-pound share in the New River Company was sold a short time since for L.17,000! Yet the water supplied from the sewer-polluted Thames is, despite filtration, so bad, that Mr Cunningham advises his readers by no means to drink it, but to draw on the public pumps, which happily abound.

We have referred to these points because, as they do not lie on the surface, they are less heeded by strangers than more prominent subjects. In relation to the demands of sight-seers, the 'Handbook' will speak most efficaciously for itself; hence we do not allude to the 'show-places' so elaborately described in it. The extraordinary research displayed by the author gives his work a literary charm which is a novelty in a dictionary. It can be read with pleasure, page after page, because of the countless extracts from the works of the best authors illustrative of various localities. Mr Cunningham states in his preface that he has been seven years engaged on this useful undertaking.

STORY OF NORMAN M'LEOD.

I AM the son of a veteran named Daniel M'Leod, who entered the army when he was a mere boy. By good behaviour, he was raised to the rank of lance-corporal in the 72d foot. When the regiment was passing through Darlington, my mother, at that time a young servant-maid, became attached to my father, and shortly afterwards was united to him in wedlock. After sojourning a short time in the south of England, the regiment was shipped on board a transport, and conveyed to Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, where they were placed on garrison duty, their only relief from such monotonous employment being in occasionally repelling the attacks of the Caffres. My earliest recollections are of camps, soldiers, red coats, waving plumes, and gaudy military displays; and even yet I have a dim remembrance of calls to arms, of the groans of the wounded, of the ghastly dead, and the wailings of the bereaved; for I was old enough before I left Graham's Town to get such spectacles stamped on my memory.

I had no choice in a profession: I was born a soldier, if I may use such an expression. When a mere boy, I was placed under the charge of the bandmaster, and in a short time became quite a proficient player on the fife. I am still fond of the instrument, though it has frequently led me into trouble. For a number of years I continued doing my duty to the entire satisfaction of my superiors, and altogether I felt pretty comfortable. I had received a passable education in the regimental schools, and as I was fond of reading, I got plenty of books out of the barracks' library. These books consisted chiefly of tales of adventure by 'flood and field,' or such as threw a kind of chivalrous romance round the profession of arms, and fired the imagination with military ardour. When our period of foreign service had expired, we were ordered to embark for England, as we were to be relieved by the 9– regiment of infantry. The vessel which brought us to the shores of Old England was a clumsy old hulk called the 'Ganges;' and instead of sailing, she literally rolled over the billows until she arrived at Portsmouth. Before leaving the Cape I had married a young girl named M'Kenzie, whose father originally belonged to Inverness. He, like many other country lads, had enlisted in a frolic during a 'fair' time in his native town; and afterwards married a Highland servant, whom he became acquainted with in Glasgow. She bore him two sons and one daughter. One of the sons is now in a good line of business in New York, the other is an agent for a West India house, and resides in Liverpool.

In the midst of our rejoicings after reaching England, I was seized with dysentery, and placed in the hospital, where in a short time I was reduced to skin and bone. When getting better, I learned one day that a number of our men, who had been long abroad, and who were advanced in years, were to get their discharge, amongst whom were my father and father-in-law. This was a

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severe shock to me, and the parting with them was the greatest trial I had as yet experienced. My father, before leaving, gave me some good soldierly advice, and faintly encouraged a hope that he would 'buy me off.' He went to Perth, where, by dint of telling wonderful stories and selling good whisky, he manages to drive a brisk business as a vintner. My wife's parents took an affectionate leave of us, and many were the 'salt tears' all of us shed. They retired to their native town, Inverness, where they live in comparative comfort; but from some unknown cause, they have never, since the day they left the regiment, recognised me.

After we had been about two years in England, we were sent to Edinburgh Castle, and here an accident occurred that changed the whole current of my after-life. One warm day in the month of June, our band-master, with whom I was a great favourite, went to the Forth to bathe, and when at a considerable distance from shore, he was seized with the cramp, and was drowned. The death of this man snapped the cord that bound me to military life; I never enjoyed a day's happiness in the army after I lost him. An ignorant person, who disliked me, was promoted to his situation; and after he was made my master, he delighted in tormenting me. To such a length did he carry his vexatious annoyances, that they became unbearable. There is no redress for such sufferings. On review day, the general asks if the men have any complaints against their officers; but this is a mere farce—no complaints could be made with safety, or the after-consequences would be indeed galling and bitter. From the circumstance mentioned, and other causes, I took an insuperable dislike to the military profession; and without calculating the cost, I decided on deserting.

When I had formed that resolution, I kept as much aloof from my former companions as possible: the thought of what I was to do made me melancholy, and my comrades tormented me with questions; and advised me, if I was ill, to go to the hospital. My wife, who was an affectionate creature, was unceasing in her efforts to cheer my drooping spirits. She saw I was unhappy, and longed to impart a healing balm to my soul. She was indeed a sweet, lovely creature. Well, one day I announced to her my resolution to desert; and although she burst into tears with the surprise and terror, she made no opposition. With a few shillings which I had saved, I purchased a suit of old moleskins from a broker in St Mary's Wynd, and told my wife to stop for two days after I had gone, as this would lull suspicion. On the 1st September 18—, all my plans being completed, I decamped. I bivouacked for the first night in the woods adjoining Craigmillar Castle, a few miles south from Edinburgh. I here took off my regimentals, and hid them in the branches of a dark, thick-set Scotch fir-tree, where they possibly are to this day. On the following morning I set out, by way of Alloa, Dollar, and Milnathort, for Perth, which I had appointed as the meeting-place of myself and wife.

On arriving in Perth, I went straight to my father's, and asked for refuge until I had arranged plans for my future guidance; but he would not listen to me, and ordered me out of his house, as the harbouring of a deserter would cause him to lose his pension. I was stunned by this unexpected blow: I slowly withdrew; and after I reached the door, I burst into tears. I stood on the opposite side of the street nearly two hours watching the expected arrival of my wife. When she did arrive, the news of my father's reception completely unnerved her, and I was obliged to carry her in my arms to a small public-house in the Watergate, where we got refreshments and lodgings. We settled that, on the following morning, we would proceed to Aberdeen, from whence she would go on to Inverness to her father's.

After much toil and trouble we reached Aberdeen, where we separated, not without mutual anguish and loving protestations. I obtained employment at Devanah Brewery, where I continued for three months in comparative comfort, if I except the slavish fear and jealousy that always hovered o'er my mind. It was certainly wrong in the first place to desert; for it was a base breach of promise to be faithful to my duty. But it was not less foolish for me to think of escaping detection and capture. Till this day, I am unable to explain my conduct in this respect, unless by a candid allowance for stupidity. Detection, as a matter of course, came. One day I was wheeling a barrow along Union Street, when I was suddenly arrested by two policemen, and thrown into jail as a deserter. On the following morning I was marched off to Perth between two soldiers, fully armed, who had the usual instructions in such cases. Nothing occurred worth mentioning until we arrived at Cupar-Angus, where the people appeared to sympathise with me in my unfortunate condition. We entered a public-house there to get dinner, and were ushered into a large room in the second floor. The servant who attended us upbraided the men for not removing my handcuffs, and ultimately they yielded to her solicitations. We began dinner, and silently despatched a plate of broth each. While one of my guards was filling the plates a second time, I seized the basin of warm soup, and dashed it in his face. In a moment I felled the other to the ground with the wooden ladle; and before they could recover, I was on the street.

I ran in as zig-zag a direction as possible. On reaching the outskirts of the town, I held right east for about a mile, when I came to a wall of great height, which apparently enclosed a gentleman's garden. As I was anxious to see about me, by the assistance of a young tree which was close to the wall, I climbed to the top of it, and stood up to look for my pursuers: in a moment I lost my balance, fell to the ground, and became insensible. When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on a sofa, and an old lady bathing my temples with cold water. I told her the whole truth; and when I spoke of my poor wife, she feelingly pitied me, and the tears ran down her cheeks. I was invited to stay all night, and next morning she presented me with five shillings and a packet of bread and cheese, and wished me God-speed. I left her with a heavy heart, and made my way to Errol, a small town in the Carse of Gowrie, and situated close to the banks of the Tay. On arriving there, I felt completely prostrated in mind and body. I entered a small shop, and purchased a penny roll, which I ate, seasoning it only with a drink of water. When evening came, I tried to find lodgings, but failed; and I entered a farmer's shed close by the town, and slept amongst the straw.

Next morning I crossed the Tay to Newburgh, from thence I proceeded to Dunfermline, where I got work at a bleachfield in the neighbourhood of the town. Feeling myself pretty secure here, I sent to Inverness for my wife, and on her arrival, we took up house in Dunfermline. Here I suffered severely from the effects of my fall in the garden at Cupar; and for a long time I was very unhappy in my mind. I started at every knock, and my sleep was disturbed by visions of handcuffs, jails, and halberds.

I had continued here fully two years, and amongst the young men of the work I had organized a musical 'band,' and devoted all my leisure hours to instructing them; and by my diligence and knowledge of music, made the 'Dunfermline Band' famous in Fifeshire. One day I was busy at work preparing liquor, when two soldiers entered, and asked me where they could find Norman M'Leod. I politely informed them I had not been long about the work, but directed them to the manager's house, that was some distance off, and I had no doubt he could tell them where they would find Norman. They had no sooner turned their backs than I hastened into town, changed my dress, put a few shillings in my pocket, tore myself from my wife, and fled, never stopping till I reached Dundee. I wrote to my wife, requesting her to sell our furniture, and proceed to Liverpool to her brother's, where I would join her; as from thence, by his assistance, we might get out to America. She did as I directed, and I never

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saw her more. Worn out with constant terror, anguish, and fatigue, she was seized with fever when passing through Carlisle, and died; and before the people connected with the infirmary could find me out, she was buried. How bitterly I felt this bereavement I need not tell. Indeed my grief, added to the pain I was suffering from the effects of my fall at Cupar-Angus, for a moment allowed thoughts of suicide to enter my mind; but my better nature prevailed.

For eight months did I live unmolested at Cherryfield, Dundee; when one night a few friends, who were fond of music, invited me to a small party in a tavern close to the Magdalen Yard—the place where George Kinloch held the reform meeting that was the cause of his flight from Scotland. On going home to my lodgings, I played all the way on my favourite instrument, the fife, when suddenly I was arrested on the Perth Road as a deserter. My comrades, who were entirely ignorant of my former profession, were astonished, and protested that the policemen were mistaken. I was thrown into the police cells, and next morning was marched off to Glasgow, where my regiment was lying. The sudden shock I thus sustained increased the danger of the malady I was and am suffering from; and my trial was delayed, as the surgeons decided I was in a dangerous condition. While confined in the hospital a letter reached me, announcing the death of an uncle, who was a farmer in the vicinity of Arbroath. He was a bachelor, and bequeathed the sum of L.500 to my unfortunate self. Through the medium of one of our surgeons, who was a very feeling-hearted man, I proposed to purchase my discharge; and as his representations were unfavourable to my ultimate recovery, it was granted, and I returned to Dundee to spend the remainder of my days. How thankful I was to escape from the vulgar oppressions of sergeants and bandmasters. No man, I think, can fully know the value of liberty till he has gone through the slavery of soldiering.

Broken in constitution, I feel that my days are not to be long on the earth; but I hope, while I live, that I may be able, by frugality and temperance, to keep myself upon the legacy so providentially left me. But oh, that life of a deserter—that reign of terror and torture! I still start and tremble at the sight of a soldier; and the idea of that profession, which kept me so long in bodily and mental anguish, and murdered my only friend and love, my sweet and gentle wife, makes my blood run cold.

[The above autobiography, we are told, is literally true, and we give it as a curiosity. Norman M'Leod is now at rest: the weary, solitary man sleeps soundly in the old graveyard of 'bonnie Dundee.']

THE FEMALE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Laura Maria Catharine Bassi was born 29th October 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her, from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develop some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired a knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment. But as the loftiest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up to the study of philosophy, and therein discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favourite pursuit. The study of the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of her youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashfulness, alleging that, since she was endowed by superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge. But Laura, whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, 'I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good actions and models to follow. I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most arduous in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy.' The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April 1732 she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements, by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanour; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and having assumed the doctor's robe and a silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honour. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town.

The favours which Laura had so deservedly received at the hands of the public were continued to her undiminished as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honoured by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications. Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanour, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from distant countries to hear her, and on their return, celebrated her wisdom and excellence. The church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV., a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion

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may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agreeable relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we clearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the 'Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna,' exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honourable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labours of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labours—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

INODOROUS TURPENTINE.

A most important chemical discovery has been recently made, by means of which oil of turpentine can be freed from its peculiar smell so completely, that not only is it inodorous, but it can be impregnated with any desired perfume, without at all deteriorating from its useful properties. The eminent chemist, Dr Serny, who has analysed the sweet oil of turpentine, states that while all the useful properties of oil of turpentine are preserved intact, all deleterious qualities are completely obliterated. The doctor also states that paint, when mixed with sweet oil of turpentine, is free from smell, and does not emit those noxious vapours which are so prejudicial to health: and that, in short, the use of sweet oil of turpentine is a certain preventive of painter's colic, and by its use house-painting becomes a perfectly inodorous process.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

EYE-DRINK.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

With spirit-thirst I wander forth
From towns, with right good-will;
And marvel if on all the earth,
Down dell and over hill,
A brother-spirit pines like mine
For want of rock and rill.

Week after week, month after month,
'Mid crowded streets to live,
Imparts that fever to the blood
Which fatal vapours give;
And life ebbs from us, in a flood,
Like water from a sieve.

The ocean and its margins, then,
They are a pleasant sight;
And heated, from the haunts of men,
The eyes upon them light—
Like birds sun-parched and weary, when
They rest near waters bright!

The fields, all green with grass, all red
And yellow with wild flowers—
The hedges, whence comes fragrance, shed
By blossoms from bird-bowers—
The gardens, near trim cottage-homes,
Refreshed by short soft showers:

The lanes, old lanes near hamlets neat,
Lanes rich in leaf and bloom—
The avenues of elm, where feet
May saunter in cool gloom
When July is at mid-day heat,
As in some quiet room:

And, more than all, the shady woods
Where mossy banks abound;
And dingles, where the painted hoods
Of foxgloves still are found,
Though summer drought hath dried the buds
Of many a plant around:

Where here a glade, and there a glen,
And up and down them twain,
Quaint little brooks run out and in,
As if they tried to gain
The secret life of leafiness
By dint of questings vain!

Woods, where the dove is heard all day,
The nightingale all night;
Where Summer shines a goddess gay,
And Winter, clothed in white,
A cosie carl, with fagots gray
To make his fireside bright!

And mountains, brown with heath—and cliffs
That overtop the sea,
Covered by sea-gulls, ships, and skiffs,
That seem intent to be
Each on its separate track of life,
And each a mystery!

And purple moorlands—yellow tracts
Of golden furze and broom;
And rushy marsh, where music harsh
Swells in the bittern's boom;
And ancient cairn, near wayside barn,
Where gipsy tents find room!

All these make Eye-drink; and the thirst
Of spirits worn and hot,
Assuaged by the delicious burst
Of waters, that flow not
From source impure, here finds a cure
That sweetens nature's lot.

But though I prize the forest best
Which quiet shelter gives,
And wonder how from sun and bough
Such bliss the soul receives,
I love it not for all its wood,
But for its wealth of leaves.

The path of life seems only green
When we ascend the hill;
But though gray shades are on it seen,
Its downward course to fill,
In nature we may sometimes see
A pleasant prospect still.

And so from crowded cities we
Do well, at times, to go;
And when athirst, all heavily
We feel our spirits grow,
'Tis wise to think such sweet Eye-drink
From country sights may flow!

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 290. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849. Price 1½d.

CHANGE.

A lady was accustomed to transport her family every summer to the country for change of air, and never without obtaining the desired benefit. The inhabitants of a certain village, however, were far from enjoying robust health themselves, and she expressed to the local doctor her surprise at the pale faces and languid looks she so frequently met in her peregrinations. 'The air here,' she said, 'is so exhilarating, that one would think there is no cause for the kind of exhaustion that seems to prevail among so many of the natives. Why should we derive more advantage from it than they, and carry back to our smoky town a health we do not find?' 'Alas, madam,' replied the doctor, 'if these poor people could return your visit, and spend every year a certain time in some smoky town, there would be fewer pale faces and languid looks in our village. The benefit you derive is not so much from the quality of the air, which you see clearly enough is not of the nature of a specific: it is from the *change* of air.' To many persons this doctrine will be a little puzzling; for it is more common than otherwise to attribute certain mystical qualities to the air of a particular locality. How are these qualities supposed to originate? Is there a different intermixture there of the gases forming the atmosphere? Or is the change produced by exhalations from the earth? In either case the air is not stationary. The village, which is of the earth earthy, has no fields of air it can call its own. The wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth; and the lady in her smoky town enjoys the reversion of that exhilarating fluid, which she found when in the country to have the power of reanimating the drooping health of her family.

The village doctor was right: it is in Change that the curative influence resides; and this fact is demonstrated by all the analogies of life and nature, whether drawn from the history of hours and seasons, of plants and animals, or of men and nations. The only thing constant in this world is change. The lives of human beings are a perpetual alternation of ease and labour, of slumber and waking, of hunger and repletion; and it is these conditions which preserve the balance of health. All are wholesome—all necessary. We must rest, or we cannot work; we must sleep, or our waking energy is lost; we must have an appetite, or we can derive no satisfaction from food. These are truisms; and a man would be laughed at who lectured upon the propriety of resting when one is tired, or eating when one is hungry. So much the better. We thus obtain a firm starting-point from which to proceed in a speculation on the general nature and necessity of change, as a preservative and curative principle.

Change must partake more or less of contrast; and thus the doctor's notion may be philosophically just, that a villager would be likely to derive as much benefit from his visit to a town as the townsman would from his sojourn in a village. The latter would gain nothing by removing to another town, or the former to another village like his own, where both would find themselves under the same atmospherical and other conditions as usual. It would be useful to establish this fact, if it be one; for it would involve the banishment of sundry local superstitions, which we believe to be as irrational as those of ghosts and dreams. It would destroy the sanctity of many fashionable pilgrimages, and disenchant many sacred wells, hitherto supposed to be haunted in a special manner by the Spirit of Health. The temple of Hygeia would be thrown open to all who have 'the passion and the power to roam;' and we should no longer meet with the pitiable anomaly of crowds of health-seekers converging at some given spot, as if for the double purpose of enhancing the price and neutralising the benefit of change of air. Superstitions of the kind are common, even when they have no connection with fashion. A family derives advantage from their summer sojourn in a particular village, and straightway take it into their heads that this is owing to some mystical quality of the *air*. They return year after year to the same place; and even although the beneficial effect may diminish, they never suspect that this is owing to the scene having become so familiar as to deprive them to a certain extent of the sensation of change.

To establish the fact, however, would be of still higher importance to those who have fewer facilities of migration. If they knew that what they want is simply contrast: that the curative principle does not reside in a particular air, but in change of air; and not in change of air alone, but change of scene—in all things that originate new impressions, and divert the thoughts into new channels; and if they could be made to comprehend that an evening walk, or a holiday stroll, the sight of the green trees, the breath of the fields, the murmur of the river, the dash of the sea, the singing of uncaged birds, the lowing of cattle—any, in short, or all of the sights and sounds of nature, coming upon their wearied senses in contrast with the artificial things of their daily life—would ultimately purify and refresh both soul and body, we should have fewer pale faces and languid looks in our manufactories, and fewer diseased hearts brooding over necessary and manly labour, as if it were a curse instead of a blessing!

Change of employment has a similar refreshing effect to change of air: original authors, for instance, who cannot in the usual way remain long upon the wing with advantage, have been known to extend their hours of labour, by working in the same day upon two or more separate and wholly different compositions. Even during sleep, these individuals tell us, the mind is busy,

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although we are unconscious of its operations; and its demand, therefore, is not for cessation, but merely change of occupation. The connection, however, is so close between the mind and body, that it would be unwise to carry this theory too far into practice. The body demands periodical rest, even to unconsciousness; and the mind, whose workings conduce in a still higher degree to the wear and tear of mortal life, must be treated not only with as much, but with greater tenderness. There is no doubt that in this instance of authorship, the intellectual power would depend upon the contrast in the two kinds of composition being sufficiently great to urge the mind into new trains of thought: but still, there is so much general similarity in literary brain-work, that conversation, music, or other social amusements, would be a far better alternation than mere change of labour.

Amusement, in fact, is change of air for the mind; but, in spite of the every-day experience of mankind, its necessity is not recognised by modern legislators. Among the ancients, and up to the close of the middle ages, it was a matter of grave consideration how to entertain the people; but in the present new Iron Age, we act upon the principle that amusement—except in the case of those who want it least—is mere waste of time. The sovereign patronises the Opera, and sets the good example to her well-bred subjects of dancing, and fête-making, and travelling for change of air; but her Majesty, we fear, has never been taught to consider that something analogous is still more necessary for the masses of the people. The efforts of parliament and of the moralists are directed, and very properly so, against such popular recreations as are inconsistent with the comparative refinement of the time. They give no quarter to boxing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other barbarities; but while saving human and animal life, they have depressed the tone of the national mind, for they have provided no substitute for these sports of a ruder age—no change of air. Under the influence of their well-meant crusade against barbarism, the knife has now taken the place of the fist in the decision of vulgar quarrels; poison, the most dastardly, as well as the most atrocious of all weapons, has come in to the assistance of the knife; and the instances of crime given by our historian Hume, in proof of the barbarism of the epochs he describes, seem positive virtue when compared with the gigantic horrors of the passing day. This is the result of a disease, a moral typhus, occasioned simply by the want of change of air. The popular amusements we have referred to were brutal and abominable; but we are clearly of opinion that they were less hurtful than no amusement at all.

We may be told that in mechanics' institutions, lectures, and cheap reading-rooms, we have both the substitute and the contrast sought for: but this is a mistake. The province of these excellent novelties is to rival the taproom. Like it, they offer sedentary occupation, but of a totally different nature. They elevate the mind, and not merely the spirits, with an excitement which is followed by no reaction; and they inspire a sacred thirst which is more reviving, and yet more eager, after every draught. They are the natural combatants of low desires and mean indulgences, and transport the liberated soul from a poisonous to a wholesome atmosphere. But they are not, in the popular sense of the word, amusement, which can only contrast with work. The artisan can be expected neither to perform his duties nor enjoy his book without a frequent release from thought and care, such as his ruder ancestors sought in games of blood. We ask too much of him, and give too little. We demand that he will lay aside his ancestral tastes, but never think of providing him with the means of gratifying the new ones we would substitute. We restrain him from unwholesome amusements, but take no care to provide him with others. We surround him with personal restrictions, and congratulate him on his intellectual emancipation. Read the commentary in this voice from the workshops of our country:—

'Air! air! We are sick with the breath of this iron civilisation: we are faint for want of air. Give us parks and promenades instead of enclosed fields, which we can only look at over the wall. Throw wide open to us your miscalled public gardens, and let us sit on the grass with our wives and children, and watch the flitting figures of the picture, and listen to the music till our souls comprehend it. Refinement! approximation of character! What refinement, what approximation can you expect from us with these iron rails between? You have taken from us our rudeness, and will you not give us something better in its stead? You have touched our imaginations, you have roused our longings, you have troubled our spirits with gleams and visions, and will you keep us panting and gasping here for ever? Give space to the limbs you have set free, and freedom to the souls you have made too big for their habitation. Air! air!' And these are not the humble longings the unreflecting imagine; for in the wholesome exhilaration of such amusements, contrasting with the monotony of daily toil, there resides an influence more powerful than that of all the moral lectures in the world. If our governors studied political philosophy as much as politics, they would know that to open places of harmless recreation to the people is to shut jails and workhouses. Nay, the very desire to enter the former argues an advance in refinement; there is something tranquillising even in the restlessness of this aspiration, like the murmuring motion of a stream; and though it *be* but a day-dream, yet doth it—in the words of Rare Old Ben—

> 'Yet doth it like an odour rise
> On all the senses here,
> And fall like sleep upon the eyes,
> And music on the ear!'

But change in this respect being necessary for the moral health of the people, it is sure to come. History does not flow in England in the spasmodic gushes that make France a marvel. Change, whether social or political, is slow with us, but it is certain and effectual; and already we can see the dawn of a coming time when we shall all, now and then, set to play together like philosophers. The Scottish games in London, for instance, were a good omen; but independently of individual facts, there is on all sides a growing tone of good-humour. Even in those parts of the country where the Reformation confounded vice with gaiety, and recreation with irreligion, we can see the brow of orthodoxy begin to smooth its wrinkles. It is fully time for this, for we have now had leisure to separate things essentially distinct, though accidentally grouped together. We are weary of restrictions no longer necessary, and want change of air.

Is it not to the desire of change, intuitive in human bosoms, that we owe nearly everything that is great or good? Is it not this which has in all ages lighted the torch of discovery, and sent forth the pilgrims of science to the ends of the earth? Is it not this which has built up the civilisation of the present world into a form so peculiar? And is it not this principle in our being on

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which the ministers of religion more especially rely, when exhorting us to press forward to the world to come? But the desire of change and contrast, like everything else, must be regulated by good sense; and, as usual, we must take for our guide the analogies of nature. More sleep than is required to repair our faculties, more food than suffices to allay our hunger, and more amusement than is necessary to unbend our minds after mental or bodily toil, are all equally injurious. One day of rest in the week (setting aside its religious character) is among the wisest of our social provisions; but more than one, even if permitted by economical considerations, would be a very questionable good. Amusements, in like manner, depend for much of their zest upon their periodicity; and as for the literal change of air with which we began, if our country sojourn be too much prolonged, it is no change at all.

But even while recognising the urgency of our aspirations after change, there is no occasion to mistake their other characteristics. If genuine, they will take advantage of circumstances, but not war against them. We have no right, before exhausting the indulgences at our command, to clamour for those beyond our reach. The artisan who does not enjoy sometimes an evening walk or a plunge in the river, who does not stop to look with tranquil pleasure upon the trees and fields, who does not listen with a glowing countenance to the natural music that floats upon the air, has no claim to be admitted to the resorts of the more refined. We have all access to a thousand humble and inexpensive pleasures, if we only choose to enjoy them. At this moment the town is going into the country; houses are shutting up on all hands, and dingy old women posting notices in the window that 'letters and parcels are to be left at No. 10.' Some families, who find inconvenient a farther migration than to their back rooms, ashamed of remaining behind, have closed the shutters in front, to make-believe that they are in the country. And what becomes of *us*, whose pen betrays the ungenteel secret that we are at home? Why, a ramble now and then by the banks of Forth, a tour of the Calton Hill, a buffet with the breezes of Arthur's Seat, and a joke with some other last man in town—these are our change of air! L. R.

THE INFANT KING.

The day had not yet dawned on the 7th October 1715 when a little boy of about five years of age, who occupied one of the most splendid apartments in the palace of Versailles, started from his sleep, and sitting up in bed, fixed his eyes eagerly on a man who was seated in a large arm-chair by his side. The light of a bronze lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling showed him that his companion slept. He coughed two or three times, as if undecided whether or not to disturb his slumbers, but at length cried, 'Comtois—Comtois!'

'Sire?' replied Comtois, rousing himself hastily.

'Do pray look out, and tell me whether much snow has fallen in the night.'

Comtois approached the window, and lifting the curtain, quietly replied, 'Yes, sire, a great deal.' But the young king, who had followed with anxious eyes the movements of his valet, and had caught a glimpse through the window of the snow-covered landscape, exclaimed, 'How glad I am! Oh, take me up quick, Comtois! quick—quick: dress me—but *do* make haste, Comtois.'

'What can have put it into your majesty's head to wish to get up so early this morning?' replied Comtois, seating himself quietly in his arm-chair.

'You do not know, perhaps, that I have a great battle to fight this morning, Comtois; and I would lay a wager that the enemy is already under arms. I would not for anything he should be in the field before me.'

'The enemy is asleep, sire; and if you take my advice, you will follow his example.'

'Sleep! the day of a battle? Who ever heard of such a thing? But take me up, Comtois, I say,' continued the child, tossing himself impatiently in the bed.

'Calm yourself, sire; you must be more reasonable. Madame de Ventadour has forbidden me to allow you to get up so early.'

'And I, Louis XV., king of France, I command you to take me up!'

'Your majesty must please to understand'——

'I do not understand anything; I *choose* to get up,' said Louis more eagerly. 'The little Duke de Chartres sent me a challenge yesterday: he is the head of one party, I of another. I am sure, Comtois, you would not wish your king to appear either lazy or cowardly in the eyes of his subjects?'

'You may be quite easy, sire, on that head—the kings of your race have never been either cowardly or indolent.'

'Take me up, then, if you please, before the sun rises.'

'What, sire! has the *sun* also sent you a challenge?'

'No, no, good Comtois; but it would melt my arms.'

'What arms have you then chosen, sire, which melt before the sun?'

'Excellent ones, Comtois, I can assure you—good balls of snow. You need not laugh, Comtois: a ball of snow, well thrown, can give a famous blow I can tell you.'

'I have not the slightest doubt of it, sire,' replied Comtois, still laughing.

'You shall be present at the battle, Comtois, and you shall see what a grand affair it will be. Just fancy—we shall form two camps: the Duke de Chartres will command one, and I the other. I shall have all the best under my orders—the Duke d'Harcourt, the Count de Clermont, the Marquis de Nesle. Oh, I have not been able to sleep all night thinking of it, and I have so longed to get up! Now, like a good Comtois, do make haste—the sun will melt all our weapons; and I am sure that those who are to fight under my banners are waiting for me already on the field of battle. Oh, how unhappy kings are, that they cannot get anybody to obey them!'

A slight tap at the bedroom door interrupted Louis in the midst of his speech; Comtois opened the door, and was not a little surprised on seeing the Duke de Villeroy, the governor of the young king, entering the chamber at this early hour.

'Is the king awake yet?' inquired the marshal.

'He has been wanting to get up for this hour past, monseigneur,' replied the valet de chambre.

The Marshal de Villeroy approached the bed. 'Sire,' said he, 'the Duke of Orleans is this day to be appointed to the regency; it is necessary that you should make a short speech on the occasion. Do me the honour of listening to me, I beg of you; for you must learn this speech by heart, so as to be able to repeat it before the whole court.'

'Yes, sir, I will,' replied Louis, who was in reality a timid boy, and who did not venture to show his dissatisfaction at this delay.

'Listen to me attentively, then, sire: say after me, "*We declare*"'——

'Don't you think the sun, whenever it rises, will be sure to melt the snow?' interrupted Louis, whose attention was suddenly attracted by the glittering whiteness of the park, as its snowy vestment reflected the first beams of the rising sun. He had not heard a word of the commencement of his speech.

'Very possibly, sire,' replied Villeroy with an impatient gesture; 'but repeat after me now—"*We declare the Duke of Orleans.*"'

'*We declare the Duke of Orleans*,' said Louis; then, almost in the same breath he added, 'Comtois, just look whether the snow is still hard.'

'No matter whether it is or not, sire,' interrupted the marshal, who did not attempt to conceal his impatience at the inattention of his royal pupil. 'Now let us proceed, then—"*regent of this kingdom.*"'

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'I daresay that the Duke de Chartres has a pile of snowballs as high as this ready by this time.'

'If you do not pay more attention, sire,' said Marshal de Villeroy in a tone of severity, 'you will never learn your speech.'

'But I should much rather play in the park with the other children,' replied Louis petulantly.

'You shall go there, sire, after the ceremony.'

'But the snow will be melted, sir, by that time.'

'Well, sire, then it *must* be melted.'

'But then I shall not be able to make snowballs.'

'Well, then, you must do without them, sire.'

'And my battle, and my warriors, and all the other children who will be amusing themselves, while I am here shut up in my room!'

'Kings, sire, are not like other children; they cannot be allowed to be always running about and amusing themselves.'

'Then if so, it is not at all an amusing thing to be a king, Marshal de Villeroy.'

'I must really insist, sire, upon your learning this speech: you ought to have known it an hour ago.'

'Well, I *will* listen now,' said Louis.

The marshal, somewhat softened by this promise of docility on the part of his pupil, seated himself by the bedside, and repeated, word by word, a very short speech, which his pupil recited after him with great exactness. He then retired, feeling fully assured that the young Louis was well prepared to perform his part in the approaching ceremony.

Louis bounded with joy when he saw the door close upon his governor. 'Now, then, for the park!' he exclaimed.

'Here is Madame de Ventadour, and your tutor Monsieur de Fleury,' said Comtois, as he ushered in these two new personages, followed by some domestics belonging to the palace, who carried a complete suit of clothes fitted for the royal child. When the divers articles which composed it were spread upon the table, the sight of so brilliant a costume helped to divert the mind of the young king for a moment from the fixed idea which had hitherto occupied his thoughts. But suddenly the idea seemed to strike him that this equipment was just the thing which would do to wear on the field of his intended battle.

'How beautiful it is—how very beautiful! Are you going to dress me in all these pretty things, dear mamma?' said he to his governess, of whom he was very fond, and whom he always called by the sweet name of mother.

'Certainly, my dear king,' she replied, as she began to perform his toilet. 'It is a pretty costume; is it not?'

'Oh how pleased my comrades will be to serve under my orders!' said Louis, as he examined separately each article.

First, there was a little jacket with falling sleeves of violet-coloured cloth (*violet* being the colour appropriated to royal mourning, and the little Louis having only lately lost his grandfather, Louis XIV.); then there was placed upon his head a cap of violet *crêpe*, lined with cloth of gold; and finally a blue ribbon was passed around his neck, to which hung suspended the Cross of the Order of St Louis, and that of the Order of the St Esprit. Up to this point everything went on as smoothly as possible; the child, absorbed in the contemplation of this rich and brilliant costume, was beginning to forget his morning vexations: he longed to be dressed, in order that he might escape from the hands of his governess; and he was just on the point of asking Comtois to hand him his miniature weapons, in order to be ready for the battle, when, to his great surprise, Madame de Ventadour handed him a pair of splendid leading-strings in cloth of gold.

'What are these for, mamma?' said he.

'They are leading-strings, sire,' she replied.

'And what are you going to do with them?'

'To put them on you, sire.'

'On *me!* leading-strings! You are joking, mamma?'

'They complete your costume, sire: they must be put on.'

'I cannot put them on, mamma: I really *will* not!'

'I am very sorry to be obliged to do anything which annoys you, my dear king; but it has been decided that, in order to mark your age, leading-strings should form a part of your costume.'

'But I do not choose to have them on, dear mamma. I do not want them, and I will not put them on!'

'But they cannot be dispensed with, sire.'

'Not dispense with leading-strings! Indeed I can, dear mamma. What is the use of putting them on me? Do you ever see me tumble when I am walking? How long is it since I have given myself a bruise on my forehead? You do not put leading-strings on me to run all day in the woods, to go up and down stairs, to skip over the trenches, and now you want to put them on me when I am only going to ride in a carriage, and then to sit in an arm-chair. Indeed, mamma, you are not reasonable: leading-strings are only put on *little* children.'

'Every one knows, sire, that *you* are not a little child; certainly one is no longer a child at five years and a-half; but still it cannot be helped—etiquette requires that on grand occasions you should wear leading-strings until your education is confided to the care of men.'

'Etiquette, custom! You say that every minute, dear mamma. The custom *ought* to be only to put leading-strings on little children who do not know how to walk. But if people are so anxious to use leading-strings, why not put them on all those old seigneurs we have here—on the Duke de Bourbon, who can hardly stand; or on the old Bishop de Troyes, who stumbles at every step: they, indeed, may be in want of them: but as for me, it is quite decided—I will not have them!'

'I intreat you, sire, to comply.'

'Do not talk to me any more about it, dear mamma. The sun is already risen; I have a battle to fight this morning, and my munition of war is not yet prepared; so pray do not keep me any longer.'

'Your leading-strings will not be the least in your way, sire. Pray put them on.'

'And how my companions would laugh at me, especially the Duke de Chartres!'

'They would not dare to do so, sire. Indeed it is not well done of you to require so much pressing about such a trifle. You ought to show yourself a little more ready to obey one whom you honour with the title of mother.'

'If the other children had them too, mamma, then I should not mind; but look at the Duke de Nangis, the little Marquis de Nesle, &c.: did you ever see them in leading-strings?'

'But they are not kings, sire, as you are.'

'And I am sure, then, it is very tiresome to be a king. How I have been teased ever since I got up this morning on account of my kingdom! My battle has been delayed; I have had a long speech to learn by heart; and now you want to put on these ugly leading-strings. But it is of no use talking to me: I will not do it!'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said Madame de Ventadour to the king's tutor, who stood in the window reading his breviary, 'will you have the kindness to come here and make the king listen to reason?'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said the child, 'as you are at the window, will you be so good as to tell me whether the snow is beginning to melt?'

'Not yet, sire,' replied M. de Fleury, approaching the fire, in front of which stood Madame de Ventadour with the leading-strings in her hand, whilst the young king kept his hands clasped behind him, to prevent her from taking him by surprise, and slipping them on.

'Why are you so obstinate, sire? Give me your hand, and let me see you do cheerfully, and for the sake of pleasing Madame de Ventadour, that which, sooner or later, *must* be done.'

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'But I want to go to the park,' said the little Louis with a swelling heart, and tears starting to his eyes: 'I have snowballs to make.'

'You have, in the first place, *duties* to perform, sire; and *you*, sire, more than all other children: for, as a king, you ought to set *them* the example. Begin to do so at once by yielding to the wishes of your governess: raise your arm, sire, if you please: well; now, the other. There, now, it is done, sire, and I thank you for your obedience.'

'If kings *are* happy, it is not while they are children at all events,' said Louis XV., as he looked with tearful eyes on the gold belt of his leading-strings.

'You are right, sire,' said M. de Fleury. 'It is later: it is when they have learned to make their people happy.'

'The king's carriage is at the door,' said a gentleman-in-waiting, opening the folding-doors of the king's apartment. Madame de Ventadour rose, took the king by the hand, and led him down the grand staircase to the carriage, whilst M. de Fleury and the royal pages followed. The day was bitterly cold; but the poor little king rejoiced in the freezing blast, for he thought it would keep the snow from melting, and he could yet have his battle on his way back. With this hope he cheerfully entered the carriage, and waited with patience for M. de Villeroy and the Duke du Maine, who had both the right of entering the royal carriage. They reached the step at the same moment; and the foot of the one having accidentally touched that of the other, each measured his opponent with a disdainful glance.

'I beg to observe to the Marshal de Villeroy,' said the Duke du Maine, 'that, in the quality of prince of the blood, I have a right to the seat of honour in his majesty's carriage.'

'And I,' replied the marshal, without yielding a step, 'beg to observe to the Duke du Maine, that, as governor to the king, I have a right to the seat of honour, and am only bound to yield it to a legitimate prince of the blood, and not to M. le Duc du Maine.'

'We shall see that,' replied the duke, stepping into the carriage. The marshal, with a fiery glance, laid his hand on the intruder's arm. During this discussion the carriage door was necessarily kept open, and the young king was freezing with the cold. At length he exclaimed impatiently, 'For goodness' sake, gentlemen, come in, and both of you take the place of honour: I should just as soon sit with my back to the horses.'

'That is out of the question, sire,' replied the marshal.

'Well, then,' replied the young king, shivering with the cold, 'draw lots to see who shall sit by my side, or else both take your seats with your backs to the horses.' This last advice of the young king was at length followed, and the eight horses started at full gallop.

The carriage was no sooner in motion than the Marshal de Villeroy, bending forwards towards the young king, asked him if he remembered his speech; but at that moment they were passing the park of Vincennes, and his heart was too full to answer. He heard the joyous cries of his young companions, who were fighting the battle of which he had dreamt all the preceding night; he saw the hard, glittering snow, which would have made such glorious bombs; and then, when he began to think that before he was free again all the fun would be over, the tears started to his eyes.

'What are you thinking of, sire?' inquired the marshal. Louis made no reply, but pointed to the battle-field, and his large black eyes looked so full of sorrow, that it touched the heart of the marshal.

'What can we do, sire?' he observed, as M. de Fleury had already done. 'The children of kings are not like other children: they have duties to fulfil; and as it is their business to set an example to their people, *no* duty must be left undone.'

By this time they had reached the Faubourg St Antoine, and the people, both in the windows and the streets, were assembled to look at their king. A thousand acclamations welcomed him on every side, but the poor little fellow was sad and pale—he still thought of his lost battle. They at length reached the palace of the Tuileries, and the young monarch was conducted to his throne in the Chamber of Peers by the Duke de Tresme, who filled the office of Lord High Chamberlain. Madame de Ventadour was already seated upon the steps of the throne, and the countenance of her little pupil brightened as he saw her. He exclaimed aloud with childish glee, 'Madame de Ventadour!' 'Hush!' said his governess kindly, whilst with an expressive glance she designated to him the imposing assembly by which they were surrounded. Louis XV. immediately resumed a little air of grave dignity which was natural to him, and began to look composedly around him on the striking spectacle which the court of France of that day offered when assembled in full costume. The young king himself, who formed the centre of attraction in this brilliant circle, was well formed to grace the high post he occupied. He stood erect upon his throne, and awaited with a dignified patience the commencement of the ceremony. It might almost have been imagined that he felt the importance of the functions he was called to fulfil.

Soon the mass of courtiers began to move around the throne, and one great functionary of state after another approached the little king, and addressed him in speeches prepared for the occasion—all of which had one point in common, which was not a little distressing to their young auditor — namely, their interminable length. However, he bore the infliction with great apparent tranquillity, although it must be avowed that his glances were more frequently directed towards the window, where might be seen a tree bending beneath its sparkling, snowy burthen, than towards the grave speakers of very grave and very heavy speeches. When the moment at length arrived for the young king to deliver *his* speech, the Marshal de Villeroy bent forward, and asked him in a whisper whether he remembered what he had taught him in the morning.

'Perfectly,' he replied.

'Now, then, is the time to say it aloud, sire,' said the marshal.

With perfect grace, and with a certain infantile timidity of manner, which added yet more to the charm of his appearance, Louis XV. repeated aloud, and with perfect correctness—'We, king of France and of Navarre, declare the Duke of Orleans regent of this kingdom, to administer the affairs of state during our minority, conformably to the decree of parliament made on the 3d of September.'

The Duke of Orleans advanced to kiss the young sovereign's hand in token of gratitude, the Council of Regency was then named, and each member of it came forward in turn to perform the same act of homage. Then followed the administration of oaths, more speeches, and an endless routine of ceremonies, which became *wearisome* to all, but *insupportable* to the poor child. He at length ceased to listen, his eyes wandered towards the door, he stood up, sat down, yawned, played with the crosses which hung suspended from his blue ribbon, and then pettishly throwing them from him, began to yawn anew. Suddenly his attention seemed arrested by some object in the far corner of the room; his eyes ceased to wander, and were filled with an expression of comic surprise. The marshal, who had been following with anxiety every movement of his pupil, looked in the direction to which the child's glance was directed, and soon discovered that the object of his attention was the old cardinal of Noailles, a prelate of pre-eminent ugliness, which was shown off still more by his scarlet costume, and who was as yet unknown to the young prince, as he had only lately returned to the court, having been disgraced in the reign of Louis XIV.

The marshal, fearing doubtless that the old courtier might be displeased at this marked attention, whispered to his pupil a request not to look so steadfastly in that direction.

'But I choose to look that way,' replied the child.

'It is not polite,' replied his governor.

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'So much the worse,' said the king.

'But it is very wrong of you, sire.'

'I am sorry for it; but it amuses me.'

'Listen to this gentleman who is making you a speech, instead of looking about you.'

'I am very tired of hearing him,' replied Louis.

'I beg of you, sire—sire—sire—pray attend to me.'

'Leave me alone,' said Louis impatiently, quite wearied out by the admonitions of his governor and the interminable speeches of his courtiers.

'But, sire, I cannot leave you alone,' replied the marshal: 'you are not here for the purpose of being amused.'

'Ah, my snow, my beautiful snow!' said the king, to whose mind the word *amusement* recalled with vividness his morning disappointment.

'You must not think about that now, sire, but attend to what is going on here.'

'Oh, *do* leave me alone!' said the king, bursting into tears.

'Sire, sire; pray hold up your head, and do not disgrace yourself in this way.'

The poor little king's tears were, however, unheeded; the wearisome ceremony lasted till the close of the day; and when poor Louis passed the park on his way back to Versailles, the finishing stroke was put to his sorrows, for—*the snow had melted!*

'Oh, my battle, my snowballs!' he exclaimed, weeping bitterly. To add to his mortification, as he mounted the stairs of his palace of Versailles, he met all his young playmates talking and laughing over the divers feats of prowess which had been performed during the day. They were all glowing with health and animation; and as the pale, wearied Louis passed the merry group, there was not one of them who envied his royal lot.

'Who gained the day?' inquired Louis mournfully.

'The Duke de Chartres,' was the reply; 'but the Marquis de Nesle fought very well too.'

'Come, then, at least, and tell me all about it,' said the little king.

'Sire,' interposed Madame de Ventadour, 'this is the hour for you to retire to rest.'

'Well, then, the hour must be put off,' said Louis pettishly.

'That, sire, is impossible; your gentlemen of the bedchamber are in waiting.'

'Oh how tiresome it is to be a king!' said Louis XV., his tears commencing to flow afresh as his governess led him to the bedchamber. 'I am always unfortunate: in the winter, I am not allowed to make snowballs; and in the summer, when it is so fine, and everybody walks out, I am kept at home in the palace.'

'Oh, sire,' said his governess, as she began to undress him, 'are you not taken out whenever you please?'

'Am I indeed? And do you think I have forgotten the day of the fête of St Germains, when I was at the window, and saw such numbers of children passing by, and they all looked so happy? I asked you where they were going, and you told me to the fair; and when I asked what this fair was, you told me it was a place where they amused themselves under the trees, and bought toys and sweetmeats; and that in the evening I should see all these children returning with their playthings and their cakes. Oh, how I did long to go! But you were sick, mamma, and so I was obliged to stay at home.'

'You shall go, sire, next year.'

'And in the winter,' resumed the king, 'it is so pleasant to run upon the snow, to make snowballs, to throw them at one's companions, and have them thrown at one's self in return; and now, to-day, they have made me miss the finest battle in the world! When will some snow fall again?'

'Come, sire, you must not think any more of that now, but try to go to sleep.'

'I can't go to sleep: I suppose I shall be told presently that this is the hour at which I *must* go to *sleep*, because I am a *king!*'

'Console yourself, sire,' replied his governess; 'when you are a man, you will be happier.' As Madame de Ventadour said this, she sighed, for she knew but too well that the *future* happiness of her little pupil was, if possible, even still more uncertain than the *present*.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Four years ago, we had occasion to notice the 'Travels of Sir Charles Lyell in the United States,' chiefly in relation to the geological explorations of the author. A 'Second Visit' to the States by the same writer having just made its appearance,* we are enabled to revert to this deeply-interesting subject. On the present, as on the previous occasion, Sir Charles travelled with a special view to the investigation of natural phenomena; but we can assure all who feel inclined to peruse his second production, that it abounds likewise with observations on matters of social concern, and is, on the whole, one of the most amusing works which has for some years appeared on the United States. Having travelled with his wife, the author possessed more than the usual means of acquiring a knowledge of the people among whom he travelled.

Passing over one or two of the earliest chapters, we take up Sir Charles as he journeys through the New England States. Here he has occasion to refer to that very curious phenomenon, the discovery of organic remains in ice. How the bodies of animals become so imbedded, is a question of much interest. It appears that in extreme northern and southern parts of the world, the ground is a mixture of rock and ice, the ice lying in strata below the general surface. In 1821, when the captain of a merchant ship wished to inter the body of a sailor in one of the South Shetland Islands, he set a party 'to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating in nearly a hundred places through six or eight inches of sand, they came down everywhere upon solid blue ice. At last he determined to have a hole cut in the ice, of which the island principally consisted, and the body of the man was placed in it.' This body was afterwards found as fresh as when buried. The bodies of whales and other creatures often get imbedded in icebergs, and it is then discovered after the ice has become partially mixed with sand and gravel, that has led to so much learned investigation. The rise and fall of masses of ice, according to the action of the tides, when in contiguity with land, accounts for no small part of the phenomenon.

Talking of icebergs, we are led to remark, that to these floating masses in the Northern Atlantic much of the irregularity of our summer climate may be imputed. Icebergs are occasionally seen as far south as the 36th degree of north latitude, and of immense size. 'Sir James Ross saw icebergs which had run aground in Baffin's Bay in water 1500 feet deep.' An iceberg of much less dimensions than this turns the climate to winter wherever it goes, and its approach to any coast is a terrific visitation. A military officer told our author 'that last year, when he was in garrison in Newfoundland, an iceberg continued aground in the harbour of St John's for a year, and they used to fire cannon-balls at it from a battery.' We have heard of more ridiculous projects than would be the fitting out of an expedition to clear the Atlantic of icebergs by bombardment.

Sir Charles made a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Washington (one of the White Mountains), which reaches to a height of 6225 feet above the level of the sea. Here a Flora was observed similar to that of lands bordering on the sea in the extreme north of America, Europe, and Asia. How did these plants attain this height in an inland mountain in a comparatively southern latitude? 'Geology,' says our author, 'teaches us that the species living at present on the earth are older than many parts of our existing continents—that is to say, they were created before a large part of the

* London: John Murray. 2 vols. 1849.

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existing mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers, and seas were formed. That such must be the case in regard to the island of Sicily, I announced my conviction in 1833, after first returning from that country. And a similar conclusion is no less obvious to any naturalist who has studied the structure of North America, and observed the wide area occupied by the modern or glacial deposits before alluded to, in which marine fossil shells of living but northern species are entombed. It is clear that a great portion of Canada, and the country surrounding the great lakes, was submerged beneath the ocean when recent species of mollusca flourished, of which the fossil remains occur more than 500 feet above the level of the sea near Montreal. I have already stated that Lake Champlain was a gulf of the sea at that period, that large areas in Maine were under water, and, I may add, that the White Mountains must then have constituted an island, or group of islands. Yet as this period is so modern in the earth's history as to belong to the epoch of the existing marine Fauna, it is fair to infer that the Arctic Flora now contemporary with man was then also established on the globe.' We have thus to consider that many of the higher mountains were at one time islands, in a sea chilled by the melting of floating ice. 'As the continent grew by the slow upheaval of the land, and the islands gained in height, and the climate around their base grew milder, the Arctic plants would retreat to higher and higher zones, and finally occupy an elevated area, which probably had been at first, or in the glacial period, always covered with perpetual snow. Meanwhile the newly-formed plains around the base of the mountain, to which northern species of plants could not spread, would be occupied by others migrating from the south, and perhaps by many trees, shrubs, and plants then first created, and remaining to this day peculiar to North America.'

Intermingled with interesting disquisitions of this kind are graphic notices of the odd sectarianism—it might almost be called the religious derangement—in many parts of New England. 'At the Franconia hotel I first heard of the recent fanatical movement of the Millerites, or followers of one Miller, who taught that the millennium, or final destruction of the world, would come to pass last year, or on the 23d day of October 1844. A farmer from the village of Lisbon told me that, in the course of the preceding autumn, many of his neighbours would neither reap their harvest of Indian corn and potatoes, nor let others take in the crop, saying it was tempting Providence to store up grain for a season that could never arrive, the great catastrophe being so near at hand. These infatuated people, however, exerted themselves very diligently to save what remained of their property when the non-fulfilment of the prophecy dispelled their delusion. In several townships in this and the adjoining states the parochial officers or "select men" interfered, harvesting the crops at the public expense, and requiring the owners, after the 23d October, to repay them for the outlay. I afterwards heard many anecdotes respecting the Millerite movement, not a few of my informants speaking with marked indulgence of what they regarded simply as a miscalculation of a prophecy which must be accomplished at no distant date. In the township of Concord, New Hampshire, I was told of an old woman who, on paying her annual rent for a house, said, "I guess this is the last rent you will get from me." Her landlord remarked, "If so, I hope you have got your robes ready" (alluding to the common practice of the faithful to prepare white ascension robes) "for going up into heaven." Hearing that there had been advertisements from shops in Boston and elsewhere to furnish any number of these robes on the shortest notice, I took for granted that they were meant as a hoax; but an English bookseller, residing at New York, assured me that there was a brisk demand for such articles, even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October. . . . In a subsequent part of our tour, several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth (Massachusets) and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced from ease to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the Tabernacle, in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension. Among other stories which, whether true or not, proved to me how much fraud was imputed to some of the leaders, I was told of a young girl who, having no money, was advised to sell her necklace, which had been presented to her by her betrothed. The jeweller, seeing that she was much affected at parting with her treasure, and discovering the object of the sale, showed her some silver forks and spoons, on which he was about to engrave the initials of the very minister whose dupe she was, and those of the lady he was about to marry on a fixed day after the fated 23d of October.' The society of Millerites has since become bankrupt, and their tabernacle has been transformed into a theatre, where the author had the pleasure of seeing Mr and Mrs Kean perform 'Macbeth.'

In a conversation with one of the managers of the Lowell factories, Sir Charles elicits what may be considered a good hint as to an improvement in the position of the working-classes. These factories, it appears, are joint-stock concerns. The shares are often as low as 500 dollars, and held by operatives. 'By this system the workpeople are prevented from looking on the master manufacturers as belonging to a distinct class, having different interests from their own. The holders of small shares have all the advantages of partners, but are not answerable for the debts of the establishment beyond their deposits. They can examine all the accounts annually, when there is a public statement of their affairs.' Unfortunately the law of partnership prevents plans of this kind being carried out in England. To procure an abolition of this law, the working-classes in Great Britain ought to make a strenuous exertion: but when do we find these classes aiming at anything half so practical?

At Boston our author makes the common observation that the New Englanders have generally a pale, careworn look, arising 'partly from their striving and anxious disposition, and their habits of hard work, mental and bodily, and partly from the effects of the climate. One of their lawyers expressed to me his regret that the members of his profession, and their most eminent politicians, physicians, and literary men, would not spare themselves, and give up some time to relaxation. "They seem determined," he said, "to realise the sentiment so finely expressed by Milton—

'To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

Our ancestors had to work fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, in order not to starve in the wilderness; but we persist in straining every nerve when that necessity has ceased." He then reminded me how much more cheerful, plump, and merry the young negro children looked in the south than those of New England, who had all the appearance of having been forced in their education, and over-crammed at school. I suspect, however, that the principal cause of the different aspect of the Anglo-Saxon race in England and America is the climate. During both our tours through the United States, my wife and I enjoyed excellent health, and were delighted with the clearness of the atmosphere, the bright sun, and the great number of cloudless days; but we were told that, if we stayed a second year, we should feel less vigorous. Many who have been born in America, of families settled there for several generations, find their health improved by a visit to England, just as if they had returned to their native air; and it may require several centuries before a race becomes thoroughly acclimatised. English travellers often ascribe the more delicate health of the inhabitants here to their in-door habits and want of exercise. But it is natural that they should shrink from exposing themselves to the severe frosts and long-continued snows of winter,

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and to the intense heat of the summer's sun. An Englishman is usually recognised at once in a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and ruddiness of complexion; and it is surprising how distinguishable he is even from persons born of English parents in the United States. It is also a curious fact, which seems generally admitted, that the native Anglo-Australians bear a considerable resemblance to the Anglo-Americans in look and manner of speaking, which is a mystery, for there is certainly in that case no analogy between the climates of the two countries.'

New England, as every one knows, is greatly in advance of Great Britain with respect to national education; and on this subject the author speaks of the Americans in language of just commendation. Where all are called on to take part in the action of government, it is felt that the safety of society depends on all being educated. The education imparted is under a general, not party or sectarian management; and every attempt made by religious denominations to acquire a special control over the public schools has been promptly checked. The affected belief that this unsectarian education would lead to irreligion and discontent has been completely falsified. Nowhere are the people more religious or better citizens. 'It is acknowledged by the rich, that when the free schools have been most improved, the people are least addicted to intemperance, are more provident, have more respect for property and the laws, are more conservative, and less led away by Socialist or other revolutionary doctrines. So far from indolence being the characteristic of the labouring-classes, where they are best informed, the New Englanders are rather too much given to overwork both body and brain. They make better pioneers when roughing it in a log-house in the backwoods, than the uneducated Highlander or Irishman; and the factory girls of Lowell, who publish their "Offering," containing their own original poems and essays, work twelve hours a day, and have not yet petitioned for a ten-hour bill.' Further on, the author observes, in reference to the independent position which schools and teachers have attained:—'There is in no state any dominant ecclesiastical body sufficiently powerful to thwart the maxims of those statesmen who maintain that as the people are determined to govern themselves, they must be carefully taught and fitted for self-government, and receive secular instruction in common schools open to all. The Roman Catholic priests, it is true, in the state of New York, where there are now 11,000 schools in a population of 2,500,000, have made some vigorous efforts to get the exclusive management of a portion of the school fund into their own hands, and one at least of the Protestant sects has openly avowed its sympathy in the movement. But they have failed, from the extreme difficulty of organizing a combined effort, where the leaders of a great variety of rival denominations are jealous of one another; and fortunately the clergy are becoming more and more convinced that, where the education of the million has been carried farthest, the people are most regular in their attendance on public worship, most zealous in the defence of their theological opinions, and most liberal in contributing funds for the support of their pastors and the building of churches.'

Sir Charles speaks regretfully of the tendency in New England to cultivate a sour conventional spirit, which discourages innocent recreation, without finding a suitable substitute. The injury arising from this social defect is only in part remedied by the growing taste for reading. In every district there are lending libraries, which prove of great use. 'Towards the purchase of books for these libraries the State grants a certain sum, if an equal amount be subscribed by the inhabitants. They are left to their own choice in the purchase of books; and the best English poets and novelists are almost always to be met with in each collection, and works of biography, history, travels, natural history, and science. The selection is carefully made with reference to what the people will read, and not what men of higher education or station think they ought to read.' When will our own legislature vote sums in aid of public district-libraries? Not, it may be supposed, till something less is spent in the apparatus of naval and military armament.

As a matter of course, the author, in travelling, was exposed to the usual amount of questioning as to his age, family, and objects of pursuit; but though annoying, this enabled him to question in return, and by that means to procure valuable information. An American related to him many diverting anecdotes to illustrate the inquisitive turn of his countrymen. Among other stories he gave a lively description of a New Englander, who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said, 'Are you a bachelor?' To which the other replied dryly—'No; I'm not.' 'You are a married man?' continued he. 'No; I'm not.' 'Then you must be a widower?' 'No; I'm not.' Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—'If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?' 'If you must know,' said the other, 'I'm a divorced man!'

INCONSTANCY OF THE DOVE.

In a paper in No. 280, we referred to the unpleasant ideas associated by the Hindoos with the cooing of the dove; a sound which, however sweet and loving to us, seems to them like the wail of a doomed creature commemorating the cruelties it committed in a former state of existence. We still clung, notwithstanding, to the *constancy* of the dove. We might abandon the minor graces of gentleness, innocence, and timidity; but fidelity in love it still retained in our imagination—

> —'all other virtues gone,
> Not guilt itself could quench that loveliest one!'

Philosophy, however, is always bursting bubbles, or blowing up steamboats, and Poetry is ruined in breakage by her awkward or malicious handmaid Science. Here is a letter stripping our favourite dove of the last of its fine feathers!

The letter has been presented to us by the courtesy of Mr Waterton, the well-known naturalist; and it is addressed to himself by Mr Ord of Philadelphia, to whom the scientific world is indebted for various contributions to natural history, and for a life of Wilson the ornithologist:—

'I promised you, in one of my late letters, an anecdote concerning the common pigeon, tending to show that inconstancy in conjugal affection is a failing by no means peculiar to the human kind, but may be discerned in the inferior animals. My dovecot, from its position and economy, is an attractive object for the pigeon: hence every apartment is occupied; and when a male disappears, even for a single day—an occurrence by no means unfrequent—an adventurer, always on the look-out for advantages, steps into the vacant domicile, and asserts his right of possession on the principle of pre-emption. A poor little vagrant pigeon, driven from its natal home, sought refuge on my premises. Its flagging wing and simple countenance denoted its youth and its poverty. I enticed it by food: daily acts of kindness produced familiarity. It proved to be a male of uncommon docility and sprightliness; and it soon became a favourite of the whole family. The period of connubial attachment arrived, and my little stranger soon felt the influence of the universal passion. A wandering female responded to his vows of affection; and their union, after the usual ceremonies, was duly consummated.

'The first care of our youthful couple was to procure a dwelling. Day after day did they endeavour to secure some comfortable quarters: even attempts at encroachment upon the rights of others were made; but all in vain. At length one of the residents of the columbary, a fine old male, disappeared: his home-

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stead was enviable; and our couple took possession of it, in defiance of the opposition of the widowed occupant, who stood no chance in such a contest. The happy pair, thus domiciliated, lost no time in their domestic economy. A nest was arranged, eggs were laid and incubated, and one squab was the reward of the toil and solicitude of its parents. The offspring grew and flourished until near maturity, when I perceived a commotion in the dovecot: my protégé was engaged in mortal combat, in his own premises, with an intruder, who, from his superior size and strength, rendered the strife unequal, and who finally succeeded in ousting the possessor. While I stood sympathising with my favourite on this unexpected calamity, what was my surprise to find that the supposed intruder was no other than the former proprietor of the mansion, who had been entrapped by some neighbouring poacher, and who had returned to assert his rights! My sense of justice would not allow me to interfere in this affair, although I was tempted to take a part for the sake of the poor youngling, that I observed was maltreated by the wrathful victor. In battles for the acquisition of a home, the male pigeons alone are generally the warriors: hence the difficulty of success, as the pair in possession, by mutual assistance, almost always prove to be too powerful for the assailant.

'But in the case in question I noticed a singularity: my favourite's mate appeared to be a passive spectator of the contest; she afforded no succour to her partner in his desperate struggle; and when he was finally expelled, she evinced no disposition to associate with him. Her affection for her offspring, however, seemed to be unabated, as she continued to feed it, and, what I thought strange, she was permitted to do so without any molestation from the conqueror. The mystery was soon explained by the revelation of the fact, that the faithless creature had actually abandoned him whom she had vowed to love and cherish, and had united herself to his enemy. Well might the poet exclaim—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" What! forsake her youthful partner at a crisis when commonly the best feelings of the heart are called into action! Yet such was the fact. Long did the forsaken make the groves vocal with his murmurs; but all in vain. At length his pathetic complaints touched a congenial soul: a kind female tendered him the consolations of sympathy; her love was reciprocated, and former griefs seem now to be forgotten in present enjoyment.

'The dove or pigeon is represented by the poets as the emblem of innocence and constancy:—

> In constancy and nuptial love,
> I learn my duty from the dove.—*Gay.*

The domestic kind are eminently gregarious, and yet they are eternally at war; the slightest cause will provoke their pugnacious habits during the day; but no evening passes without a fight, as if the hour of rest required excitement to render it salutary. As to their connubial constancy, the above-mentioned circumstance will show that there are exceptions to the law of sexual affinity, which, however, should seem to be more faithfully observed in those animals that pair, than in the nobler part of creation, which is so eminently distinguished by the superiority of reason.'

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TOMBS.

'Egypt offers subjects of conversation and meditation which no one can entirely neglect, whoever he may be, if he have eyes to see, a memory to remember, or a sprinkling of imagination wherewith to dream. Who can be indifferent to the tableaux of unaccountable nature on the banks of the Nile? At the spectacle of this river-land, that no other land resembles? Who will not be moved in the presence of this people, which of old accomplished such mighty deeds, and now are reduced to misery so extreme? Who can visit Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Thebes, without being moved by reminiscences the most imposing and the most diverse? The Bible, Homer, philosophy, the sciences, Greece, Rome, Christianity, the Monks, Islamism, the Crusades, the French Revolution: almost everything great in the world's history seems to converge in the pathway of him who traverses this memorable country! Abraham, Sesostris, Moses, Helen, Agesilaus, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Aristarchus, Plotinus, Pacomus, Origen, Athanasius, Saladin, St Louis, Napoleon—what names! what contrasts!' Thus exclaims an eloquent writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes:' but his list of memorabilia, M. Ampère very well knows, begins where the really marvellous ends; and to arrive—not at the origin of Egyptian civilisation, but merely at the epoch where our researches are lost in the darkness of antiquity—we must go back at least fifteen centuries before the calling of Abraham! With Moses, between two and three hundred years after the first patriarch, begins the procession of the historians, lawgivers, and warriors of a world now passed away; but in the tombs of Egypt there are written, with a freshness that endures to this day, the annals of a long anterior greatness—a greatness earlier than antiquity itself.

Egypt is now the great highway between the East and West; and one may as well stay at home as pretend to travel without seeing the Pyramids. To enjoy, however, the descriptions we receive from every succeeding tourist of a buried people, who, 2400 years ago, reproached the ancient Greeks with their modern juvenility, it is necessary to know from what sources these records are drawn, and what are the claims to authenticity possessed by the Language of the Tombs. To do this, we do not require to understand the ancient tongues, or any other modern one than English; Colonel Vyse having thrown into an appendix, in the second volume of his quarto work, all that is known on this subject.* But a much smaller book has recently been published, touching upon all the Egyptian questions together; and although, from the highly-condensed form in which the knowledge is conveyed, it is somewhat difficult of study for persons previously ignorant of the subject, we are in hopes of being able to extract from it, for the benefit of our readers, some rudimental information. It consists of a series of reports, taken from several American newspapers, of the lectures of the distinguished Egyptian antiquary Mr Gliddon; and the whole has been revised by himself, and enriched with learned notes and appendices.†

Previous to the year 1802, the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters of the Egyptians, found in the sepulchres and on monuments, were a mystical scrawl, the unknown signs of an unknown tongue, which the learned gazed at with unavailing longings. But a stone, found three years before between Rosetta and the sea by a French officer of engineers, was destined to give the hint, which fell like a sudden spark of light upon their conjectures. This was the celebrated Rosetta Stone (now in the British Museum), a fragment of black basalt, 3 feet in length, and originally 2 feet 5 inches in breadth, and from 10 to 12 inches in thickness. The sculpture was not in itself of great antiquity, dating 196 years before the Christian era. It contained two inscriptions—one in the Greek, and one in the popular Egyptian character, called Demotic or Enchorial, afterwards discovered not to have been much used before 700 years B.C.: but there was likewise a third, in hieroglyphics; and it may be supposed with what interest it was discovered that these three were identical in substance! They were an edict chiselled at Memphis, in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and the concluding sentence was in these words:—'That this

* Operations carried on at the Pyramids of Ghizeh from 1837 to 1839. See also Gliddon's Chapters on Early Egyptian History. 1843.

† Otia Ægyptiaca: Discourses on Egyptian Archæology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries. By George R. Gliddon. London: Madden. 1849.

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decree should be engraved on a tablet of hard stone, in hieroglyphical, enchorial, and Greek characters, and should be set up in first, second, and third-rate temples, before the statue of the ever-living king.'

The inscriptions being identical, would of course repeat the name the same number of times; and the word Ptolemy, in its various inflections, being found in the Greek eleven times, the first business was to look for a corresponding word in the Demotic character. In this inscription a group of seven letters was found repeated eleven times; and these were discovered to compose the word Ptolmis, thus giving seven letters of the alphabet, from which the whole was afterwards deduced. But the hieroglyphic inscription? How was it possible to interpret those representations of animals and things, intended though they must be for the symbols of a language? Here and there some of them were enclosed in an oval. This was repeated again and again, and must no doubt be the name sought for. The middle figure was a recumbent lioness, the Coptic name of which is *laboi*. Might not the lioness represent the *sound* of the initial letter of her own name? It was a wild and fantastic conjecture, to which the explorer was no doubt driven by mere despair: but it was inspiration. The moment it was taken for granted that this was one letter of the name, the others were read with comparative ease; and thus were obtained to begin with the signs of seven hieroglyphical letters, PTOLMEIS.

We of course cannot pretend to follow here the course of the discovery; but Mr Gliddon declares, that with the aid of the published literary resources, any intelligent person may at this day read into English, direct from the hieroglyphics, words, phrases, and consecutive sentences, as easily as he would acquire any other Oriental tongue. The revelations thus made have released Egypt from the plague of darkness. She is no longer a land of sorcery and mysticism, such as she appeared to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; but thousands of years ago, her every-day life appears a prototype of our own. The hieroglyphics are at once manuscripts and pictures —illustrated books, speaking at once to the eye and the mind; and the genius of the people seems to have delighted in perpetuating themselves in their records. 'If we enter a tomb,' says Mr Gliddon, 'we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. The—I had almost said Christian—name, the profession, rank, and blood-relationship of each member of the family, are written against him or her. The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labour in the field; the anthem that, when living, he offered to his Creator; and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade figures in this picturesque encyclopædia—from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense-bearer, and smelling-bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley, which still germinate when replanted, are also discovered. The eggs, the desiccated remains of the very milk he had once used for his breakfast, even the trussed and roasted goose, of which the guests at his wake had partaken—all these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist, in kind, in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* But not only do the scenes sculptured or painted on the temples or in the sepulchres furnish every detail concerning the Egyptians; they give us the portraits, history, geographical names, and characteristics of an infinitude of Asiatic and African nations existing in days long anterior to the Exode—many of whom have left no other record of their presence on earth, and others again whose names are preserved in the Hebrew Scriptures.'

Not the least curious and important of the hieroglyphical revelations, is the synchronism which exists between the Scriptural annals and the monuments of Egypt. The names of some of the Pharaohs are not only the same, but they are identified in particulars of their history; and authenticated *portraits* of sovereigns incidentally referred to in the Bible are now exhibited in engravings throughout the Christian world. These portraits are carried back to 3500 years ago (about the time of Joseph), but the synchronism cannot be traced earlier than 971 B.C. This is unfortunate, as it would be very interesting to identify in their monuments the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Solomon, Moses, Joseph, and Abraham. The earliest, however, as yet reached is Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, son of Solomon; and indeed, as the Bible does not mention by name the earlier sovereigns of Egypt, there is little probability of farther advance in this interesting study. As for the supposed death of the Mosaic Pharaoh in the Red Sea, it is neither countenanced by the text of the Pentateuch—which merely relates the destruction of Pharaoh's host, chariots, and chosen captains—nor by the traditions of the Talmud, which expressly state that the king returned and reported the loss of his army. The hieroglyphics, however, are silent on both points. Neither has any trace at all been found in them of the patriarchal relations with Egypt. We may add that Mr Gliddon makes the pertinent remark, that if the validity of hieroglyphical history be proved 'from the Scriptures for the times succeeding Moses, in all those cases where either record refers to the events mentioned in the other, the authenticity of *hieroglyphical* monuments in affairs whereon the Bible is silent, and which antedate Moses by twenty centuries, cannot fairly be called in question.' While mentioning portraits, let us descend to later times, and say that the portrait of Cleopatra, taken from the temple of Dendera, by no means establishes the Shakspearian authority with regard to the personal beauty of that 'serpent of old Nile.' The Cleopatra of history appears to have been celebrated only for her powers of fascination and the splendour of her court.

The earliest date of the sacred language is not known; but if the antiquaries are correct, there must be an error in the commonly-received interpretation of Bible chronology, the original fifteen hieroglyphic letters having been in *common use* only 250 years after Menes the first Pharaoh. This would carry back the origin of hieroglyphics to near the time commonly assigned to Cain and Abel! The emblem of the scribe's palette, reed-pen, and ink-bottle, is found about 3400 years B. C.; and books, indicated by the sign of the papyrus or scroll, are long antecedent to the time of Abraham. This language received afterwards some change, and in that form became more current as the hieratic or sacerdotal. About 700 years B. C. there was introduced an alphabetic kind of writing called the Demotic, Enchorial, or Epistolographic; and this remained in popular use till it was suppressed by Roman imperial authority, and replaced by the Coptic alphabet, formed of Greek and Egyptian letters intermixed.

The prayer-book of the Egyptians, called the Book of the Dead, is traced as far back as 3200 B. C. It was a collection of hymns and liturgical prayers offered by and for the departed Egyptians; and extracts from it are met with on mummy cases, and every other object connected with death or religion. In this antique ritual are taught the doctrines of the soul's immortality and resurrection of the body; but instead of the Jewish commandments, and the Christian petitions for Divine aid to observe them, they present only a series of self-righteous assertions of innocence, supposed to be made by the departed spirit. In these, however, which are forty-two in number, is found the whole, and more than the whole, decalogue.

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It is impossible to ascend to the origin of the mummies that are covered with extracts from this ritual. Mummification, as the science is now called, is supposed to have been earlier than the Pyramids or tombs, the first mummies having been buried in the sand. The Necropolis at Memphis is twenty-two miles in length by about half a mile in breadth, and here, it is supposed, one-fourth of the population of Egypt was buried. The Great Pyramid was built 4000 years ago; but supposing the period of mummification to be only 3000 years, Mr Gliddon calculates that the number of mummies in Egypt is about 500,000,000. A Cairo journal, a year or two ago, went further: it counted up the quantity of cloth in the wrappers, and came to the conclusion that if the linen were manufactured into paper, it would bring into the pasha's treasury L.4,200,000! The objection as to the vast *space* so many mummies would fill, is met by a calculation which shows that they could be contained in a cube half a mile in length, breadth, and height; although, so far from being cramped in room, the tombs of a single individual sometimes cover several acres of subterranean ground.

Under the fourth dynasty the bodies were prepared by saturation with natron, and were baked in ovens, and wrapped in woollen cloth. The sarcophagus of Cheops was a plain monolithic bin, and that of Mycerinus a rectangular chest, with an inscription in which the dead Osirian king is saluted with a sublime simplicity, 'Live for ever!' Under the twelfth dynasty linen is found in use, the bodies are partially gilded, and all the luxury in coffins had commenced which, from the eighteenth dynasty down to the time of the Romans, remained at a great pitch of extravagance. Under the eleventh dynasty, round the 'sides are usually painted the whole sepulchral equipment of the dead—his bows, arrows, quivers, shirts, wigs, mirrors, sandals, and cosmetics. They are, in fact, the pictorial portmanteau of an Egyptian gentleman twenty centuries before our era, as well as a bill of fare: his ducks, geese, haunches, shoulders, chops, bread, cakes, biscuits, flour—his drinks, water, beer, wine, white, northern, or Marsootic—his salt and pastiles—are detailed at the head of these coffins.' The eighteenth dynasty is the era of the introduction of bitumen, which became known to the Egyptians through their conquests of Assyria; and the new fashion changed the colour of the mummies, which, since that epoch, are black, while those earlier embalmed are of the natural hue. By this time the system of idolatry had attained its full development; even the bodies of animals were at length embalmed as well as those of men; and the religious simplicity of the earlier mummies existed no more. About the Augustan period the shape of the sarcophagus was changed, and the mummies were not wrapped in the human form, but of an equal thickness all down, and swathed in a coarsely-painted cloth exhibiting portraits of the deceased.

The cost of these embalments varied from L.4 up to L.250, according to the rank in life of the deceased, and the luxury of the coffin and ornaments. There are specimens still in existence which contain above 1000 yards of linen, varying in texture from good calico to superfine cambric. The majority, however, belong to the middle-classes, and their cost is estimated at L.60: but calculating them all at the cheapest—namely, L.4—this would give an annual expense for manufacture of L.666,000. For our own part, however, unless the *lowest* classes were mummified at the public cost (which is very improbable), we do not see how even L.4 could have been paid for their funeral expenses; and as Mr Gliddon remarks that only a single *negro* mummy has been found, although negroes were always very numerous in Egypt as domestic servants, there must, we think, have been a portion of the population allowed to moulder in the usual way. The whole of the revenue arising from this process belonged to the priests, 'who were the physicians, apothecaries, mummy-makers, undertakers, scribes, and sextons, and who, besides, leased out the sepulchral excavations in which the bodies were to repose.' They held also the monopoly of the linen cloth used for wrapping the body, the flax for which was grown and manufactured by themselves. The mummies made, however, were so strictly the property of the purchasers, that a debtor was obliged to give up in pledge to his creditors the remains of his ancestors; and if he died insolvent, his next relations were held bound, both in honour and law, to redeem them.

The Pyramids, it is now known, were sepulchres for containing the mummies of the Pharaohs. 'As to the epoch of those of Memphis,' says Mr Gliddon, 'these were all built between the times of Noah and Abraham in the scale of Biblical chronology, and those of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, and the founder of the *first* dynasty at Memphis, and the *thirteenth* dynasty in collateral Egyptian hieroglyphical chronology. Thus all the Memphite pyramids existed and were ancient 2000 years before Christ. All the pyramids in Lower Egypt are 4000 years old; and taking the pyramid of Mœris, according to Lepsius' letters, built between 2151 and 2194 years before Christ, as the last of this series, the remainder will successively recede to above 5000 years ago.'

When a king commenced his reign, a small isolated hill of rock was fixed upon for his tomb, and a chamber excavated in it, with a passage communicating with the surface. Around and over this a course of masonry was built in a four-sided figure, converging at the top, in general of limestone, but in four instances of sun-dried brick; and if the death took place during the year, this was immediately cased over, and thus a small pyramid formed. If the king lived a second year, another course of stone or brick was added, and so on another and another, till, as in the case of the Great Pyramid, the solid materials thus piled over the chamber in the rock would suffice for the construction of a city. 'The pyramid continued to be increased every year until the death of the king in whose reign it was erected, fresh courses being added each year of his life. When the king died, the work of enlargement ceased, and the casing was put on the pyramid. This was done by filling up the angles of the masonry with smaller stones, and then placing oblong blocks one upon another, so as to form steps from the base to the apex; after which, beginning at the top, and working downwards, these stones were bevelled off at the corners, so as to form one uniform angle, and give a smooth surface to the pyramid, leaving a perfect triangle. . . . Two conclusions will strike the observer: first, that a pyramid, being smooth from its base to its summit, was by its builders never meant to be reascended: secondly, that the *entrance* was hermetically closed, never to be reopened; although its location, to judge by classical and Arabian traditions of hieroglyphics on the exterior, was probably indicated by a *royal tablet*, or *stele*, commemorative of the Pharaoh interred in each sepulchre. . . . . The philosophical deduction from all this is, that the size of the pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of the king's reign in which it was constructed, having been begun at his accession, and finished at his death. Large pyramids indicate long reigns, and small pyramids short reigns. The *sixty-nine* pyramids, therefore, represent some seventy or eighty kingly generations (two kings having been sometimes buried in the same pyramid), the last of which race died before Abraham was born. Such is the *law* of pyramidal construction. Of its importance in *chronology* the reader can judge.'

In the Great Pyramid there are several chambers: the Great Hall, the Kings' and Queens' Chamber, the Well, as it is called, &c.; and there are air-passages communicating from these with their external surface. The casing-stones were eight tons in weight, but were removed by the caliphs, so that the edifice can now be ascended as if by the steps of a stair. There is no danger either in the ascent or descent; although, in 1831, Mr James Mayes, an English traveller, contrived to commit suicide by throwing himself from the summit.

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The private tombs scattered around the regal pyramids are full of interest of the same kind; being covered with paintings of the manners, customs, genealogies, &c. of the ancient Egyptians to such an extent, that the antiquary Lepsius promises to write the Court Journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty, which flourished five thousand years ago! 'The manufacture of glass,' Mr Gliddon tells us, 'was known in Egypt 2000 years previously to its reported discovery by the Phœnicians; and the decimal system of numeration, *units, tens, hundreds, thousands*, and upwards, was current in the days of the Pyramids, or 4000 years before the Arabs of Mohammed's era. In the tomb of Eimei, architect of the pyramid of Shoopho, of the fourth dynasty, is an inventory of his wealth. There are, amongst other details, "835 oxen, 220 cows, with their calves, 2234 goats, 760 asses, and 974 rams." The numerals are hieroglyphical *ciphers;* and the same decimal system is found in the *quarriers' marks* on all the pyramids. Indeed it became evident that perhaps, with the exception of steamboats, electrotypes, Daguerreotypes, the magnetic telegraph, chloroform, printing-presses, and cotton gunpowder, the arts and sciences, were much the same at that early period in the Valley of the Nile as at this time in our own country. The drawings of the trades, as found pictured on the walls in the tombs, show the practical sort of people the Egyptians were.' Corroborations of the last remark are to be found in the various paintings now extant of 'carpenters at work, boat-building, musicians, poulterers, veterinary surgeons, wine-pressing, brick-making, weaving, ploughing, transporting of columns,' &c. All these are illustrated by, and serve as illustrations of, that sacred language which, at the end of fifty ages, speaks to us from the tombs almost as intelligibly as it did to the priests at a time which could only be known to the Jewish patriarchs as an old-world tradition.

Having now run through these lectures—although not in a cursory manner, for one must pick his steps while traversing such a mass of erudition—we have only to recommend the volume to the studious reader, as one from which he will receive as much general information on Egyptiological science as he could obtain by the perusal of a variety of more bulky, though not more learned, productions.

NEW HYPOTHESIS OF CONSUMPTION.

[We have received the following communication from Mr D. B. Stone of Bristol; and our readers will probably be interested by the novelty of the author's conjectures, and more especially by the hopeful view he takes of a disease which has hitherto remained a standing opprobrium of the medical art. We are not competent ourselves to form any judgment of the real value of the hypothesis; but nothing which serves to stimulate thought and inquiry can be useless.]

I HAVE ventured to address the following remarks to you (for reasons which I shall by and by state), believing that they contain the true explanation of the nature and causes of that fearful malady, 'pulmonary consumption;' fearful, not so much from the number of its victims, as from the circumstance that it is most fatal—not in infancy, when life is without plan, and attachments are but vague—not in old age, when the powers of mind and body are feeble, and seem but to wait to be suspended by an attack of some disease incidental to that period of life—but from its ravages being almost confined to youth and dawning maturity, when life is in its spring, and when those attachments are formed, and engagements entered into, intended to cease but with existence. I shall not now attempt to point out the reasons why this disease has hitherto baffled the inquiries of physiologists, but proceed at once to explain what I, with great confidence, believe to be its nature and causes.

Life, or at least animal life, may be considered to be a prolonged struggle between opposing forces: the oxygen of the air endeavouring to unite with the various tissues and fluids of the body, and the vital forces preventing this union beyond the extent required for the maintenance of the conditions of health. Death is a suspension of those forces, and the consequent decay is but a recombination of the constituents of the body among themselves with the oxygen of the air. The various organs of which animal bodies are composed consisting almost entirely of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, the products of decomposition are carbonic acid, from the union of oxygen and carbon; ammonia from that of the nitrogen with part of the hydrogen; the remaining hydrogen escaping either free, or in combination with the small quantities of sulphur and phosphorus found in some of the tissues of sulphuretted or phosphoretted hydrogen. I have conceived it to be better thus to explain scientifically the nature of decay; the popular idea not getting beyond destruction or perishing.

It is now well understood that the office of the lungs is to expose the blood to the action of the atmosphere, and bring about the union of the carbon of the one with the oxygen of the other, producing animal heat. Now it seems impossible to effect this if the substance of the lungs were of a compact or hard nature, or without their presenting a very extended surface to the inspired air; this being contrived by their minute subdivision into an incalculable number of cells. Bearing these facts in mind, and remembering also that the materials of which the lungs are composed are obtained from the constituents of the blood, and are chemically identical with them, there will be no difficulty in perceiving that there is extreme liability of the substance of the lungs, in breathing, to enter into combination with the oxygen of the air, or, in other words, decay. To counteract this tendency, the vital forces are in action, and, in a state of health, are quite adequate to prevent the structure of the lungs from being impaired; but if these forces be from any cause so reduced as not to produce this result, decay of their substance, indicated by tubercular deposits, as they are termed, follows.

It seems here necessary to say something of the vital force. Of its higher manifestations the writer is here silent; but of that portion constituting animal and vegetable life, there seems to be every reason to believe it to be either electricity (as Mr Smee in his late work has attempted to show), or some modification of that surprising agent. Consumption, then, I conceive to be simply a decay of the lungs, and other soft tissues occasionally (tubercles being frequently found in consumptive patients in the brain, and various other parts of the body), from a deficient supply of this protecting influence; and tubercular deposits, to be organic matter in an early stage of decay. To explain my meaning further, take an illustration in close analogy:—The function of the stomach is to digest or dissolve, by the action of the gastric juice which it secretes, organic bodies submitted to it; but this secretion has no action whatever on the substance of the secreting organ, which is protected by the agency of the vital force; though it readily dissolves muscular fibre, or even part of the stomach of a dead animal: just such an influence does vitality exert over the lungs and other soft tissues which it protects from the oxygen of the atmosphere.

It will be seen how completely these views are in accordance with what has been observed of this disease. Persons so afflicted suffer most, and the consummation is hastened most rapidly during the colder months, when, as modern chemistry has revealed to us, a larger quantity of oxygen, principally through the displacement of aqueous vapour, is contained in a given volume of atmospheric air inspired by the lungs, and which at each inspiration is a constant quantity. In an enumeration of the causes of consumption in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' we find: 'Next to hereditary transmission of the consumptive diathesis, the causes in producing this

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state of constitution are a sedentary life, more especially when associated with a confined posture of the body and impure air; bad quality, or insufficient quantity of food; insufficient clothing; excessive mental or bodily labour; mental depression; and abuse of spirituous liquors.'

I need scarcely point out in detail the harmony of the preceding theory with this statement. And it will, I think, be admitted, that in the great majority of consumptive cases a want of buoyancy of feeling manifests itself, indicating, from whatever cause it may arise, a deficiency of nervous energy; and although to this it may be objected that the nervous stimulus supplied to the lungs is not from the brain, but from the ganglions of the excito-motory system, yet every physiologist is aware of the intimate sympathy existing between the brain and that portion of the nervous arrangements. It is not a little remarkable, if this theory be the true one, that *phthisis*, the scientific name for consumption, means decay or corruption; thus arriving at the very threshold of the true explanation, and shadowing forth, as in numerous other instances in science, important discoveries arrived at by a better method.

The mode of treatment, then, which these views suggest as a remedy for consumption, is to strengthen, in most cases, by increasing the healthy activity of the nervous system; just in the same way in which cures have taken place, to appearance spontaneously in some individuals, after unmistakeable symptoms have presented themselves; when, on removing to a warmer climate, or from a painful or monotonous occupation, which has depressed the nervous system, new scenes and incidents have excited a vivid interest; thus increasing the power, or, to vary the phrase, the quantity of the vital force. The present practice of acting as though there were no remedy, because *medicine* furnishes none, is obviously calculated to aggravate the existing causes by further depressing the nervous powers.

A word before closing on the method employed in the preceding explanation. Mr J. S. Mill, than whom there does not exist a higher authority, in his 'System of Logic,' after explaining and illustrating the inefficiency of the methods of direct observation and experiment in investigating physiological phenomena, says: 'Neither, again, after physical science had attained a certain development, could there be any real doubt where to look for the laws on which the phenomena of life depend, since they must be the mechanical and chemical laws of the solid and fluid substances composing the organized body, and the medium in which it subsists, together with the peculiar vital laws of the different tissues constituting the organic structure;' and again: 'The insufficiency of these resources (those of direct induction) is so glaring, that no one can be surprised at the backward state of the science of physiology; in which, indeed, our knowledge of causes is so imperfect, that we can neither explain, nor could, without specific experience, have predicted many of the facts certified to us by the most ordinary observation.' He then shows that the *à priori*, or deductive method, is that which is alone practicable; and this I have endeavoured to apply, proceeding from the known laws of the oxygen of the air and of the elements of organized bodies, and their tendency to enter into combinations with the influence, so far as known, of the preservative power of the vital forces: and then verifying the results, by showing them to be in harmony with what is known empirically of the disease to be accounted for. I cannot help remarking in addition, that in the above quotations from Mr Mill must be found the reasons why the elaborate works on consumption extant, with their tables of duration, and microscopic appearance of the tubercles, have hitherto furnished no explanation, and consequently no remedy, beyond a palliative for that fearful disease.

The novelty of the above views rendering their rejection all but certain with the medical periodicals and profession, there remained but a single resource: I have therefore submitted them to you as editors of a periodical of general literature, and now place them at your disposal.

INCOMBUSTIBLE MEN.

The following extracts from a paper by Mr P. H. Bouligny, having for title 'Quelques Faits relatifs à l'état Sphéroïdal des Corps. Epreuve du Feu. Homme Incombustible,' &c. which appeared in the 'Comptes Rendus' of the French Academy for May 14, will probably interest our readers:—

In France, in England, in Italy, in all places where I have had occasion to speak of bodies in a spheroidal state, I have met with persons by whom the question has been put to me, 'Should not some relation exist between these phenomena and those of men running barefooted over liquid brass, of a white heat, or those where we hear of the hand being plunged into melted lead, &c.?' I have invariably replied, 'Yes, I believe there to be an intimate connection between all these facts and the spheroidal state;' and I have afterwards, in my turn, asked, 'Did you witness any *one* of the instances to which you refer?' and the answer invariably has been in the negative. I confess that these queries, added to the marvellous tales which I had perused in various works concerning the proof by fire, and incombustible men, admitted without reserve by some, and by others as obstinately disbelieved, warmly excited my curiosity, and rendered me extremely desirous of establishing the truth of such phenomena, and recalling them to the memory of the present day; for it is all, alas! as old as the hills—*Nil sub sole novum.*

I wrote, in the first instance, to my friend Dr Roché, who passes his life in the midst of the furnaces of the Department de l'Eure, and who is the healer of bodily ills to a portion of the Cyclopean population which it supports. His answer was to the effect, that a man named La Forge, aged about thirty-five or thirty-six, and very robust, frequently walked with naked feet upon the melted metal, immediately after its being poured into the trenches for casting into pigs: but he had not witnessed it himself. This was not sufficient to dissipate my doubts. I then betook myself to a foundry in Paris, where they smiled, and showed me the door. I said nothing, but withdrew, musing on the difficulties attending the verification of a solitary fact—itself very simple.

A short time subsequently I was fortunate enough to meet with M. Alphonse Michel, who resides among the forges of Franche-Comté. M. Michel with great kindness promised that he would institute careful inquiries, and communicate to me the results. The subjoined is an extract from a letter which I have received from him, dated 26th March last:—

'On my return, I did not omit to speak with the workmen concerning the subject of our conversation, and generally was laughed at for my pains. This, however, did not rebuff me. One day, at length, finding myself at the forge of Magny, near to Lure, I renewed my questions to a workman, who assured me that nothing was more common; and to prove his assertion, at the moment when the brass in a state of fusion was pouring forth from a *Wilkinson*, he passed his finger through the incandescent jet. An employé of the house repeated the experiment with impunity; and I myself, emboldened by what I beheld, likewise effected it. I would remark, that in making these trials, neither of us moistened our fingers.

'I hasten to make you acquainted with this fact, which appears to me to support your ideas in relation to the globular state of liquids; for the fingers being naturally more or less humid, it is, I think, to this humidity passing into the spheroidal condition, to which their momentary incombustibility must be attributed.'

I have made the following experiments:—I have divided or cut with my hand a jet of melted brass, exceeding two inches in diameter, which sprang from the plug-hole of the melting pot, and immediately afterwards I have plunged my other hand into a mass of incandescent metal truly frightful to gaze upon: I shuddered involuntarily.

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Nevertheless both hands remained perfectly unscathed; and at the present moment, if anything give me cause for astonishment, it is that such experiments are not altogether common and every-day matters.

It will probably be demanded of me, what precautions are necessary to preserve one's-self from the destructive action of incandescent matter? I reply, *None!* Have no fear, but make the experiment with confidence, and pass the hand rapidly, yet not too much so, through the liquid brass: otherwise, if the trial be made timidly, and the action be too rapid, the resisting power possessed by all incandescent bodies will exhibit itself at the cost of the experimentalist.

The experiment succeeds best when the skin is in a state of perspiration; and the trepidation occasioned by the vicinity of such masses of fire is highly conducive to placing the body in the state of moisture necessary for its proper performance: but on taking certain precautions we become absolutely invulnerable. I have found the following mode to answer best:—After rubbing my hands with soap, so as to give to them a polished surface, I at the moment of making the experiment steep the one I am about to employ in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, impregnated with sulphuric acid; or, in place of that, fresh water. Regnault, who is engaged on this subject, says, 'Those whose profession is the handling and eating of fire, sometimes employ a mixture composed in equal parts of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice.'

M. Bouligny concludes by saying that the experiment, so formidable in appearance, is almost insignificant in reality, and that he has frequently repeated it with lead, bronze, &c. and invariably with like success.

THE SHORT-TIME AND RELAY SYSTEMS IN FACTORIES.

A QUESTION affecting the wellbeing of a large class of operatives, and the prosperity of their employers, is now agitating the manufacturing districts. It relates to the duration of daily labour in factories, and may be called the 'Long-Time Question,' in opposition to the 'Short-Time Discussion,' till that was resolved by the Ten Hours' Act passed in 1847.

This measure having come into operation about a year since, we are now able, from data supplied from authentic sources, to judge of its effects in connection with what the other factory acts have done for women and children,* and to remark upon a means of evading these acts, which the masters have recently adopted by what is called the 'Shift and Relay System.'

It would appear that, on the whole, the Short-Time System has worked well. It was at first feared that the reduction in the hours of labour, necessarily lessening the amount of wages, would diminish the personal comforts of the operatives, and that they—for whose especial benefit the act was passed—would be eager to have it rescinded; that, moreover, their spare time would be spent in idleness and profligacy.

Happily these fears have not been realised. There has been no diminution of wages that has not been practically made up by equivalent advantages. It has been found that the lessened amount of money received at the end of the week or fortnight is by no means in proportion to the reduction in the number of hours, except in Scotland, where it is precisely the same—namely, one-sixth. In England, under the old system, the two last hours of the twelve were not those in which the greatest energy and vigilance were shown; while under the new, the hands are enabled in ten hours to do more work, and in a better style, than they could in the first ten hours of a working-day; hence their wages are not so liable to abatements for bad work, and to fines for negligence. The masters have also found it necessary to accelerate the speed of the machinery, so that a greater amount of work is turned out in the shorter time. The reports of the English factory inspectors inform us that the operatives get through their tasks with more hearty good-will, with greater care and attention, and in better spirits, than heretofore. We are also told that the spare hours have been employed profitably and well; so much so, as to aid materially in counterbalancing any pecuniary loss sustained by the daily loss of two hours' pay. The females are able to attend to their household duties themselves, instead, as under the old system, of being obliged to employ hirelings; and, in consequence, their households are better and more frugally kept. The factory children have now time to acquire some education; for one clause in the act of 1844 provides that where there is a good school in the neighbourhood, children from eight to thirteen years of age shall attend them half the day, and work the other half. 'A combination of trade and school for such young persons,' says Mr Leonard Horner, one of the factory inspectors, 'is attended with great advantages. Their intelligence and powers of observation are quickened by their employment, and by living more amongst older people; school is made less wearisome; and their wages, small though they be, are more than sufficient to clothe them, and to pay for their education.' It would appear, indeed, that, with few exceptions, all the educational clauses of the Factories' Acts relating to children and young persons have worked well.

The effects of the new system upon the adult males have been equally beneficial. The strict enforcement of the former acts applicable to women and young persons employed in factories has had a tendency to increase the demand for the labour of men, and to keep up their wages. Neither has their spare time been misapplied. 'I find much more garden ground is cultivated in the suburbs of large towns than formerly,' writes the inspector over one-third of the manufacturing districts of England. 'It is no uncommon occurrence for hands who are employed at a factory to be residing in surrounding villages at a distance of four and sometimes five miles from their work. This reminds me not to pass over unnoticed a remark made to me by a medical practitioner of much experience—"That the hands under the Ten Hours' system enjoy an advantage which you cannot appreciate in money, but to the value of which they are keenly alive—improved health."' In truth, it needs not medical authority to prove that all, especially young girls and boys, must be benefited by walking long distances to and from their work, which, if not always sedentary, is often performed in close apartments. The benefits of the Short-Time movement are, it would seem, fully and extensively appreciated by the operatives themselves: there is a common expression among them, 'I would rather give up a meal a day than go back to long hours.'

To the workpeople, therefore, it would appear that the Short-Time Acts have been generally, though not universally, acceptable. The exception is Scotland; and it may be noticed as characteristic, that the operatives here so much prefer, if not performing the maximum amount of work, receiving the maximum amount of wages, that many of them have struck in consequence of the reduction of hours and pay. Mr Stuart, the Inspector of Factories for Scotland, reports as follows:—'Very many of the persons employed seem to have taken it for granted that when trade revived, as it has done, they would be able to prevail on their employers to pay them twelve hours' wages for ten hours' work: and their disappointment that wages are not raised to the old standard is such, that while I was in Glasgow for a fortnight in the month of April, several thousands of them discontinued to work, and about 4000 I hear still (1st May) hold out, refusing to receive less than their old wages. I had frequent opportunities at Glasgow of communicating with the employers and employed of all classes; and I am very much inclined to think, from all I heard or observed, that the latter, with the excep-

* The 'Factories' Act,' passed in 1844 (7th Vic. c. 15), and the 7th and 8th Vic. c. 29, solely applicable to print-works.

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tion of married women having families to attend to, and of overseers, clerks, and enginemen, who, on account of skill or superior qualifications, must have extra wages, would far rather have twelve hours' wages and twelve hours' work, than ten hours' wages and ten hours' work.'

Taking, however, the whole population of operatives in Great Britain, it may be with confidence stated that the Factories' Acts relating to women and children, and the more recent 'Ten Hours'' statute, have worked well for those on whose behalf they were enacted. They have appreciated the benefits so conferred on them, and have not misused the leisure the legislature has been the means of affording them.

But as there are two sides to every question, and as there is no good unmixed with evil, so the interference of the legislature with factory labour has already caused some serious difficulties and embarrassments to the masters, and will eventually do so to the workpeople. Unhappily the operations of commerce from exterior causes are so intermittent and capricious, that the manufacturers of this country are sometimes overwhelmed with orders, and at others their machinery is but partially employed, or stands wholly idle. The consequence is, that on some occasions they are called upon to manufacture a vast quantity of goods in a short time; for if delay takes place, the market flies from them like an *ignis-fatuus;* or else they have nothing to do, and work their mills at a loss. It is then that these restrictions upon the periods of labour operate disastrously. Under ever so great a pressure, the law forbids them to allow their operatives to be employed longer than ten hours during each day, although for months previously a deficiency of trade may have prevented them from employing them at all or only in part. Thus neither the master nor the man can make up for previous losses. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, in times of manufacturing prosperity, means should be taken to evade the law in respect of the hours of labour. This has happened to a very considerable extent of late by resorting to what is called the 'Shift and Relay System.'

This consists of working the operatives in classes or 'relays' during the day, one gang succeeding another at stated intervals, yet each not working in each factory more than the legal number of hours; by which the manufacturers have endeavoured to keep on the safe side of the law in the face of the 26th sec. of the 7 Vic. cap. 15, which expressly states that 'the hours of work of children and young persons shall be reckoned from the time when any child or young person shall *first* begin to work in the morning,' &c. According to this plan, a relay of operatives may begin work at half-past five in the morning; work four hours; be idle four more; and then continue to work till half-past eight at night: making the whole number of hours, as computed by act of parliament, fifteen instead of ten. The contrivance of 'shifts,' indeed, makes the whole number actually working hours; for by that the relay is not idle, but works the 'off' four hours *at another factory.* By this 'shift' a combination of mill-owners get fifteen hours' work out of a given number of persons who get fifteen hours' wages. This is a virtual repeal of all the Factories' Acts.

To show how extreme the pressure for manufactured goods is on some occasions, and of what value even minutes are, we may quote from Inspector Saunders's Report:—'Statements have been made to the sub-inspectors and myself of overwork, by certain mill-occupiers running their machinery five minutes (a little more or less) over each meal hour, and in the same manner commencing work a few minutes before the meal hour had been actually completed; thus in the course of each day running the machinery from twenty to thirty minutes more than the ten hours.' The Scottish inspector mentions the case of a Paisley firm, which, by means of the Relay System—but by employing adult males only for ten hours' night-work—kept their machinery going for some time during twenty hours per diem, the other four being occupied for meals. This was done to supply a pressing demand for the American markets. This gentleman also reports that the system of Relays is very general in Scotland, existing, in fact, in forty factories, and is perfectly satisfactory both to employers and employed. In some instances, indeed, as in the one case we have mentioned, it is, though illegal, indispensable. It does not appear that the less legitimate and proper contrivance of shifts is resorted to anywhere north of the Tweed.

The inferences to be drawn from the facts we have adduced are—1*st*, That when work is plentiful, and danger exists of too much labour being exacted from operatives, especially from women and persons of tender age—the factory laws now in force are everything to be desired for all parties; but that, 2*dly*, at times when slackness of trade is succeeded by too great an influx of it, some relaxation of the Short-Time statutes might with safety and advantage be allowed, in order to admit of both master and man making up for lost time and capital. In print-works propelled by water-power, the hardship is grievously felt; for in them the time lost by floods or drought cannot be recovered on streams that are much subject to such fluctuations; and these losses, added to the ordinary vicissitudes of trade, cause the Short-Time Acts to be felt as a serious inconvenience by calico and silk printers. The difficulties which surround the whole question are doubtless great; but it is to be hoped that the practical experience of those concerned, sifted and weighed by the government—whose constant exertions in favour of the working-classes must be warmly felt by them—will eventually bring the matter to a satisfactory adjustment.

ON THE TREATMENT OF YOUNG LADIES.

This is a most difficult subject—How to treat young ladies. If you are a married man, your course is clear enough; they regard you with perfect indifference; allow you to take your seat at their father's table without troubling themselves to criticise either your demeanour or your dress. To them you are a dummy—a monk—a monopolised individual; you are safe in their indifference, except when you officiously offer your arm to them, and so stand in the way of a younger or single man. A married man, therefore, derives at least one advantage from his double state—the advantage of being regarded by the book muslin and bare shoulders that crowd metropolitan drawing-rooms with indifference, or, may be, contempt. Let a married man presume to pester a young lady to dance with him twice in one evening, and he would be sorry to overhear her comments on him at the morrow's breakfast. A Benedict must submit to be snubbed by virgins. The truth must go forth; in the estimation of young ladies a family man is a ball-room nuisance. Leaving, then, all married men to meet virgin contempt with their best philosophy, to bear all the weight of the blame if the bachelors remain long over wine (for young ladies invariably declare that the married men detain the bachelors), let me turn to the unfettered men of England—to those epicures not yet betrothed to conjugal skirts, and who, moreover, with a moderation worthy of all honour, are content to have for a home, at some L.20 per annum, one of those west-end palaces called clubs, from the contemplation of which the virgin minds of England shrink with instinctive horror. The unmarried epicure, if his wishes are bounded with the moderation to which we have referred, has a stormy path to traverse. Live and die a bachelor! Ha! ha! shout a hundred silvery voices in derision. It is no easy matter, let me tell you, my single friend. Did you hear the mocking music of that plotting hundred? Well, they have each netted a mesh in the net that is to catch you. And how will they lure you to the snare? Why, with baited smiles and dimples, and pearly rows of teeth, and scented breath, and fairy forms, and mountains of muslin, and yards of ringlets, and rarest perfumes, and crimson blushes, and whispered vows, and pouting pulpy lips. And these are snares, believe me, that count their thousands of victims, your humble servant among the number. Once defy beauty, and you must remain on guard against her for ever. You will know no cessation of hostilities—she will pursue you to the grave—therefore it is indispensable for the single epicure to enter upon life with a

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tough and a stout heart; to him the dulcet accents of the virgin must ever recall the marriage bell; he must touch her hand as he would a red-hot cinder. He must be a block of ice, defying thaw, keeping at the same time in coolest places; yet must he, for the satisfaction of his stomach, so act, that he may not give offence to his host's daughters. He may not behave coldly towards them, and to treat them with marked attention would endanger his own peace of mind; the safest course, therefore, for him to pursue, is to talk seriously with their father on the subject of marriages, to say incidentally that his host's daughters will make charming wives, that, in fact, they deserve to marry into the very best families in the kingdom; and then (it must be dexterously done) let him advise their father to watch them narrowly, and to seek to ally them to titled husbands. By acting in this way, he will secure the good-will of the father, and, if the matter come to the ears of the daughters, flatter their pride, and make them turn their thoughts to coronets. He will of course have prefaced this discourse by declaring that he is not a marrying man; that, in fact, his habits are those of a confirmed bachelor; besides, he is too humble and limited in his means to provide what he considers a suitable home for a specimen of nature's masterpieces.—*Knife and Fork.*

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN IRELAND.

This invention has been introduced into Ireland, and is now in operation on a portion of the Great Southern and Western Railway. 'One peculiarity of this telegraph,' says Saunders's News-Letter, 'is, that the wires usually placed upon poles are in this instance buried at a considerable depth in the ground. No person travelling on the line would suppose that such a mysterious agent as the Electric Telegraph was at all in operation. Two great advantages are gained by the adoption of this plan—namely, security from the effects of lightning and depredations. The means employed for generating the electric fluid is somewhat novel, and consists in the use of a certain salt known to chemists as chloride of calcium, being, in fact, the pure base of lime. This salt has the property of attracting sufficient moisture from the atmosphere for keeping up the supply necessary to work the telegraph, thereby entirely dispensing with the use of acids, found by all electricians so destructive to the metals employed.'

COST OF PRISON ACCOMMODATION.

The sums hitherto expended on prison buildings have in some cases been enormous. The cost is seldom less than L.100 to L.150 per prisoner (a sum sufficient for building two or three neat cottages, each able to contain a whole family); and in some instances it has been much more. A portion only (the newest) of the County Prison at York, capable of accommodating only 160 prisoners, cost L.200,000, which is more than L.1200 per prisoner—enough, if it had been desired, to build for each prisoner a separate mansion with stable and coach-house.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

THE ZICZAC AND THE CROCODILE.

On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was, within ten feet of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me; and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, it jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'ziczac!' 'ziczac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed itself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air; and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river, and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

THE SHEPHERDESS'S CRADLE-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Thy father tends the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the little tree,*
Down falls a pretty dream for thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The skies are full of sheep,
Each starlet's but a little lamb,
The moon it is the lambkin's dam—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The Saviour tends his sheep;
Himself the gentle lamb indeed,
Who for us all was made to bleed—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And thou shalt have a sheep;
A sheep with golden bells so fine,
A playmate he shall be of thine—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And bleat not like a sheep;
Or else the shepherd's dog so wild
Will come and bite my naughty child—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep—
Away and herd the sheep;
Away, thou shepherd's dog so wild,
And do not wake my darling child—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

* The cradles are suspended to the trees.

PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

Whoever judges of things by appearance, finds that Providence has distributed his gifts in a very unequal manner. I could show that we often attribute to Heaven what is alone due to our own ignorance, but I confine myself to the affirmation that Providence has conferred on all men the conditions necessary to happiness. Seeing that we are all able to perfect and develop our faculties, we have within ourselves a prompt and facile means of obtaining interior peace, and at the same time contentment and repose in ordinary life. If, therefore, education accustomed us better than it does to live with and in ourselves, to seek in faith and confidence the pleasures of conscience, by preferring them to the deceitful and fugitive pleasures of the passions, we should find at all times, and in every condition of life, the means of satisfying our innate desire for happiness.—*Signora Ferrucci.*

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 291. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE KOH-I-NOOR, OR MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

If there is one object in nature more interesting to human beings than another, it is the Diamond. Why this should be so, Philosophy might perhaps be able to tell if we consulted her; but it is not surprising that Poetry, who is always more or less inclined to superstition, should refer the influence of the stone over our judgments and imaginations to some occult talismanic power working upon us like fascination. This idea is fortified in a curious manner by a consideration of the history of the most remarkable of all diamonds, now rendered, by circumstances, an object of public curiosity and interest to both hemispheres: the celebrated gem which has been named, with Oriental extravagance, the Mountain of Light.

Some time ago Sir Charles Napier assured us in this country that it was on its way from the Punjaub to England, destined for the treasury of Queen Victoria; but a more general opinion now is, that Gholab Singh, alarmed for its safety during the Sikh convulsions, carried it off to Jamoo, and that it still remains in his possession. The whole Punjaub, however, having become a portion of our dominions, this famous historical diamond, it is to be presumed, will fall ere long to the British crown: and at anyrate our readers will probably not be displeased to have before them an account of the Koh-i-noor and its singular fortunes.

Like other subjects of history, the Koh-i-noor has its fabulous as well as authentic era; but of the former we shall only say that the diamond is believed by the Hindoos to have belonged to mythological Pandoos before it came to illumine with a fatal gleam the close of the Mogul dynasty. Although we spare the reader, however, on this point—and perhaps derogate thereby from our own character as an orthodox historian—we may at least advert to one of the omens which preceded its actual appearance. The anecdote is given by Captain Hamilton;* and although obviously wrong in chronology (the royal pair referred to having been married before their accession to the crown), it is sufficiently characteristic to be probable. Shah Jehan, he tells us, was led by his well-known love of the arts and sciences, and by his constant patronage of foreigners, into strangely-liberal notions of the rights and true social position of women. 'He was sorry,' says the captain, 'to see the most beautiful part of the creation caged in seraglios, bred up in ignorance, and kept from useful and pleasant conversation, by the heavy fetters of blind and unreasonable custom;' and the plan he took to break through the conventionalities of his court was to get up a *fancy fair*. In those days, however, the doctrine of free trade was unknown; and when the ladies on the appointed day had established themselves in their booths, provided with jewels and trinkets for sale, the courtiers were compelled to buy at whatever prices they chose to ask, and the emperor himself was among the purchasers.

Shah Jehan, in his progress among the booths, was struck by the engaging expression of one of the sellers, and inquired what she had to dispose of; on which she told him that she had still one large rough diamond on hand, and would not object to part with it for a consideration. Hereupon she produced in a grave, business-like manner, the object in question; and the emperor, unaccustomed to that feminine freedom he had himself desired to call into existence, was no doubt much amused, as well as surprised, to find it a piece of fine transparent sugar-candy cut in the diamond form. He asked her how much she demanded; and with a pleasant air, which passed off very agreeably the pretty assurance, she replied that it was well worth a lac of rupees—L.10,000! Shah Jehan gave an order for the money upon the spot; and in this way began his acquaintance with his future empress, the mother of Aurungzebe. When Ranoo died, her husband perpetuated her name by building for her one of the most remarkable mausolea in the world, the famous Taj, the construction of which, we are told by Tavernier, occupied 20,000 men for twenty-two years, and cost L.3,174,802 sterling. When Colonel Sleeman visited the place with his wife, he asked her what she thought of it. 'I cannot tell you,' she replied, 'what I think, for I know not how to criticise such a building; but I can tell you what I feel: I would die to-morrow to have such another over me.'*

Aurungzebe, born of this marriage, came into the world, it may be supposed, with an air-drawn diamond glittering in his imagination; and perhaps it was his knowledge of the prodigious effect of his mother's sugar-candy which led to the introduction of the Koh-i-noor into the treasury of the Great Mogul! Shah Jehan, notwithstanding his magnificence in building—exemplified in the Taj Mahal alluded to, and in the great mosque at Delhi—had filled the coffers of the state; for the celebrated Peacock Throne, likewise his work, was not a mere extravagant bauble, but a receptacle for the jewels of the crown, with which it was incrusted. In his later years, however, unprotected by the influence of his queen, now no more, he had sunk into intemperance, and consequently disease; and on a report of his death in 1658, his four sons, as was always the fashion in India, flew to arms to scramble for the throne. But Aurungzebe made no pretensions for himself: his thoughts were fixed upon another world. He was never seen without the Koran under his arm, and never failed to say his prayers five times a day in a loud and

* Hamilton's New Account of the East Indies, from 1688 to 1723.

* Sleeman's Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.

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melodious voice. He professed himself to be a faquir, or religious mendicant—a kind of Mohammedan friar—lived upon rice, roots, and water, and dressed in plain white, without a single jewel or other ornament. His sole object of ambition was to retire to Mecca, to spend the rest of his life in prayer near the tomb of the Prophet; and in the meantime he espoused the cause of the *youngest* brother, joining his army with his. But even in this union they were not a match for the other two separately, and something more remained to be done.

Aurungzebe governed the province of the Deccan, and there had formed a strict though secret alliance with a man as extraordinary as himself. This was a Persian adventurer, Ameer Jumla, who had come to Southern India as an attendant upon a merchant, and risen in the service of the king of Golconda till he became viceroy over the richest portion of the country, containing its celebrated diamond mines, and commander-in-chief of the army. His wealth was so immense, that the king at length looked upon him as a rival in the state; and Ameer Jumla, whose grand ambition was to be the founder of a royal dynasty somewhere or other, was glad to enter into a union with the Mogul prince even at a sacrifice of a portion of his prodigious fortune. As arranged between them, therefore, he repaired to the court of Shah Jehan, the report of whose death had been premature, and offered to lead an army against Golconda, and deliver up to him its boundless wealth; as a specimen of which, he presented to the dazzled emperor, not a piece of sugar-candy, but the veritable Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light!

The Koh-i-noor being our theme, we can spare but a few words for the human personages of the great Indian drama. Ameer Jumla was intrusted, by the avarice of the fated king—in spite of the remonstrances and intreaties of his eldest son, whom he had destined for the throne—with the army he prayed for; which he first carried against Golconda, and then added to the forces of Aurungzebe. The two eldest brothers in the meantime had met in the field, when one was worsted, and forced to fly; and Aurungzebe led his combined strength against the victor, whom he completely routed in a pitched battle. The farce of the faquir was therefore at an end. He deposed and confined his father, who still clung to the cause of the eldest of his children; and making his youngest brother drunk at an entertainment, sent him quietly off to a state prison, and mounted the imperial throne himself in 1658.

The Koh-i-noor was by this time set in the Peacock Throne, and from that proud seat looked with its large, cold, bright, unwinking eye upon the approaching crisis. It witnessed the rise in a few years of the peasantry of its own Golconda and the neighbouring countries into a great power, known as the Mahratta Empire; it watched the new inundation roll over the Mogul dominions, sweeping away their political demarcations; it admired the firmness and intrepidity with which the brave, unscrupulous, and crafty Aurungzebe fought and finessed by turns, and struggled with his destiny even to extreme old age; and it read the will in which the last of the really great Moguls proclaimed in these words the vanity of human life:—'I came naked into the world, and naked I go out of it. Let no ensigns or royal pomp accompany my funeral: let a faithful servant convey my corpse to the place of Shah Zen al Din, and make a tomb for it in the simple manner of dervishes: let not my fortunate children give themselves any concern about a monument.'* Long ere now the family competitors of Aurungzebe had perished; and Ameer Jumla, while planning the conversion of the government of Bengal, which had been bestowed upon him, into an independent sovereignty—the grand ambition of his life—had died quietly in his bed. In the twelve years succeeding the emperor's death, no fewer than five other princes reigned and died successively, each leaving the Mogul empire deeper in decay. But still the Koh-i-noor continued to gaze and glitter from the Peacock Throne, till its mocking gleams were at length beheld afar off in the visions of Nadir Shah.

Nadir Shah was a soldier of fortune, who had seized upon the throne of Persia; and after conquering, as had been done more than once before, the then imperial territories of Ghizni and Cabul, he yielded to the temptations of the Koh-i-noor and the other treasures of India, and resolved to snatch a booty even from under the beard of the emperor himself at Delhi. There was nothing very surprising in this, as the riches of Mohammed Shah, the great Mogul of the time, were very dazzling to a *parvenu* king; and as the state of the acclimatised Tartars, who had gradually sunk into effeminacy, seemed to point them out as the prey of the first comer of the many enemies who were now gathering like vultures round the dying empire. Nadir advanced into India, defeated Mohammed Shah in a general engagement at Kurnaul; and then the two kings, the conqueror and conquered, proceeded together to Delhi.

Here the pretext chosen by Nadir was an insurrection of the populace; and so savage were the Persians, who had hitherto been kept down by the policy of their commander, that even the animals found in the streets and houses were not spared, far less the men, women, and children. 'As the great number of dead bodies that lay about the castle, and in the bazaars and other places, caused a very offensive stench, they pressed most of the people they met with in the streets, and employed them in removing the bodies. Some, by tying cords to the feet, they dragged without the city; some they threw into the river; and those whom they imagined to be Hindoos, they piled forty or fifty of their bodies a-top of each other, and burnt them with the timber of the demolishing buildings.'* Nadir now proceeded to the main object of his inroad—robbing the treasury, and then the inhabitants individually, and torturing or slaying all who were refractory. In this manner he collected in money and plate about L.12,000,000, not including the Peacock Throne, the crown jewels, and, above all, the Koh-i-noor. This booty cost in all, according to Fraser, 200,000 lives.

On his march homewards, he distributed large sums among his soldiers; and at Herat made a display of his acquisitions, of which the following description is given by a Kashmerian writer of credit, who was an eye-witness:—'When Nadir Shah was at Delhi, he had such a profusion of jewels, that he ordered the *moabir bashy* to make up arms and harness of every kind, inlaid with precious stones, and to ornament a large tent in the same manner. For this purpose the best workmen that could be procured were employed a year and two months during the march; and when Nadir Shah arrived at Herat, the moabir bashy informed him that a great number of the following articles, richly inlaid with precious stones, were prepared—namely, horse harness, sword sheaths, quivers, shields, spear-cases, and maces, with *sundelees* or chairs of different sizes, and a large tent lined with jewels. The tent was ordered to be pitched in the *dewan khaneh*, in which were placed the *tukht toous-see*, or Peacock Throne, brought from Delhi the *tukht nadery*, with the thrones of some other monarchs, together with the inlaid sundelees. Publication was made by beat of drum throughout the city and the camp, that all persons had liberty to come to this magnificent exhibition, such as had never before been seen in any age or country. Nadir Shah was not pleased with the form of the tent; and besides being lined with green satin, many of the jewels did not appear to advantage:

* Fraser's History of Nadir Shah.

* Fraser's History of Nadir Shah.

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he therefore ordered it to be taken to pieces, and a new one to be made, the top of which, for the convenience of transportation, should be separate from the walls, such as in Hindoostan is called a *rowty*. When he returned to Meshed from his expedition into Turan, this new tent being finished, was displayed in the same manner as the former one; but its beauty and magnificence are beyond description. The outside was covered with fine scarlet broadcloth, the lining was of violet-coloured satin, upon which were representations of all the birds and beasts in the creation, with trees and flowers, the whole made of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones; and the tent poles were decorated in like manner. On both sides of the Peacock Throne was a screen, upon which were the figures of two angels in precious stones. The roof of the tent consisted of seven pieces; and when it was transported to any place, two of these pieces packed in cotton were put into a wooden chest, two of which were a sufficient load for an elephant; and the screen filled another chest. The walls of the tent, the tent poles, and the tent pins, which latter were of massy gold, loaded five more elephants; so that for the carriage of the whole were required seven elephants. This magnificent tent was displayed on all festivals in the dewan khaneh at Herat during the remainder of Nadir Shah's reign. After his death, his nephew, Adil Shah, and his grandson, Shahrokh, whose territories were very limited, and expenses enormous, had the tent taken to pieces, and dissipated the produce.' *

The monster Nadir is represented by the same writer as having been tall, with a beautiful complexion of red and white, and a fine animated countenance. Fraser reports, from one who knew him, that he was upwards of six feet high, well proportioned, of robust make and constitution, with an inclination to be fat, counteracted by the fatigue he constantly underwent. His diet was simple, his wine of moderate quantity; and even these indulgences gave way, when necessary to business, the king satisfying his hunger rather than his appetite with a few parched peas, which he always carried in his pocket, and a draught of water. He was extremely generous, but yet a strict man of business, and a fierce disciplinarian, punishing offences with death or mutilation without mercy. In the evening, he was accustomed to unbend freely with a few chosen companions; but on one occasion two of them chancing to address him the next day, as if remembering their intimacy, he caused them instantly to be strangled.

Nadir now proceeded from conquest to conquest, becoming more cruel every day, and unluckily, according to honest Khojeh Abdulkurreem, neglecting those prayers and prostrations which had given success to his former cruelties. He now rarely prayed at all, and yet continued to indulge himself as usual in depriving his friends of their eyes or lives on the most trifling pretences; till at length his 'imprudence' in this particular ended in his forming a design for a wholesale massacre of his Persian troops by the Affghans and Uzbecks, whom he preferred. This was a little too much. A cabal was formed against him; and one morning the body of Nadir Shah was found in his tent, with the head cut off, and an old woman lamenting over it. The Koh-i-noor was not a witness of this tragedy: it had been previously sent off with the other diamonds to Kelat; and when the successor of Nadir mounted the throne, he found himself the possessor of L.10,000,000 in money, besides gold and silver bullion, and the Peacock Throne.

This prince, however, was not allowed to preserve long either the diamond or his own eyes. His rebellious subjects deprived him of the latter; and Ahmed Shah, the commander of Nadir's Affghan cavalry, who had thought fit, in the confusion of the time, to make himself a king in Affghanistan, relieved the blind man of the charge of the Koh-i-noor. This fatal gem may be thought to have acted like a talisman upon its possessor. He first wrested the Punjaub from India, and then, by an uncontrollable impulse, threw himself headlong into the *mêlée*, when the Mogul empire, convulsed with its last throes, was in the death-gripes with the Mahrattas. At Paniput, within fifty miles of Delhi, in the year 1761, the battle was fought which decided the fate of all parties. The Mahrattas were beaten and dispersed; Ahmed Shah returned to his own dominions, after having assisted at the slaughter of 200,000 men; and the empire, already mortally struck, fell to pieces, and made way for a company of foreign merchants, to raise an English sovereignty upon its ruins.

The Koh-i-noor remained at Cabul, emitting its sardonic gleams over the vicissitudes of the Affghan monarchy. The third in succession from Ahmed—for reigns are short in such times and countries—was driven from his throne by a younger brother, and taking refuge with his diamond in a distant castle, found himself there in confinement. He hid the Koh-i-noor in a crevice in the wall; and even when betrayed into the hands of his brother, and blinded by his orders, he refused to discover the treasure, affirming that he had thrown it into the river as he crossed. The third and youngest brother of this amiable family—well known to our readers as the Shah Shoojah—now set both the others aside, mounted the throne himself, and endeavoured to satisfy poetical justice by blowing from the mouths of cannon the treacherous castellan and his wife and children! In gratitude for this vengeance, the blind brother disclosed to Shoojah the place where the diamond was concealed: and when the latter was soon after compelled to fly into the Company's territories, he carried with him the Koh-i-noor. The Affghan portion of this narrative we take from Colonel Sleeman, who received it from the old blind king himself.

When Shoojah and the Koh-i-noor arrived at Lahore on their way to the Company's territories, they were at first received with great distinction by Runjeet Singh: but this did not last long. If the royal fugitive had left the diamond in the wall, he might have passed on in peace; but Runjeet felt as powerfully as any of the others who had been exposed to it that spectral gleam which, like some fatal meteor, had always been the herald of strife and disaster. The Koh-i-noor, in fact, even before its recorded history commences, had perhaps *always* been the object of violence and robbery. In Golconda, as we are informed by the Venetian traveller Marco Polo, the richest diamonds were obtained from a small valley so completely surrounded by inaccessible rocks, that it afforded no approach for human beings. It was the custom of the people, therefore, to throw large pieces of meat over the cliffs, and when the white eagles of the region darted down upon the prey, to pursue them to their retreats, and in their turn rend away the spoil. Adhering to the meat, they found diamonds of great value. This, for aught we know, may be a fiction; but the story is repeated in the 'Arabian Nights,' and was the faith of all Asia.

The unlucky Shoojah was offered a territory and a fort, and all sorts of things, for the diamond; but he denied that he had it in his possession, and his wife, drawing upon her feminine imagination, declared that it had been pawned for supplies. 'Runjeet, disbelieving these assertions, placed guards round the Shah's residence, and allowed no access or egress without strict search. The exiled family, however, being proof against the severity of mere restraint, the prohibition of food was added, and for two days the shah, with his wives, family, and servants, suffered absolute deprivation; but their firmness was even proof against this trial; and Runjeet, from a regard to his own reputation, determined to proceed with more art, and ordered food to be supplied.' A letter was now forged, implicating Shoojah in some correspondence with Runjeet's enemies; and it 'was now assumed to be indispensable to take precautions against the intrigues and machinations of the

* Memoirs of Khojeh Abdulkurreem. Translated from the Persian by Francis Gladwin.

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shah; and a guard of two companies of Sikhs, from the newly-raised corps, being added to that previously set over the premises where he resided, threats of a transfer of the shah's person to Govindgurh, with treatment of the most galling and injurious kind, were resorted to, in order to enforce compliance with the demand for the jewel. Having tried remonstrance in vain, the shah next resorted to artifice, and solicited two months' delay, to enable him to procure the diamond from certain *mahajuns* with whom it was asserted to be pledged, and he said that some lacs of rupees must be expended to effect this. Runjeet reluctantly consented to allow the time solicited, and severities were accordingly suspended for a season. They were renewed, however, before the period expired; and Shah Shoojah, wearied out by them, and seeing that the rapacity of the Sikh would not hesitate, even at the sacrifice of his life for its gratification, agreed at last to give up the precious jewel. Accordingly, on the 1st of June, Runjeet waited on the shah, with a few attendants, to receive it. He was received by the exiled prince with much dignity, and both being seated, a pause and solemn silence ensued, which continued for nearly an hour. Runjeet then, getting impatient, whispered to one of his attendants to remind the shah of the object of his coming. No answer was returned, but the shah with his eyes made the signal to a eunuch, who retired, and brought in a small roll, which he set down on the carpet at an equal distance between the chiefs. Runjeet desired Bhooanee Das to unfold the roll, when the diamond was exhibited and recognised, and the Sikh immediately retired with his prize in hand.'* Runjeet, however, was enraged with Shoojah for having kept him so long from the object of his desire, and another attempt was made to implicate him in political intrigues. According to the anonymous author above quoted, however, he was finally permitted to purchase his liberty with L.2000; but another writer says that he made his escape only by climbing over the roofs of some houses, and creeping under the walls of the city through a sewer.† Runjeet remained in possession of the diamond till his death, and by his last will bequeathed it to the temple of Juggernaut; but although the other bequests of the dead Lion of the Punjaub were carefully attended to, his successors disregarded this one, and the Koh-i-noor remained in the royal treasury. Since then, it continued to glare steadily upon the distractions of the country, till all on a sudden it disappeared.

It cannot, however, remain long in obscurity. Before these sentences see the light, it will in all probability have been discovered, and have returned, after passing through so many strange adventures, into the hands of the Masters of India.

Having now brought our historical narrative to a close, we must proceed, after the manner of our betters, to give some account of the appearance, character, and value of our subject. The Koh-i-noor, like many other great personages of history, is not indebted much to external form. It is not cut so as to sparkle like a brilliant, but returns the beholder's gaze with a cold, steady glare, fit to make a nervous man wink. It is plainly set in gold. With regard to its pecuniary value, the common superstition is, that it is worth L.3,500,000 sterling; but this will not stand the test of figures for an instant. The professional mode of estimating the value of a diamond is to square the number of carats it weighs, and then to multiply the product by the price of a single carat. Thus a rough diamond of eight carats' weight, at L.2 for one carat, is worth L.128, the arithmetical process standing thus: $8 \times 8 \times 2 = 128$. But although a rough diamond is estimated at L.2, when cut brilliant-fashion the price is L.8, and rose or table-fashion L.6. The carat, let us further premise, is four grains diamond weight, which is equivalent to 3·174 grains Troy.

Now *our* diamond, though said, when in the rough state, to have weighed 900 carats, has been diminished by cutting and polishing to 279, and not being shaped as a brilliant, its price must be based upon L.6 for one carat. This, by the rule above stated, would give L.467,000—a splendid sum, no doubt, but not a seventh part of the commonly-assigned value. A similar exaggeration is current as to the value of the great diamond of the Emperor of Russia, a splendid stone which we had once the honour of gazing at in the Kremlin at Moscow. It is said to be worth L.4,804,000; whereas, taking it at the most favourable estimate, it would not come to more than L.264,200. But the truth is, the rule we have given is rarely extended to stones of more than 20 carats, after which weight the valuation is arbitrary. The Empress Catharine is said to have given for the Russian diamond L.90,000 in ready money, and an annuity of L.4000; and our diamond, *we* say, is worth—just as much as it will fetch. We have only to add, that the Koh-i-noor is the second largest diamond in the world; that of the Rajah of Mattan, found in Borneo, weighing 367 carats. As for the Brazil stone of 1680 carats, it is supposed to be nothing more than a colourless topaz.

L. R.

* History of the Punjaub. London: Allen.
† Fane's Five Years in India.

THE PROGRESS OF PENNY POSTAGE.

A SET of tabular returns has recently been issued by order of parliament, which will afford some curious and interesting information respecting the Post-Office to those whose patience and arithmetical powers are equal to the task of extracting it. These tables exhibit a history of the Penny Postage: the first shows the number of chargeable letters which have passed through the London General Post, inwards and outwards, since the first reduction of postage from distance-rates to the uniform rate of fourpence, which happened on the 5th December 1839, to the beginning of the present year, dividing the time into periods of four complete weeks each. This of course takes in the whole period of the Penny Postage, which was commenced on 10th January 1840. That a means of comparison may be afforded, there is shown on the same page the estimated average number of letters for the four weeks immediately preceding the introduction of uniform rates.

The conservative character of our nation, and the tardiness with which we avail ourselves of anything that is new, even though highly beneficial, is strikingly shown in this document. It appears to have taken eight years for the public to find out the advantages of Penny Postage; and even now, it is by no means clear that these are as extensively appreciated as they will be. The number of letters passing through the General Post-Office to and from London, and every other part of the world, has, it is true, increased in the eight years above eightfold; but the increase has been curiously slow and gradual. In 1839, the estimated average number of letters per lunar month was 1,622,147: in the first four complete weeks noted in these returns as having elapsed after the Penny Post began—namely, from the 1st to the 29th February 1840—the number little more than doubled, being 3,338,074. From this point the augmentation goes on in progressive numbers with extraordinary stealthiness, as is seen by running the eye down the column of totals, where we find the initial figures representing millions mounting up by units, at almost regular intervals of time, to 9,268,457, which is given as the total number of letters which passed through the London General Post-Office during the four weeks ending on the 17th February 1849.

To show the influence of cheapness on the amount of public correspondence, we need only adduce the returns

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respecting the district or local post of London. Up to 1840, when the tax was twopence per letter 'on the stones'—as the inner circle of the metropolis was then called—and threepence 'off the stones,' or to the extremity of the outer circle or suburbs, the estimated average number of letters for four weeks was two-thirds as many as that which passed through the London Post-Office to and from the rest of the world. In other words, in 1839 the average local correspondence of London occasioned the passage through the post of 1,021,386 epistles per *mensam;* while for its provincial and foreign correspondence, with the excessive distance-rates then enacted, the number was no more than, as before stated, 1,622,147 per month during that year. Another singular revelation tending to show the influence of cheapness may be discovered in studying these returns; for it would appear from them that the increase in the public interchange of letters through London has been in almost exact proportion to the decrease in the charges for transmitting them. Thus, as we find the reduction for the London district post was from an average of twopence and a fraction to one penny, so we also find that the number of letters has more than doubled; being—instead of 1,021,386, as in 1839—2,601,951 for the month ending the 20th January in the present year. We have also already seen that the increase in the number of London General Post letters has been above eightfold; and eightpence was about the average per letter charged under the old system.

Although London, being the great mart and centre of the empire, would appear to present a matter of this kind in its most magnified aspect, yet if we turn to another table, which includes, besides the London, the local district, and cross posts of the English provinces, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, the ratio of increase in public correspondence occasioned by the Penny Postage which we have named is not overstated, even when applied to the whole of the United Kingdom. We glean from a comparative statement of the number of letters *delivered* in one week of each calendar month, beginning with November 1839, and ending with the present time (20th March 1849), that during the week terminating with the 24th November 1839, there were delivered in the United Kingdom 1,585,973 letters. That was under the old rates of charge. In the week that ended on the 21st of last February, the number was 6,849,196. This is an increase of more than five million letters per week, *delivered* at a penny each, to which must be added, to make up an approximation of our former estimate, letters *sent* to the colonies and to foreign parts, and those misdirected, or, from other causes, not delivered at all, and destroyed in the Dead-Letter Office. As a matter of curiosity, we may add, that the number of letters which was delivered in the United Kingdom in the year 1848 was about 328,000,000, and the number which passed through the London General and District Post-Offices during the same year was something over 144,000,000!

When Mr Rowland Hill first proposed the uniform Penny Rate, one of his calculations—in the correctness of which the public found it most difficult to place faith—was that which prognosticated that in time the gross revenue of the Post-Office would be as great under his cheap as it then was under the dear system. That calculation is now very nearly verified in accounts returned three or four weeks ago to an order of the House of Commons. The gross sum paid for postage by the public in the official year ending 5th January 1838 was L.2,339,737, and their contributions of pennies in 1848 amounted to a sum not very far short—namely, to L.2,192,478. Neither has the cost of management kept pace with the eightfold accession of business, for that has not quite doubled. In 1838 it was L.687,313, and in 1848 it was L.1,386,853. It is, however, well known that Mr Rowland Hill has met with much official resistance to his plans of economy; and that were they fully carried out, the cost of the establishment would be so materially diminished, as to be brought much nearer the former expenditure than it remains at present. The new regulation, forbidding the reception of unstamped paid letters, will relieve the Post-Office of much expense and trouble. The public were not sufficiently aware that the effect of paying a penny with a letter, instead of putting a stamp on it, was to help in occasioning some half-dozen unnecessary entries on postmasters' bills, cash accounts, &c. in its transit to its destination.

Although the expenses of the Post-Office department have doubled, yet the net revenue or profit accruing to the treasury has not been diminished in like proportion. The net revenue in 1837-8 was L.1,652,424; in 1848-9 it was L.740,429. There is no doubt, however, that when all the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of Mr Rowland Hill's plans have been removed, and his plans efficiently carried out—together with such improvements in them as have been suggested by his own practical experience in office, and by his colleagues—the Post-Office will become a source of revenue as great, if not greater, than it ever was.

Not the least benefit which the Penny Post has conferred, is the facility it has created for the transmission of small sums of money. The progress of the Money-Order Office has been commensurate with that of the other branches of the vast establishment. In the three months which ended on the 5th April 1839—when the old system was in force, and when a commission of 6d. was charged for transmitting L.2 and under, and 1s. for over that sum up to L.5, besides the postage of the money order itself, which was from London to Edinburgh 1s. 1½d.—the number of money orders issued in England was 54,623 for various sums, amounting in all to L.92,734. Now each order costs only 3d. or 6d., and one penny for transmission; consequently in the quarter which ended on the 5th of January 1849, the number of money orders issued was 1,775,783 for sums amounting in all to L.3,544,250, 19s. 11d. During the whole year, L.16,303,781 passed through the Money-Order Offices of the United Kingdom!

The uniform Penny-Postage rate is no longer, then, an experiment, but a fact achieved; and achieved against an amount of official resistance and lukewarmness which would assuredly have discouraged and appalled a less energetic and well-balanced mind than, happily for this country, that which Mr Rowland Hill possesses.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

SECOND NOTICE.

In going southwards, Sir Charles has frequent occasion to speak of the 'domestic institution' which is the great bone of contention in the States. He of course greatly laments the existence of slavery, nor does he conceal its more odious and dangerous features; but we should infer that he considers the proceedings of the Abolitionists as not always warranted by good-feeling or sound policy. It seems at least certain that the uncompromising violence of the Northerns has greatly offended the Southerns, and contributed in no small degree to perpetuate the very evils which it was wished to eradicate. Many Southern planters would gladly liberate and dismiss their slaves, if they could be assured of having their fields cultivated at a reasonable expense by free labour. An intelligent Louisianian, conversing with our author, observed that emancipation 'must be the work of time; the prejudices of owners have to be overcome, and the sugar and cotton crop is easily lost, if not taken in at once when ripe—the canes being damaged by a slight frost, and the cotton requiring to be picked dry as soon as mature,

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and being ruined by rain. Very lately a planter, five miles below New Orleans, having resolved to dispense with slave labour, hired 100 Irish and German emigrants at very high wages. In the middle of the harvest they all struck for double pay. No others were to be had, and it was impossible to purchase slaves in a few days. In that short time he lost produce to the value of 10,000 dollars.' Notwithstanding this unfortunate attempt, it could be demonstrated that free labour, in general circumstances, is greatly more profitable and satisfactory than the employment of slaves, who must not only be bought, but supported in childhood and old age. The author mentions a case in which free settlers completely outstripped their slaveholding neighbours only by their more active industrious habits. It is pleasing to know that whenever free negroes are allowed fair-play, they manifest a disposition to improve. Various instances are mentioned of able coloured preachers, and many of this unjustly-persecuted race are making fortunes in trade. 'One of them, by standing security for a white man, had lately lost no less than 17,000 dollars, or 3400 guineas; yet he was still prospering, and kept a store, and being a free man, would willingly have sent his son to the college of Tuscaloosa, had he not been prevented by the prejudices of a white aristocracy, ostentatiously boastful of its love of equality. In consequence of similar impediments, many thriving artisans of the coloured race remain uneducated, and are obliged to have white men to write for them and collect their debts; and I found that many cabinetmakers, carpenters, builders, and other mechanics earning high wages, who in New England would send their sons to college, do not contribute here even to the maintenance of common schools, their children not being permitted by law to learn to read and write. I cannot believe, however, that this state of things can endure many years.'

We are presented with some amusing anecdotes of electioneering. In some parts of the country there is the strongest indisposition to elect wealthy men to office, in consequence of a belief that they would not be sufficiently subservient. 'One who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. "Do you think," answered a former partisan, "that they would vote for you, after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?" His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *flounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion; and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine woods. In the new settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great.' The doctrine of political equality appears to have been carried on one occasion to a remarkable length. Natchez, a populous and commodiously-situated town, was decided to be no longer a metropolis, from being discovered to be several miles away from the centre of the state. A search for the true centre being ordered, it was found to be a spot in the middle of a swamp, accessible only by a canoe. 'This was welcome news; all might now be placed on a footing of equality, the spot being equally inaccessible and inconvenient for all. When the architect, however, came to build the Capitol, he took the liberty, instead of erecting the edifice on piles in the centre of the swamp, to place it on an adjoining rising ground, from which they had cleared away the native wood—a serious abandonment of principle, as it was several hundred yards from the true geographical centre.' We hope our American friends can laugh as heartily at this as we do.

At New Orleans, Sir Charles was struck with the difference between the English and French quarters of the town, as well as the dissimilarity existing between the Anglo-American and French-American character. In the First Municipality, you would almost consider yourself in Paris; in the second, all is English and go-ahead. It seems that here, as elsewhere, the tendency of French society is to stand still. How strange the following circumstance:—'Hearing that a guide-book of New Orleans had been published, we wished to purchase a copy, although it was of somewhat ancient date for a city of rapid growth. The bookseller said that we must wait till he received some more copies from New York, for it appears that the printing even of books of local interest is done by presses 2000 miles distant. Their law reports are not printed here, and there is only one newspaper in the First Municipality, which I was told as very characteristic of the French race; for, in the Second Municipality, although so much newer, the Anglo-Americans have, during the last ten years, started ten newspapers.'

On going up the Mississippi, the author makes similar remarks on the comparative backwardness of the French settlers. 'My attention was next called to the old-fashioned make of the French ploughs. "On this river, as on the St Lawrence," said an American, "the French had a fair start of us by more than a century. They obtained possession of all the richest lands, yet are now fairly distanced in the race. When they get into debt, and sell a farm on the highest land next the levee, they do not migrate to a new region farther west, but fall back somewhere into the low grounds near the swamp. There they retain all their antiquated usages, seeming to hate innovation. To this day they remain rooted in those parts of Louisiana where the mother country first planted her two colonies two centuries ago, and they have never swarmed off, or founded a single new settlement. They never set up a steam-engine for their sugar-mills, have taken no part in the improvement of steam navigation, and when a railway was proposed in Opelousas, they opposed it, because they feared it would 'let the Yankees in upon them.' When a rich proprietor was asked why he did not send his boy to college, he replied, 'Because it would cost me 450 dollars a year, and I shall be able to leave my son three more negroes when I die, by not incurring that expense.'" Dr Carpenter informed me that the legislature of Louisiana granted, in 1834, a charter for a medical college in the Second Municipality, which now, in the year 1846, numbers 100 students, and is about to become the medical department of a new university. The Creoles were so far stimulated by this example, as to apply also for a charter for a French college in the First Municipality. It was granted in the same year, but has remained a dead letter to this day.'

As might have been anticipated, this 'Visit' has not been unproductive in a geological point of view. Besides corroborating certain opinions formerly advanced in reference to the occurrence of gypseous strata in connection with the Coal measures of Nova Scotia, the comparatively recent emergence of the North American continent from the waters of the ocean, new evidences of the glacial or drift period, the existence of air-breathing reptiles during the Coal era, and other facts of importance, Sir Charles is now satisfied that the coal-field of Richmond in Virginia belongs to the Oolitic period. The data upon which this opinion rests are stated with his usual accuracy and minuteness, and must now be admitted as one of the great truths of the science. That coal beds (in one instance forty feet thick) should have been formed at so recent a period as that of the English oolite, is certainly a startling fact to those geologists who regard each formation as creative distinct efforts, and that nature never, as it were, repeats herself. All

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the hypotheses formerly advanced to account for the formation of coal, such as an excessive temperature, an atmosphere surcharged with carbonic acid, and the like, must now be in a great measure abandoned as mere fancies; and we must return to the wider, but more sober notion, that the creative energies of nature are inexhaustible, and that there is no phenomenon connected with the past which it is not in the power of the present or of the future again to unfold.

Sir Charles also made some extensive investigations with respect to the delta of the Mississippi, and the changes effected on the banks of the river by alterations in the course of the stream. The Mississippi occasionally overflows its usual channel, and forms inland lakes, which, strange to say, sometimes acquire a rich vegetable surface. In the preceding paper, we noticed the discovery of ice as a substratum; but it will seem not less remarkable that lakes are found beneath pastoral meadows. 'A curious description was given me by one of my fellow-travellers of that same low country, especially the region called Attakapas. It contains, he said, wide "quaking prairies," where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland. Yet, if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you find sea-fish swimming about, which make their way in search of food under the superficial sward, from the Gulf of Mexico, through subterranean watery channels.'

For a large amount of original and highly-valuable information respecting the geological features of the Northern States we must necessarily refer to the work before us, which in all its details is the production of a gentleman and a scholar. We would, however, add, that it is still more remarkable for the honest explicitness of the writer's sentiments on matters usually the subject of controversy. Alluding to recent discoveries of vast organic remains and fossil foot-prints of animals, inferring a prodigious antiquity in our planet, Sir Charles speaks of that 'moral phenomenon,' the persecution of men of science in Pennsylvania for daring to propound undeniable truths to the world. 'Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," makes his traveller say, that after he had walked through Europe, and examined mankind nearly, he found that it is not the forms of government, whether they be monarchies or commonwealths, that determine the amount of liberty enjoyed by individuals, but that "riches in general are in every country another name for freedom." I agree with Goldsmith that the forms of government are not alone sufficient to secure freedom—they are but means to an end. Here we have in Pennsylvania a free press, a widely-extended suffrage, and the most perfect religious toleration—nay, more than toleration, all the various sects enjoying political equality, and, what is more rare, an equality of social rank; yet all this machinery is not capable, as we have seen, of securing even so much of intellectual freedom as shall enable a student of nature to discuss freely the philosophical questions which the progress of science brings naturally before him. He cannot even announce with impunity results which half a century of observation and reasoning has confirmed by evidence little short of mathematical demonstration. But can riches, as Goldsmith suggests, secure intellectual liberty? No doubt they can protect the few who possess them from pecuniary penalties, when they profess unpopular doctrines; but to enable a man to think, he must be allowed to communicate freely his thoughts to others. Until they have been brought into the daylight and discussed, they will never be clear even to himself. They must be warmed by the sympathy of kindred minds, and stimulated by the heat of controversy, or they will never be fully developed, and made to ripen and fructify. . . . "To nothing but error," says a popular writer of our times (T. Carlyle), "can any truth be dangerous; and I know not," he exclaims, "where else there is seen so altogether tragical a spectacle, as that religion should be found standing in the highways, to say, 'Let no man learn the simplest laws of the universe, lest they mislearn the highest. In the name of God the Maker, who said, and hourly yet says, *Let there be light*, we command that you continue in darkness!'"'

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

A LITTLE more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted towards me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unravelling a clue which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically-contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me; and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

'I think I have met you before,' he remarked with a meaning smile on dismissing me, 'when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself: I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in *all* ranks of society, and I may, you know'—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—'be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained you admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behaviour in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you.'

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homewards, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of life was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterwards alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective-officers would have felt honoured to undertake.

'Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers, and forgers,' concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. 'It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed: you must especially avoid that error. They are practised scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is young Mr Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton.*

* The *names* mentioned in this narrative are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

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Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call on her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate *directly* with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered.' With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearing monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortunes—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately marshalled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful, fairy-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I daresay it altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised; and it was not till she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare became mitigated to a glance of lofty condescendent civility.

'Be seated, Mr Waters,' said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. 'This note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavouring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself.'

I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of likely to forward so desirable a result; but fortunately the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my glib tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honourable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:—

Mr Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally 'fallen amongst thieves.' A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being; and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard and feverish life was passed at play. A run of ill-luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of downright robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady-mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was one Sandford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honour; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sandford, who had been introduced by Mr Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favours I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr Merton, I took my leave, amply provided with the resources requisite for carrying into effect the scheme which I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally on her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report progress by letter through the post.

'If it *should* be he!' thought I, as I emerged into the street. The bare suspicion had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. 'If this Sandford be, as I suspect, that villain Cardon, success will indeed be triumph—victory! Lady Everton need not in that case seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid penury, would stimulate the dullest craven that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicion prove correct; and then, oh mine enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels!'

Sandford, I had been instructed, was usually present at the Italian Opera during the ballet: the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police: and as I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, I determined on being present.

I entered the house a few minutes past ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked eagerly round. The box in which I was instructed to seek my man was empty. The momentary disappointment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed when Cardon, looking more insolently-triumphant than ever, entered arm-in-arm with a pale aristocratic-looking young man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr Merton. My course of action was at once determined on. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was towards me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round; and if a basilisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater terror and surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliating, and my outstretched hand seemed to invite a renewal of our old friendship.

'Waters!' he at last stammered, feebly accepting my proffered grasp—'who would have thought of meeting you here?'

'Not you, certainly, since you stare at an old friend as if he were some frightful goblin about to swallow you. Really'——

'Hush! Let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend,' he added in answer to Mr Merton's surprised stare. 'We will return in an instant.'

'Why, what is all this, Waters?' said Cardon, recovering his wonted *sang froid* the instant we were alone. 'I understood you had retired from amongst us; were in fact—what shall I say?'——

'Ruined—done up! Nobody should know that better than you.'

'My good fellow, you do not imagine'——

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'I imagine nothing, my dear Cardon. I was very thoroughly done—done *brown*, as it is written in the vulgar tongue. But fortunately my kind old uncle'——

'Passgrove is dead!' interrupted my old acquaintance, eagerly jumping to a conclusion, 'and you are his heir! I congratulate you, my dear fellow. This is indeed a charming "reverse of circumstances."'

'Yes; but mind I have given up the old game. No more dice-devilry for me. I have promised Emily never even to touch a card again.'

The cold, hard eye of the incarnate fiend—he was little else—gleamed mockingly as these 'good intentions' of a practised gamester fell upon his ear; but he only replied, 'Very good; quite right, my dear boy. But come, let me introduce you to Mr Merton, a highly-connected personage I assure you. By the by, Waters,' he added in a caressing, confidential tone, 'my name, for family and other reasons, which I will hereafter explain to you, is for the present Sandford.'

'Sandford!'

'Yes: do not forget. But *allons*, or the ballet will be over.'

I was introduced in due form to Mr Merton as an old and esteemed friend, whom he—Sandford—had not seen for many months. At the conclusion of the ballet, Sandford proposed that we should adjourn to the European Coffee-house, nearly opposite. This was agreed to, and out we sallied. At the top of the staircase we jostled against the commissioner, who, like us, was leaving the house. He bowed slightly to Mr Merton's apology, and his eye wandered briefly and coldly over our persons; but not the faintest sign of interest or recognition escaped him. I thought it possible he did not know me in my changed apparel; but looking back after descending a few steps, I was quickly undeceived. A sharp, swift glance, expressive both of encouragement and surprise, shot out from under his penthouse brows, and as swiftly vanished. He did not know how little I needed spurring to the goal we had both in view!

We discussed two or three bottles of wine with much gaiety and relish. Sandford especially was in exuberant spirits; brimming over with brilliant anecdote and sparkling badinage. He saw in me a fresh, rich prey, and his eager spirit revelled by anticipation in the victory which he nothing doubted to obtain over my 'excellent intentions and wife-pledged virtue.' About half-past twelve o'clock he proposed to adjourn. This was eagerly assented to by Mr Merton, who had for some time exhibited unmistakable symptoms of impatience and unrest.

'You will accompany us, Waters?' said Sandford, as we rose to depart. 'There is, I suppose, no vow registered in the matrimonial archives against *looking on* at a game played by others?'

'Oh no; but don't ask me to play.'

'Certainly not;' and a devilish sneer curled his lip. 'Your virtue shall suffer no temptation be assured.'

We soon arrived before the door of a quiet, respectable-looking house in one of the streets leading from the Strand: a low peculiar knock, given by Sandford, was promptly answered; then a password, which I did not catch, was whispered by him through the key-hole, and we passed in.

We proceeded up stairs to the first floor, the shutters of which were carefully closed, so that no intimation of what was going on could possibly reach the street. The apartment was brilliantly lighted: a roulette table and dice and cards were in full activity: wine and liquors of all varieties were profusely paraded. There were about half-a-dozen persons present, I soon discovered, besides the gang, and that comprised eleven or twelve well-dressed desperadoes, whose sinister aspects induced a momentary qualm lest one or more of the pleasant party might suspect or recognise my vocation. This, however, I reflected, was scarcely possible. My beat during the short period I had been in the force was far distant from the usual haunts of such gentry, and I was otherwise unknown in London. Still, questioning glances were eagerly directed towards my introducer; and one big burly fellow, a foreigner—the rascals were the scum of various countries—was very unpleasantly inquisitorial. '*Y'en réponds!*' I heard Sandford say in answer to his iterated queries; and he added something in a whisper which brought a sardonic smile to the fellow's lips, and induced a total change in his demeanour towards myself. This was reassuring; for though provided with pistols, I should, I felt, have little chance with such utterly reckless ruffians as those by whom I was surrounded. Play was proposed; and though at first stoutly refusing, I feigned to be gradually overcome by irresistible temptation, and sat down to blind hazard with my foreign friend for moderate stakes. I was graciously allowed to win; and in the end found myself richer in devil's money by about ten pounds. Mr Merton was soon absorbed in the chances of the dice, and lost large sums, for which, when the money he had brought with him was exhausted, he gave written acknowledgments. The cheating practised upon him was really audacious; and any one but a tyro must have repeatedly detected it. He, however, appeared not to entertain the slightest suspicion of the 'fair-play' of his opponents, guiding himself entirely by the advice of his friend and counsellor, Sandford, who did not himself play. The amiable assemblage broke up about six in the morning, each person retiring singly by the back way, receiving, as he departed, a new password for the next evening.

A few hours afterwards, I waited on the commissioner to report the state of affairs. He was delighted with the fortunate *début* I had made, but still strictly enjoined patience and caution. It would have been easy, as I was in possession of the password, to have surprised the confederacy in the act of gaming that very evening; but this would only have accomplished a part of the object aimed at. Several of the fraternity—Sandford amongst the number—were suspected of uttering forged foreign bank-notes, and it was essential to watch narrowly for legal evidence to insure their conviction. It was also desirable to restore, if possible, the property and securities of which Mr Merton had been pillaged.

Nothing of especial importance occurred for seven or eight days. Gaming went on as usual every evening, and Mr Merton became of course more and more involved: even his sister's jewels—which he had surreptitiously obtained, to such a depth of degradation will this frightful vice plunge men otherwise honourable—had been staked and lost; and he was, by the advice of Sandford, about to conclude a heavy mortgage on his estate, in order not only to clear off his enormous 'debts of honour,' but to acquire fresh means of 'winning back'—that *ignus-fatuus* of all gamblers—his tremendous losses! A new preliminary 'dodge' was, I observed, now brought into action. Mr Merton esteemed himself a knowing hand at *ecarté:* it was introduced; and he was permitted to win every game he played, much to the apparent annoyance and discomfiture of the losers. As this was precisely the snare into which I had myself fallen, I of course the more readily detected it, and felt quite satisfied that a *grand coup* was meditated. In the meantime I had not been idle. Sandford was *confidentially* informed that I was only waiting in London to receive between four and five thousand pounds—part of Uncle Passgrove's legacy—and then intended to immediately hasten back to canny Yorkshire. To have seen the villain's eyes as I incidentally, as it were, announced my errand and intention! They fairly flashed with infernal glee! Ah, Sandford, Sandford! you were, with all your cunning, but a sand-blind idiot to believe the man you had wronged and ruined could so easily forget the debt he owed you!

The crisis came swiftly on. Mr Merton's mortgage-money was to be paid on the morrow; and on that day, too, I announced the fabulous thousands receivable by me were to be handed over. Mr Merton, elated by his repeated triumphs at ecarté, and prompted by his friend

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Sandford, resolved, instead of cancelling the bonds and obligations held by the conspirators, to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against those liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners; but Mr Merton, warmly seconded by Sandford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that ecarté should be the game by which he might hope to regain the fortune and the peace of mind he had so rashly squandered: the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sandford, that he would ever handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sandford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—*when* he had recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived; and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators—eight in number—were to be present; and no stranger except myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to this crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr Merton, and that under a promise, 'on his honour as a gentleman,' of inviolable secrecy. It was this: 'Be sure, before commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table.' He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreamt of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determined to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. 'Ah, by the by,' exclaimed Sandford as I entered, 'Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*,' he added in a whisper. 'It will soon be returned.'

'No, thank you,' I answered coldly. 'I never part with my money till I have lost it.'

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be despatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr Merton looked at and counted them; and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played, or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman.

'Hark! what's that?' suddenly exclaimed Sandford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. 'Did you not hear a noise below?'

My ear had caught the sound; and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

'Touch the signal-bell, Adolphe,' added Sandford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains, was suspended as they listened for the reply.

It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. 'All right!' shouted Sandford. 'Proceed! The farce is nearly played out.'

I had instructed the officers that two of them in plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the door-keeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all to silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamesters. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me: it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing and stairs were filled with police-officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked towards the table at which Mr Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sandford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

'Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!' shrieked Mr Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sandford's throat: 'you, devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!'

'No doubt of it,' calmly replied Sandford, shaking off his victim's grasp; 'and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Snivelling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much.'

Mr Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

'Not quite so fast, *Cardon*, if you please,' I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. 'It does not appear to me that Mr Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine.'

'Dog!' roared Sandford, 'do you hold your life so cheap?' and he rushed towards me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the levelled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr Merton looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

'Wrench the papers from him!' screamed Sandford, recovering his energy. 'Seize him—stab, strangle him!'

'Look to yourself, scoundrel!' I shouted with equal vehemence. 'Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!'

In an instant the room was filled with police; and surprised, panic-stricken, paralysed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sandford, or Cardon; but he had half-a-dozen *aliases*, one of them—were transported for life: the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon afterwards conferred upon me. Mr Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money, restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience,

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never again entered a gaming-house. Neither he nor his lady-mother was ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

CHARACTERS RECONSIDERED.

ADDICTED as men are to the sheepish principle of following where they are led, and apt as the multitude may be to credit what they are told to believe, inquiring and independent spirits make their appearance from time to time to question history, and call for a reconsideration of the characters of its heroes. The general tendency of these inquiries has been to rescue from obloquy great names that may have been undeserving of it—to add to, and not detract from, the majestic images in the yet unfilled gallery of the world's heroes. Many a name once execrated has become respected; many a false man, in the popular estimation, has been elevated into a true man; and many a quasi-demon into a quasi-saint. We shall not attempt to go through the long and illustrious list of such names—a list which, to say nothing of the saints and apostles of Christianity, would include Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Cornelius Agrippa, and a whole host of glorious men, to whose memory the world has done justice for the scorn, hatred, and persecution of their contemporaries. It may not be uninteresting, however, to group together a few minor instances of this kind of reaction in the moral world, of which the effect is not yet complete. We select a few cases still pending in the great court of human appeal, in which the appellants have been heard by their counsel, and in which the great judge, Opinion, has shown by his random expressions, as well as by the tones of his voice, that he is about to reverse the judgment of the 'court below.'

Two remarkable instances of this kind of reaction have taken place with regard to characters in Shakspeare. In his immortal pages, Macbeth stands branded as a weak and cowardly murderer; a man who, goaded by a strong-minded and bad woman, and by the promptings of his own guilty ambition, treacherously slew his sleeping guest—that guest the king to whom he had sworn allegiance, and to whom he owed the double fealty of a subject and a host. Yet recent researches have shown that Shakspeare pilloried a comparatively innocent man, by founding that noble play upon tradition, and not upon history. Macbeth slew Duncan, it is true; but not in his bed—not asleep and unarmed—but in open fight on the field of battle. It does not even appear that Macbeth was a usurper; but granting that he were, still, in the unsettled and semi-barbarous period at which he lived, usurpation was a common occurrence; and in his case the usurpation, if such it were, proved of advantage to the country that acquiesced in it. Shakspeare's narrative was derived from Holinshed, who derived it from Boyce, who again derived it from tradition. Banquo is a personage totally unknown either to history or tradition. Macbeth reigned over Scotland for fifteen years; and if there were a legal flaw in his title to the throne, endeavoured to make a good moral title by the general vigour and policy of his administration, and by his justice to the people. Sir Walter Scott says of him, 'that he broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew him at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin; and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but in very truth the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.' The reaction has thus begun: men have learned to separate the Macbeth of Shakspeare from the Macbeth of history—to admire the first-mentioned as one of the grandest portraitures of crime and sorrow in the whole range of literature; more interesting, although fictitious, than the real Macbeth that lived and moved; but to do justice at all convenient times to the fame that had the misfortune (for itself, if not for the world) to come in the way of so mighty a genius, and to be made available for its purposes.

Richard III. of England is another royal personage whose memory has been similarly unfortunate in coming into contact with the purposes of Shakspeare. No doubt the world has gained; but the world, while doing justice to the real Richard, will fortunately lose no portion of the delight and instruction derivable from the eventful story of the imaginary one. The materials available for the dramatist's purpose were found in Holinshed, who took them from the prejudiced pen of Sir Thomas More. Later historians denied the accuracy of Sir Thomas More's statements, and the truth of his portraiture: and while they could not gainsay the fact that Richard had committed crimes in the pursuit of power, explained, if they did not apologise for them, by the character of his age, which was one not tender of human life, nor scrupulous as to its means for the attainment of its objects. The Richard of Shakspeare is a gigantic criminal; the Richard of impartial history is still a criminal, but a man not *all* evil—a man that turned to a good use the power that he may have ill acquired; a man that made enemies of his haughty, vindictive, and bloodthirsty nobles; but that ruled the people with wisdom and moderation, and treated them in a manner to deserve, if it did not obtain, their love. His memory has cried aloud for justice. Mr Sharon Turner has done battle in its behalf—has entered the court of appeal, and made out such a case in his favour as goes far to qualify, if it cannot reverse, the previous judgment.

While we are upon the subject of kings, we cannot omit the case of James I.—the alleged bigot and pedant; the mock Solomon, and the butt of ridicule for a long period for every one who desired to have a fling at royalty. Every one who has read the elder D'Israeli's inquiry into the literary and political character of that monarch, will confess that he has found not only a zealous, but an able defender. Mr D'Israeli, as he informs us in his preface to this interesting historical sketch, set off in the world with the popular notions of the character of James I.; but in the course of study, and with a more enlarged comprehension of the age, he was struck with the contrast of his real with his apparent character, and developed those hidden and involved causes which so long influenced historians and memoir writers in vilifying and ridiculing this monarch. Mr D'Israeli's treatise is a masterpiece of its kind. It seeks to prove that the alleged pedant detested pedantry; that the so-called bigot was less bigotted than his age; that the epithet 'Solomon,' applied to him in mockery, ought to have been applied in seriousness and in respect; that the monarch, accused of personal cowardice, dreaded war for his people, and not for himself; and that his contemporaries saw and acknowledged in him those virtues and talents which a succeeding age, led astray by prejudiced writers, altogether denied. Who shall say that Mr D'Israeli has failed in this chivalrous attempt? Not we: on the contrary, we must admit that he has done much to rescue the memory of his hero from obloquy that appears unmerited; and that although 'this philosopher on the throne, and father of his people, lived without exciting gratitude, and died without inspiring regret—unregarded, unremembered,' there is justice to be gathered from the rolling of the centuries; that the violence of the blow aimed at his memory has recoiled upon those who struck it; and that the thinkers of the present age, if they do not share in all the enthusiasm of his defender, at least suspend their judgment, and admit that his detractors may have been in error.

The history of the illustrious Machiavelli is another instance of pertinacious wrong disappearing before the lights exhibited by cool and dispassionate inquiry. For three centuries and upwards, his name has served to designate a particular kind of political duplicity and

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cunning. To accuse a statesman of *Machiavellism*, has been to exalt his intellect at the expense of his honesty and virtue—to exonerate him from the imputation of lack of brains, only to brand him as possessing too much for the welfare of his species. 'Il Principe' ('The Prince'), his famous treatise, long considered *in*famous, brought all this obloquy upon him. In that much-spoken-of, but little known work, he drew up the code of despotism, concealing his satire so well, that the world mistook the hater for a friend of tyranny, and the denouncer of crimes against the people for their apologist. Machiavelli suffered in the cause of freedom; he was put to the torture by a despot, and endured sorrows of many kinds for his devotion to his country. Disgusted with princes, and with the people too, he wrote his celebrated work, intending a satire upon the crimes of rulers. The obstinate world insisted upon receiving this satire in a spirit the very reverse of that which animated its author, with about as little justice as we should exhibit were we to accuse Henry Fielding of preaching up robbery and murder for his 'Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.' Machiavelli's object, it is true, was not quite so apparent as that of the novelist. The people, moreover, were not aware of the friend they had in this illustrious diplomatist. They considered the hard words he employed against men in general as the outpourings of a demoniac hatred. They could not see that the severe satire was intended for their benefit, or make any allowance for the bitterness of feeling with which unmerited suffering had imbued one of the ablest men of his time. Machiavelli dedicated his treatise of 'The Prince' to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the usurper of the liberties of Florence; a man whom he hated, against whose government he had conspired, and who had caused him to be put upon the rack to extort from his agony the names of his confederates. This circumstance might have served to open the eyes of the herd of men and of writers to the real purpose of the author; but it did not. Treatise after treatise was written to refute doctrines which Machiavelli detested; and his name became the synonyme for the political criminality and astuteness which it was his real object to hold up to the abhorrence of mankind. Amongst others who employed their pens in this cause was Frederick the Great of Prussia, who wrote in his youth a tract entitled 'Anti-Machiavel.' 'This military genius,' says D'Israeli, 'protested against those political arts which he afterwards adroitly practised; and realised in his own character the political monster which Machiavelli had drawn.' The tide against Machiavelli has long since begun to turn; and though his unfortunate name will, in all probability, survive to designate a species of depravity for which modern languages offer no other, the memory of the man has already received justice from all the impartial students of history, and will doubtless receive justice in due time from a still wider audience.

We need not extend the list, though it were easy to do so. Other names will suggest themselves to the reader, all showing in like manner the certainty of reactions in the moral as in the physical world, whenever there is sufficient strength in the original impetus to produce the inevitable result; and to prove in the long-run, in great matters as well as in small, the truth of the dictum—

> 'That ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done.'

MISSION TO ASHANTEE.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper, purporting to be a report from Lieutenant-Governor Winniett respecting his journey from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, having just been laid before the House of Commons, we are enabled to present our readers with some particulars of not an uninteresting kind on the condition of an African nation. The object of Governor Winniett's journey was to visit the king of Ashantee, and persuade him, if possible, to abandon the ancient practice of human sacrifice. How he sped in this mission, undertaken by order of the British government, will afterwards appear. The narration of proceedings, which is in the form of a journal, commences by stating that the travelling party consisted, besides the governor, of Captain Powell, commanding a detachment of forty-eight of his men as a guard of honour; the Rev. Mr Freeman of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who acted as secretary; and about one hundred and fifty men, consisting of the band, hammock-bearers, carriers of luggage, and servants—altogether upwards of two hundred persons. The route was through a rough country, and the distance travelled daily appears to have been from twelve to twenty-five miles. The weather was unfortunately rainy, and therefore camping out at night must have been anything but pleasant. With these preliminary observations, we offer the following condensed and connected string of extracts from Governor Winniett's clearly-written journal:—

Started from Cape Coast Castle on the afternoon of Thursday, September 28 (1848), and stopped for the night at Yaminansah. Next day, at 6. 15. A.M. 'we resumed our journey, and travelled through a fine tract of fertile country, studded with silk-cotton-trees, palms, and plantations of the plantain and banana. At 8. 15. A.M. we stopped to take breakfast at the village of Assaybu, and after refreshing ourselves, and giving the soldiers and people a little time to rest, we proceeded to Akroful, a village several miles distant from Assaybu; and on entering it, a party of men came out to welcome me by firing a salute with muskets: I was much gratified with the friendly and loyal disposition manifested by the people. While we rested a short time in this village, the head men came to visit me, and present me some palm wine. In this place there is a small Christian society of the natives, under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries; and I was pleased to observe a small chapel in the course of erection, and nearly finished, chiefly by the personal labours of this little band of native Christians. At 45 minutes after noon we reached Dunkwa, and took quarters for the night in the school-house occupied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Here I was received by Otu—a Fanti chief, and the successor of Payntree—mentioned so honourably by Bowditch in his account of his journey to Kumasi in 1817. He (Otu) had come over from Abakrampa, the place of his residence, distant about ten miles from Dunkwa, accompanied by many of his captains and people, to meet me, and bid me welcome to that part of the Fanti country which is under his control. After resting a little from the fatigues of my journey, I spent some time in conversation with Otu and his captains.

'Shortly after our arrival, I received from Otu a present, consisting of two sheep, some yams and bunches of plantain, with which token of good-feeling and attachment I felt much gratified. Dunkwa is well situated on high ground, near to a good supply of water at all seasons of the year, and surrounded by fine plantations of plantain and banana. It is one of the largest of the Fanti krums, or villages, and has a population of about 1200 souls. The Wesleyan school here is of recent establishment; but it contains thirty-eight children, and promises well.'

On the ensuing three days passed through a number of populous villages; stopping on Sunday, and attending divine service at a place where there was a chapel and mission-house.

'*October* 4, *Wednesday*.—At 6 A.M. we commenced crossing the river, and in about an hour, the people having all passed over by several trips of a large canoe, we began our journey in the territories of the king of Ashantee. The width of the Prah, at its ordinary height, may be about 80 yards at the ferry, and from one extreme bank to the other about 100 yards. The progress of the current seemed to be about three miles an hour. The forest scenery on the banks of the river is exquisitely beautiful, arising from the elegant and varied

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foliage of the trees. We stopped to take breakfast at Kikiwiri, the first village which we reached after crossing the Prah. Early in the morning we were overtaken in the forest by heavy rain; and consequently, when we arrived at the small village of Ansah, at 3 P.M., we were wet through, and greatly fatigued with the labour of walking a considerable distance over a muddy and rugged road. The village was so small, that comfortable quarters could not be obtained for the people; and many of the soldiers, hammock-men, and carriers were therefore obliged to bivouac in the open air on the wet ground. It was great cause of thankfulness that it did not rain during the night; for had it been otherwise, the people would have suffered greatly.'

Till Sunday, October 8, passed through the country formerly occupied by the Assins, and now in a state of ruin. The inhabitants are so poor, that provisions could with difficulty be procured in exchange for gold-dust.

On Monday morning, October 9, reached Karsi, about five miles distant from Kumasi, the capital of Ashantee. 'Here I was waited on by the king's messengers, who were sent to conduct us into the town. At noon we proceeded in full preparation for our entry; and at a distance of about a mile from the town, a party of messengers, with gold-handled swords of office, arrived with the king's compliments.

'After halting for a short time, we proceeded to the entrance of the first street, and then formed in order of procession. Presently a party of the king's linguists, with four large umbrellas, ensigns of chieftainship, came up to request me to halt for a few minutes, under the shade of a large banyan-tree in the street, to give the king a little more time to prepare to receive me. After a brief delay of about twenty minutes, during which a large party of the king's soldiers fired a salute about 100 yards distant from us, we moved on to the market-place, where the king and his chiefs were seated under their large umbrellas, according to the custom of the country on the reception of strangers of distinction. They, with their numerous captains and attendants, occupied three sides of a large square, and formed a continuous line of heads, extending about 600 yards, and about 10 yards in depth. Under each large umbrella, and towards the back of the line, the umbrellas being placed about 30 yards from each other throughout the whole line, a chief was seated on a native chair, decorated with round-headed nails of brass, silver, or gold, according to his rank, with a narrow space left open among his people in the foreground, that we might see him distinctly as we passed, and, according to the custom of the country on such occasions, wave the right hand in token of friendly recognition. After we had passed along about three-fourths of the line, we found the king surrounded by about twenty officers of his household, and a large number of messengers, with their gold-handled swords and canes of office. Several very large umbrellas, some consisting of silk-velvet of different colours, shaded him and his suite from the rays of the sun. The king's chair was richly decorated with gold; and the display of golden ornaments about his own person and those of his suite was most magnificent. The lumps of gold adorning the wrists of the king's attendants and many of the principal chiefs were so large, that they must have been quite fatiguing to the wearers.

'The king of Ashantee is about six feet high, stout, and strong built, and appears to be about from fifty-two to fifty-six years of age. He is a man of mild and pleasing countenance, and quite free from any of those shades of native ferocity which are so disgusting to the taste and feelings of a European.

'We occupied about an hour in moving in procession from under the banyan-tree, where we had rested on entering the town, over a space of about a mile and a-half in length, to the end of the line formed for our reception; after which we proceeded to an eligible situation in an open space at some distance from the market-place, and there took our seats, according to the etiquette of the country, to receive the complimentary salute of the king and his chiefs in return. At 3. 15. P.M. they commenced moving parties in procession, and occupied the ground before us from five to ten deep, until 6 P.M., a period of two hours and three-quarters.

'Those whom we first saluted in the market-place passed us first in order, maintaining the greatest regularity; each chief was preceded by his band of rude music, consisting chiefly of drums and horns, followed by a body of soldiers under arms, and shaded by a large umbrella. Those of the highest rank stopped before me, and danced to the rude music, by way of testifying their satisfaction at seeing me, and their good-will towards me.

'When the king came opposite me, he first danced, and then approached me, and I took him cordially by the hand. After the king, other chiefs, and a large body of troops, passed in due order, and at 6 P.M. the ceremony closed.

'During the whole of the day the greatest excitement prevailed in the town, the population of which was swelled by strangers called in by the king, or detained after the close of the recent yam custom, on account of my visit, from the usual amount of about 25,000 to upwards of 80,000.

'Kumasi is very different in its appearance from any other native town that I have seen in this part of Africa; the streets are generally very broad and clean, and ornamented with many beautiful banyan-trees, affording a grateful shade from the powerful rays of the sun; the houses looking into the streets are all public rooms on the ground-floor, varying in dimensions from about 24 feet by 12 to 15 feet by 9; they are entirely open to the street in front, but raised above its level, from 1 to 6 feet, by an elevated floor consisting of clay polished with red ochre; they are entered from the street by steps made of clay, and polished like the floor.

'The walls consist of wattle-work plastered with clay, and washed with white clay: the houses are all thatched with palm-leaves, and as the eaves of the roofs extend far over the walls, the front basement of the raised floors, which is generally covered with rude carvings of various forms, have their beautiful polish preserved from the effects of both sun and rain. This mode of building gives to the streets a peculiar aspect of cheerfulness.

'Each of these open rooms is connected with a number of rooms behind it, quite concealed from public view, which constitute the dwellings of the people, and there may be connected with each public room, in the manner above described, from 50 to 250 inmates.

'Immediately after the procession had closed, we repaired to the Wesleyan Mission-House, where we found comfortable arrangements made by the Rev. Mr Hillard, the missionary resident in Kumasi, for convenient quarters during our stay.

'Greatly as I had been interested with the manner in which the king received me, the appearance of such a vast number of uncivilised men under such entire control, the new style of building exhibited, and its pretty contrast with the ever fresh and pleasing green of the banyan-trees, I was equally interested and excited at the appearance of the Wesleyan Mission-House—a neat cottage, built chiefly with the teak or edoom wood of the country, containing on the second floor a large hall and two airy bedrooms, entirely surrounded by a spacious veranda; and on the first floor a store-room and a small chapel or preaching-room; in the front, looking into one of the finest and most open streets in the town, is a little garden, planted with orange, lime, bread-fruit, and fig-trees (the two latter having been recently introduced from the coast), and behind the house a spacious courtyard, planted with the sour-sop-tree, and surrounded by rooms consisting of servants' and workmen's apartments, so simply constructed, and yet so spacious, as to afford room, without any inconvenience, for quarters for the whole of the men consisting of the guard of honour.

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'As I sat down in the airy spacious hall in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment, planted in the midst of barbarism 200 miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of untutored pagans the comforts and conveniencies of civilised life, and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilisation.'

Nine days were now consumed in the ceremonial of exchanging presents. Desirous of seeing the king, but found that he was unavoidably occupied with superstitious observances. A private and preliminary interview only permitted.

'*October* 19, *Thursday*.—At 3 P.M., I went to the palace, attended by Captain Powell and the Rev. Messrs Freeman and Hillard, to have an interview with the king, for the transaction of business.

'The apartments of the royal premises are of the same order and style as those of the native dwellings generally—consisting of a number of square courtyards, connected with each other by doors at the corners, and having on one, two, three, or all sides, a room entirely open on the side looking into the yard, raised from one to four feet above the level of the yard, and communicating with it by steps made with clay, and like the public rooms in the streets already described; but the royal apartments are of much larger dimensions than those of the people, and are kept exquisitely clean. The king's residence in Kumasi, with its numerous attached buildings, covers a space of ground not less perhaps than five acres.

'On our arrival, we found the king seated in one of the squares of the palace, surrounded by many chiefs and officers of his household. We soon entered into conversation; and I told him that my visit was one of pure friendship, for the purpose of promoting good intelligence betwixt him and her Majesty's government. On this head I made many remarks, with which he seemed much pleased, and expressed his great satisfaction at the kind feelings manifested by her Majesty in authorising me to visit, and in sending him so valuable a present as that which had been delivered to him. Another subject which occupied us for some little time was, the best means of communication betwixt his and my government; and I embraced the opportunity of thanking him for the kind protection which he had afforded the Christian missionaries who had visited his country, and also of expressing my hopes that he would still continue to do so. The interview lasted about an hour.'

The next day the king paid a visit to the Mission-House, attended by his officers of the household, and many of his children. He stayed about an hour, conversing freely; inquired how many queens had ever occupied the British throne; the age of her present Majesty; and whether the Prince of Wales was heir to the crown; and was much gratified and amused when Captain Powell drew up his men and fired a salute.

On Saturday the 21st his majesty again made his appearance in front of the Mission-House, whither he came to drink palm wine, as a mark of respect to his guests. He came to the spot in a beautiful little phaeton, presented to him by the Missionary Society in 1841, and which he valued highly, and had kept in excellent condition. The English party joined him, and the band was ordered out to play, by way of returning the courtesy. While they were sitting in the street, one of the chiefs entertained them with a dance: this scene was prolonged for nearly two hours with much merriment and pleasantry. During this singular visit, from 5000 to 6000 of the populace were present, yet there was ample room for all, and no crowding, the street being nearly 200 yards in width. The city itself is about two miles in length, and a mile wide. They received an invitation to dine with the king at Eburasu, his country-seat.

'*October* 24, *Tuesday*.—At 2 P.M. we started for Eburasu, distant about 3½ miles from Kumasi. On our arrival we took our seat under the shade of a large silk-cotton-tree opposite the palace, and the king, in a few minutes, came over to us, took me cordially by the hand, and bade me welcome: we then proceeded to look over the premises, conducted by one of the officers of the household; while the king delicately took his seat under a tree near the spot where we had been sitting. I have already described the character of the native dwellings, and observed that the royal premises are kept more clean, and are of larger dimensions, than those of the people: these distinctions are very striking in the aspect of Eburasu.

'Many of the rooms around the squares were occupied with neat bedsteads of European manufacture, dressed with silk hangings, and decorated with mirrors, pictures, time-pieces, fancy boxes, chandeliers, and many other articles of European manufacture.

'After passing through and examining the principal apartments, we entered a square where the table was set for dinner, under the shade of some large umbrellas, about 10 feet in diameter, and the king immediately entered, and engaged freely in conversation with us; in a short time dinner was placed on the table, in a manner quite consistent with English taste, and it was really very nicely served up: it consisted of soup, a sheep roasted whole, a sheep dressed in joints, a turkey, fowls, a variety of vegetables, plumpudding, oranges, ground-nuts, &c. ale, wine, and *liqueurs*.

'The king excused himself from actually sitting and eating at table, on the ground of his inability to use with ease a knife and fork like a European; but he sat opposite me, and looked on with great interest, took wine with me and the gentlemen of my suite, and talked with great freedom on ordinary topics of conversation.

'At all our previous interviews he has generally been dressed in a rich cloth, but on this occasion he wore an officer's uniform.

'After dinner the king took us to the apartments of the ladies of the court, and introduced me to them, declaring that no Ashantee, not even a favourite chieftain, had ever been introduced to that part of the palace, or to the ladies occupying it.

'On leaving this part of the palace, we went out and sat down with the king under the shade of a large tree for about twenty minutes, and then, as evening was advancing, we turned our faces towards Kumasi: the king accompanied us in his palanquin about two miles on the road, and then we took our leave of him.

'The conduct of the king throughout the day was extremely gratifying, and I greatly enjoyed the privacy in which we had dined with him: no chiefs were present; there were only two persons of distinction present connected with the household, and they were merely in attendance on the king, and not taking any part in the affairs connected with the dinner.

'The remains of the dinner, together with some large pots of soup prepared for the occasion, were sent into the Mission-House for the soldiers and people.

'The situation of Eburasu appears to be well chosen: the ground is high, the country open, and the distance from Kumasi very convenient; and it is approached by an excellent road, founded with care, and kept clean and in good order.

'The extent of the royal premises is very considerable, covering perhaps four acres of ground.

'At 8 P.M. the king sent messengers to the Mission-House to acquaint me that he had returned to town, and to request that we would go down to the palace and spend an hour with him: to this I readily consented, and was much gratified, on our arrival at the palace, to find him almost alone, and quite disposed for friendly conversation. Ossai Kujo, the heir-apparent to the throne, and three or four of the king's principal linguists, were the only persons present.

'We immediately entered into conversation, and after briefly adverting to the kindly feelings of her Majesty's

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government towards him, I embraced the favourable opportunity thus offered for speaking to him on the subject of human sacrifices: I told him of the anxious desire on the part of her Majesty that these sanguinary rites should be abolished, and begged his serious attention to a question so important to the cause of humanity.

'In answer to these remarks, he inquired whether I had seen any instances of human sacrifice taking place since I had entered his dominions. I certainly had not seen or heard of any, and therefore expressed myself to that effect; and he then observed, that although human sacrifices were a custom of his forefathers, he was reducing their number and extent in his kingdom, and that the wishes of her Majesty should not be forgotten. . . . Matters relative to the Wesleyan mission in Kumasi were then referred to, and I was much gratified to find how completely the mission has secured his confidence and esteem.

'After conversing with the king for nearly an hour, we returned to the Mission-House, greatly delighted with all the pleasing circumstances of the day.

'*October* 26, *Thursday.*—At 7 A.M. we visited the king, to take our leave of him previous to our departure. On our arrival at the palace, we found the king ready to receive us at this early hour.

'The interview was quite private, like that of Tuesday evening, and the same persons were also in attendance on him. I again adverted to human sacrifices, and expressed my satisfaction at the remarks he had made on the subject during our last interview. He then observed that the number of human sacrifices made in Kumasi had been greatly exaggerated, and that attempts had thus been made to spoil his name. He wished me to understand that human sacrifices were not so numerous in Kumasi as they had been represented, and expressed a hope that mere reports relative to such a subject flying about the country would not be listened to; and he then observed, "I remember that when I was a little boy, I heard that the English came to the coast of Africa with their ships for cargoes of slaves, for the purpose of taking them to their own country and eating them; but I have long since known that the report was false, and so it will be proved in reference to many reports which have gone forth against me." I answered that I believed him, and that I hoped he would not forget that in every life which he saved from sacrifice, he would be considered as conferring a favour upon the Queen of England and the British nation.

'After conversing with him thus in the most unrestrained manner for about half an hour, we took our leave of him by shaking him cordially by the hand, and then returned to the Mission-House.'

On Friday, October 30, the party started on their return homeward, and reached Cape Coast Castle without any misadventure on Saturday the 4th of November.

The expenses of the expedition charged against the government appear to have been L.305, 11s. 10½d.; and we can only wish that public money had always been as well spent.

COUNSELS TO THE WORKING-CLASSES.

In the fourth volume of 'Lectures to the Working-Classes,' by W. J. Fox, M.P., we find the following wholesome and friendly counsels to the parties addressed. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may be taken in good part, and acted on:—

'The factious object of plaguing the middle-classes [in their effort to abolish trading monopolies], and of showing them that, even for the most righteous purposes, they were powerless without you, was defeated as it deserved. They succeeded, not only without your undivided support, but in spite of the active hostility of thousands who muster in your ranks, and of some whom you recognised as leaders. You thus made enemies, neutrals, or dubious friends of numbers whom your cordial co-operation, in a movement which involved your own interests as deeply as theirs, would have won to the support of your political rights. Such is the tendency of a narrow and party expediency. You were taught the crooked tactics of faction, and learned them with fatal facility. The blot upon your scutcheon is the darker, because you did not act in ignorance, or in a consistent error. . . . In fact, you have been led too easily, and given your confidence too readily. A class has risen up amongst you who get their living by agitation and organisation. They toil, not with their hands, but with their tongues. The beer-shop is their factory and home. The loom and the plough know them not, yet they always affect to speak in the name of the working-classes. Their harangues glitter with pikes, and smell of gunpowder, although they generally contrive to keep their own persons out of harm's way. They drill you to clamour, and would drill you to blood and plunder could they do it safely. They fawn on your worst faults, and yelp and snarl at all other classes, or at those of your own class who resist their dictation. They are fed by your enemies or pretended friends, to make tools and fools of you for selfish purposes. Through them the demagogue cajoles, the aristocrat bribes, the adventurer plunders, and the spy betrays you; and they are a ready agency for any scheme however preposterous, criminal, or disastrous. I write no names under the picture, and am content to be called a dreamer if nobody knows anything of the originals. Agitation, thus pursued, is not an honest trade. . . . You excite each other, while society is contemptuously calm around you; or only in the more timid exchanges its calmness for alarm. And then the honestly fervid and incautious are laid hold of, to expiate their rashness by enduring judgments due to criminality, while the crafty stimulators skulk into darkness until circumstances are again favourable for following their avocation.

'Strangely enough, you who have most need of co-operation, leave it to the aristocratical and middle-classes, and look on listlessly or enviously at the splendour of club-houses, and the convenience of railways, without asking how they are created, or heeding the lesson which they present to your eyes and ears. There are, it is true, some legal difficulties in your way, but they are not of the most formidable description; you rarely advance so far as to come into contact with them, and their removal would not be difficult when once your earnestness had made them an obvious grievance. To some extent you may become your own employers, your own landlords, your own tradesmen, and that greatly to your advantage and independence. Co-operation in expenditure is available more easily, and with more certain and immediate results, than co-operation for production. Various experiments, the results of which are before the public, have demonstrated that the great blessing of comfortable homes, with all the incidentals of ventilation, warming, cookery, &c. is within your reach for less cost than that of your often miserable and noisome abodes. Why call for help, instead of having the virtue and prudence to help yourselves? You have shown, through many a severely trying time, that you can bear manfully; it remains to be seen that you can also act wisely. Do not rail at political economy: you had better study it. If its principles be sound, they cannot be abrogated by legislation, nor destroyed by an insurrection of labour against capital. If those principles be sound, and a large induction has satisfactorily established them in the minds of the ablest thinkers, they are simply an exposition of the course of nature, of the sequence of cause and effect, which is as certain in the world of trade as the law of attraction in the solar system. They are merely the brief expression of classified phenomena, like the laws of mechanical agency or of chemical affinity. You must work in accordance with them, in the one case as in the other, or disappointment is the inevitable result. You can no more destroy the power of capital, or the dependence of labour upon capital, than you can destroy the impeding force of friction, or square the circle. What millions have been wasted in useless strikes! Nor is the offence against truth, as embodied in political economy, the worst, morally speaking, which has been committed: many of you have been the sorest enemies of the rights of labour, and severer oppressors of your brethren than your hardest taskmasters. Honest and skilful men, and in peril of starvation, have been hunted from shop to shop, from one establishment to another, because they had not served a regular apprenticeship, till they were fain to find a loathsome shelter in the poor-house, or lie down and perish by the wayside. Some of your combinations are as relentlessly exclusive as the

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sternest monopolists. This is a crying injustice. It is cruelty, where the title to sympathy ought to have been most promptly and heartily recognised. The jealousy with which some trades keep down their numbers, excluding all influx from other trades, limiting the number of the young employed, lest they should grow up into competitors, and even invading the natural right of their own members to train up all their children to whatever occupations they deem most advantageous, is a violation alike of free trade and of common humanity. It tells sorely against your moral right to complain of the oppressions of other classes when you thus oppress one another. In such conduct you may be true to your shop-comrades, but you are false to the working-class as a body. The freest circulation of labour is the common right and common interest of that class. It is one of the best physical benefits of education, which enables a man more readily to qualify himself for passing, when necessary, from one occupation to another. It is the corrective and equaliser of a redundant supply of labour for some trades, and a deficient supply for others; and it is the surest safeguard against those vicissitudes in trade and commerce which so destructively affect large masses of the labouring population, and plunge them into prolonged and bitter suffering. Let every man be free to earn his living as best he can. It is not the part of a fellow-labourer, a brother workman, to strike down his untasted loaf to the ground, or dash the cup from his parching lips.'

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Guides and guardians of the rising generations, mothers chosen by Providence for the grand ministry of preparing in our children brave and upright citizens for our country—it is for us to provide the rule and guide; it is for us to present to Italy in our sons magistrates of integrity, generous writers, men of activity, firmness, and justice, lovers of the beautiful and of the ancient virtues. Let us, then, examine the means by which we may attain so noble an object; let us endeavour to comprehend with clearness and precision what is the character of true civilisation, what are the vices and errors which oppose its progress, what are the thoughts and ideas by which they are most particularly favoured; what are the wants of our age, the virtues necessary to it, the inclinations and usages which contend with and impede their advance. And when we shall have renewed and reformed our own education, which in these respects, and among so many women, has been so unworthily neglected, let us strive to quicken in the hearts of our children the desires, the affections, and the hopes which, rendering man good in himself, render him also useful to others, and fitted to accomplish his social duties with facility, fervour, and firmness. Let us believe that in acting otherwise we shall be unable, without untruth, to declare our love for our country; and thus, by the effect of our own errors and negligence, a name formerly so dear to the world, and so much honoured, would remain unworthily buried in corruption.—*On the Moral Education of Italian Women, by Signora Ferrucci.*

'MUSIC OF THE WILD.'

In the summer of 1846 we were riding along the ridge of Cefyn Bryn, a mountain which extends from north-west to south-east across the peninsula of Gower in Glamorganshire; it was one of those still bright summer days in which the vibrations, or, more properly, the modulations of the atmosphere may be seen playing along the surface of the ground—when I became gradually aware of a faint Æolian-like sound, which I at first attributed to imagination or the hum of insects. My companion, however, soon remarked on it; and as it became louder and more distinct, the ponies, by their uneasiness, and the restlessness of their eyes, showed that they too heard the strange sound, which continued whilst we passed over about two miles of ground; but on commencing the descent on the eastern side we lost it. The nearest thing to which we could compare this unearthly music was the vibration of air which is sometimes heard and felt during some peculiar states of the atmosphere, if a steamer is 'letting off her steam' at eight or ten miles' distance: but neither this nor any other material thing will give a just idea of this sound, which even in its exquisite beauty was most distressing from its *universality* (I can find no other word which will at all express the feeling which it conveyed). I afterwards heard that others had been astonished by this remarkable phenomenon, which fully enabled me to understand the feeling with which the ignorance of superstition has always regarded sounds such as these, or indeed any which it could not understand.—*From a correspondent.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S THOUGHT.

THREE fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,
From spring-head onwards I have traced it wheresoe'er it goeth;
I used to idle on the banks, and childishly to ponder
O'er that river's shining course with pleasant awe and wonder,
Arranging in my secret mind a creed of mystic birth—
That Elfin river was a type of my own doom on earth.
And so from spring-head to the vale where many waters meet,
I learnt the story page by page, and other lessons sweet.
Where the yielding greenest moss gathers o'er the rounded rocks
('Tis the shepherds' favourite rest, crook in hand, to watch their flocks),
There amid the scented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,
Forth a hundred ripples gush on flowery paths to distant dells;
'Mid this waste of summer sweets, mark a fostering hand is near,
And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds here;
Thence again 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toying on its way,
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and fond delay,
Heedless on the water runneth, wideneth, and will not stay;
Tasteful bowers are left behind, grand and festal scenes are o'er,
And ere spring-head murmurs fade, bids adieu for evermore.
Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways drear,
Merrily it floweth through ruins dim and sights of fear;
'Tis a young and saucy streamlet frolicking so lightly by,
With its surface all unruffled, e'en though wintry breezes sigh;
Gliding on transparently with a murmuring song for ever,
Looking not to right or left—oh, it was a careless river!
Through the sheltered pasture-fields, winding in and winding out,
How the frisking waters ran, hereabout and thereabout!
Old oak-roots and ivy-leaves, cowslip beds and violet banks,
Washing o'er, and now and then foaming up and playing pranks.
'Twas an idle, roving life; but the dancing days were done,
When a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun;
And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—
'Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish, idle daughter!'
Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pool's placid face.
But stars shone on the other side of that clever talking mill,
And the holy moonbeams fell not alone on waters still.
Darting forward with a power they had never known before,
Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from the prison door;
Flowery meads and gardens trim were as though they ne'er had been,
Darksome depths, and raging foam, and splitting rocks made up the scene.
There is a deep and dread abyss, and into it the water leaps—
A silver thread diverging ere the furious current madly sweeps;
I shrank to hear the distant roar of the tumbling waters wild,
I prayed no wanderer forlorn along that way might be beguiled,
But follow by the silver thread to pastures fair where nature smiled.
Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble stream is known to few,
It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowd adieu;
Straight and narrow, pure and deep—onwards, onwards calmly gliding—
Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamlets hiding.

C. A. M. W.

LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A Parliamentary return 'shows that the total number of volumes of printed books received from 1814 to 1847 inclusive, under the Copyright Acts, by the trustees of the British Museum, amounts to 55,474; and the number of parts of volumes, including music, to 80,047. The number of maps, charts, &c. received since 1842 amounts to 187, and the number of parts of maps, &c. to 131. The total number of volumes of printed books contained in the library of the Museum at the end of the year 1848 amounted to about 435,000; the number of maps, plans, and charts to 10,221; the volumes of manuscripts to 29,626; the rolls of various kinds to 2946; the number of charters and instruments to 23,772; the number of manuscripts on reed, bark, and folded, to 208; the number of papyri to 55; and the number of seals and impressions to 851.' The number of volumes in the Bodleian Library of Oxford is about 220,000, and the number of manuscripts 21,000.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 292. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849. Price 1½d.

PERSONAL ORIGINALITY.

Any one who is strikingly distinguished from the generality of mankind by some predominant quality of intellect or disposition, is usually styled an Original. His personal characteristics are so manifestly distinct and individual, as to give the impression of a constitutional difference, such as is not usually observable among men. A man of this kind appears to us as an exceptional nature: his bold identity stands out from the multitude, like some prominent headland, or mountain peak, among the lesser eminences and trivial inequalities by which it is surrounded. There is no possibility of confounding it with the ordinary manifestations of personality, any more than there is a likelihood that we should fail to discriminate the Alps or the Andes from the inconsiderable undulations of a comparatively level country. Men such as Milton, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, are persons of such a determinate individuality, as to be instantly and for ever distinguishable from the rest of their generation. They are among the prominences and towering projections of humanity, whose figure and elevation assign to them a distinction in the history of human opinion and activity, equivalent to that which a Mont Blanc or a Chimborazo holds in the geographical arrangements.

This personal ascendancy is the colossal revelation of a latent originality which abides in all men. As there is no human face exactly like another, so neither is there any mind, or intellectual constitution, precisely proportioned after another's image; but each has some dissimilarity of features, and a distinct personality of its own. Men are never duplicates of their progenitors or contemporaries, but they are the infinite variations of a common nature, having each a separate state of being to unfold, and a separate destination to fulfil. Without some slight shade of originality there is no man born into the world. The most stupid person extant is different from all others by his superlative stupidity, if by nothing else; and his life accordingly, if developed in conformity with the tenor of his constitution, will present aspects of individual diversity. His peculiar distinction may have little to recommend him to himself or to the consideration of his fellows, but it is not the less a fact; and we may say, in passing, that the obviously wisest thing for him is, to accept his character for what it is, and to adjust himself in the scale of things according to the manner which his nature has prescribed. If in the ranks of intelligence he is palpably the lowest, the lowest place in the human relations will be most suited to his capacity; and he will be happiest, and in the best way provided for, therein. A true adjustment of men to their appropriate position in the world would go far towards opening to every one the chance of attaining to the place in which his personal gifts and accomplishments could be brought into the most fitting and complete activity. Society were then in all respects perfectly and harmoniously constituted; and, so far as the social institutions are concerned, there would be nothing left of what is right and beautiful to be realised. The kingdom of Perfectibility would have come, and there would be universal gladness and satisfaction on the earth.

What we desire here, however, more especially to indicate, is the fact of every man's personal independency—of his being a new variety of human power, destined to work out a new and peculiar existence. Given an altogether dissimilar apportionment of faculties, there will necessarily result from their due employment a new and hitherto unprecedented manifestation. Every sufficiently cultivated man will have an identity as complete and determinate as that which appertains to the pre-eminent characters whose magnificent isolation we admire; though, as the consequence of a less conspicuous endowment, it is not likely to be so boldly and prominently marked. An ordinary hill does not present the commanding appearance in a landscape which naturally belongs to a mountain, but the hill is not, therefore, the less *real*, or in anywise despicable as a portion of the globe. Not an atom in the universe could be spared, or innocently and without prejudice subtracted from the complement of creation. In like manner, there never was a man endowed with life who was not in some sort essential to the perfection of that universal humanity which he, under a partial and limited personification, represents. When Luther said that God could not do without great men, he uttered, profanely, a really profound truth; since we may be assured that such men are needful to the world's affairs, or they would not have been equipped with gifts and abilities so largely disproportionate to the rest. But if the assumption be true as far as concerns the higher intellects, it must be seen to hold equally in regard to all the lower manifestations of intelligence; and every man in his degree must be esteemed as a necessary and indispensable incarnation. For we are constrained to respect the integrity of the Original Wisdom, and may not impiously attribute to that august Power any superfluous creation.

From such a consideration of mortal being, there will follow some significant results. We can perceive that a man's duties are co-extensive with his capabilities. Each man stands in an original relation to the Supreme Soul, and is responsible to that for the complete culture and development of his nature. The law of his existence is accordingly an indivisible and unlimited self-reliance. He is constitutionally bound to unfold *himself*—conscientiously to work out his peculiar individuality. His personal gifts and tendencies have an obvious reference to the individual life which he is appointed to accomplish. No law is so sacred to him as that which he will find written in his consciousness. Every attempt to represent himself after the model of another, so far at least as his spiritual

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identity is thereby diverted into a foreign shape, will result in distortion and disarrangement of his integrity. Imitation is fatal, is a violation of that sacred personality which has been intrusted to his keeping, and whose entirety it is enjoined him to preserve as the foundation of his welfare. He shall not import into his constitution any irrelevant or adventitious elements, but diligently weed the garden of his mind of everything that does not properly consort with its free and graceful cultivation and adornment. Whatsoever he may receive from books, or draw out of the experiences of other men, he must digestively assimilate and incorporate it with the action of his own faculties. Nothing that he cannot transform into a personal power, or susceptively accommodate to the enlargement of his original resources, can be rightly considered to belong to him, but, as far as he is interested, is unimportant and extraneous. Certain facts and images make a more resolute impression upon one man than upon another: these, if he will take thought of it, have a reference to his endowments, and exert a special influence over his education. They are the hints which Nature offers for the acceptance of his intellect, that he may the more perfectly fulfil the destination whereof he is inwardly advertised, and which, being successfully attained, will be seen to be the appropriate outcome of his inherent qualities.

A strict conformity to the pure idea which he personally represents would render every man a unique character. Men would see in him a clearly-defined and self-subsistent nature; one whose life was the growth of principles within his soul—the natural embodiment of his intuitions—and not a loose and perverted incoherency, such as results when a man submits himself to be fashioned merely or principally by circumstances. That want of a definite character which is so commonly observable in the generality, follows from a prior want of truthfulness in themselves. What Pope said sarcastically of women—that for the most part they had no character at all—seems to be true to a large extent of men. But there is no deep-laid necessity for this; for if a man would abide steadily by his instincts, and trust to the spontaneous action of his mind, his character would inevitably grow out of the laws of his being, even as the branches and foliage of a tree proceed out of its natural vitality. A man needs only to be strictly and emphatically himself, and he will not want character. By truly unfolding his latent capabilities, by wisely asserting through word and deed whatsoever his pure reason shall command, by so exercising his powers as to reflect faithfully his individual nature, he shall not fail to exhibit traits of originality, and show forth to the world what manner of man he is. If he will but think of it, he is verily here to do that. Why should he cramp his energies into a foreign shape when the authentic type of his existence is in himself? All this painful striving to appropriate the supposed graces and characteristics of another—this restless ridiculous ambition to be anything but what we are—serves only to pervert and dissipate the native force whereon all manful integrity is dependent. Let the private thought be trusted, follow the honest suggestions of your conscience, and earnestly endeavour to *be* what your best insight tends to make you. All great men have accepted the admonitions of their genius, and heedless of the suffrages or clamours of the inconsiderate, have unhesitatingly relied upon their inward sense of what was right and fitting to be by them spoken or performed. By no other method can any man attain to that noble unity of life and purpose which is ever his highest and worthiest distinction. He must be a faithful representative to the world of that inmost form of being which is centered in his consciousness, nor aspire after aught that is not natural to his faculties; for thus only can he testify of the Supreme intentions in creating him, and adequately fulfil his true relations to the universe.

Unfortunately all this may be admitted, and yet it will be felt that there are practical difficulties which oppose the aspirations we are enforcing. In society every man is but a part, not a whole: in youth his destiny has sent him into a career possibly not congenial with his faculties and tastes: and worse than this, considerations of self-interest—absolute means of existence—may oblige the most noble-minded to assume the tone and position of subserviency. We cannot legislate for exceptions to great rules. Our belief is, that, all things considered, there is infinitely greater scope for acting on native motives and self-original principles than the world usually gets credit for. At all events, let each person ask himself this—Shall I be a mere imitator, the slavish follower of the herd in *all* things, or shall I try to work out opinions and views of my own? With candid self-examination, how many might not attain distinction, or at least be greatly useful in their generation, instead of sinking into the nothingness, and it may be the vice, of imitation. What we want to see is effort—effort to inquire, and to act on the inquiry, 'What am I most competent to do?' Let us be fully assured, all exceptions to the contrary, that each man's vocation is prescribed and indicated by the nature of his talent. Endless, truly, are the obstructions whereby a man is hindered from adjusting himself rightfully to his work. Nevertheless, a certain work always belongs to him: namely, that which he can best do—that which affords him the highest and purest satisfaction when it is done. If any man is unconscious of a definite inclination towards any particular species of activity, but finds all, or nearly all, indifferent, it becomes him at least to do *well* that which falls at any time in his way. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do in the way of duty, *do* it with thy might.' By putting heart and conscience into his work, there is no labour which a man may not ennoble. But the channel through which he can most admirably communicate himself, by a successful use of his special aptitudes and powers, is the one to which he should boldly commit himself, and esteem as the course which will most effectually conduct him to highest welfare. Working thus in alliance and companionship with Nature, he is strong through the virtue of her strength, and is fortified by her invincibility: no honest effort of his can fail; but every stroke which he strikes manfully on the anvil of his fate shall weld his life in closer unison with the life which is divine.

Let a man, then, take counsel of his own soul, and justify his appearance in the world by an austere reliance on his own character. Let him have due assurance that since he is born into the midst of things, and partakes of the breath of his generation, he has not been flung superfluously into time, but that the universe had need of him; since to him also a special work has been assigned, —namely, a new and original life to live. He shall not bend or cringe to any existing institution, or pay needless idolatry to any venerated name, but shall greet with a sovereign independence all accredited establishments and reputations, and by thought and act announce that here is a man who will summon all things to the bar of his own judgment. The pomps and solemnities of history and tradition must not be suffered to hide from him the fact of his inherent significancy in the creation, nor shake his sublime conviction that, in every worthy and right endeavour, the Omnipotent effort worketh covertly through his hands. By stationing himself steadfastly upon his manhood, and maintaining inviolate

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the citadel of his own mind, he shall draw resources from the wells of Eternal Truth, and all his acts shall be coincident with the primal laws of things. Having come into the universe, he has God's authority to transact his own affairs there, to think his own thoughts, and earnestly to do the work which is appropriate to his faculties. Let him not mar or corrupt his nature by any compliances with foolish customs and conventions; but resolutely abide by his integrity, as one who founds his justification on principles which are rooted in the Everlasting Soul whereby all things are sustained. With a stoical magnanimity let him face the world on his own basis, and scorn to be decorated by any distinction, by any ornament, which does not properly grow out of his character. Truthfulness to one's-self—that disposition and habit of life which permits the soul to shine through all one's sayings and performances—is not alone the first condition of all greatness, but also of every effort whereby any man would successfully raise himself in intelligence and worth.

LONG LOWISFORD.

Upon recovering from a severe illness when I was about sixteen years of age, I was sent for change of air to some relatives whom I had never seen, residing in a distant part of England. Placed under the care of a friend travelling the same route, our journey was performed in the mail-coach, which passed through the town of M——, within seven miles of my destination. Here I was met by a respectable serving-man, and immediately transferred with my luggage to an old-fashioned roomy gig. It was a May evening: in the morning I had left a populous city, and now we were passing onwards through woodlands and pastures, as silent and lonely as the untrodden valleys of the 'far west.' We skirted the side of a swift river, and I was half frightened when we forded it; but the song of birds, the gay wild flowers of the waysides, and all the sights and sounds that met my eye and ear, conspired to lull me into a sort of dreamy consciousness of new life and happiness to come. On attaining the summit of a hill, the domestic, who had not hitherto spoken, pointing to a spire rising amid the greenerie of a valley beneath, cheerfully said, 'We be just at home, miss: yonder is Long Lowisford.'

I had seen but little of the country during my brief career; and when we descended to the straggling village—well deserving its name of 'long'—a narrow gushing streamlet flowing throughout its length, with broad flagstones across to reach the houses, the setting sun tinting the gray gables, and playing in a thousand prismatic hues on the latticed windows, whose broad sills displayed many brilliant bouquets, fairy-land unexplored seemed opening to my view. We turned up a coppice lane, and came to a water-mill with dripping slimy wheel; and the foaming waters in the mill-dam quite awed me. We passed an old solemn church, and drew up at the little wicket-gate of the parsonage house, which seemed coeval in age with the church, the porches of both being much alike; that of the sacred edifice being festooned with ivy, and this with roses and chestnuts. I had longed to ask my conductor some questions concerning those with whom I was about to sojourn, but motives of delicacy withheld me from seeking information through this channel. I knew the family consisted of only two members—the Rev. Mr Evelyn and his sister Miss Bridget. I also surmised that they were 'old people,' at least according to *my* notion of antiquity; and I entertained many private doubts and fears that they might be 'prim and strict;' in short, old people who forget that once they had been young themselves!

But now I was in the hall, with its polished floor of dark oak, and in the arms of the prettiest, sweetest creature I had ever looked on; and yet these terms are applied to a lady past threescore years! I instinctively superior being, and that I must be gentle and good to win her regard, and forget all my wilful rude ways. There was a strange feeling at my heart prompting laughter and tears by turns; and Miss Bridget—for it was she—seeing me weary and emaciated, in a low, soft voice spoke tender words of comfort and encouragement. 'Poor, dear little creature! she is exhausted with her long journey: let us get her to bed, Folliman.' The call for 'Folliman' was answered by the appearance of a tiny, active old dame, many years Miss Bridget's senior, her *ci-devant* nurse, now housekeeper, or whatever she liked to be designated: but how widely different was the aspect of these two ancient women! Miss Bridget was a tall, slight figure, slight to attenuation, but still bearing the stamp of elegance and refinement. Her complexion was so transparently fair and pure, that I know not how I came to guess her age; for there were no wrinkles to betoken it: habitual heavenly calmness had bid defiance to the marks of time. Her silver hair was parted on her brow; but her clear blue eyes could never have been more intelligent and expressive than now. Scrupulous delicacy and neatness characterised her attire at all times; and her extremely beautiful hands and feet seemed more fit for show than use: indeed Miss Bridget's walks never extended beyond the garden; and her slender fingers brought melody from the curiously-carved spinet, the tunes she invoked being rare antiquarian treasures. Yet let it not be supposed that her days passed in useless employments or amusement—no: she presided over the still-room when assisted by Dame Folliman; decoctions and herbal recipes were judiciously manufactured and dispensed to the poor; the doctor of Long Lowisford—happy place, there was *but* one!—jocosely affirming that Miss Bridget Evelyn deprived him of half his patients. Then there was not a poor child in the parish that did not give evidence of Miss Bridget's handiwork in the clothes it wore: and all the little creatures were so neatly attired, their garments composed of small pretty patterns, that strangers remarked what good taste and thrift distinguished the appearance of the Long Lowisford children. There was not a baby born into this world of wo in Miss Bridget's parish whose first robe was not made by her fair hands. This was her sole recreation, except, indeed, the spinet, and those gentle ambulations round the flower garden. She never gathered flowers; and once I remember offering the dear old lady a moss-rose, but gently she put back my hand, saying with a half-stifled sigh, 'No; thank you, dear girl: I never accept and never present flowers.' There was a sadness in her low tone which set me thinking for many a day.—A very different individual in all respects was Dame Folliman from her mistress—a sturdy, wiry, fidgetty old soul—'here, there, and everywhere.' Nearly eighty, but with the activity of eighteen, her bead-like black eyes retained unwonted lustre; and she scolded the maids, and often kept the parsonage in a ferment when 'cleaning fits' were on her.

As to Miss Bridget, Folliman still treated *her* as a girl, chiding her sometimes as a fond nurse does a beloved nursling; still was Miss Bridget beautiful in Folliman's sight, and, according to her account, earth contained not another such angel in woman's form. 'I wonder she has never been married?' said I one day to the busy dame: 'it is very strange, so pretty and good as she is.'

'It would have been *stranger if she had*,' quoth the dame; but not another word could I draw forth.

But there was another individual of whom I have not yet spoken, whose affection for the sweet Bridget, if more silent than nurse's, was as sincere, and far more deep and fervent: this was her brother Mr Evelyn; and the attachment of this brother and sister had something touching and remarkable in it. He was a year or two younger than she, though he looked older, the lines of thought and care having impressed their marks

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rarely lapsed into a smile; but ever bore about with him the conscious dignity of his high calling. Devout meditation was stamped on his fine brow: he was a profound scholar, and a finished gentleman; but though uniformly courteous and benevolent, I never felt at ease in his presence. It seemed as if he could have no sympathies in common with me; and my silly prattle ceased when Mr Evelyn's clear blue eye, so serenely cold, spoke, as I fancied, reproof to all levity. He was a faithful pastor, equally beloved by the poor and rich: to the former he proved a valuable 'friend in need' at all times, while the latter eagerly courted his society and advice.

During that long happy summer I was a continual source of annoyance and anxiety to Miss Bridget; for as health and strength returned, so did hoyden propensities and outrageous spirits: besides, the novelty of a country life excited my wildest delight, and I rushed about more like a young savage than a young lady. Torn frocks scrambling for wild flowers, torn hands plucking them, wet shoes and muddied stockings, were among the least of my mishaps; and had matters been no worse, and rested here, many months of suffering for myself, and anxiety for my kind friends, had been avoided. But despite admonitions and gentle warnings, received with derisive laughter on my part, and an obstinate determination to persevere in a wrong-headed course, I persisted in entering a meadow where a dangerous white bull grazed, to show my 'superiority to cowardice,' as I said. Once too often I ventured; the infuriated animal tossed me to the other side of the hedge, where I was found bleeding and insensible, one leg broken, and a deep gash over my left eyebrow. How tenderly I was nursed by Miss Bridget and Dame Folliman, and how bitterly did I reprove myself! During convalescence I was haunted by a nervous anxiety to hear the worst—to have the *lecture over*, which I knew was deserved, and I thought was in reservation for me. Repentant and humbled, I earnestly desired to obtain the pardon of Mr Evelyn and Miss Bridget; and one evening, when my heart was full, I told Folliman this, for my restless yearnings were unbearable. They had gone to visit some neighbours, and the dame and I were alone together.

'Oh, Folliman!' I exclaimed, 'what must they think of me, so kind and good as they are? When they were young, did they ever do foolish, silly things?'

'I do not think that Miss Bridget ever did a silly thing in her life, much less a sinful one, bless her dear heart!' Nurse spoke with much warmth, placing an emphasis on the words 'Miss Bridget.'

'But Mr Evelyn,' pursued I; 'he seems to be above all the weaknesses of our nature: will he believe my desire to amend, nurse; and that I am heartily ashamed of myself?'

'Set your mind at rest, Miss Anna,' responded Folliman: 'no one can feel for others as master does, because he has known a lifelong repentance for rashness committed in youth. I have had it in my mind to tell you the story when you grew better, because it will be a lesson to you for the remainder of your days: for the memory of your own sickness may pass away with the occasion of it; but when you think of Long Lowisford and dear Miss Bridget, I am sure in future years you will never be violent or headstrong again.' And so saying, Dame Folliman settled herself in an easy-chair preparatory to a long gossip. The substance of her narrative was as follows:—

Forty years ago, a large party were assembled at Dalton Park, the seat of Sir Reginald Dalton, in expectation of passing a joyous Christmas in the true old English style. Among the guests were Mr Evelyn and his nephew and niece, orphans tenderly brought up by that excellent man. Bridget was betrothed to Sir Reginald Dalton's eldest son, and the marriage was to be celebrated during the ensuing spring. There was a large family of Daltons, and only one daughter, a young lady about Miss Bridget's age. The boys were schoolfellows and companions of Edward Evelyn, whom his uncle destined for the church, always fondly trusting that he would become steadier and less headstrong as he grew older and wiser.

Of a bold, reckless spirit was Edward then, pre-eminently handsome and active, and the leader in every mischievous prank attributed to the Daltons and others. Much concern and anxiety he gave his worthy uncle by his wild ways, for he heeded neither reproof nor warning; he liked to do a thing, or he wanted a thing—that was sufficient—and the selfish impulse must be instantly obeyed. Even his sister Bridget, whom he dearly loved, had no power to check or control his violent spirits; and there was another whose disposition and character were more akin to his own—the darling and only sister of many brothers—the dark-eyed, beautiful Helen Dalton; who, while admiring prowess and superiority in every form, took upon herself to admonish, chide, and rebuke her early playfellow, Edward Evelyn; for was she not his senior by two years? And in right of this seniority must not he receive the lectures thankfully and submissively? Whether Helen's mature age or sparkling orbs claimed dominion, is not certain; but that Edward frequently bowed to her decisions is so; though not unfrequently these high spirits clashed, when their mutual displeasure lasted long enough to make reconciliation sweet. It seemed not altogether improbable that at some future period the bond between the respective families might be cemented by another union besides that of Reginald and Bridget: the two fair girls, though opposite in many respects, were sisters in affection; and the more so, perhaps, because Reginald was dearer to his sister Helen than any of her other brothers. Nor was this partiality altogether inexcusable; for Reginald Dalton combined all those amiable qualities which in domestic life bind and cement endearing love so closely.

Bridget was ever hopeful as to her brother's future career; for he was a generous, warm-hearted fellow, despite his obstinate temper: his brilliant abilities unfortunately rendering steady application to study of secondary importance to him; he achieved, as if by instinct, what others plodded over at a snail's pace.

This Christmas party at Dalton Park, it may be imagined, was a merry one; though one thing the boys earnestly desired, yet which no human means could procure. This one thing wanting to complete their enjoyment was a frost; for there was a fine sheet of water in the park, and if that were but iced over, what splendid skating they could have! Edward was passionately fond of this pastime; and when a sharp frost *did* set in, and the earth was covered with snow, and the miniature lake with the much-wished-for ice, his delight knew no bounds.

'No skating to-day, boys,' said the baronet; 'for the water is deep—awfully deep—and I insist that no foot shall venture to cross it. To-morrow, if the frost continues, we shall see what can be done.'

Sir Reginald Dalton's word was law with his sons; but Edward Evelyn felt chafed and indignant at his peremptory mode of speaking, and he burst into his sister's dressing-room, swelling with indignation, exclaiming—'*I* shall go on the lake to-day; he is no father of mine; and I wont be dictated to by him! Uncle has gone to S——, and there is nobody to forbid me, and I know the ice is strong enough for skating. Come, dear Biddy, you have your bonnet on; come and see me skate. Ah, what beautiful flowers you have here: I saw Reginald gathering them in the hothouse, and I guessed they were for you!'

'They are to place in my hair at the ball this evening, dear Ned,' said Bridget, archly smiling as she added, 'there are plenty more snowy camelias left, and Helen's jetty braids will set them off to advantage. Will you not present her with some, and leave the skating, dear, for the peaceful employment of flower-gathering?'

'Helen may gather them for herself, if she likes,' pouted Edward: 'she is as dictatorial as her father.

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But I am not going to lose my sport for her whims; so come along, Biddy—I'm off!'

'Nay, Edward,' urged the tearful Bridget; 'I am going to walk with Reginald; but I intreat you not to go on the treacherous ice to-day: to-morrow, perhaps, you can all enjoy the pastime together, and we ladies will then come and admire your grace and dexterity.'

'A parcel of cowards, Bridget! I wonder you should turn against me too. But go I will, were it only to shame them all!'

'Reginald is no coward,' said Bridget colouring; but she added no more, for remonstrance was unavailing when the evil spirit of obstinacy was uppermost with her brother. He darted from the room, scarcely hearing her last words, but shouting, 'Walk by the lake—I shall be there.'

Bridget rearranged the bouquet which her impetuous brother had displaced; and bending over the perfumed blossoms, she kissed them, half smiling and blushing at her own folly; but they had been gathered by the hand she best loved. She walked with her betrothed to the banks of the lake, in the hope that they might win Edward to leave the dangerous spot: but no; he was on the ice, and cried out exultingly when he saw them. When Reginald found that Edward was determined on disobedience, and would not listen to remonstrance, he moved away with Bridget, feeling as if his prolonged presence tacitly encouraged rebellion to his father's just commands. They left the water, and were entering the woodlands, when a shriek reached their ears—a shriek as of one in extremity. Pausing for an instant only to gaze on Bridget's blanched cheek, Reginald darted back in the direction of the lake, whence the appalling sound proceeded. Bridget followed as quickly as her agitation permitted: she saw an arm and hand appear above the surface of the water; and as Reginald grasped it, her brother struggled for dear life, and regained the solid ice, fainting and helpless. At the same moment the weaker part crashed in with Reginald Dalton's weight, who disappeared beneath it. Frantic screams for aid were unavailing; for aid came quickly, though too late—too late! Reginald had saved Edward's life at the expense of his own; and his affianced bride witnessed the sacrifice. She had indeed cast herself into the water, with the impotent hope of saving that precious life: she was with difficulty rescued; but her lover rose no more!

What words can paint Edward Evelyn's agonies and remorse! His bereaved sister tended him during the months of almost hopeless derangement succeeding the awful catastrophe; she never by look or word reproached or reminded him of the dreadful past, and her patient smile first greeted his recovered perceptions. The years following this fatal event were unmarked by recognition or forgiveness on the part of the Daltons; and Bridget intuitively shrank from obtruding her sorrows on their remembrance, for was not she the sister of that brother whose very name brought anguish to the father's heart? How often she thought of the warm-hearted Helen, her dear and early friend; and Bridget yearned to hear her speak words of forgiveness! Then hope might once more dawn for Edward: for now he was sunk in lethargy, his prospects blighted—his heart seemed turning to stone. Bridget Evelyn knew that her brother's sufferings were far more intense than her own; religion taught her resignation and submission when the first tremendous shock was over; and to her sorrows the poignancy of self-upbraiding was not added. For her alone did Edward live, or wish to live, and by a lifelong repentance and devotion expiate his boyhood's fatal error; and when, in the course of time, the same healing balm came also to his aid, and he began to think of entering on the duties of his sacred calling, this beloved sister, whose self-abnegation was so perfect, sustained him in his resolutions, and cheered and comforted him on his heavy pilgrimage. But yet there was another trial in store; but Edward was better prepared to meet it now. Bridget received a letter from Sir Reginald Dalton, containing the afflicting tidings of Helen's hopeless state, and summoning her to Dalton Park, at the earnest and last request of the dying. Helen had continued to droop since Reginald had perished so fearfully: there was a deeper sorrow to combat with than even her beloved brother's loss, for Edward also was lost to her for ever. She could *not* give her hand to *him*; every feeling of her nature forbade it. But to win her father's forgiveness for him, to accord her own, and to tell him that her affection in death was unchanged—this Helen felt she must accomplish ere she could depart in peace. And she did accomplish it: and she died in Bridget Evelyn's arms, calling her 'sister,' and charging her to bear the message of consolation, forgiveness, and love to Edward.

Need it be added how faithfully this devoted sister performed the bitter task? But while sorrowing for the early dead—his first and last love—Edward Evelyn felt lightened of a heavy burthen, which, as a malediction, had oppressed him. He was forgiven by the earthly father, and would his Heavenly one prove unrelenting?

These details, imparted by Dame Folliman with many tears and discursive comments, coupled with the severe punishment which had befallen myself, afforded a lasting and salutary lesson. It is very rarely that our misdeeds injure only ourselves; and it were well if we early learned to remember how many kinds and degrees of selfishness there are disguised under the names of impulse or rashness. To this day I have a strange feeling when I am offered flowers: my thoughts are carried away instantaneously to that Christmas bouquet of poor Bridget, and my ear thrills again with the sweet sad tones in which she told me that she never gave and never accepted flowers.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

From the kingdom of Dahomey, on the western coast of Africa, the largest and most steady slave-export trade is carried on. To counteract this trade, the British government, as is well known, incurs a large annual expense, and practically fails in its object. Thus disconcerted, our government has made the attempt to persuade the king of Dahomey to abandon the trade in slaves; and the history of this attempt, drawn from a parliamentary paper, we now propose to give. The particulars are contained in a report by B. Cruickshank, Esq. respecting his mission to Dahomey.

The writer of the report begins by glancing at the present state of this nefarious traffic. 'For a period,' says he, 'extending over the last twelve years, the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the king of Dahomey has averaged nearly 8000. In addition to this number, another thousand at least are annually brought down from the interior, and are kept in slavery in the towns and villages upon the coast, where they enjoy, when well conducted, a very considerable share of liberty, and all the necessaries of life in apparent comfort and abundance; but they are subjected to exportation for acts of gross disobedience, as well as for social offences of an aggravated nature.

'It appears to be a general practice with the masters of the slaves to permit them to prosecute their own affairs, and to receive in exchange for this concession of their time a stipulated monthly sum derived from their labour; owing to this arrangement, an industrious slave is sometimes enabled to acquire his freedom by obtaining funds necessary for the purchase of two slaves, which will generally be accepted as the price of his redemption. This annual supply of 9000 slaves is chiefly, I may say entirely, derived from a systematic

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course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the king by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

'The king generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defence.

'The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the king's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the king's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that those wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the king of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Aberkoutah; but in these and similar cases, where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

'After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the king by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the king's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. A selection is then made of a portion of the slaves, who are reserved for the king's employment; and the others are sent down to the slave merchant, who not unfrequently has already sold his goods on credit in anticipation of their arrival.

'An export duty of five dollars is paid upon each slave shipped from the king's dominions, even although the port of embarkation may not belong to him. It is a frequent practice to convey them by the lagoon either to the eastward, as Little Popo, or to westward, as Porto Nuovo, neither of which towns are in subjection to the king. He, however, has command of the lagoon leading to these places, and the duty must be paid previous to their embarkation upon it; so that from the export duty alone the king derives an annual sum of 40,000 dollars. But this is not all. The native dealer, who brings his slaves to the merchant, has also to pay duties on each slave at the different custom-house stations on their road to the barracoons. The amount paid at these stations it is more difficult to ascertain, as many of the slaves are the king's own property. A sum, however, of not less than 20,000 dollars may be set down for this item. If we estimate the annual number of slaves sold by the king himself at 3000, and reckon them at the present price of eighty dollars, we have an additional item of 240,000 dollars; thus making in all a revenue of 300,000 dollars derived annually from the slave trade.

'But this calculation, which is a near approximation to the truth, and is under rather than above the exact amount, does not by any means convey a just impression of the advantages which the king derives from the slave trade. By the laws of his country he inherits the property of his deceased subjects; so that his head men and others who have been amassing property by this traffic, have only been acting as so many factors to the king, who receives at their death the fruits of the labour of a lifetime; a very small portion of the estate, in slaves and cowries, is generally returned to the natural heir, which serves as a species of capital for him to commence in like manner his factorship. Under a system so calculated to induce an apathetic indifference, the king contrives, by repeated marks of royal favour, and by appointments to offices of trust and emolument, to stimulate to industrious exertion the principal men of his kingdom. These appointments, moreover, become hereditary, and their holders form an aristocracy, with sufficient privileges to induce the ambition of entering its ranks.'

In the circumstances here stated, it will not appear surprising that Mr Cruickshank had undertaken an impossibility. On being introduced to the king of Dahomey, and expressing a hope that he would assent to a treaty to extinguish the slave trade on his coast, his majesty was very much at a loss how to reply. He was anxious to conciliate the British government; but on the other hand, the abandonment of the slave trade was pretty nearly equivalent to financial ruin. His majesty's excuses are admirable. 'His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject, and they had come to the conclusion that his government could not be carried on without it. The state which he maintained was great; his army was expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his government could not be suddenly changed without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honour. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade. No other trade was known to his people. Palm-oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow, and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honoured customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them. It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honoured, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life, had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over foes reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be. A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessaries and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade. The expenses of the English government

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are great; would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English government.

'Such were the arguments which the king used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty; and much regret did he express that the object which the English government had in view was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

'Although inwardly acknowledging the force of his objections, I did not give up the subject without endeavouring to convince him that in the course of a few years, by developing the resources of his rich and beautiful country, he would be able to increase his revenue tenfold; and that the slaves whom he now sold for exportation, if employed in the cultivation of articles of European consumption, would be far more valuable to him than they now were. I endeavoured to make him comprehend this, by informing him of the price of a slave in the Brazils, and asking him if he thought the Brazilian would give such a price for him if he did not find himself more than repaid by his labour? He believed this to be the case; but the length of time required, the whole process of an entirely new system, and want of skill among his people to conduct such operations, appear to him insurmountable difficulties. He was willing, however, to permit Englishmen to form plantations in his country, and to give instructions to his people.

'At last the king appeared anxious to escape from this harassing question; and by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. What principally struck me upon this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the king to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and slavery to their enemies: his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the king's face as he regarded me with a look which said, "these are my warriors;" and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the wild sparkle of their delighted eyes, gleaming with strong excitement, as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the king's question—"Could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?" The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument than any the king had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild, and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not be misunderstood.

'At no time before my arrival in his country did I ever entertain the faintest hope of his acceding to it in good faith; and since I had ascertained at Whydah the amount of revenue derived from this trade, and had seen the rude and expensive magnificence of his state, I could not but feel that a repetition of my paltry offer of an annual subsidy of 2000 dollars would only clothe me with ridicule. I was anxious, however, to ascertain whether the king really regarded it in a merely pecuniary point of view, and would forego the trade in slaves upon finding his revenue made up from other sources. He assured me that he would; but even with this assurance, I may be allowed to doubt whether a monarch and a people of such ambitious character would cease from making war upon their neighbours.'

Mr Cruickshank had subsequent conversations with the king of Dahomey on the subject of his mission, but all equally unavailing. Afterwards, De Souza, a person famous in the annals of slave-dealing, tendered a piece of advice which seems far from unreasonable. '"Your government wishes to put a stop to the slave trade?" said he. I assented. "Then leave it alone; leave it alone," he repeated; "and believe me, you will disappoint the slave-dealer far more than by the most stringent laws you could form; and in the course of a couple of years you will be much nearer your object than by enforcing the strictest blockade which the whole navy of England could make of the coast of Africa." The source from which this counsel was derived may render it very suspicious in the eyes of some; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the old gentleman was giving a true opinion upon the subject, and certainly, as being the observation of a man of De Souza's shrewdness and experience, it is worth more than a casual notice. It is a distressing truth that our present blockade is no check whatever to the slave trade: it is flourishing at this moment to such a degree, that the last accounts from Brazil report more than 8000 slaves in the market there without any purchaser; and not long ago a cargo of slaves arrived at the same place, which found such a bad market, that they were given up to pay freight. In presence of such facts as these, and the additional fact, that during the whole period that we have maintained cruisers on the coast, the slave trade has gone on uninterruptedly, we must be convinced of the futility of such a system: it appears to me to serve no other purpose than to increase the horrors of the traffic. In the first place, the certainty of losing a considerable proportion by capture, increases the slave merchants' orders for supply to the slave-hunting African kings, and so renders more frequent and incessant their cruel forays, with their endless tale of miseries from the bloody battle-field, where they were taken prisoners, or from their smoking huts, where they were surprised in sleep, throughout their toilsome journey over the burning plains and through the swampy forests, until their arrival on the sea-shore. In the next place, the precautions necessary to avoid the cruisers oblige the slavers to cram these miserable objects into the stifling holds of small vessels, where it is well known thousands die from suffocation. In addition to this, I believe I may add, that it sometimes happens that the slave merchant has been more fortunate than he calculated upon, and that more of his slaves have escaped capture than he expected; he does not therefore require the additional lot of slaves who have been hunted down for him; so they are left sometimes to starve in the hands of their captors, and sometimes are led forth to gratify them with their tortures. There can be no doubt but that much of this incredible suffering would be avoided if there were no cruisers; and truly, if we cannot alleviate the miseries of these wretches by our blockade, let us not add to their torments by our philanthropic but fruitless exertions.'

De Souza was right. Our attempts to put down the slave trade by armed cruisers is proved to be utterly hopeless, and monstrous on the score of inhumanity, not to speak of expense. Ships cannot repress the slave trade, neither would a line of fortresses on the coast: for in the latter case, the trade would only be diverted into a new channel. Besides, a land blockade would embroil us with the Americans, French, and other nations. In the name of common sense, then, why is the present pernicious and ruinously-expensive policy pursued? If we must have a hand in the thing, why are not more placable means employed? To the consideration of this most important subject the mind of

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all reasonable persons ought to be directed. Unreasoning philanthropy, in this as in other things, has done nothing but mischief.

THE MARIGOLD WINDOW.*

THE author of this elegant volume means no doubt to typify his mind by the marigold window of a cathedral, and his thoughts by the light which passes through it, modified by its fantastic, yet little varied forms, and mellowed by its dim poetical colouring. He exaggerates, however, the value of the illumination conveyed through such a medium; forgetting that it can be of little or no utility in bringing out hidden truths, being introduced merely as a constituent part of a picture, the main object of which is effect. Thought, in fact, is not our author's province. He is led by the constitution of his mind to confound sentimental with philosophical reflection, and to imagine he thinks when he only feels and fancies. Even religion he confounds with its forms; ascribing a devout character to the 'tide of munificence and taste now widening throughout the realm,' and tracing it to 'that fountain of revived catholicity welling up within the green seclusion of the Oxford cloisters.' Christianity, to be felt by him, must be objective. He desires to unite the church on earth with the church in heaven by praying for the dead, and believing that the dead pray for him. He sees no inconclusiveness in this means of union: what his nature craves, and must have even in acts of devotion, is a *picture* for the employment of his heart and imagination.

In one respect this peculiarity is of advantage to the book, although in another it will diminish its chance of popularity. The advantage—and to that we will confine ourselves—is obvious in the excellence of the descriptive pieces. An old house, a ruined church, a dim and mystic wood, were hardly ever more finely painted. You see the shapes of bygone days flitting through deserted rooms; you listen to the swell of the organ vibrating through vaults where the bat is now the only inhabitant; you hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees. At this season of the year more especially such a book is welcome. We all of us want to flee away somewhere and be at rest. We care not about the paradox in saying that God made the country, and man the town; but continue panting for that Thing of Beauty which lives in green shades, and on mountain sides, and in old solitary houses; and so we

> —— 'Rest in hopes
> To see wide plains, fair trees, and sunny slopes,
> The moon, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers,
> Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.'

These 'overlooking towers' are, after all, the grand charm of the picture, bringing the things of inanimate nature home to our business and bosoms. 'Old mansions!' says our author, 'what a worthy theme of chronicle—what a wealthy mine of romance! That they were monuments of the opulence, the magnificence, and the dominion of our forefathers; that their reverend frontispieces look on us, as it were, from beyond

> "The deep backward and abysme of time;"

that their principal connection is with the buried world; and that they hold converse with the living from among the dead—are *not* considerations to nod and sleep upon, if you be instinct with one spark of that heavenly fire which animates the earthy tenement called flesh and blood.' The heart of an old mansion is the fireplace. 'Undoubtedly the fireside is the Magnus Apollo of romance, the cradle at once, and the nurse of legendary lore. Look at the superiority of our northern tales over the voluptuous lucubrations of softer and sunnier realms, and you may trace it to the influence of the long winter nights, the heartsome homes, and the hearth-flame—the talkative, the amusing, the ethereal hearth-flame—which at once inspires our fancies and suggests our recreation.

'The soft purple sky jewelled with stars, the paradisal perfumes from groves of orange and palm, the silver sparkles of the marble fountain soothing the still and tepid air, the gushing cadences of the nightingale, the tall, pillared pavilion, wooing the spirit-like breezes to wander and whisper round its painted galleries, or flit through the gilt lattice of its balconies—all these appliances had much in themselves to divide and distract attention from the story-teller of Italian gardens.

'But when the dark night, early swooping down on the woods and towers of English homes, drove within their gates, and gathered round their firesides, both young and old, high and low, from the stirring excitement of out-door toil or sport; when rain, and sleet, and wind, stalked by door and window, grim warders as they were, and forbade all egress; when the well-spread board had exhausted its gratifications, and the very wine-cup had ceased to charm—then did that domestic fane, the chimney vault, manifest its glories unveiled; then did the feudal focus vindicate philosophy for appropriating its Roman title to express the centre of attraction!'

To give an account of the heterogeneous contents of a volume of prose and poetry like this is out of the question; but as Scotland, for various good reasons, will be the great field of the tourist during the present season, we are happy to be afforded an opportunity of illustrating, and perhaps exhibiting in a new phase, some of its more familiar sights. One of the best triumphs of the railway is the Cheap Excursion, which opens out a world of poetry and romance, intermingled with historical monuments, to eyes that have hitherto been condemned to behold such matters only in the pages of a book. But books, although imperfect in themselves, very often serve as spectacles to enable those to see who would otherwise receive only confused and indistinct impressions; a fact which we may illustrate by selecting a very common object in a very common and cheap excursion. Common and cheap! These words escaped our pen, and it is only on reflection that we are startled to think of the character of the journey we would indicate. The tourist proceeds from Edinburgh to Glasgow—from Glasgow down the course of the Clyde beyond the Gareloch—up the whole length of Loch Long—across the neck of land to Loch Lomond—down Loch Lomond from end to end—overland to Dumbarton—up the narrower part of the Clyde to Glasgow, and back again to Edinburgh: all in one day, and all at the expense of a few shillings! The object on this tour illustrated by our author is the hotel at the head of Loch Long.

'Descending upon Loch Long, we passed the beautiful village and the Hall of Arrochar, once the principal mansion of the chief of the M'Farlane clan, almost sepulchred in huge groves of noble old trees. It was not our original purpose to have tarried in this romantic spot; but in consequence of some defect in the working of the steamboat, we were compelled to land when about half way down the loch, and walked back to the old castle, now used as a hostel, but still in the occupation of the family (how downfallen!) of the M'Farlanes.

'Behold us, then, settled for the night in a wide wainscotted saloon, of carved walnut panels, and to which a steep stair rises direct from the very threshold of the porch—a general air of antiquity hovering over everything, and of course embellished by a thousand visions of the old and warlike clan. The ample hearth sent up a cheerful blaze, most acceptable to this chilly, autumnal night; still there was an aspect of desolation, reminding one powerfully of the Udolpho chambers, with all their

* The Marigold Window; or Pictures of Thought. By the Author of 'Fragments of Italy.' &c. London: Longman. 1849.

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accessories of banditti, tyrants, and ghosts. I was to have the haunted room for my dormitory; and fully expected some gigantic chieftain in plaid and kilt to undraw my curtains at the dead of night, and hallo his wild "Loch Sloy!" in my startled ear. My anticipations, however, were not doomed to be realised; for I had a night of deep and refreshing slumber, chimed to by that heavy old clock, whose dim silver dial-plate and spiral frame stands at the head of the great staircase.

'At the first ray of a brilliant October sun I rose, hastily performing my toilet rites, and hurried down to the basking beach of Loch Long. It was a morning of airless frost, cloudless sun, and such serene silence, that the booming of a hundred waterfalls (bournes swollen by the late heavy rains) sweeping down the hills seemed to enhance the repose that enfolded the village, the castle, the church, the woods, and the glass-like sheet of Loch Long in its sleepy spell.

'The old manor castle itself stands on a pleasant point of smooth green turf, commanding the lake: a double row of majestic plane-trees (the customary attendant on the Scottish tower) forms a delightful grove on the south; and the mighty Hill of Arrochar rises abruptly behind the mansion towards the east.

'The house itself is tall, and built in the shape of a T. The most interesting apartment is that which still goes by the name of the Laird's Parlour. It is a lower storey, snug and secluded, wainscotted with fine larch, having the panels highly painted in Dutch landscape, with festoons of fruit and flowers. Among other things, it contains a most curious tea-service of rich porcelain, made in China, expressly for a M'Farlane of his day. Each piece has the M'Farlane arms—argent, a cross invecked, saltire, gules, between four roses seeded and barbed proper; the family crest, a sheaf of arrows; the supporters, two Highlanders; the motto, "This I'll defend," and the slogan of the clan, "Loch Sloy," all emblazoned in gorgeous colours.

'As I stood upon the turf behind the interesting building, I actually revelled in the united enchantments of that gray legendary place, and the serene glory of that autumnal morn.

'The venerable house, with its six high gables, towering into large moulded chimneys; its porch surmounted by the wreath that once surrounded the heraldry of the clan M'Farlane; the massy gate itself, clenched with iron studs, the principal stair revealed at the open doorway, and the date of the building, 1697, traced in Arabic figures over the portal, lay all ablaze in the placid splendour of the morning sun; the heavy old trees stood up, green and full, into the azure sky, not a leaf of their variously-coloured foliage tinged by the autumn; and on the mountains beyond the red mineral stains, and the tinges of the dead heather and withering fern displayed their sombre and harmonious colouring.

'What a morning, after a night spent in the gloomy grandeur of a decayed Highland castle!'

The Gareloch, which we have incidentally mentioned, is one of the most beautiful bits of water in Scotland. It stretches up from the great bay of Helensburgh, making Roseneath, with its ducal seat, a peninsula, and after leaving the majestic Clyde, assuming all the characteristics of a gentle and solemnly-tranquil inland lake. Here the tourist, who has more time than the flying excursionist, will be tempted to seek out Lady Carrick's Lodge. 'Passing from the sunny shores of the soft Gareloch, through a dismantled gateway, apparently of the early Stuart dynasty, you find yourself all at once plunged among a solemn congregation of trees, whose dimensions are absolutely extravagant, and whose arcades of trunks bewilder you with the luxuriant waste of magnificence, till your astonishment borders upon awe. Yet there is nothing of the gloomy horror of a Druid's grove. The sun sweeps over lawny glades, that glance in velvet greenness here and there, emblazing sometimes entire ranges of foliage with sheets of lustre, and sometimes with difficulty cleaving through their boughs a pathway of radiance that enlivens even the gloomiest shadows of their recesses. As to the trees themselves, nothing can exceed the variety of their enchanting foliage (evidently the tasteful work of man's device). The sunny lime, now yellow with its fragrant tassels, the variety of the pine, the cedar of Lebanon, the American oak, the dark and massy sycamore, the aspen, the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, are intermingled with admirable art; while, on a mound apart and elevated, the Twin Titans do, by their prodigious bulk, win you for a space from the noble but inferior stature of their sylvan co-mates. Still so solitary, so silent, so neglected, looks this beautiful spot, that considering the colossal grandeur, its leading characteristic, you might almost imagine it some Eden which the Deluge had spared—some garden planted by the giants of old, men of renown.

'The labour of man, the art and the taste of man are everywhere conspicuous; and yet the only tokens that man selected this sweet place for his abode are two mouldering pillars, a formal avenue (just like a wall) of gigantic lime-trees, leading straight to two tiers of turfy terraces, which were once ascended by stairs, and guarded by balustrades of carved stone, and terminated by a grassy mound, completely over-canopied by ash, birch, and spindle-trees, at once the grave and the monument of the Old Lodge!

'What had its masters done that their habitation should be laid level with the earth, and yet their vast grove suffered to survive, as the witnesses and memorials that the place once so flourishing was now cursed?

'Strange, various, and even contradictory stories are whispered among the rustics. At anyrate it is a lovely, a solemn, a spirit-stirring precinct. I question if I would willingly visit its huge hollows by the ghastly moonlight!'

After these splendid trees come the funereal yews, and more especially those of Dirlton Castle, on the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. 'These are the most extraordinary I ever saw. They are of gigantic dimensions, and so thick, as to form profound shades, whose Druidical solemnity a whole forest could not surpass: not frowning here and there in solitary dignity like *intruders* on the lighter foliage; but glooming in congregated grandeur, the sombre ascendants of the baronial *pleasance*, their multitude rendering the other trees insignificant, and their sublimity making the gayest colourings of the orchard look trivial and garish.

'Their vast size is eminently remarkable, where they form the broad and lofty ramparts of the bowling-green, rising to the height of fifty feet in some parts, and in others forming solid walls of clipped foliage round the four sides of a square area of considerable size, and the smoothest and greenest turf. This is in a hollow, over which the old castle (one of the most beautiful and interesting ruins in Scotland) rose, when I saw it, high on a basaltic crag, exhibiting a vast assemblage of round, octagon, and square towers, above which the great donjon stood pre-eminent, interspersed with steep coronets of notched gables and chimneys of the most beautiful mould, huddled together in the most picturesque way imaginable; robes of rustling ivy spread their glossy brocade over the greater part, while the ruddy westering sun painted both the majestic edifice and its solemn tapestries with fervent gold. Deciduous trees, richly annealed with a thousand autumnal colours, clustered around the castle; and below them lay the smooth bowling-green, with its long low seats of turf, corresponding with every side, and its arbours in the centre of each. The placid purple of the sky above, the superb pomp of the autumnal foliage, and the profound gloom of the Æthiop yews, their summit just touched by the sunset, at which

"The melancholy mass put on bright looks, and smiled,"

formed altogether a pleasing accompaniment to this October evening, with its breathless atmosphere, dropping leaves, and distant voices from the village green.' The owl follows naturally the congenial yew, with a

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lament for the approaching close of his ancient solitary reign. The interior of Dirlton Castle 'is the most intricate, shattered, and piquant thing in the shape of a ruin that ever invited an adventurer of the Radcliffe school. Galleries, staircases, recesses, bowers, halls of vaulted stone, turrets that rise not higher into the golden sky than its vaults sink deep into the pitchy earth, sullen wells, shattered niches, dismantled pillars, and fair and luxuriant trees, waving everywhere in their most finely-moulded chambers. The gorgeous and aromatic gillyflower glows here in lavish splendour. One room is very striking. It occupies the great round south-west tower, and is of course circular, is lighted by three windows, whose recesses, nine feet deep, have each groined ceilings, containing a huge fireplace, with carved columns and moulded cornice, and terminates in a stately alcove ceiling or cupola. The castle abounds in gateways, and there seems to have been court within court, some broad and turfy, others tall and narrow as a well. I never saw a Scottish castle so spacious; nor in England one which, with no extraordinary architectural splendour to boast, possesses more attractive features than the basaltic seat, variegated fabric, and antiquated gardens of Dirlton Castle.'

Here is an old town hit off in a paragraph:—'A most romantic air of high antiquity she truly wears—clustering in broad towers and lofty steeples, and girdled by solemn and darkly-globose woods. I do not know when I have seen so striking an effect of architectural old age in a city—not in mitred St Andrews itself. The town stretches the tall and quaintly-gabled mansions of its main street along the southern brow of a steep hill. She then circles round its western ridge, and spreads her houses and gardens down the sides. Gray stone fronts, with blue and red roofs, promiscuously intermingled with tufts of verdure, form a highly-coloured raiment to the mound; and at its top the stately eminences of the High Street, like a mural coronet, spiked with slender shafts, look, glittering in the sun, down on a fertile plain. The dark and arching wrecks of the regal and abbatic buildings—frowning over a wilderness of gorgeous tinted foliage in the blue misty Glen of Pittencrief, close, with melancholy majesty, this solemn, yet splendid picture. Such is high old Dunfermline town!'

Rothesay Castle is sketched as boldly and as rapidly, and Elgin is satisfied with a few master-touches. 'The view of Elgin from the highway on the east is exceedingly impressive. The boldly-vaulted bridge in the foreground, baring its gray face among rich woods of ash and Oriental plane, makes a triumphal arch over the broad, crashing river. And at the back, monstrous in their magnificence, the two great steeples of the minster, with their tall gable and its grand window between them, together with the graceful octagon of the Chapter House, elevate their venerable bulk above the bridge and its green groves. Glooming against the coloured heavens behind them, that fill up each melancholy orifice, their sombre majesty associates well with the heavy gleams of a storm-foreboding sunset, and the thundery purple of those long, bleak hills. The solemn pomp of the principal objects, and the gorgeous colouring over all, together with the awful tranquillity heightened rather than infringed at intervals by the hollow gusts—(the light horse of the approaching tempest)—combined in a superb picture, over which the "lion port" of the gigantic cathedral reigned paramount.'

We can only refer to the description of Loch Leven Castle as being highly characteristic—some will think it amusingly so—of the writer's enthusiasm; but our space will afford nothing more than an abridged sketch of Falkland Palace. This 'is a highly-picturesque fabric, and, from its associations, absolutely fascinating; but if a man goes thither merely for architectural delights, why, then, a great square donjon, with broad turrets and notched gables, a façade of low and heavy structure, with massive cornice and thick cable mouldings, together with the peculiarity of dozens of medallions between the buttresses, every buttress containing a statue with elaborate canopies and brackets, frowning turricles enringed with noisy jackdaws, and tall chimneys with quaintly-carved coronals, an assemblage of gorgeous but unwieldy decoration—will, it is to be feared, wofully disappoint him.

'The great hall is 100 feet long, and 40 broad, and its roof is redolent of the flattering remains of past royalty, and wretchedly false promises of future immortality. It is painted in ribbed compartments of azure, vermilion, and gold—in scrolls, in shields, in diademe, in mantles, in cyphers, in mottos. . . . *Fleur de lis*, roses, and thistles, complete the faded decorations of the ceiling; in the centre of which is a large shield containing the arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland; the Red Lion being marshalled *first*, and England quartering France *second* in the escutcheon. I observed the portcullis and crown (the badge of the Tudor family), and the Prince of Wales's plume, with its motto of majestic humility—"Ich Dien." A grand gallery with five colossal windows looking northward extends parallel with this apartment. How like gilded motes in the sunbeam appear its departed companies to the imagination! Nothing but royalty breathes in the murky air: nothing but ermines and coronets break through the dismal arcade: no echoes but of royal command and courtly adulation flit beneath that high and dusky roof! Through the windows you may see the soft hills, sheltered villages, and tinted woods of Strath-Eden; just such a warm sun as this tinged the pale stubbles and green pastures with golden red when kingly eyes saw, but recked not of them. But within the towered palace, *within*—where be the lamps that, with richly-coloured lustre, caused the departed daylight to be forgotten?—where the pictures that made the lovely landscapes of Strath-Eden appear dull and tame?—where the bowered and pillared tapestries which, when men saw, they said, "Would Nature were as fair!"—where the majestic forms that dignified these scenes?—where the lustrous eyes that *deified* them! . . . The most striking feature of Falkland Palace is its cumbrous magnificence of mould: even its commanding towers look low from their bulk. To see the buildings, however, in all their picturesque variety—the roofless and the roofed, turret and hall, staircase and gateway, diamond lattices and gaping windows of rich sculptures, the brocades of barbaric carvings that lace its broad buttresses, and the reverend hue of solemn gray that its huge walls disclose; while birch and pine-trees of gigantic trunks and clottered foliage are illumined by the calm evening sun-flame that floats upon the pile, and phalanxes of rooks hovering over the trees and towers, whose incessant cries scarcely permitted the shrill note of the martlet, or the deep soft tones of the cushat to be heard—thus to see Falkland Palace, makes desolation pompous, and imparts a glory to gloom.'

At the time and in the place we write, the easier classes are off we know not whither; and in lieu of them the streets are flooded with tourists from far and near, come to admire the objects that have palled upon the others. These new birds of passage are recognised by the healthy brown of their complexions, and by their apparel a little wild and uncityish; but more especially by the guide-book which they carry, like an official baton, in their hand. An English tourist always goes to work in a business-like manner. His pleasure is occupation. He is careful of matters of fact, and checks his book just as he does his hotel bill. Indeed we think there is 'something too much of this;' for in watching details, he may forget impressions, and for the sake of a cold correctness in things of little moment, sacrifice much both of the enjoyment and advantage of the journey. To such travellers, but more especially to the cheap excursionists, who have not time for details, a work like the one we are noticing is wholesome reading. It gives the moral colouring of the object, and informs with spirit what would otherwise be only inert matter.

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Although it may be wise, therefore, to employ sometimes the telescope and sometimes the rule, it is equally so to take a broad sweeping glance at the scene through some such medium as the 'Marigold Window.'

A LORD-KEEPER AND HIS MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.

If we wish to measure the true baseness of a debased state of morals, it may perhaps be better done, not by exaggerated accounts, and not even by selecting extreme instances, but by observing what those who are brought up in this evil moral atmosphere count as virtues. So perhaps the true wretchedness of the worst inn is not to be tested so well by the misery of its worst room, as by the tawdry finery of its best. Most people are made familiar with the vicious excesses of the courtiers of the Restoration—with the wild libertinism of Villiers and Wilmot—with the anecdotes of the easy, good-natured, and good-for-nothing king and his ministers; 'mad,' as Pepys tells us, 'with the chasing of a poor moth' in the saloon of the abandoned Lady Castlemain when Van Tromp's cannon were heard booming up the Thames. The schoolboy reads with a little wonder how the Lord-Chancellor Jeffries caught a cold, which produced a fever, from his imprudence—participated by another cabinet minister who joined him—in climbing a lamp-post to drink the king's health, when both were stark naked, and had of course drunk more than was conducive to their own health. About such details there is a certain rude and vulgar breadth, which, even when they are true, makes them look like exaggeration; and for a truer and more delicate measure of the morality and principle of that age, we have sometimes had recourse to the pages of those who profess to describe the virtuous men of the court.

In this view, the Honourable Roger North's lives of his three brothers—Lord Guildford, Sir Dudley North, and Dr John North—are a mine of minute and precious veins. They were published in two quarto volumes in 1740 and 1742. They were subsequently reprinted, rather for the use of the curious in historical literature than for the world at large, in 1826. The phœnix among these brothers was Francis, who became Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal. His portrait, as given in his brother's biography, is that of a very handsome man, whose face has a character of judicial grandeur and dignity. At first sight, it seems that of an honest man; and a person who looks at it before reading the book generally thinks so; but before he has finished, as from time to time he looks back at it from the incidents he is reading, he thinks he sees a certain shyness lurking about the well-developed mouth, the full well-fed cheeks, and even the broad lofty brow.

Perhaps the reason why the moral defects of an age are best developed by the eulogistic biographies, is because the biographer, who thinks all is perfect in the object of his inquiries, introduces us to all his weaknesses, which are the intricate and minute parts of character; while the person who records the vices of his neighbour only sees and describes whatsoever is flagrant. For instance, in an account of a man's vices, written by an enemy, or a person judging him harshly, we would never find an instance of sycophancy like the following, told in such a manner as to secure belief:—The young barrister courts a miserly but powerful man, whom all his more imprudent and more vicious brethren shun. In his brother's words—'He was exceeding careful to keep fair with the cock of the circuit, and particularly with Sergeant Earl, who had almost a monopoly. The sergeant was a very covetous man; and when none would starve with him in journeys, this young gentleman kept him company.' 'I hope,' says Roger North, the writer of these biographies, 'to rescue the memories of these distinguished persons from a malevolent intent to oppress them, and for that end bring their names and characters above board, that all people may judge of them as they shall appear to deserve.' In this point he shows his readers how the young lawyer curried favour with the judge, flattering his prejudices, and was ready to sacrifice the interest of an honest client whenever he found that, by pushing it, he lost favour with the judge. Thus 'in circuit practice there is need of an exquisite knowledge of the judge's humour, as well as his learning and ability to try causes; and his lordship was a wonderful artist at sucking a judge's tendency to make it serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion when he was plainly in the wrong, and when mere contradiction had but made him more positive; and besides, that in so doing, he himself had weakened his own credit with the judge, and thereby been less able to set him right when he was inclined to it.'

But his love passages are at once the most amusing and characteristic of this astute lawyer's commendable proceedings. At the present day, there is doubtless abundance of mercenary matrimony and hard settlement-bargaining; but it is usual to draw a veil over the harsher outlines of this species of traffic. Although this matrimonial slave trade is not counted in the catalogue of vices, yet it is shielded under that homage of hypocrisy which vice is said to pay to virtue; and we do not find it blazoned, as among a man's good deeds, that he drove a hard bargain for a wife, and was tempted by ten per cent. deduction to abandon the object of his proffered affection.

His first adventure may be styled the Romance of the Usurer's Daughter. It was thus:—'There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer in Gray's Inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich; but after his death, to be worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her; thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement, but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children? This was an inauspicious question, for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, "That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer." And so they parted; and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had at that time a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession and future hopes were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter, and thenceforward despised his alliance.'* Magnanimous Francis North!

The next incident may be called the Widow's Comedy. The astute young barrister had met his match in a young widow, who kept him and several others of his kind in a long suspense, until she at last married—as if for the mere purpose of spiting them all—a person completely out of the circle of her suitors.

'His lordship's next affair,' says his partial brother, 'was in all respects better grounded; but, against all sense, reason, and obligation, proved unsuccessful. When Mr Edward Palmer, his lordship's most intimate and dear friend, died, he left a flourishing widow, and very rich. The attorney-general and all his family had projected a match of their cousin North with this lady, who were no strangers to each other; nor was there wanting sufficient advices, or rather importunities, of the whole family for her to accept him, against which she did not seem to relict, but held herself very reserved. In the meantime his lordship was excited to

* Lives of the Norths, i. 186-7.

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make his application, which he had never done, or, at least, not persisted so long as he did, but out of respect and compliance with the sense of that worthy family, which continually encouraged him to proceed. Never was lady more closely besieged with wooers. As many as five younger brothers sat down before her at one time; and she held them in hand, as they say, giving no definitive answer to any one of them till she cut the thread; and after a clamular proceeding, and match with a jolly knight of a good estate, she dropped them all at once, and so did herself and them justice.'

'There were,' says the partial biographer, 'many comical passages in this wooing, which his lordship, without much pleasantry, used to remember; and however fit for a stage, would not muster well in a historical relation.' He mentions, too, that nothing but the desire of keeping well with an influential family 'could have held him in harness so long; for it was very grievous to him that had his thoughts upon his client's concerns, which came in thick upon him, to be held in a course of bo-peep play with a crafty widow.' Yet the most truly commercial adventure was the third, which is described thus by the affectionate brother:—'Another proposition came to his lordship by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be L.6000. His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who, as the way is, was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrunk to L.5000; and upon that his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr Broker (following) came to him and said, "Sir John would give L.500 more at the birth of the first child;" but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this despatch his lordship was made solicitor-general, and then the broker came again with news that Sir John would give L.10,000. "No," his lordship said; "after such usage, he would not proceed if he might have L.20,000." So ended that affair, and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity.'

'It is said that marriages are made in heaven,' is the next remark of the biographer—a singular one certainly to follow such mercenary doings. It refers to the ultimate matrimonial fate of the Lord-Keeper, who married a woman not only of birth and fortune, but of such affection and amiability, as his hard selfish nature did not deserve. Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' says of North that 'he had as much law as he could contain.' And it certainly seems to have filled him so completely, as to exclude every generous feeling and refined sentiment.

FREDERIKA BREMER AND HER COMPEERS.

The vigorous and poetic mind of Scandinavia was, until a few years ago, a sealed book to our literary world in England. The very names of its popular authors were unknown among us; and had it not been for the charming life-pictures of Frederika Bremer, this ignorance might haply have prevailed even to the present hour. Her tale of 'The Neighbours,' on its first appearance in an English dress, was hailed with universal delight, not merely on account of its freshness and originality, but also as making us acquainted with domestic life under an aspect which had heretofore been comparatively unknown to us. This enthusiasm concerning Miss Bremer's writings has not yet abated, so that each of her works, on its publication in England, is instantaneously sought after and devoured by persons of all ages and of all shades of opinion.

Frederika Bremer has had the good fortune not only to win popularity and esteem for herself, but also to create a general interest in behalf of the literature of her native country, so that translated copies of Swedish poets and historians now obtain a place on the shelves of our public as well as our private libraries and are inquired for with avidity by the ordinary class of intelligent readers.

Some slight notice of this accomplished writer, as well as of one or two of her literary countrywomen, may not be unacceptable to our readers. But before speaking of them, we must premise that it is no new thing for Swedish women to indulge a taste for literary composition. So early as the reign of Gustavus III., Hedwig Charlotte Nordenflycht was so renowned for her poetic talent, that she was sometimes named Urania, sometimes Sappho, by her admiring countrymen. And, in truth, her poetry possessed fully as much merit as any that has been transmitted to us by her contemporaries of the other sex.

It was, however, only in our present century that the real life of female authorship began in Sweden.

Far above all others stands Julia Christina Nyberg, better known in her own country by the name of Euphrosyne. Her lyrical productions are full of womanly grace and purity, and evidently spring forth from a heart which breathes the deepest and truest feeling. Her *Legend of St Christopher*, which is to be found in Atterborn's 'Almanac of the Muses' for 1822, may be ranked among the best specimens of Swedish poetry. We cannot speak quite so favourably of the tones which Dorothea Dunkel, Anna Lengrén, and Eleonora Alsedyll have drawn from their lyres; neither do we admire the romances of Charlotte Berger (born Gräfinn Cronhielm), who walks forth in the field of fiction on those gigantic stilts of pathos which are but too fashionable at present among the novel-writers of a neighbouring country. But instead of lingering among the authoresses who are less pleasing to our taste, we will turn to the trefoil of talent formed by the Ladies Bremer, Flygare, and Knorring, who have shared among them the delineation of quiet citizen-life, of lively village scenes, and of the more glittering world of drawing-room society.

Frederika Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, she inhabited Stockholm for a while, and afterwards spent some time with a friend in Norway. She now dwells with her mother and sister close to the northern gate of Stockholm, passing her summers at a neighbouring estate called Arsta. It is said that she has portrayed her parent in the venerable and singular lady who occupies the foreground in her recent tale entitled 'The Midnight Sun,' wherein also her fair younger sister is beautifully sketched as the suffering yet lovely '*Innermost*.' This sister is watched over by Miss Bremer like some fragile plant, which needs all the sunshine of life to make it bloom in freshness and beauty; and it is from the outpouring of her own unselfish heart that Frederika Bremer has given such living pictures of sisterly love and care.

It would be idle to speak here of her works, for they are in everybody's hands; and the merits of her principal personages are discussed with as much freedom in society as if they were our next-door neighbours, or our intimate acquaintances. But our readers will like to know what sort of being in her outer aspect is the lady who has given us such charming pictures of other women. That one who has already passed the boundary-line of middle age should long since have lost the freshness of youth, is self-evident to all; but we wish it were allowed us to add, that some traces of loveliness were still visible about her person, for we are conscious of an instinctive disappointment when the whole human being is not at harmony with itself, when a lofty intellect and a pure imagination are not embodied in a fair and noble exterior. Miss Bremer, however, is decidedly plain. Her spare, sallow features are, however, lighted up by a look full of intelligence and sweetness, and her meagre form is set off by the neat simplicity of her attire. There is perhaps somewhat of the teacher in her aspect—a certain staid and measured glance, which is often perceptible in those who are accustomed to watch over and to check the waywardness of youth. Yet this sort of formality does not destroy the intellectual kindliness

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of her countenance. She is quite aware of her own unattractiveness, and has therefore always positively refused to have her likeness taken. The picture of her which is in circulation is only an imaginary one, invented by a German painter for the profit of some bookselling speculation. It was humorously reported last year in a Swedish newspaper that the Americans had just despatched a celebrated portrait-painter to Rome and Stockholm for the express purpose of taking likenesses of 'the Pope and the Bremer.'

In Sweden, her tale of 'Home' is preferred far above any of her other works. It is allowed, even by her greatest admirers, that while the authoress views with a poetic eye the narrow and tranquil course of domestic life, and therefore sheds a tender glow around its scenes, she fails altogether in the gift of bold conception. Her female sketches are drawn with truth and spirit; but when she attempts to portray a manly character, her imagination pictures forth only some disjointed fragments, abounding in mistakes and improbabilities. Her philosophy is also somewhat too transcendental for the fiction of every-day life; and it is perhaps too frequently intruded on the attention of her readers. But fault-finding is an ungrateful task when there is so much to admire and to approve of as in the works of Frederika Bremer.

Emilie Flygare has not yet passed very far beyond the bounds of her thirtieth year. She is the daughter of a country pastor, and need only have recourse to her own early recollections when she wishes to depict the joys and sorrows of a village life. This is consequently her *forte*; and her work entitled 'Kyrkoinvigningen' ('The Church Consecration') enjoys great popularity in Sweden. Early in life she was united to an officer, and after his premature death, entered into more than one engagement of marriage, which, being broken off, occasioned unkind observations in the Swedish world of gossip and fashion. At length she gave her hand to Carlén, a very mediocre poet, many years younger than herself; and since this event, she has, according to the fashion of some celebrated women of the day, assumed the double surname of Flygare-Carlén. She resides with her husband in Stockholm, and seems very happy in domestic life. She is fully as expert a housewife as a story-teller, and is not ashamed of assisting occasionally in the cooking of her domestic repasts. Above all, she is very modest in her desire for praise, and seems heartily to esteem those who may be considered her rivals in literary fame. She has a slight active figure, and repose is by no means her favourite element. Her small features are rather pleasing than pretty; but a spiritual expression is imparted to them by the soft lustre of her clear dark eyes.

We must now say a word of the Baroness Knorring, who is a right noble lady, and dwells far from Stockholm with her husband, a man of family and fortune. Her age is not very far from forty; and it is said by those who know her well that her life has been one of deep and passionate emotion; that she may say emphatically with Wallenstein's Thekla—

'Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.'

'I have lived and loved.'

She is of a nervous temperament, and of very fragile health; and this, perhaps, is the sort of constitution most fitting to one who describes the weak, sensitive, *satiny* emotions of aristocratic life. Her style is light and graceful, and she is an admirable painter of *high life*, with all its elegant nothingnesses and its spiritless pomp. Her best novel is 'Cousinerna' ('The Cousins'), which, like the popular works of Bremer and Flygare, has been translated into German; but we do not believe it has yet appeared in an English dress.

So much for the three most popular romance writers of the present day in Sweden. We shall only add, that there is no country in which literature is held in higher honour than among our northern neighbours. It suffices for a man to have written a volume of interesting tales or of tolerable poetry, to be received and courted in the best society; neither is this thirst for learning confined to the more educated classes; for as one traverses the country, either in lake-steamers or by other conveyances, everywhere he is struck by the intense earnestness with which the poorest people are seen poring over some old and oftentimes worn-out volume, as if they were seeking for some hidden treasure. Perhaps they have learned intuitively the truth of Lord Bacon's celebrated aphorism, that 'knowledge is power.' May they also be taught the kindred but still higher truth, that 'wisdom is strength!'

AUSTRALIAN WINE MANUFACTURE.

For some years a considerable effort has been making to render Australia a wine-growing country. Vines of various kinds have been introduced from France, Italy, Germany, and other countries; their culture has been anxiously studied, and their produce made the subject of numerous experiments, all with the view of securing a new and profitable article of export.

The soil and climate of New South Wales being, we believe, especially suitable for vine culture, there it has been carried to the greatest extent; and we should infer that, fiscal arrangements permitting, the time is not far distant when clarets, burgundies, hocks, and other light wines, will form an important branch of import from Australia. And certainly, it may be added, if these articles are to be used at all, better buy them from our own countrymen in the colonies than from France, which, notwithstanding all our liberality, purchases from us as little as it possibly can. We should not indeed be surprised to see the French commercial mind brought by and by to its senses by our large import of wines from Australia.

To show what is doing in New South Wales to promote the wine manufacture, we have the satisfaction of referring to the proceedings of the Hunter River Vineyard Association, on the 1st of November last, as detailed in the 'Maitland Mercury.' This association appears to consist of a number of enterprising settlers of some standing, each of whom brings to an annual meeting a few sample bottles of wines produced on his property, and at the same time reads a report of experiments and observations. On the occasion referred to, proceeds the account in the 'Maitland Mercury,' 'Mr Lang of Dunmore produced three samples: a white wine of the make of 1847, a red wine of the same year, and a red hermitage of 1848. The white wine was of thin body and sharp flavour, but without acidity, and a very pleasant wine for a hot summer's day. The red wine was a good sound wine, of fair body and pleasant flavour. The red hermitage was remarkably good for its age, having been only bottled on the 21st September last; it had the hermitage flavour, and although necessarily weak at present, promised to make a fine wine with age.

'Mr Edwin Hickey of Osterley produced three samples: a hock of 1847, a pale burgundy of 1848, and a hock of 1848. The hock of 1847 had almost precisely the same flavour as hocks of different growth formerly produced by Mr Hickey; it had a pleasant quick flavour, and appeared perfectly sound. The burgundy was a very good wine, considering that it was only of this year's make, having the burgundy flavour, considerable strength and body, and so palatable, that it was considered it would become an excellent wine. The hock of 1848 was of course thin, and of slight flavour; but what flavour there was, was similar to that of the first hock.

'Mr Carmichael of Porphyry Point produced eight samples, four of which were tasted—namely, a red wine of 1846, a red wine of 1847, a red wine of 1848, and a white wine of 1848. The red wine of 1846, made from a mixture of black grapes, had rather a sharp flavour, and was somewhat thin, but was a pleasant wine: the red wine of 1847, made from a mixture of red grapes, was of a paler colour, and the flavour rather strong and harsh, although it tasted as if the flavour was not yet fully developed: the red wine of 1848, made from the *franc pineau* grape, was a very good wine for its age, having a good body and fine flavour: the white wine of 1848 made entirely from Shepherd's Riesling grape

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was an excellent wine, although so recently made, sound, of good body, of fine golden colour, and having a full, rich flavour: this was pronounced a really good wine, and a number of questions were asked as to its manufacture, &c. Mr Carmichael said that the wine was made from Shepherd's Riesling alone, and purely from the juice of the grape, the husks being fermented with it: it was made in February 1848, and bottled in September, about one hogshead being made; this was the first produce of those vines which were planted in land ploughed, but not trenched.

'Mr King of Irrawang produced two samples: a white wine of 1844, and a red wine of 1836. The white wine was made entirely from Shepherd's Riesling grape: it was a very fine wine, of rich fruity flavour, and a beautiful golden colour. The red wine of 1836, and consequently nearly thirteen years old, was much admired: it was perfectly sound, and had a very fine flavour, but was not equal in our estimation to the red wine of Irrawang produced by Mr King at the last meeting: it had been eleven years in bottle, and had made a considerable deposit on the sides of the bottle, and it was stated that being shaken in carriage had somewhat injured its flavour: the bouquet from this wine was very fine.

'Mr Kelman of Kirkton produced one sample: a red hermitage of 1847. This was a fine wine, of great body, sound, and strong; with the hermitage flavour and bouquet: of a remarkably deep colour, but quite clear.

'Some conversation followed about the different wines produced, but no distinct opinions were elicited. A general feeling of confidence was expressed that wine would soon be an exportable commodity from the colony.

'Mr King produced two samples of liqueurs—an orange liqueur and noveau. The orange was very sweet and palatable, almost syrupy, but was rather fiery in flavour. The noveau was remarkably good, of beautiful bouquet, and very agreeable flavour, without any fiery taste.

'Mr Lang produced a sample of white brandy, which was strong and somewhat fiery when tasted pure, but very pleasant when mixed with cold water.

'Mr Kelman produced a sample of white brandy, so strong, that, when tasting it pure, it was difficult to tell the flavour; but when mixed with cold water, it proved of fine and pure flavour.

'This closed the exhibition of samples, and a discursive conversation followed. Finally, reports were read. In one of these Mr Carmichael observes, 'I conceive that a half acre of vines on the alluvial land will produce in two and a-half years from the time of planting three hogsheads of wine of sixty gallons each; in three years and a-half five hogsheads; and will continue to increase in quantity till the half acre will produce five hundred gallons, or perhaps more. I have at this moment in my garden on the alluvial soil about twenty-four rods of vines, or about one-seventh of an acre, which produced last year three and a-half hogsheads of wine. This alluvial land does not so much require trenching as the forest land; indeed it may be dispensed with altogether if the land is twice ploughed, and then a double furrow opened for every row of vines—a spade deep being dug in the furrow when the vines are planted. I have offered to show to these people the whole process of the management of the wine (in which they imagine there is something very abstruse), and to go at any time to examine their wines, to see that their treatment of them is proper. There is,' he adds, 'no cultivation which the settlers in this country could enter on with more convenience and profit to themselves than the vine, because their time for the vintage is not required of them till the end of February, when their harvest and thrashing are all done, and the pruning and cleaning of their vines not till July, when their wheat-sowing is all finished, and they have a month or two of leisure.'

The most lengthy and explanatory report is that of Mr King. We well remember this gentleman thirty-four years ago when he was a shopboy in Edinburgh, and when we employed our winter evenings together in various scientific studies. Having proceeded to New South Wales, he there, from small beginnings, attained eminence in the manufacture of pottery and glass; but in the midst of these professional avocations at Irrawang, it would seem that he has been paying considerable attention to vine culture; and now it falls to our lot to give publicity to his far from uninteresting experiments. Commencing his report by a reference to the sample of red wine, vintage 1836, he says, 'This wine is the product of the black pineau grape, a hardy variety, though a shy bearer. Within eighteen months, however, from the time when the cuttings were put into the ground, the grapes were perfected which produced it.

'The vine cuttings were planted at Irrawang, William River, in September 1834, in trenched land, six feet by four apart, were trained to one stake, and pruned to spars of two eyes. The soil is free and open, being the débris of puddingstone and porphyry. When the fruit was ripe, it was gathered and pressed in February 1836. The juice was fermented along with the skins in an open vat. When the fermentation became less rapid, as indicated by the reduction of the temperature of the decomposing mass, the liquid portion (the wine) was run into a cask, where, after the fermentive process was finished, it was allowed to remain until the yeast formed had subsided. The clear wine was then drawn off, to prevent the precipitated yeast from again mingling with it, and thereby reproducing fermentation. With the same view, and in order to oxidise any remaining leaven, the wine was in the following spring again drawn off, exposed freely to the air, and run into another cask, where, for the sake of allowing the remaining yeast and oxidised leaven to subside, it remained till the winter of 1837, when it was fined and bottled. From that period to the present time the wine has, in its progress to maturity, gradually undergone various chemical changes. It has consequently deposited in the bottle a portion of its tartar and its colour, lost some of the grape sugar, increased in alcohol, and at times given out carbonic acid; all the while it continued to develop more perfume and ethereal odour, and is now more agreeable and mellow to the taste. Altogether, it has thus become a more perfect wine, without yet exhibiting any symptom of its having reached perfection, or rather that ultimate point of maturity at which, in all wines, deterioration must commence. This wine is the produce of the pure juice of the grape, without any addition whatever.

'One of the established laws of nature is, that chemical changes are accelerated with a rapidity proportioned to the temperature of the mass subject to such change; and consequently wine in a warm climate will naturally arrive at maturity sooner than in a colder one. Wine, we well know, is sent from Europe to the East and West Indies, so that the influence of the voyage may facilitate the ripening process, which is generally developed by long keeping. It is found that the wine, after being so carried to the East Indies, is superior to that which had in like manner been carried to the West Indies, simply because the longer voyage exposes the wine more to the influence of an elevated temperature. It has also been found that the same result may be obtained in a much shorter period of time by exposing the wine to a comparatively high artificial temperature—a practice, however, which I conceive to be dangerous and objectionable: and far more so the recommendation, for that purpose, of exposing the wine in bottle to the heat of a baker's oven, given in a French work of recent authority on the subject.

'The sample of wine now produced, having been grown and kept in this colony, must therefore possess its present degree of maturity years earlier than it could have attained the same degree in any of the more temperate wine-growing countries of Europe.

'A practical result to be drawn from the fact, that temperature exerts a powerful influence in modifying chemical decomposition is, that, from the heat of the climate, the wine growers in this colony, particularly in this locality, will find their wine comparatively soon at a given point of maturity, and will thereby be enabled to send it sooner into the hands of the consumer. This also points out the necessity of cool cellars for the preservation of wine in such a climate as this: whereas, in the higher latitudes, where wine is produced in Europe, the prime consideration in the storing of wine is to protect it from the frost.

'There is another law affecting materially the operations of the wine-maker in many stages of his process, from the fermentation of the juice to the disposal of the wine in bottle, to which I beg to call particular attention with reference to the sample of wine now produced. *Chemical action is active also in proportion to the volume of the mass acted on, other conditions being the same.* Hence it follows that wine, in a large mass, will ameliorate more rapidly, and develop its qualities more completely, than in a small one. It ought to be contained, therefore, in large vessels till that effect be produced; it may take only a few months, or it may take a series of years, to bring it to sufficient

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maturity. This depends on the original composition of the wine, the heat of the climate, and other modifying causes. On the Rhine, for instance, wine requires the lapse of many years to ripen to maturity; and to facilitate that result by the mere bulk of the mass, it is stored in very large tuns, some of which are estimated to contain hundreds of pipes.

'When the wine has at length been sufficiently so perfected, it is necessary to arrest or retard, if possible, this chemical process, which constitutes the ripening to maturity. For that purpose, in accordance with the law already stated, the mass must be reduced in bulk; and the most convenient mode of accomplishing this is that which is generally adopted—by drawing it off into common bottles, and packing them away in a cool cellar, to remain till the wine shall arrive at perfect maturity; in this state it may remain, according to circumstances, a longer or a shorter period. But wine forms no exception to the universal law. That quality which is common to all dead organic substances—to resolve themselves under ordinary circumstances into their elementary forms, and which, in the case of wine, aids in its formation, will assuredly in time accomplish its destruction. The same chemical decomposition which promoted the progress of the wine to maturity, will in course of time, even in bottle, as certainly cause its deterioration and decay.

'The sample of red wine presented is now nearly thirteen years old. It was kept only a year and a-half in cask, and has therefore now been nearly eleven years in bottle. Had it been some years longer in the cask, it would no doubt, therefore, have acquired its present degree of maturity in the bottle several years ago.'

Such may be said to be the rudimental state of a manufacture which will soon come prominently into notice in England.

OCEAN PENNY-POSTAGE.

[A newspaper paragraph with the above heading, which appeared in No. 290 of this Journal, has elicited the following remarks from a correspondent.]

The expense of conveying foreign letters by mail-contract packets to and from this country at the present time is about L.640,000 a year. The income arising, however, from packet postage falls considerably short of this sum, and it is probable that no alteration of the present foreign rates of postage would cause the income to equal the expenditure. The object, however, of the government in paying large sums of money to private steam-packet companies for the conveyance of letters, is not only to facilitate commerce, and contribute to public convenience, but to be enabled to convert such packets into war steamers in case of need, and to obtain a knowledge of the proceedings of foreign nations, particularly the movements of their ships of war, which could not be ascertained so cheaply by any other means.

The English mail-packets run to and from this country and France, Hamburg, Holland, Belgium, North America, Mexico, India, China, the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Brazils, West Indies, and the south-western coast of America. The sea postage on letters conveyed by these vessels varies from 8d. to 2s. 7d. To foreign countries the amount of postage is proportioned to the distance of any particular part, and the quantity of correspondence conveyed to it. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the packet-postage on letters conveyed a short voyage is greater than on those conveyed a longer distance. Thus the sea postage on a letter to Spain, the international correspondence being limited, is 2s. 2d.; while to America, four times the distance, where the correspondence is immense, it is only 1s. To every portion of the British dominions abroad, however (except Heligoland), the sea postage is 1s. This is the packet rate for conveying a letter to Gibraltar, a distance of about 1400 miles, and to Hong-Kong, a distance of above 11,000 miles.

The only important parts of the British dominions abroad to which there are no mail-packets are the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand. The correspondence to those parts is conveyed by merchant ships. The ocean postage on every letter conveyed by merchantmen is 8d. Out of this sum a gratuity of twopence is paid to the captain of the ship. It will be thus seen that on every letter conveyed to and from the places where the poorest and principal portion of our emigrants resort, the government derives a profit of 6d. The captains of merchant ships are compelled by law to convey letters for the ports to which they are bound, and to deliver them without delay when they arrive. The gratuities paid them are of no value to the shipowner, either in regulating his captain's salary, or in calculating the profits of his ship; because they form so precarious an item, and because also they can only be paid personally to the captain. They are therefore considered merely as a perquisite of the latter.

Now it has been suggested that the government should forego deriving a profit of 6d. on every emigrant's letter; and that, in consideration of the protection from insult and aggression which it affords to the merchant navy, it should compel the master of a merchant vessel to carry letters without receiving gratuities; and that the postage on a private ship-letter to and from any part of the world should be 1d. only. Such an arrangement would scarcely diminish the ocean postage derived from the mail steamers; because, travelling as they do with greater speed and regularity than merchant vessels, they would still convey the letters of the wealthier classes, and all kinds of commercial correspondence.

To all poor persons abroad, and particularly sailors in the merchant navy having relatives at home, the arrangement which has been suggested would be a great benefit. To the poor emigrant in South Africa or in Australia it would prove an unspeakable blessing. The universal complaint amongst emigrants and their friends is the failure of their correspondence in reaching its destination. This is caused principally by defective post-office arrangements in the interior of colonies, and to loss of ships and accidents at sea. But if the postage on ship-letters were reduced to one penny, a dozen letters would be written by the emigrant and his friends where only one is at present—some of which would be sure to arrive safely. At present, the settler in Australia is unwilling to burthen his friends unnecessarily with a tax of 8d.; he therefore writes his solitary letter, and must wait at least a twelvemonth before he can ascertain if it has reached home. If it fail in doing so, it is nearly two years before his relatives can tell whether he is living or dead.

All persons who have had to do with the emigration movement can bear testimony to the anxiety and suspense endured by the relatives of emigrants on account of the limited correspondence that is received from our distant colonies, and which arises entirely from expensive sea postage; and to the unbounded delight felt by the colonist at receiving at intervals, few and far between, a letter from the mother country. It will be utterly useless to organise an extensive emigration movement suited to the exigencies of this country until the postage on ship-letters is reduced. Emigrants and friends part with no expectation that they will ever meet again in this world; and the only consolation that can be offered them is, that they will be sure to frequently hear of one another's existence and welfare.

IMPORTANCE OF AMUSEMENT.

The whole world is distracted with factions; and therefore sure the old time was much to be commended, in tolerating, or rather giving occasion to, some country May-games, or sports, as dancing, piping, pageants, all which did serve to assuage the cruelty of man's nature, that, giving him some little ease and recreation, they might withhold him from worser attempts, and so preserve amity between men. Upon the abolishing of these you could not conceive in reason, were it not that we find it true by experience (for sometimes things which are small in the consideration are great in the practice), what dissolute and riotous courses, what unlawful games, what drunkenness, what envy, hatred, malice, and quarrelling have succeeded in lieu

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of these harmless sports! And these are the fruits which our strict professors have brought into the world! I know not how they may boast of their faith (for indeed they are pure professors!), but sure I am they have banished all charity.—*Goodman's Fall of Man.*

CINDERELLA.

BY MRS ORLEBAR.*

We extract a few stanzas from a metrical version of the story of Cinderella, distinguished by much feminine grace and elegance. Cinderella (the name so corrupted from Ella) is beautifully womanish, whether drudging for her harsh sisters, or fluttering through the prince's ball. Here is her second appearance at the ball:—

'Soon has the monarch hailed his guest
With gracious smile and greeting bland;
And now the prince his suit has pressed,
And won for every dance her hand.
High 'neath the gorgeous dome are swelling
The tones of music; taste and art
In many a rich disguise are telling
How ladies change at will their part.

But, like the spark of varying light
In those pale opals round her hair,
And like the floating robe of white
That caught all hues enkindled there;
Herself the same, to each she seemed
A vision of that brightest thing
He e'er had mourned on earth, or deemed
Might spread o'er life an angel's wing.

The mother thought her like her child,
All beauteous, hurried to the tomb—
On her the aged chieftain smiled,
And saw his wife in virgin bloom.
Prince Edred's thoughts enchanted trace
His boyhood's dream in Ella's eyes,
And mark each shade of woman's grace,
His manlier soul has learnt to prize.

That night in many a mirror tall,
The sisters oft their dress surveyed—
Admiring glances on them fall
For well was Ella's skill displayed.
But now, while all around them float
The stateliest forms of pomp and pride,
With jealous pang again they note
The lovely stranger by their side.

Still near the baron would she come,
And win for him the prince's smile;
Then speak to Sybil of her home,
With playful art and gentle wile:
Who that had seen her waiting last,
A handmaid at her haughty call,
Shrinking from anger's blighting blast,
Had known the Beauty of the Ball?'

The close of these entertainments, our readers are aware, is always abrupt for the fairy-decked lady:—

'She sang, and while Prince Edred heard,
He felt as though a finer sense
Of music's power within him stirred,
In soul-awaking eloquence:
For she had caught all natural tones
That swell our English woods among;
Her voice was soft as the last low moans
Of the storm, and clear as the blackbird's song.

She ceased, but terror blanched her cheek,
The clock slow echoed to her lay;
And like some form that might not speak,
Through wondering crowds she fled away—
She gained her car, the train was nigh,
The pages on their queen attend;
How rapidly—how silently
Their homeward way they wend!

Yet ere she reached the garden gate,
Her hair unbound—the dress she wore
Ill matched her slippers, glancing late
Like sunbeams on the palace floor:
Back creep the lizards to their hole—
Gourd, bulrush, poppy, withering fall;
And home the frightened maiden stole,
To wait within that gloomy hall.'

* London: Masters.

When she follows her sisters to another fête, she is the expected star of the evening:—

'They went: but 'neath the palace dome
Was all prepared for one alone.
Her time of triumph now was come,
And bright the crystal slippers shone.
The love within her bosom shrined,
Had moulded with its plastic power
The form that answered to the mind,
Like music, played in passion's hour.

Her girdle flashed with gems of light
Brought by some gnome from Eastern mine;
One wild rose decked her royal knight,
Worn where his star was wont to shine.
The ball-room seemed a fairy scene
Enchanted by a lover's spell;
A thousand lamps, green leaves between,
Glowed round the motto, "*Tout pour Elle.*"
* * * *

Yet on her voice Prince Edred hung
As though no royal suitor he.
She starts, for through the vines has rung
A peal of fairy melody!
"Oh stay me not—my hour is gone!"
From hall to hall fear wings her flight,
The prince bewildered follows on:
Has Ella vanished in the night?

She dropt one slipper as she ran,
He did but stoop to win the prize;
Of all the courtiers not a man
Can tell where last she met his eyes.
"Ho, guards!—ho, idlers round the gates!
Which way has gone the Fairy Queen?"
No lady passed—no chariot waits—
No trace of all the train is seen.

"A girl ran by in russet weed;"
"Here shone the car;" "A page stood there;"
"This bulrush lies where pranced his steed!"
"Tush," said the prince, "such tales forbear."
Well was it that some pitying fay
Led Ella to her father's home,
Or never had she tracked the way
That late so radiant she had come.'

The lost slipper, as in the original, is the means of identifying the radiant creature of the ball with the slave of the two tyrannical sisters; and a very charming little poem ends with the triumph of love, meekness, family affection, and generosity—the feminine virtues.

THE EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded colour, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stalo-coloured enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep with *pulverised charcoal!* Some days after I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose colour as I could wish! I determined to repeat the experiment; and therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and discoloured; but by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigour to the red or violet colours of the flowers, and the white petunias *became veined with red or violet tints;* the *violets* became covered with *irregular spots of a bluish* or almost *black* tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. *Yellow flowers* are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 293. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849. Price 1½d.

MOONSHINE.

The moon is something more than what astronomers tell us. Poets and sentimentalists of all classes have respectively their own ideas on the subject. Physically speaking, there may not be much in a 'matter of moonshine;' but there is a wide world beyond the sway of the five senses. Beauty, poetry, romance, belong to the spiritual realm, in which the soul sits supreme, with Memory and Imagination as her handmaids. Beauty, of itself, and totally irrespective of any other qualities, invests its possessor with a high and fascinating interest. And beautiful, surely, all will allow that orb to be which, rising upon the darkness of night, pours light from a silvery fountain upon earth, and sea, and sky, making lovely the sleep of nature, as the sun makes glorious her awaking.

Our readers have often heard of an Eastern potentate who styles himself Son of the Sun and Moon, but comparatively few have regarded this title otherwise than as a piece of Oriental bombast. Not so, however; and it is not less true than strange, that in China there exists at this moment a race of pagans, equal in number to all the nations of Europe, and superior to some of them in civilisation. The sun is adored by the Chinese as the Great Light, the moon as the Light of Evening. When sacrificing to the former, the imperial high-priest is robed in red; when offering oblations to the latter, in pale vestments; and the whole rites exhibit marks of a thoroughly material worship. We are astonished to think that this worship, whose origin was coeval with that of the Chinese nation, has now endured for more than three thousand years; and its existence among them at the present day is a convincing proof that civilisation alone is insufficient to emancipate the human mind from the blindness of superstition. If such is the case among the educated Chinese, we need not be surprised at finding the moon worshipped by tribes of the Pacific Ocean and of the American continent, among whom the mental vision has been weakened by a long absence from the light. Even among those desperados the Sikhs, a reverence for the lunar orb has not died out. During the late bloody campaign in the Punjaub, they monthly saluted the new moon with salvos of artillery; and on one occasion, says an Indian subaltern, when lying opposite our army amid the jungles of Russool, they 'kept blazing away at it the greater part of the night.'

In the heathen world of old, which worshipped the Creator through his visible works, an orb so beautiful and singular as the moon could not fail to elicit adoration. In the Sabian worship—the earliest and purest form of idolatry, which first seduced the star-gazers of Chaldea from the spiritual worship of the Creator—homage to the moon held a chief place. When they 'beheld the moon walking in brightness,' says the afflicted patriarch, 'their hearts were enticed, and their mouth kissed their hand.' In the regions of the south, through whose transparent atmosphere the orbs of heaven glow with exceeding splendour, the worship of the moon was almost universal.

Well did the Greeks make Luna the sister of the god of poetry! Who has not felt that there is romance and tenderness in the moonlight's haze, hanging like a silver veil on rocks and hills, and woods and waters? Modern poets have celebrated its magic power over the heart; and the verse-chronicles of early times are replete with strange fancies concerning it. In those days when the race of man was still young, and fond of the marvellous, the moon was generally considered the mate of the sun, and the female generative principle in nature. Fancy seems in all ages to have given the moon a tenant of some kind or other. Among ourselves the story is, that once on a time a man went into the fields on a Sunday to gather sticks, and that while engaged in this anti-Sabbatical pursuit, he found himself becoming thinner and thinner, till at last he was taken away bodily, and became the Man in the Moon, where he and his bundle of sticks are still to be seen. In a similar fashion the prose Edda informs us that Máni (the moon) carried off from the earth two children named Bill and Hjuki, as they were returning with a bucket of water from the spring called Byrgir; and 'these children,' the Edda adds, 'always follow Máni, as we may easily observe even from the earth.' Above all, in the land of the Greek, where religion, divested of its awe, became a science of the beautiful, the story of the virgin Luna was woven of graceful fancies. Lonely amid the blue fields of heaven, she yet could not escape from the yearnings of human affection. In the silence of night she beheld from the skies the beautiful night-watcher on the Carian Hill; and when she sank behind the woods of Mount Latmos, the Greek deemed that she sought there the embraces of the fair Edymion.

Although there is no heat in the moonbeams, and though their radiance, say astronomers, is between two and three hundred thousand times less bright than the sun's, yet in the regions of the south, a noxious influence is attributed to them, resembling in a faint degree the fatal *coup-de-soleil* (sun-stroke) of the same latitudes. 'The moonlight of Egypt,' says the author of 'Letters from the East,' 'is so bright, that a person can see to read with perfect ease; and the natives will tell you, as I found afterwards they also did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun: indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night would soon be utterly impaired

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or destroyed.' And in Hindoostan, it is well known that meat which has once been exposed to the moonbeams cannot be cured, but will quickly putrify; while meat in precisely the same condition, but which has not been so exposed, will preserve readily. Theoretical opinion must give way before a belief founded on experience so long-existing and so universally prevalent. From the earliest ages to our own times, from the sleepers on the flat roofs of Syria to the night-watch on board a Mediterranean steamer, comes corroboration strong. 'The moon by night shall not smite thee,' said the Psalmist three thousand years ago; and a modern writer relates the following incident as having happened to him when sailing in a Maltese vessel off the northern shores of Africa:—It was a brilliant moonlight night in spring, and, fatigued with heat, he lay down to sleep on the open deck; but soon afterwards he awoke with a feeling of suffocation, and found his cloak drawn closely over his head. He removed the encumbrance, and again went to sleep—again to be awoke from the same cause. The captain (an Englishman) now cautioned him against sleeping with his head and eyes exposed; and on his laughing at what he considered the captain's simplicity, the latter referred him to his sailing-guide, where cases were given in which such exposure had been followed by blindness, and sometimes by mental derangement. Lost wits go to the moon!—at least so ran the fable in the days of Ariosto. And accordingly, when the peerless Roland becomes love-frenzied by the coldness of the fair Angelica, and commits all sorts of monstrosities, even to that of running stark-naked through the fields, it is to the moon's orb that Astolfo rides on his winged steed to recover the senses of his friend.

In harmony with the preceding mixture of fact and fancy, is the common belief in the influence of the moon upon those most unhappy of beings—lunatics!—in whom the god-like intellect is extinguished, and the heart, left alone in darkness, forgets its high mission—whose very name (from *luna*, the moon) is expressive of this belief—and whose 'moon-struck' brains are supposed, like the ever-restless sea, to throb more tumultuously as the orb approaches the full. Oh, moon! how can one so gentle be thus cruel—one so lovely be thus ensnaring? How like art thou to woman! Like to woman in thy beauty, like to woman in thy changes; like to her in thy power over the heart and brain; blessing, yet sometimes blighting, him who would bask in thy beams! But let us not blame thee, nor her to whom we have likened thee. Rather let us learn that there is no influence so benign but it may injure—no worship so heavenly but error may mingle therein. The statue cannot always warm to Pygmalion, and Peril sits by the shrine of the beautiful.

Of the vast influence exerted by the moon over the tides of the ocean nothing need here be said. Only let it be remembered that when we stand on the shore at high water, and see the waves come tumbling in upon the beach, very strange does it seem to us that the wavelet that breaks and dies at our feet was born of the moon in the far south, amid the unbroken solitude of polar seas.

But an influence as mighty and subtle, and more inexplicable still, does the moon exercise in the moral world; and as if in harmony with her rule over the water, so sways she the tides of the human heart. Beneath the silent moonlight all the eye sees is repose; all the ear hears is the murmur of sleeping nature. We seem to breathe a tranquillising atmosphere, under whose genial influence the wave of passion subsides, and bitterness dies away in the heart. When the Ancient Mariner stood alone on the rotting ship, motionless amid a rotting sea—with the fearful spell upon him, and his heart dry as dust, so that he could not pray—the moon rose on his weary vigil. Then yearned he towards her as he saw her journeying through the sky as in her home; and as her light made beautiful the hideous scene around him, and he beheld the creatures of 'the great calm' disporting themselves where never an eye could behold their beauty, the stony heart softened, and he blessed them; and straightway the spell began to break. Coleridge had a warm impulsive heart; and doubtless in that career of sorrows, which to his sensitive spirit seemed at times like life in death, he had often gazed upon the calm pure face of the orb of night, holding on her way, passionless, all unmoved by the turmoil of earth: and with him, too, the spirit has grown tranquil, and the cry of the heart been hushed. A sweet consoler is the moon that looks in through the lattice on the weary and wo-begone, cheering him like the gentle face of woman, and yet saying never a word to remind him that he needs comforting.

Yet there is melancholy in the moonlight. Joy is the offspring of day, and laughter and the glad sunbeams go hand in hand; but merriment beneath the moonbeams jars like a loud laugh from a woman. It is an hour, indeed, when joys from the past come floating into the soul, and the faces of absent loved ones are present to the mind's eye; but all is calm, passionless, as an infant's dream. Festivals there have been beneath the moon, and enjoyments there are; but how different from their kindred of the day! Under the skies of southern night may be heard the tinkle of the lute, pale forms of dancing-girls may flit in the silvery gloom, and the sound of falling waters come on the cool breeze like the music of a dream; but the voice of the fountains only makes stillness more still, and motion brings out the sleep of the moonbeams. Through the vinewoods of Italy of yore youths and maidens strayed in the dazzling moonlight, celebrating the vigils of Venus; but on those balmy May-nights amid the concourse there was solitude, and for shouts of the worshippers only the still small whispers of love.

But for the moonlight we would miss one of the most delicate aspects of our planet, and lose a delicious contrast to the heat and glare of noontide. At midnight it makes a softer day—day, without its business, without its noise—day with lustre enough to beautify, not to make plain. It is an hour when the coverlet of cares and suspicions is lifted off, and the heart awakes, and fancy builds dreams.

> 'None but the loving and the loved,
> Should be awake at this sweet hour,'

says Moore; and all poets are agreed that the moonlight hour is propitious to lovers—dangerously so, adds Byron, who in a well-known passage of his 'Don Juan' comments on its influence in throwing over the heart 'a loving languor that is not repose.' Verily not even the star of eve, the star of love, Venus herself—brightest of the wandering planets, and goddess of the magic twilight—hears so many loving vows exchanged, so many sweet words whispered. Yet 'swear not by the moon—the inconstant moon!' says Juliet, looking from her balcony in the moonlight upon her lover—'lest thy love prove like variable.' But the fair Capulet felt how many dangers threatened their loves; and in her thirst for strong assurances, had Romeo sworn by the unchanging sun itself, she would still have asked for more. 'I will think of my love in the moonlight,' says a simple ditty; and whether the object be the gallant Romeo in the garden of his hereditary foes at Verona, or the 'sailor-boy' on his way to the banks where pearls grow, in the hope of bringing thence a casket for his mistress,

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the sentiment will generally find an echo in those who, though one in heart, are

——'Severed far,
As its reflection from the star.'

Straying by the mellow moonlight of autumn—with no voices in the fields, and no sound in the air, save the fitful murmur of the Teviot, borne on the breath of early night—and thinking of one then wandering beneath the southern cross, I have looked to the moon walking in brightness, and my mouth has kissed my hand. Not in adoration to thee, queen of heaven!—but I fancied the eyes of a loved one were then gazing on thee, and, reflected in thy silver mirror, looked down in unforgetting calmness upon mine! Fancy's

'Smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.'

But what is the aspect of this 'silver regent of the night?'—in what bright world would we find ourselves if transported thither? Are those silvery beams raying from a paradise tenanted by happy mortals, or beings more godlike still? When young, we did not ask ourselves such questions, but vague fancies like these filled our brain when gazing upon the bright lamp of night; and all that was sweetest in our dreams of fairyland and elysium we loved to gather round the 'moonlight's home.' The home of the moonlight!—alas! maturer years, that have cruelly dispelled many a sweet vision, have not spared our lunar utopia! At the glance of the telescope, as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, the glitter of the borrowed sunbeams falls off, and reveals—what? A wilderness of mountains, high as the Himalayas, above; a honeycomb of caverns, deep as the Alps, below. Here and there a circular plain, isolated from the rest of the lunar world by perpendicular walls of rock, which the strong wing of the eagle alone could surmount. A sphere whose hues are the lights and shadows of its tremendous peaks—bare, waterless, almost airless! A ruined world, through whose crust the inner fires have burst in a thousand craters, spreading havoc all around. Now even the craters are extinct; the destroying fires have exhausted themselves. There may be inhabitants; but what a home!

It is night, and the fair orb is now looking in upon me through the slender boughs of the Persian lilac at my window with a calm, sweet smile, as if pleased when an upturned eye thanks her for her light. Oh, moon! lonely amid the blue skies of midnight, with what patient goodness dost thou cover thy scarred bosom with beams, and, forgetful of thine own sorrows, lightest up untiringly thy husband orb, making beautiful his season of darkness, and loving him all the more for the lustre thou givest him! In the wide world round which thou rollest, thou beholdest, of all its myriad creatures, one only like to thee—one only so gentle and self-denying—one only whose love, like thee, shines brightest in the night-season! Good-night, gentle moon—good-night!

THE HONOUR OF HONESTY.

'When shall I get a new bonnet?' doubtfully soliloquised a young serving-girl, who, in a dismal back garret, where a great baby was sleeping, was despondingly considering her head-gear, as she prepared to go out one Saturday evening. She might be excused for reflecting on the subject; for the coarse straw bonnet—which had never been handsome—was now sunburnt and dirty, and with its soiled and faded ribbon, looked hardly neat, though it had been carefully kept. 'I declare I'm almost ashamed to go to church in it, it's so dirty,' she continued, as she turned it round in her hand; 'though maybe it's of a piece with my gown and shawl: but come, they're not dirty neither. I wonder whether mother can spare me my wages this week? Perhaps she can: I know she was sure of work last Saturday: well, we'll see.' So saying, she tied on the shabby bonnet, and carefully folding up two shillings, which she took from the window ledge, she put them into her pocket; and giving a last glance at her little bed, to see that her baby bedfellow was safely tucked in, she hurried out of the room, and out of the house, away on her weekly visit to her family.

Bessie Abbott was a pretty, pleasant-looking girl of nearly eighteen, strong, active, and industrious. She was the daughter of a worthless man, and an excellent woman. The teaching of the latter had borne good fruit in Bessie, who, though only a drudge in the family of a little shopkeeper, was a neat and excellent servant, as far as her knowledge went; while her integrity and good-temper would have rendered her valuable in any situation. She was in the receipt of what she considered the handsome income of two shillings a week, for which, with board and lodging, she did everything in her employer's house; for its mistress was constantly engaged in the shop, and left the whole care of her five children, as well as all the household work, to 'Pretty Bessee;' and never was burthen laid upon a more willing worker. Bessie's father did little for the support of his household: he spent half his time, and more than half his earnings, in the beer-shop; and the little money left for his wife did hardly more than supply his board: sometimes, indeed, he even demanded food when he had given no means of procuring it. The burthen of the family of course fell wholly on his poor wife, who was a quick and dexterous needlewoman, and who was glad to obtain any species of work by which she might earn a little; for her supply from the tailors, who were her usual employers, was not very regular, and sometimes failed altogether for a time.

Bessie was the eldest of a large family: the two next in age to herself, a boy and girl of fifteen and thirteen, were both well placed, though neither could contribute to the family income; but there were seven still younger, entirely dependent on their poor mother's exertions. Such being the circumstances of the household, we need not wonder that a girl so affectionate as Bessie should have felt very doubtful of the possibility of buying a new bonnet; for, unlike too many in her situation, she never felt that her money was her own if it were needed for her mother's use, and was only happy in the thought that she was enabled to contribute to that mother's comfort; and in this respect her natural feelings were aided by higher principles, implanted by Him who so severely censured the unfilial conduct of the professing Jews.

As Bessie hurried along the streets to her mother's house, which was on the other side of the town, she cast many a wistful glance towards the displays of bonnets and ribbons in the shop windows, and even paused once or twice to bestow particular admiration: nay, she went so far as to decide what shape she would buy, and how it should be trimmed, if she could but get the money for it; and she had strong hope of being able to do this, because she knew her mother had been promised more work than she could accomplish for several weeks to come. At last Bessie reached her home, which was one ill-lighted room, with a dark closet adjoining, in a tumble-down old house, situated in one of the courts of a densely-populated neighbourhood, and tenanted by five or six families besides the Abbotts. It was *home*, however, and Bessie felt that it was so, as, after running up the tottering stairs, she opened the door of her mother's room, which, if not very comfortable, was at least very clean.

'Oh, Bessie, Bessie!—here is Bessie!' cried a posse of little ones as she entered. 'Here is Bessie come, mother! Come to mother, Bessie; she's crying!' and two of the young things seized their darling sister by her dress, and pulled her forward, as though at her coming their mother's tears must dry.

'What *is* the matter, mother dear?' cried Bessie, frightened, as she approached a neat, careworn woman, who, with her hands convulsively pressed together, and

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silent tears dropping from her eyes, looked absorbed in hopeless distress.

'Bessie, Bessie, what shall we do?' she exclaimed, as her daughter knelt, and threw her arms round her: 'what will become of us?'

'Oh, mother, what is the matter? What has happened?' returned Bessie, her own tears beginning to flow in sympathy and alarm. 'Oh, dear! I thought to find you all so comfortable to-night!'

'Ay, and so we might have been,' answered the mother in a tone of heartbroken despondency—'only for him—for your father, Bessie! How could he do it?'

'Mother, mother, what *has* he done?' exclaimed the terrified girl, all horrible visions of crime starting up before her.

'He has taken away my work, Bessie—my work, that I hoped to get so much for—and he has pawned it for drink—I don't know where; and he beat me like a dog when I begged of him to tell me where it was. And the master wanted it, and I hadn't it for him; and oh he was angry—and no wonder; only it's hard upon me, Bessie. And he says the waistcoats are worth two pounds, and he'll have them, or their worth, if he takes my bed from under me. Then I owe our landlord for a fortnight's rent; for I didn't pay last week, thinking I should be so much better off this. And I haven't a penny in the house for the children's food; they've been nigh famished as it is, for the waistcoats were almost the first work I did. And now where I am to look for money or work I don't know, or how I am ever to pay this dreadful debt: my poor little ones will all be starving about me. How shall I bear it? And then to think who has brought all this upon me. Oh, Bessie, it almost breaks my heart!'

'This is trouble indeed, indeed,' sobbed poor Bessie, as she leant against her mother's shoulder: 'I little thought of finding you like this as I came along. But, mother dear, you mustn't be quite cast down: put your trust in your Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.'

'Ay, Bessie dear; but it's hard to put such trust in Him, when nothing but trouble is to be seen. I'm sure I try; but it's very hard, my child.'

'Yes, it is hard, mother; yet who else shall we trust in? And, mother, here are my wages for to-day and to-morrow, and who knows what Monday may bring? Aren't we bid in such times as these to take no thought for the morrow, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?'

Mrs Abbott pressed her child more closely without reply, and those of the children who were old enough to understand what passed, gathered reverently round to listen to Bessie's words, as she continued her attempts to console her mother. Nearly an hour passed in this manner, and at last Bessie's earnest, hopeful persuasions so far prevailed on her mother, as to excite a feeling of trustful resignation; and with lighter heart the girl began the children's Saturday night's ablutions, while her mother went out to make the necessary purchases of food; and when, on the return of the latter, the hungry little ones were regaled with a large piece of bread, trouble seemed for a while forgotten. However, Bessie, when she had, as she expressed it, 'cleaned all up,' was obliged to depart; and after a tearful adieu, she was once more hurrying through the streets, which she had so lately traversed with such different feelings. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow,' she mused as she reached her abode. 'We may well always remember that: we little thought last week when we were so pleased about the work, what trouble it would bring.'

Sunday morning came, and the sound of pleasant bells; but to Bessie it differed from other mornings only so far as her own thought made a Sabbath around her, for she could not go out until the evening; and she had even more to do on that day than on the other six, especially as her mistress, who rarely attended church herself, was always at hand to find fault. Many were the sad thoughts she bestowed on her mother's troubles during the day; and when at last she was able to set out for church, under strict injunctions to return immediately on the close of the service, she was depressed in spirits more than she had ever before felt in her life.

The service came to a close, and Bessie in a quiet mind left the church, and slowly and thoughtfully walked homewards. She was one of the last who came out; and as she walked across the wide churchyard to the least-frequented gate, she struck her foot against something, which yielded to her step, and returned a rattling sound. She stooped to pick up the object, and it proved a well-filled purse; the bright beads and tassels glittered in the half light of an autumn evening, and its weight and rotundity showed it well supplied. Bessie stood positively breathless for a moment in the excess of her joy; she felt a dizzy rush in her head, and for a moment all surrounding objects seemed to swim before her; then clasping her hands in a mute aspiration of thankfulness, she recovered full possession of her faculties, and began to examine the treasure.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!' she counted—'seven pounds! Oh, to think of mother, how delighted she will be! Why, this will pay all, and buy I can't tell what beside. Oh how happy I am! And what is this?' she continued, as she took from the other end a roll of soft paper. 'Why, these must be bank-notes, like that mis'ess gave change for once: why, they must be worth I can't tell how much. Here are one, two, three, four of them, and that one mis'ess got was worth five pounds itself. What shall we do with so much money? I'll read what's on these notes, however.' So, approaching a lamp just inside the gate, she with some difficulty deciphered the amounts of the notes, of which two were for fifty pounds, the other two respectively for five-and-twenty. 'It's quite a fortune,' she murmured in a low, reverential tone, as she tried to grasp the idea of so many pounds. 'What a happy thing for me, and how sad for the person who lost it!' Here the current of Bessie's rapturous thoughts received a sudden check; the smile faded from her lips, and she remained silently looking on the pretty purse with a perplexity amounting to distress. 'Oh me, but it is not mine!' she continued, her thoughts finding vent in a half-articulate form. 'This belongs to somebody, who is as sorry to lose it as I am pleased to find it. Oh, what must I do? I wish I had never seen it. Must I give it up just when we want it so? And then it was lying in my way, and nobody near who could have dropped it.' Poor Bessie! the struggle between conscience and want was very severe. She tried hard for a little while to convince herself that she had a right to what she found on a highway, but her principles were too strong to allow of such self-deception; and besides, in testing the matter by the golden rule, she felt that if she had dropped her two shillings on the previous night, she should have been very indignant with any finder claiming a right to them. 'No, I have no business with it indeed,' she murmured, as the tears of disappointment started to her eyes. 'But, however, surely I may keep just one or two of these pounds?—the person who lost this must be very rich, and would never miss them; surely I may have just two pounds for my finding it, and that would put poor mother out of her trouble?' Just at this moment these words, which she had lately heard, darted into her mind like a gleam of light, 'Thou, God, seest me!' 'Oh, what am I thinking of?' she exclaimed, frightened by her own thoughts: 'isn't it all just one as stealing? Let me put this out of my sight as soon as I can, lest I should be too much tempted: I wont keep it an hour.' So, resolutely concealing the temptation, Bessie set off at her quickest pace to the police-station, where she resolved to deposit the money immediately, for the twofold purpose of securing herself against temptation, and of affording the owner the best opportunity for recovering the lost property. When she told her errand to the officer at the station, he looked at her from head to foot with some surprise.

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'So you didn't think of keeping it yourself?' he asked as he took the purse.

'Yes, sir, I did for a minute, for we want it bad enough,' replied Bessie with an ingenuous blush; 'but I was kept from it, thank God! There's a deal of money there, sir; will you please to count it, that you may know, when it's owned, that I took none?'

The officer counted it accordingly, and gave her a receipt for the amount, taking down her address at the same time, which she thought nothing about; then, with a thankful, happy heart, and clear conscience, she hastened home.

Frequently, during the labours of the next day, Bessie wondered whether the owner of the purse had regained it, and pleased herself in imagining the pleasure its recovery must have caused. Then her thoughts sadly turned to her poor mother, and she would speculate on the possibility of her receiving a reward. Some one she knew had been rewarded with ten shillings for finding a five-pound note; perhaps she might have a pound given her. However, she sedulously endeavoured to withdraw her thoughts from the subject, and occupied them in the attempt to devise some means of earning a little money in the family somehow, to carry them through this terrible crisis. So passed Monday, and Tuesday was passing in a similar manner. Bessie was busily washing her kitchen floor—talking to amuse the baby, who was tied on a chair in one corner of it, and thinking over a brilliant plan which had just occurred to her, of proposing one of her brothers as errand-boy to the grocer round the corner, when her mistress looked in, and sharply said some one wanted to speak to her. In great haste and surprise Bessie started up, and as quickly as possible wiped her wet hands, threw off her apron, settled her gown and cap, and hurried into the shop, where she found a middle-aged gentleman, of very pleasant demeanour, leaning carelessly against the counter. He turned as she entered, and advanced a step as she curtseyed and looked, as if to inquire the object of his visit.

'Your name is Elizabeth Abbott?' he asked: 'is it not?'

'Yes, sir,' was Bessie's reply.

'You found a purse on Sunday night, I believe?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, colouring as she spoke. 'Did it belong to you, sir? Did you get it? I hope it was all right, sir! I got a note of the money at the police,' continued Bessie, speaking rapidly, and as if half-frightened; for just then she only remembered the possibility of some money being missing, which might be demanded of her.

'Oh yes, all was right,' returned the gentleman smiling. 'I only came to see what made you return my purse so honestly and quickly. Were you not in want of money?'

'Oh, indeed, sir, yes!' she emphatically replied, as tears filled her eyes; 'but that money was not ours.'

'Perhaps you were afraid to keep it, lest it should be discovered?' continued her interrogator, looking earnestly at her, as a deep crimson flush rose even to her forehead.

She raised her eyes to his boldly, though modestly, as she answered, in all the firmness of truth, 'Sir, I never thought of that. But I would not be so miserable as theft would make me for as much again as is in your purse, sir!'

'That is well, that is well,' quietly replied the gentleman with a satisfied smile. 'Now you say you want money very much: I came here to offer you a reward for the return of my purse. How much would you wish me to give you?'

'Oh, sir!' exclaimed poor Bessie in a transport of delight, clasping her hands—'oh, thank you! thank you! Two pounds, sir, if you could be so kind, would make us all happy again!'

'It would not be buying happiness very dearly,' answered the stranger; 'but let me hear what you would do with the two pounds.'

Accordingly, Bessie related her simple little history as the reader knows it. At its conclusion, her attentive listener smiled kindly. 'You are a good girl, Bessie,' he said. 'Well, the reward I shall give you is twenty pounds instead of two. I determined upon this if I were satisfied with your answers.'

Bessie was speechless in grateful astonishment.

'Yes, it is a little fortune for you,' said the gentleman, answering her look. 'You will of course relieve your mother from her trouble, and you had better put the rest into the savings' bank, and try to add a little to it, as a provision in case of need.' So saying, the gentleman produced the identical beaded purse, and counted twenty sovereigns into Bessie's hand, who could only look her thanks; and then he went, and Bessie hurried up to her little room to give vent to her grateful happiness, thinking how different would have been her feelings had she otherwise acted.

I need not make my story longer by describing the joy excited by her next visit to her home—how the debt was paid—and how one pound more was devoted to the purchase of sundry articles of comfort and decency (amongst which Bessie's bonnet was not forgotten)—and how the remaining pounds were safely deposited. But I must not omit to add, that the gentleman whose acquaintance Bessie had so happily made, did not forget her. Though his residence was many miles distant from hers, she was shortly afterwards taken into his family as nurse, which post she filled in comfort and respectability for many years, carefully impressing upon the minds of her young charges the same principles which governed her own.

LONDON MORNING NEWSPAPERS.

With the exception, perhaps, of the mysterious regions of the theatrical *coulisse*, there are no establishments the secret working of which is less known to the general mass of the public than that of those great collectors and condensers of political intelligence—those extraordinary machines which are the contemporary historians of the world—the London Morning Newspapers. With almost every other grand branch of national industry we are more or less acquainted. Most people have a notion of the operations of the blast furnace or the power-loom: most people have picked up some smattering of the mode in which cottons are spun at Manchester, and razors ground at Sheffield. Little treatises devoted to descriptions of branches of national industry are frequently issued from the press: the coarse raw material is traced through its every successive stage until it arrives at the consummation of a costly and finished fabric. We may read or see how the lump of ore becomes a legion of shining and delicate needles—how certain constituent mineral masses are fused and wrought until the glittering chandelier or the wonder-working lens is placed before us. We know how rags may become paper, and the forest a ship. Still, there is a peculiar species of industry of which the public knows little—one requiring for its successful prosecution a more peculiar union of elements than is demanded by any other pursuit—a branch of industry demanding the combined and constant application of highly-skilled and intelligent manual labour—of vast capital—of a high degree of enterprise and worldly shrewdness—and, more than all, of great, and keen, and cultivated, and flexible intellectual power, constantly applicable to the discussion of almost every question—moral, social, political, and literary—which can spring up into importance amid the daily and hourly fluctuations not only of the public opinion of Britain, but of that of the civilised world. Such a union of qualities and possessions must be brought together by any one who thinks of triumphantly establishing, or successfully carrying on, a London morning journal.

As, then, we believe that the notions popularly entertained of the means whereby the news of the world is every morning served up to us with our hot coffee and rolls are somewhat vague, we propose to devote this

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paper to a sketch of the intellectual and material engine to which society and civilisation owe so much; and after some pondering as to the simplest and most comprehensive course to be adopted, we have come to the resolution—first, of enumerating and describing the several parts of the machine in detail, and then after putting them into gear, and setting the whole in motion, of directing attention to the general working, and of explaining the motive forces and the plan of operation of the entire mechanism.

All the London daily-newspaper establishments are situated either upon or close to the great artery of communication between the City and the West End. Some of those grimy-looking news-manufactories are patent to the street, others skulk in dingy and obscure alleys, as though attempting to carry out, even in their local habitations, that grand principle of the anonymous which, rightly or wrongly, is held to constitute not only the power, but the very essence and soul of English journalism.

The vast body of the employés of a London journal may be divided into six grand categories or departments, it being, however, understood that in some cases these departments blend, to a little extent, with each other, and that those individuals who, as it were, stand upon the confines, occasionally undertake somewhat mixed duties. There is, first, the important and all-supporting typographic department, numbering perhaps somewhere about sixty individuals. Then there is the commercial department, occupied in the business-conduct of the paper, in attending to the due supply of the requisite material for all the other branches, in receiving and arranging the advertisements, in managing the publication, and keeping the general accounts of the whole establishment. This department, including those more or less connected with advertising agencies, &c. may furnish employment for about a dozen of persons. We then come to the reporting establishment. Of this the principal branch is the parliamentary corps, a body averaging from twelve to sixteen members: next them may be classed the law reporters, who attend regularly in the several courts, and who may come to some half-dozen more: in the same category we may perhaps include the regular and authorised correspondents of the paper in the principal provincial towns and outports: and our account would be manifestly incomplete did we leave out of sight the vast cloud of irregular and unengaged reporters, who supply a great portion of the every-day London news, including the proceedings at the minor courts—particularly the police-offices—the inquests, the 'melancholy accidents,' the 'alarming conflagrations,' the 'extraordinary coincidences,' and the like. This body of men, although few or none of its members have any real tangible footing upon the periodical press, yet play no inconsiderable part in supplying it with its miscellaneous home intelligence. They form, as our readers have no doubt divined, the often-talked-of class, called by themselves 'general reporters' or 'occasional contributors,' but known to the world as 'penny a-liners.' Next in the order in which we are proceeding we may reckon the important and expensive department of foreign correspondency—a department the extent and importance of which have very much increased since the commencement of the present continental disturbances. A glance at any London journal will show that, besides having a fixed correspondent in almost every European capital of importance, there is hardly a seat of war unattended by a representative of the metropolitan press. Wherever, indeed, gunpowder is fired in anger, a letter to a great English newspaper is pretty certain to pop out of the smoke. Proceeding with our list, we approach the editorial department, including not only the actual executive editors, but the corps of original writers—the mysterious authors of the 'leaders,' and the gentlemen whose pens, shunning politics, are devoted to the chronicling and analysis of the fine arts, the drama, and literature. Here we tread upon somewhat slippery ground. As we have said, the principle of the anonymous is kept up with very remarkable strictness in the leading journals; and even those who are tolerably well behind the scenes in other respects, may still know little of the grand arcanum involved in the authorship of the leading articles. No doubt the paternity of some of these is tolerably well known in press circles. Sometimes the internal evidence of style or particular opinion betrays a writer: in other instances tolerable guesses and approximations are formed; but in, we should say, the great majority of cases the authorship of a leader is absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the employés of the newspaper in which it appears. In making this assertion, it is understood that we speak of the principal daily journals alone—of those the leading articles of which are not generally written by the actual acting editor, or in the establishment at all. As regards theatrical and musical critiques, there is no great secrecy observed: indeed it would be almost impossible to do so, when every second *habitué* of the theatre or the concert-room can point to the representatives of the different morning papers present. In the reviewing department the case is somewhat similar: no great attempt at secrecy is made here either. The task is frequently shared by those gentlemen of the parliamentary corps who have most literary taste and ability; and we may add, that these are also frequently deputed to attend such festivals or occurrences of public interest as demand a certain degree of descriptive and narrative talent.

We have now catalogued the five principal divisions into which the intellectual and manual labour of a morning newspaper is thrown, and we may add a sixth general department, including the class which may be described as more strictly the servants of the establishment—the day and night porters, the messengers, the couriers employed upon foreign service, and generally the host of supernumeraries who hang on the outskirts of a great newspaper establishment.

Having thus cursorily run over the different parts of the machine, we proceed more narrowly to describe their individual conformation. The typographical department comprehends, as we have said, about sixty compositors. Among their ranks are to be found the very best, the most intelligent, and the most expeditious printers in London or the world. They are paid by the piece; and a few of them earn not less than from L.3 to L.4 per week. From L.2, 10s. to L.3 is, however, we believe, the general amount of their wages. The task of a morning paper compositor commences about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and is continued until the paper is 'put to bed,' as the technical phrase goes, between four and five o'clock in the morning; but occasionally his labours are even still further protracted. When an important foreign express is expected—the Overland Mail, for example—he either remains hanging about the establishment, ready at an instant's warning to commence operations upon the looked-for news, or flings himself down, all dressed, either in his lodgings or a neighbouring tavern, prepared instantly to hurry back to the office should a breathless messenger warn him that the 'Overland is in.' A useful peculiarity of the morning paper compositor is the extraordinary skill with which he deciphers the vile congregations of pothooks and hangers with which he is frequently called upon to deal. Imagine, for example, half-a-dozen columns of report of an important country meeting, scribbled in red-hot haste, and in pencil, by two or three reporters during their transit from Liverpool or Exeter by an express train; fancy this crumpled-up mass of half-effaced, half-unintelligible scribbling deciphered, set up in type, and corrected, within a few minutes over an hour! Yet such an exploit is by no means without a parallel in the offices of the London morning newspapers. For the rapidity with which news is set before the readers of a journal they are much indebted to the compositors.

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Passing over the commercial department of a newspaper, which presents few characteristic features, we arrive at the important class of the reporters. And of these the parliamentary corps first claim our attention.

It would be unnecessary here to dilate upon the brilliant literary and legal talent which has been furnished to the country from that narrow little gallery above the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons. It is generally known that, from the days of Dr Johnson downwards, the task of reporting the debates of the legislature has furnished a means of subsistence to a class of men, from the ranks of which have sprung not a few individuals whose names are known as widely as the fame of our literature and our jurisprudence is extended; and it may be added, that the steady remuneration furnished in this way by the morning newspapers has been, and does form in many instances, the groundwork of an income extended by connection with many of the less important but not less fascinating branches of periodical and dramatic literature. The 'gallery' of course embraces men of very different calibre, and very different views and habits. With some it is the all in all, with others merely the convenient stepping-stone. A few, and only a few, of its members have little pretensions beyond those of skilful short-hand writers; but a great majority of its occupants aim higher than this—possessing as they do the intelligence of educated gentlemen, sharpened and developed by a course of training which brings them into constant communication with public men and public events; while not a few are personages of more or less literary or political celebrity, who may well aspire one day to make the speeches they now report.

The routine duty of the gallery is easily explained. Each newspaper has a regular desk, at which its representative is always seated from the opening to the rising of the House. The reporters generally succeed each other in alphabetical succession; and the period during which each remains on duty is called his 'turn.' These turns are of different lengths at different periods of the evening. Up to about 11 o'clock they are either half-hours or three-quarters. After that time they are generally either quarter-hours or twenty minutes. Every newspaper has a distinct set of rules upon the subject in question, rules which, however, are always liable to be modified, according to certain fixed principles, by the duration of the debate in the House of Lords. As soon as a 'man'—reporters are always called 'men' in gallery patois—is relieved by his next successor, he proceeds to the office to extend his notes—'to write out his whack'—gallery *argot* again. A full three-quarters' turn amounts, with the majority of speakers, to somewhat more than two columns of the close type used in printing parliamentary reports, the writing of which is seldom accomplished under four hours of severe labour. It not unfrequently happens, especially if both Houses be sitting—and the corps therefore distributed in equal proportions in the Lords and Commons—that time will not permit the full extension of the short-hand notes. A second turn looming a-head obliges the reporter to 'cut down' many a flower of eloquence; and on very hard-working nights there are such things as three turns, involving, as the reader will perceive, in many instances a spell of seven, eight, or nine hours of exceedingly hard and exhausting toil. These occasions, however, are comparatively rare; and taking the average amount of the session, we should say that it is somewhat less than a column per night per man. Of course the majority of speeches made in parliament bear very considerable curtailment. The ordinary rank and file of M.P's. are merely summarised—their endless prolixity, their ten-times repeated iteration, their masses of commonplace declamation, are condensed and translated into English grammar—often a most requisite process—so that the twenty lines of what appears to the reader to be a neat little compact speech, convey, in reality, the pith and substance, well and clearly put, of half an hour or an hour's rambling tedious oration.

When, however, a reporter, unhappily for himself, falls upon one of the crack men of the house, a minister or an Opposition leader, the case is very different. The report is then almost verbatim. We say almost, because there is hardly one man in the House who does not occasionally owe something to the reporters in the way of the excision of a twice or thrice-repeated phrase, or the rounding-off of a sentence left incomplete in the heat of speaking. As may be expected, there exists a code of oratorical criticism in the gallery of an entirely technical and professional nature, and which judges of public speakers entirely in reference to the facilities which their styles afford for being reported. Perhaps a hint or two on contemporary orators regarded in this light may not be without its interest and use. Sir Robert Peel, then, is a favourite in the gallery. He is distinct and deliberate; and when he has to deal with statistics (the mortal horror of the reporters), exceedingly clear and intelligible. Moreover, Sir Robert understands the gallery. We have heard him on very important occasions absolutely dictate rather than speak. His rival, Lord John, is generally deliberate enough, but he is not always distinct, and unless he warms and rises with his subject, is very apt to be slovenly in the construction of his sentences. Sir G. Grey is an exceedingly difficult speaker to report: he is too rapid. Sir Charles Wood, again, is often verbally confused, and apt to make *lapsus linguæ*, which in financial speeches are terribly embarrassing. Viscount Palmerston is a capital man for a reporter—deliberate, epigrammatically distinct, and uttering his sentences with a weighty and a telling point. Sir J. Graham is also an easily-reported speaker. Not so Mr Gladstone, who pours himself out in an unbroken, fluent, and unemphatic stream of words; uttering subtile argument faster than other speakers rattle out mere verbiage. Mr Macaulay was another dreaded orator; and for this reason, that his utterance was so rapid, as to render it exceedingly difficult to follow him; while his diction was at once so gorgeous and so epigrammatic, that the omission of a word marred a sentence. Much of the same remark applies to Mr Sheil, who, moreover, has to contend with a thickened, indistinct, and screaming utterance. Mr D'Israeli keeps a good reporter upon the full stretch, but he is not generally complained of in the gallery. As for the Upper House, Lord Stanley is perhaps the most unpopular man, using the word of course in its technical sense. He is terribly rapid and terribly good. Lord Brougham is generally more deliberate. His parenthetical sentences, however, often puzzle his recorders. Lord Aberdeen, distinct, deliberate, and pure in his style, is easily reported. The same of Lord Lyndhurst. The Marquis of Lansdowne's speeches are vastly improved by the omission of a good half of the words which they contain; and to Lord Monteagle a similar remark applies with still greater force. Earl Grey is a capital reporter's speaker—distinct, clear-headed, and correct; and so, by the way, is the young Duke of Argyle, who has made a début in public life which promises to give the reporters many an aching wrist.

On the whole, the reporters' gallery, although its occupants are occasionally very severely worked, is a pleasant and a merry place, and a great manufactory of jokes, good, bad, and indifferent. As a general rule, reporters are terribly lukewarm politicians. Probably they hear too much of all parties to like any of them; and so speeches delivered on all sides of the House are generally the objects of plenty of droll running commentary, frequently of a nature which would please the political opponents of the orator rather than himself. I may add that upwards of three-fourths of the reporters of the London daily press are either Scotch or Irish. The English are a decided minority in the gallery.

Of the law reporters little has to be said. They are frequently young barristers, who make up in this way for any deficiency of briefs with which they may be afflicted.

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We now come to the irregular reporting troops, the penny-a-liners. There are perhaps fifty or sixty people in London who get their living solely by casual contributions of articles of news to the press. The body is an odd compound of all manner of waifs and strays from society, and more remarkable, we fear, for enterprise and impudence in the pursuit of its calling, than for either honesty or ability. The only notion which many worthy folks in London have of the *personnel* of the press is gleaned from the penny-a-liners, who suddenly start up, no one knows how or whence, upon every occasion which gathers a group of people together, boldly proclaiming themselves to be the representatives of the press, and seldom doing it much credit either by their appearance or their manners. Many a good man and able has indeed made his first advances to journalism through humble penny-a-lining, but no man of ability remains long in the ranks. The great body of penny-a-liners are either dissipated and discarded reporters, who have drunk themselves out of station and respectability, or a wonderful *omnium gatherum* of uneducated and illiterate men, who have been flung out of the ordinary range of mechanical or semi-mechanical employments, and have, somehow or other—one by one accident, one by another—fallen back upon the precarious and Bedouin-like existence of penny-a-liners. Of course the 'occasional reporter' is only paid for those portions of his contributions which actually appear in print; and, on an average, not one-tenth of the mass of 'flimsy' manuscripts received every night by the sub-editors of the morning papers is accepted and printed. The 'flimsy' in question is the technical name for penny-a-line copy, derived from the thin tissue paper which the 'manifold' writing apparatus always used necessitates the employment of. A penny-a-liner always sends duplicates of his intelligence to all the morning papers, so that he has occasionally the good-luck to be paid several times over for the same paragraphs, and that at the rate of a penny-halfpenny, not, as his name would imply, a penny per line. A penny-a-liner may therefore, it is evident, upon such occasions as a 'good fire' or a 'good murder'—both common phrases with the craft—make a much more profitable week's work than the regular-salaried reporter can hope for. We have known instances in which from L.30 to L.40 have been cleared by a penny-a-liner in a single week. But in general the brotherhood are terribly improvident. They spend their money as fast, or faster, than they make it, and seldom or never have anything laid by for the quiet, and, to them, unlucky intervals when no political agitation causes good crops of meetings, and when there happens to be a happy dearth of accidents and offences. Then come the times for fabricated intelligence. Inquests are reported which are never held, and neighbourhoods are flung 'into a state of the utmost alarm and excitement' by catastrophes which no one but the penny-a-liner himself ever dreamt of. We remember Mr Wakley publicly stating that upwards of a dozen inquests were reported in one day as having taken place under his presidency, not one of which he ever held! The occasion which elicited this statement was a remarkable one. The suicide of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned with her child, was reported, and adorned with so many touching and really romantic circumstances, that public curiosity and sympathy were strongly excited. We well remember, on the night when the intelligence was handed in—in 'flimsy' of course—to a daily paper, hearing the sub-editor—a gentleman, by the way, well known to the readers of this Journal—exclaim, in allusion to one of the letters given, 'See, there is perfectly touching and human pathos: not the greatest master of fiction who ever lived could have struck off anything half so exquisite in its simple truth to nature as the ill-written letter of this poor, uneducated girl.' In two or three days the whole story was discovered to be a fabrication! And yet in all probability our friend the then sub-editor was right. These fabricated stories are seldom or never the invention of their concoctors: they are simply copied from some forgotten file of newspapers, or some obscure colonial journal, and adapted to London life and customs. Of course every effort is made by the conductors of journals to prevent their being duped in this manner, but they cannot always help themselves. They have no hold over the penny-a-liners but by systematically rejecting their communications; and if a fellow who has been detected in a fraud finds his copy 'tabooed,' he either makes an arrangement with a friend for the use of his name, or starts a new appellation altogether, under which he either makes a new character, or remains in an undistinguished position until the old offence has blown over or been forgotten.

The best characteristic quality of the penny-a-liners is their matchless perseverance and energy in the pursuit of materials for paragraphs. Does a conflagration break out?—they are in the midst of the firemen; does a remarkable crime take place?—they regularly install themselves in the locality; often they outnumber the group of individuals which forms the 'numerous and respectable meeting' they report. Railway accidents afford them rich harvests. They find out cases of suicide in a way little short of miraculous; and hardly a day passes which does not yield them a 'remarkable coincidence' or an 'extraordinary catastrophe.' Altogether, the penny-a-liners are about the most irregularly-paid, the most hard-working, and the most scamplishly-living set of individuals in her Majesty's dominions.

We have loitered at some length over the reporting department, which is, in sooth, one of the most interesting connected with a daily paper, and we must despatch the foreign correspondents with a hastier notice. Our readers can well understand that theirs is a department which has of late been quite turned upside down. In the old peaceful days, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Augsburg, were the principal ports of continental correspondence. Now-a-days, of course, a newspaper must have its agents swarming over Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azof. The duties of a Parisian correspondent, the grand centre to which the others were always subsidiary, were of a kind requiring watchfulness rather than hard work. Paris, as the centre and radiating point of continental politics, was constantly becoming the sudden seat of unexpected news, which it was the duty of the correspondent instantly to forward, often by special courier or pigeon-express to London. The routine of duty was by no means oppressive. The concoction of a short summary of the news of the day; the extraction of copious translations of the morning papers, furnished in the friendly pages of 'Galignani;' and perhaps a visit to the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangeres*, or that of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, where official and private information could always be got by those who knew the right way of going to work. This generally formed the day's routine of duty. The real pressure of the work, however, lay in the extreme watchfulness required, and the constant liability of the correspondent to be called upon to decide whether such and such an item of intelligence, as it transpired, was or was not worth the expense of a special courier or a flight of pigeons to London. Now-a-days, of course, the couriers are being superseded by the railways, and the use of pigeons, over one part of the journey at all events, by the electric telegraph. Nor will the most casual student of the daily newspapers fail to perceive how much more copious is the letter of the Paris correspondent than it used to be. Of the many in France who curse the late revolution, none have more cause to do so than 'our own correspondent.' The 'war' reporters form quite a new class, which has of course risen with the exigencies of the times. More than one of the gentlemen, however, who are now enlightening the English public upon the chances and changes of the Italian and Hungarian wars, have seen hot work in the Carlist campaigns in Spain, and have had a few tolerably narrow escapes

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from being shot or hung as spies. Indeed not later than last summer, a friend of ours, who was in the thick of the first Schleswig-Holstein dispute, found himself placed, by the arrest of a courier whom he had despatched, in an extremely awkward situation, from which he only escaped by a most liberal expenditure of horse flesh, and by ultimately seizing the open boat of a fisherman, in which he crossed the Little Belt, and at last contrived to conceal himself in Copenhagen. It is quite evident, then, that the situation of a correspondent at the seat of war is by no means suited to those gentlemen of England who love safety and ease. Adequately to perform the duties of the post, a man must be a thorough linguist, even to the extent of understanding the patois of the district in which he is placed. He must possess, moreover, a good and plausible address, be a man of enterprise and resource, one who can cook his own dinner, and make a comfortable bivouac on the lee side of a tree. Above all, he must have the pen of a ready writer, and have enough of nerve, without needlessly or recklessly exposing himself to danger, to make up his despatches coolly and collectedly, even should a stray shot occasionally make its appearance in his vicinity. Good folks who do not like sleeping out of their own beds, who wink at the crack of a pistol, and who catch colds in thorough drafts, had better not undertake to write a contemporary history of a war.

We have now come to the editorial department of the London daily journal. By the editorial, however, is by no means to be understood the leader-writing department: we speak of the actual working *visible* editors. In respect to the leader-writing corps, the strictest secrecy is, as we have said, preserved. If its members ever come to the office, they do not come officially; and though their business may be guessed at, it is never avowed. The actual acknowledged editorial body generally consists of a sub-editor and his assistant, a foreign editor; sometimes, but not always, a business-editor, as we may call him, whose functions are half literary, half commercial; and an editor-in-chief, who represents the proprietors, and keeps a watchful eye over all the departments, and whose executive power is despotic. The money-article writer has an establishment of his own in the City, and generally sends the result of his labours every evening.

Let us begin with the two sub-editors. They are at their posts by eight or nine o'clock P.M., and the labours of one of them at least do not cease until four o'clock next morning. To their care is confided the mass of penny-a-line matter, from which they select what is considered as of interest or importance—often abridging or grammatising it, as the case may require. They have frequently to attend to the literary and political correspondence of the paper, picking out from the mass of 'Constant Readers' and 'Regular Subscribers' those lucubrations which seem worthy of the notice of the editor-in-chief. To them is also confided the task of looking over the multitudes of provincial papers which every day arrive, and extracting from them all the paragraphs which may appear to deserve the honour. The principal sub-editor is also in continued and close correspondence with the printer's room, from which he receives regular bulletins of the amount of matter 'set up,' and of the space which remains to be filled. In many of the London papers the rule is, that every line which is printed must go through the hands of the sub-editor. He is thus enabled to preserve a general idea of the hourly progress of the newspaper towards completion. Another part of the sub's duty is a general supervision of the reporters' room. In case of any failure in this part of the duty, occasioned perhaps by sudden illness, he puts himself in correspondence with another paper, so as to obtain the means of supplying the gap. He grants interviews to the less important class of business visitors; makes the minor arrangements for having public meetings, dinners, and so forth, reported; has an eye, in fact, to every department save that of the 'leaders;' and passes a life of constant hurry and responsibility, the major part of his duties consisting of a hundred little odd jobs, trifling in themselves, but upon his indefatigable and energetic attention to which the character of a newspaper greatly depends.

The duties of the foreign editor will be obvious from his title. He performs for foreign intelligence what the sub-editor does for home news. He receives and arranges foreign expresses, summarises the intelligence contained in them, and has frequently a great deal of hard translating work upon his shoulders. Of course the foreign editor must be an accomplished linguist.

We have reserved the editor-in-chief until the last. His is a situation of great power, and consequently of great responsibility. To him all matters of doubt arising in the inferior departments are referred. The sub-editor is his aide-de-camp, who brings him information of what everybody is doing, and how everybody is doing it. Printed slips of everything reckoned important in the paper are from time to time laid before him. He makes all the arrangements of magnitude, respecting the engagement of correspondents, reporters, &c. and gives audiences to those whose business is of great importance, or who, from their situation in public or private life, cannot well be handed over to a subordinate. The peculiar department of the editor-in-chief is, however, that of the leading articles. He may either write himself or not. In general an editor has plenty to do without the composition of brilliant or profound political essays. But he probably suggests subjects to his writers, hints at the tone to be adopted, carefully revises the leaders when written, and generally takes care to communicate to the whole executive the peculiar views as to business or politics entertained by the unseen proprietary body whom he represents. The editor-in-chief usually transacts business in the office in the course of the afternoon. He makes his appearance again about ten o'clock or eleven o'clock P.M., and frequently remains until the paper is actually published, about five o'clock in the morning.

We have now set before our readers a tolerably full account of the constituent parts of the machinery of a London newspaper. It only remains that we briefly dash off a sketch of the machine as it appears in its usual rapid motion. Nearly all day long the establishment is almost deserted; only the clerks in the counting-house ply their tasks, and receive and register the advertisements. At four o'clock or so a couple of the editors arrive; the letters which may have been received are opened and run over; arrangements for 'leaders' for next day are probably made and communicated to the writers thereof; and such communications from regular or casual correspondents as may be selected from the mass are sent up to the printer's room, in readiness for the compositors when they arrive. By seven o'clock P.M. the work is beginning in earnest. Three or four parliamentary reporters have already set-to at their desks, and the porters are laying huge masses of 'flimsy' and packets from the country upon the sub-editors' tables. Meanwhile the compositors above have also commenced operations. By ten o'clock the work is in full swing. Perhaps a dozen columns of parliamentary debate have been written: the sub-editors are actively engaged in preparing for the printer the occasional and penny-a-line intelligence, and two or three writers in different parts of London are deep in 'leaders.' Hardly a train now arrives in town which does not convey packets of country news and country newspapers, wet from the press, to the great centre of intelligence. 'Express parcels' from abroad drop in, and are submitted to the foreign editor. All the office is one blaze of light and activity. By midnight the great mass of intelligence has arrived. The porters carry away from the sub-editorial rooms basketfuls of rejected contributions: the master-printer reports as to the length of 'matter' in his hands: the editor-in-chief communicates with the sub, and finds that everything is working smoothly. The reporters are still at it might and main. Perhaps the House of Commons does not

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rise until two o'clock, so every quarter of an hour sets a fresh hand to work. As three o'clock approaches, the master-printer gets nervous, and begins to think of the early trains: the gentlemen of the gallery are directed to cut down at all hazards, and close up their reports: the last selection is made of the 'matter' which must be flung over either until next day, or entirely. Shortly after three the outside half of the sheet is at press, for the machine-men have been getting up the steam on the engine for the last couple of hours: the last touches are hurriedly given to the 'leaders' and the 'latest intelligence;' and by half after five o'clock, fast express-carts are flying with the reeking sheets to the terminus of every railway, to be scattered over Britain as fast as panting steam can carry them!

GRANDMAMMA.

THERE are no real old grandmammas now; the race has gone out. All old ladies of the present time have smart caps with flowers, lace collars, and bracelets; but the grandmamma whom I remember wore a mourning dress, a white handkerchief pinned in folds over her bosom, a black crape hood, clear white apron, and low-cut velvet shoes. Her out-door costume was a *mode* bonnet and cloak trimmed with bear-skin, with the addition, in winter, of a muff and tippet of the same frightful fur; and in walking, she leant on a gold-headed cane. What a delight it was to visit her as a child! the awful mysterious feeling of seeing the fingers of the clock pointing to ten at night, and we not in bed! the breakfast of coffee and muffins, the drinking tea in the parlour, and the absence of lessons, all united to make a visit to grandmamma the happiest event of childhood. The clock above-mentioned was the wonder of my young life: at the moment the hour struck, a small door flew open, and out burst a little wooden bird, calling 'Cuckoo—cuckoo!' until the striking ceased, when the door shut as suddenly as it had opened, and the clock ticked on as quietly as if nothing had happened. When older, I took great delight in hearing stories of her youth; and as her reminiscences extended over seventy-five years, and she was blessed with a most retentive memory, her tales were like dipping into an old magazine, beginning at the year 1745.

She remembered the Rebellion perfectly; and how the rebels stole the tongue of the chapel bell near her father's house to melt for bullets. She had danced at George III.'s coronation ball; and because the hair-dresser was in great demand, each lady's head requiring two hours to dress, hers was done over-night, and she was propped up in bed for fear of disarranging the fabric. The town near which she lived was remarkable for its attachment to the Stuarts, and many of its inhabitants joined the ill-fated expedition that terminated so disastrously at Culloden. In the barbarous spirit of the times, when law was terror, and punishment vengeance, the heads of several ringleaders were impaled on the Exchange of their native town, and amongst the rest the two sons of an eminent physician residing there. She said it was a touching sight to see the white-haired, venerable father, as long as he lived, take off his hat, regardless of the weather, and remain uncovered whenever he came in sight of the ghastly remains that had once been so dear to him. To this day, when any of the Stanleys pass through Church Gate in Bolton, they uncover their heads in respect to the memory of James, seventh Earl of Derby, who was beheaded there in 1651. Another of the so-called rebels, who, if on the winning side, would have been lauded as patriots, had a mournful and romantic story attached to his name, which was afterwards celebrated by Shenstone in one of his most admired ballads. The lady to whom he was engaged, anxious to testify her attachment, even to the last moment of his life, insisted upon accompanying him to the scaffold; but the devoted heart could bear no more; she expired before the awful ceremony was concluded.

In grandmamma's young days female education, with few exceptions, was limited to little more than reading, writing, cooking, and needlework. She attended a school, where a professional cook instructed young ladies in the mysteries of roasting and boiling, pastry and confectionary. She said one of her sisters was looked upon as a learned lady, because she understood a little of astronomy; accuracy in spelling was quite unnecessary, indeed was a little pedantic. I suspect her marriage had not been a very happy one, though she never said so. Her husband intended to offer his hand to her sister, and going to her house for the purpose, to his grief and astonishment found that she had just expired. It seems he was bent upon allying himself with the family, for after a time, he proposed to the other sister, some years older, who accepted him, and they were married. The death of the young sister was commemorated in a ring which she wore: the figure of a lady, about a quarter of an inch long, worked in hair leaning upon an urn, overshadowed by a weeping willow. She had a number of rings of this kind, and always wore them, except after the recent death of any of her relatives, when she took them off, that being her sign of deeper mourning than usual. She could trace the rise and progress of most families around her; for, be it remembered, she lived in a manufacturing district; knew the late Sir Robert Peel when he brought milk to market, with a great milk-can on each side his horse. Whoever was mentioned, her general remark was, 'I knew his or her mother before she was married.' She had a variety of old-fashioned terms for dress, such as we find in comedies of the last century; and spoke of how well her wedding-dress, a peach-coloured satin saque, became her, and how exquisitely she embroidered her aprons and ruffles. A child's dress she always called a 'gam,' and her babies wore frocks of Irish linen.

One favourite amusement was cleaning her plate. She allowed us to bring out what we liked, smear it with whiting, and rub it as long as we pleased. What effect our rubbing had I have forgotten; probably more pleasure to us than benefit to the silver. Our visits to her occurred at all festivals connected with good things to eat: Christmas had its minced-pies; Shrovetide its pancakes; Easter its heavy-spiced currant-dumplings, called Easter-balls, of which there were always as many as she had been years married; Whitsuntide brought the Sunday schools' treat; and August the rush-bearing, which was the annual gathering of rushes, to strew the aisles of the village church, and keep it warm during the winter. The rushes were most artistically piled on a cart in the form of a haystack. The front was covered with a white cloth, and adorned with silver tankards, cream jugs, spoons, arranged in patterns; and whatever could be borrowed in the way of plate, which was always cheerfully lent. These were interspersed with flowers, and always a large G. R. in marigolds, sunflowers, or hollyhocks: dahlias were unknown. The cart was drawn by four, and sometimes six fine horses, adorned with ribbons and bells, that jingled merrily as they walked. A dozen young men and women, streaming with ribbons and waving handkerchiefs, preceded the rush-cart, dancing the morris-dance. There was the shepherdess (with a lamb in a basket) carrying a crook, a bower borne over her head, and invariably two watches at her side: there was the fool, a hideous figure in a horrid mask, with onions for earrings, belabouring the crowd with an inflated bladder at the end of a pole. It was a point of honour to appear much amused with his antics, but many a little heart quaked under its assumed bravery. The procession was closed by two garlands, carried aloft, of coloured paper, cut into fanciful devices; and at the close of the day the rush-cart was taken to pieces, the rushes strewed in the church, and the garlands hung in the chancel, to remain until replaced by new ones the following year.

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The second person in my affections was a servant of grandmamma's, a young person rather superior to her station, who, I remember, told me the whole tale of 'Cecilia,' and of an old novel called 'Santo Sebastiano,' besides setting my hair on end with the black velvet pall that moved in the marchioness' chamber in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' How I have dived down under the bedclothes, and stayed there curled up in a ball, after she took my candle away at night! Her stories were sometimes interrupted by a low whistle at the back-door, whereupon Betsy was immediately under the necessity of fetching coals for the parlour, and was so long about it, my patience was sorely tried. I am ashamed to say the family prayers were a positive nuisance to me. It was too hard to be taken off from Valancourt and Emily in an arbour, or just when Delvile and Cecilia were being married, and the deep voice from behind a pillar forbidding the ceremony. To be carried off at any such crisis to prayers was a trial. I can see now the pattern of the horse-hair cover on the seat of the old-fashioned chair to which I knelt, and can almost feel its pricking on my bare arms, or it might be my cheek, when I could hold up no longer. Time went on: Betsy sought the fate of too many of her class—married, contended for years against poverty, children, and an idle husband, sunk under it, and died. Her mistress attained fourscore years, and ceased to live rather than died. Her lamp of life had burnt so feebly, it was scarcely perceptible when finally extinguished. Looking back, the happiness of my youth is associated with her; looking forward, I have comfort and satisfaction in the hope of rejoining dear grandmamma.

TEMPERAMENT OF GENIUS.

The calamities of men of genius form an interesting portion of literary history, which has been well *exploité* by D'Israeli; but the greater part of their unhappiness is perhaps the result of a nervous temperament of more than usual excitability, occasioning a degree of mental suffering apparently quite disproportioned to its circumstantial cause. Thus the 'divine Michael Angelo' was never satisfied, but sometimes enraged with his works; and if there appeared to his fastidious eyes any imperfection in the piece he was engaged upon, he would cast it aside in disgust, to be commenced anew, or never resumed again. Would we at all times behold the poet most skilled to charm, we would often see him in his solitude bewailing the want of language sufficiently vivid to convey the glowing imagery of his fancy. Racine speaks of the disappointment which he felt in reading over in the morning what he had written the night before. What he had then thought good, he fancied should have been much better, and he felt discouraged and dissatisfied. Petrarch describes 'the faint-heartedness' which so frequently came over him, in an account which he has given of an interview which he had with John of Florence, to whom he fled for comfort and advice while labouring under this depression. He thought of relinquishing the pursuit of literature altogether. After acknowledging in most pathetic terms all he owed of encouragement to the kind father, he bewails his want of power:—'I flattered myself that assiduous labour would lead to something great; but I know not how, when I thought myself highest, I feel myself fallen—the spring of my mind has dried up—what seemed easy once, now appears to me above my strength; I stumble at every step, and am ready to sink for ever into despair.' Rousseau became so doubtful of the value of the system of education laid down in his 'Emile,' that after its publication he could not bear to read a line of it.

The lamentations of the successful over the fruit of their labours would make a very interesting chapter. We find the great Newton making his own estimate of his success in his pursuit of science in words which were spoken to the friends about him when he was dying:—'I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.' Even the patient and laborious Johnson poured his lamentation over the great work which he had just completed, and thus proved that melancholy feelings greatly predominated over those of pleasure and exultation. 'In the gloom of solitude,' he says, 'I have protracted my work till those whom I have wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds.' The most pitiable of the sufferings to which men of genius are liable, is that deep melancholy into which so many among them have been known to fall—a calamity the more deplorable, because its cause cannot be explained, nor its cure be effected by human means. Cowper, who spoke from sad experience, and touched upon the subject in the most affecting manner, says—

> 'No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels;
> No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.'

This melancholy, having its source in extreme sensibility, may probably be fostered by the pursuit of those arts where great tenderness of feeling is required. Even in his earliest childhood Mozart gave indications of that deep sensibility for which he was so remarkable during his short life. Naturally of a fragile constitution, his intense devotion to his pursuit was too much for his physical powers, and his declining health and saddened spirits caused his wife and friends the deepest anxiety. All their attempts to induce him to abstain from it were unavailing; and often, while wrapped in his exquisite compositions, a sudden faintness—the effect alike of bodily weakness and intense sensibility—has come over him, and he has swooned away. But still, gentle and complying, to gratify his wife, he would walk by her side, or he would accompany her in her visits, though all the while he would remain sad and abstracted.

The tender melancholy which we feel in contemplating a pathetic scene wrought out by the hand of genius, or in listening to a mouruful strain which it has inspired, is so pleasing, that we would not wish to forego it. Some portion of the pleasure may arise from the sympathy which we are conscious of feeling with the genius who has given so much power to art; but there are many of the works of the gifted produced under feelings and circumstances totally at variance with the sentiments they inspire, and with our notions of the frame of mind in which they were undertaken and finished. Who could suppose that the tale of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' so remarkable for the elegance and calm and lofty dignity of its style, was written in one week (and never revised), in all the hurry and agitation of an affectionate son impatient to attend his dying mother, and to carry with him the means of defraying the expenses of her burial? The power which many among the unfortunate have had of diffusing mirth which they cannot feel, is perhaps one of the most wonderful achievements of genius. Many a tear has fallen on pages written to make us smile. It has been well observed by D'Israeli, who said everything well, that those who make the world laugh often themselves laugh least. In speaking of Smollett, whose works have contributed more to entertain than any we can think of, he says:—'His life was a succession of struggles and disappointments, yet of success in his writings.' This great genius, so admired, had not sufficient means from his scanty remunerations to enable him to try the effect of change of air, which had been recommended for his impaired state of health. The daughter who had been the object of his fondest affection died. It wrung his heart to think that his wife had to share the privations which he endured. 'It was in want, in sickness, and in sorrow,' that he wrote 'Humphrey Clinker,' that most amusing book. Who could suppose that Burton, the author of the 'Anatomy

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of Melancholy'—a work so replete with wit and learning—was liable to fits of deep depression; that he who was the life of every company into which he entered—who could make the dullest merry—was himself, when out of society, 'mute and mopish?' 'That man is mad, or reading Don Quixote,' observed a gentleman who passed in a public walk another who held a volume in his hand, and as he was intent upon its pages, was almost convulsed with laughter. The gentleman stole a glance: it was indeed that inimitable romance, which ranks as a classic in every country to which literature has found its way—the admirable satire which was written within the walls of a prison during the captivity of Cervantes.

In the portraits of Molière, the fine countenance is impressed with a tender melancholy indicative of his disposition. In a satirical comedy written to ridicule him, he is called *Molière Hypochondrie;* yet he was the first of comic writers. His constitutional pensiveness was much increased by the unhappy fate which he made for himself: he chose for his wife one ill fitted to be the companion of one of so much sensibility. The disparity of their years was not the sole cause of the unsuitability of the union. The difference was indeed sufficient to account for a dissimilarity of taste, for she was but sixteen when he was forty. He was domestic; and notwithstanding the pensiveness which was natural to him, he could be delightfully pleasant in the social circle of home; but in company he was reserved and silent. His young wife, volatile and gay, soon showed a love for company and for admiration. Molière, agonized by her coquetry, became a prey to the most poignant jealousy, which embittered his existence. Notwithstanding the indifference with which she regarded him, he was passionately attached to her. She was beautiful and engaging, and when in her company, she engrossed all his thoughts and looks. When driven from her presence by her levity and coquetry, he pined to be with her again. It was under such feelings that he wrote his matchless comedies; and it is said that the jealous sufferings which he has so successfully depicted were all drawn after his own.

The pleasure diffused by the compositions of men of genius is often an affecting contrast to their feelings and situations. Poor Henry Carey was considered one of the most successful of writers in that light and gay style that is so enlivening to society. He heard his songs wherever he went: they were sung at every convivial meeting—they were rapturously encored in crowded theatres—they were heard in every street, but their poor author was so utterly destitute and broken-hearted, that his mind gave way, and in a moment of frantic despair he put an end to his existence. One halfpenny was found in his pocket—all he had possessed! Thus perished the man to whose humanity the establishment of a fund for decayed musicians is owing. It has often happened that the success which is always certain to attend the efforts of genius came too late, when he who languished for it was in circumstances to make it more a subject for melancholy musing than exultation. We have an affecting example of this in the account of poor Tobin the dramatist. Worn out by cares and difficulties, he fell into a consumption, and was ordered to a warmer climate. He was on the eve of sailing from Bristol for the West Indies, when he received the unexpected intelligence of the complete success of his comedy of 'The Honeymoon.' It had been for such a length of time in the hands of the manager, that he had given it up as lost, and had long ceased to think of it. It had been accidentally found and brought out, to meet with *the most unbounded applause!* Tobin sailed, hoping to return with renovated health to reap the advantage of his good fortune. The weather became tempestuous, and the vessel was driven into Cork harbour; while in the meantime the comedy was acted every night to crowded houses. But the author?—he lay dead in the cabin of the ship!

The struggle of genius with adverse circumstances is a melancholy theme. In giving it a passing thought, we cannot forget Collins—that gifted poet, so neglected in life, so prized in death: of whom Johnson thought it not too much to say, 'The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation; susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity; but, above all, carried away by the high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his descriptions.' All who are familiar with the poetry of Collins will subscribe to the justice of this tribute. Yet, eminently gifted as he was, his fate was such 'as must be mourned till Pity's self be dead.' His extreme sensibility brought on that melancholy state to which we have remarked the imaginative are so liable. Johnson ascribed this in Collins to a deficiency in the vital, and not in the intellectual powers. He asserts that nothing like alienation of mind was perceived by his friends, though he himself was haunted by the idea that such was his malady. In the midst of conversation, the current of his mental powers was often interrupted by extreme exhaustion, which would oblige him to break off suddenly, and throw himself on the couch till their energies revived. This may have been the commencement of the unsettling of his mind; for there can be no doubt that his own fears were but too well founded, for he was for some time the inmate of a lunatic asylum. His poetry is a sufficient evidence of his deep sensibility. It was indicated, too, by the powerful manner in which music affected him. In his last days, when in his native city of Chichester, he would pass days and nights in wandering through the aisles of the cathedral. When the choristers joined in the anthem, it was too much for the sensitive poet; he lost all control over his excited imagination, and shrieked and groaned aloud, producing an effect upon his kindred and friends which cannot be described. The cold reception with which his poetry had met was the corroding disappointment which preyed upon his mind, and completely upset it. Reduced to the greatest want, and frantic with despair, he had returned to his native city 'to hide himself in the arms of a sister.' Collins had his lucid intervals; it was during one such that Warton met him. He observed him deeply absorbed in the book which he was reading, and felt a curiosity to find out what volume so much interested the literary man. An opportunity offered, and he looked into it: it was an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins; 'but that is the best.' There can be no doubt that he found in that book the consolation of which he stood so much in need; it was his constant study during his last illness. The vicar of St Andrews, Chichester, in speaking of him to Dr Warton, said—'I was walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening during Collins' last illness: I heard a female—the servant I suppose—reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent, but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent.' Flaxman's beautiful monument to Collins commemorates in the most affecting manner the comfort which the stricken poet took in the Gospel. He is represented in a reclining posture; the Bible is open before him; the placid and tranquil expression of the whole aspect discloses at once the consolation which he found; his lyre, and the 'Ode on the Passions,' as a scroll, lie neglected on the ground. In relief on the pediment are two female figures, representing Love and Pity, entwined in each other's arms.

In this hurried sketch, which our limits alone permit, we have passed over the sorrows of many of those gifted ones on whose honoured names we should

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have loved to dwell. We have left unnoticed many an early grave, decked by the laurels which should have graced the living brow of the poet. The subject on which we have imperfectly and hastily touched is indeed one of surpassing interest, and leads to salutary reflection. The works of genius are more justly estimated when we remember at what a cost they are ours. The lot of the obscure, though it afford but the crust earned by daily labour to appease hunger, and the running stream to slake the thirst, appears less grievous if it be felt to be free from the responsibilities, the cares and disappointments, which have marked the careers of many among the most gifted 'the world e'er saw.'

A FEW WEEKS AT CAUTERETS, AMONG THE PYRENEES.

We were now to proceed to the stronger sulphuric waters of Cauterêts, about forty good miles from Pau, up the Gâve, nearly the whole way in a south-easterly direction. Our first rest was at D'Estelle, a curious old village attached to the church of Betterâm, where we had been before with some friends on a sketching expedition; a picturesque remnant of a monastery, now used as a sort of college for the education of young priests, and a bridge near it, overgrown with ivy, filling a very pretty foreground in this mountain scene. The drive was a very enjoyable one, through a country abounding in villages, situated among rich fields, and sheltered by forest-trees. The road followed the course of the river, by the side of meadows of emerald green, with the ever-varying Pyrenees in the distance. We passed many country-houses, in any of which I should have been quite content to have been set down for life; and we almost envied an American gentleman the possession of quite an English-looking place, on a gentle slope, where he had already laid out his lawn and shrubberies.

The next *poste* was Lourdes, quite a large town, containing many excellent houses; a good *place*, with a very handsome fountain in it; and a castle—a fortress of some renown in the old feudal times, when it was the stronghold of barons of power, whose border raids kept the whole country round in terror. It is now occupied by a detachment of troops, this being one of the frontier garrisons. We had to pass the town to reach it, to travel up one side, and return again down the opposite side of a narrow rocky ravine, near the entrance of which Lourdes is situated, high upon a rock of the same sterile character as the valley. We were glad to leave this rugged neighbourhood, and to find ourselves once more among woodland scenery, the beauty of which increased as we journeyed, till we reached the very lovely plain and town of Argelez, where we rested for the night. As far as Lourdes, the country above Pau resembled very much the country below Pau towards Oleron. After leaving Lourdes, the character of the landscape changed entirely. We began to ascend a valley, through which the Gâve, now considerably narrowed, ran rapidly. There were abrupt well-wooded banks, mountain-tops rising high around, often presenting on some projecting cliff the ruins of an ancient watch-tower. The wooding was quite of a different description from what we of a more northern latitude are accustomed to look for in scenes of similar grandeur. Chestnuts, walnuts, acacias, are unlike what we are used to find among rocks. There were oaks, too, but not our sturdy oaks, with their short, thick trunk, and bushy head, and knotted extending branches. The oaks in these parts are very elm-like in their character, tall, aspiring trees, with branches rising gracefully, and bearing larger leaves of even darker green. Along the valley of Gabas, the birch and the black pine suited my taste better, harmonised more with their surroundings: but we had not yet ascended high enough to meet them here.

Argelez is beautiful. A noble circular plain, another basin enclosed by mountains, across which streams flow, and through which villages are scattered, with their fields, and orchards, and sheltering clumps of trees, telling of plenty in the wilderness. The little town is hardly worthy of its situation, yet it attracts many residents, the winters here being mild, and the summer heat tempered by the breeze from the higher lands. Living, firing, and house rent are all cheap. The place is therefore well suited to the delicate of moderate means, who are careless about society; for a life in this remote settlement is one of complete retirement. The plain of Argelez ends at Pierre Lafitte, a small village at the foot of a precipice, from which point the road divides. One branch goes on up the course of the Gâve through a very narrow gorge to Luz: the other ascends the rock abruptly to mount to Cauterêts, and is conducted along by the bed of a torrent which seems to have broken its way through the rock to meet the Gâve. The scenery differs in little from other passes of like nature all through these wonderful mountains. There are leaps, and cascades, and rapids in quick succession all along the course of this boisterous water—overhanging rocks above, steep precipices below, trees of all sorts and sizes, flowers of every hue; and amid this wildness a broad, finely-engineered public road invades the chasm, up which our little horses trotted easily. The skilfulness of its construction made us wonder: cut into the face of the rock here, built up with heavy masonry there, it led us, by many zig-zags, from the wide fertile plain below to a small rude plain above, backed by a pine-clad conical hill, round the base of which, scattered along the banks of the torrent, lies the village of Cauterêts—or town indeed; for this favourite watering-place contains many good shops, a library, a market, and numerous houses, all neatly furnished for the bathers, who do not live here in large parties at hotels, as they do at the Eaux Bonnes, but privately in small lodgings or apartments. We drove to one of the hotels at first, that we might have time to look a little about us; and we entered it through the stables—not the stable-yard, but the stables!—which were merely a very large long shed, into which we drove, and found on each side of the passage left for visitors lines of ponies standing ready saddled before open mangers, their owners, who act as guides, grouped behind them, all waiting to convey different sections of the company upon their morning excursions. Our rooms were comfortable, but there was no view from any of the windows; and to be in the midst of such scenery, and see none of it, did not satisfy our vagrant fancies. We therefore soon fixed ourselves in a small house near the river, where we had the conical hill rising up in front of us, and the pine-tree forest within sight and reach—the wild fragrance of the leaves being often wafted to us by the breeze, atoning in some degree for the strong sulphuric odour brought down from the baths by the stream, at times so powerfully, that I fancied I could always detect the moment of a bath being emptied. We had no further trouble upon thus establishing ourselves than was included in opening the door of our new dwelling, followed by our luggage, and choosing each of us our chamber. Our meals were supplied from the hotel at so much per day, and we had brought our little *bonne* from Pau to wait on us.

The business of bathing was the chief occupation of the place, and very regularly proceeded with under a superintending physician, who fixed the hours, the temperature of the waters, and arranged all else concerning the invalid's use of them. There was one very large newly-erected bath-house near a bridge higher up the stream, and several smaller ones, of more ancient date, seated here and there upon the banks, and almost an equal number of rapids; for the little river frets and fumes away over a very rocky bed. The hours were very early, so that the day must have seemed long to many. Those ladies whose toilettes were suitable, walked in the two or three public promenades, and then they visited the shops, or one another. Some of the gentlemen attended them; others fished for trout in the numerous brooks with which the neighbourhood abounded; a few, more venturesome, followed the chase of the izard, and other wild animals, far into the recesses of the mountains. There were some determined climbers to the mountain-tops, with whom my indefatigable brother quickly made acquaintance. I kept to the lower grounds, and never found it difficult to arrange a party for a long pony-back

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excursion, to which sort of ramble I was much addicted; and when not in the mood for any exercise so fatiguing, I wandered about with my son all day in the forest. It was pleasant to walk along the sounding pathways that crossed the outskirts of this silent wood, among high rocks, whereon a few straggling trees contrived to live, getting a peep occasionally of the bare blue distant mountains, and soon losing the few old hardwood trees that ornamented the greener slopes near the town. The paths we followed, as we penetrated deeper into the forest, were steep and winding, like the torrents they skirted. The thick roots of the pines frequently crossed our road, in search of the nourishment scantily furnished to them by the stony ground they grew on. They would sometimes stretch for some feet on without touching the soil, but rising off the sterile spots, dip down again in richer pasturage, and curl away through the thick carpet of plants, till we lost sight of their extremities. The peculiar odour of the fir leaves, as we stepped over the dried remains of those so plentifully shed throughout the year by these stately evergreens, was a very grateful fragrance in such sunny days, as was the scent of the bog-myrtle, which grew in abundance near the streams, little noisy torrents rushing at short intervals across the path, dashing from the gray crags above down to the black rocks below. Rude bridges, made of logs, carried us pleasantly over the larger of these rivulets; stepping-stones did for the smaller; and there were plenty of blocks of granite on which, when weary, we could rest, surrounded by all that could increase the beauty of such scenery. Much of it reminded me of our British mountains; but the height, and the picturesque outline of this gigantic range, and the magnificence of the waterfalls, far exceed the beauty of any landscapes it has ever yet been my lot to wander in. One excursion through a considerable part of this forest, up to the Lac de Gaube, surpassed all we had yet seen even of the Pyrenees. We were a large party, and some of us had travelled in many lands: we had Grecian, Alpine, Indian recollections amongst us, and memories of the Western Scottish Highlands; yet all agreed the scenes around us lost nothing by such comparisons.

We were early in the saddle, and soon leaving the gay streets of Cauterêts, we began to ascend the stony banks of the torrent, the path becoming steeper as we proceeded. At the end of a long ride through the forest, we halted before a high mountain of rock, up the precipitous sides of which two roads diverged from the one we had travelled. The branch to the right hand led to the Spanish baths of Pantecousa; the branch to the left hand led up to the Lac de Gaube. The surplus waters of this still distant mountain tarn, augmented at this season by the constantly melting snow, fell down just in front of us from the rock high above, through a chasm of granite, to some unsounded depth, out of sight, below, in one wide, stormy, dashing, deafening cataract, worthy of ranking among the wonders of the district. The dreary darkness of the forest, the traces of desolating tempests all around, the solitude, all impose upon the senses, and heighten the effect of the wild grandeur of the scene. We stood upon the Pont d'Espagne—a bridge of logs thrown over a pause in the downward course of the torrent—and looked up at the foaming waters, and down on the foaming waters, till I felt frightened out of any sense the noise had left me. The path up the rock by the side of the cataract is difficult to climb. How the ponies managed it is a marvel, for it is extremely rugged, as well as steep, winding about in short zig-zags, with sharp enough corners, and encumbered with large stones. We had often to stop to rest before reaching the plain at the top. We had a good bit to go before arriving at the lake, and snow to cross besides—a narrow strip, too much in a hollow for the sun to act on till later in the summer—over which we passed on foot in the path the guides had trodden for us. They drove the horses over afterwards, when one pony stepping aside, sank to the girths, owing to its indiscretion. Snow in fields, rather than in patches, was above, below, and all round. The little dismal lake in front sunk deep in a basin formed by a wall of rugged rocks, which entirely encompassed it, and were seldom scaled, except by smugglers. Close to where our cavalcade stopped, on a large block of stone jutting out into the water, is a square iron-railed enclosure round a tablet of white marble, erected to the memory of a young English husband and his wife, who visited this place on their bridal tour, and perished, but a few years before, in these chilling waters, from incautiously venturing by themselves into a little cobble, used for fishing along the shore by a man who lives here in a small hut near the lake. In this very desolate abode a party of any size may, during the season, get a good luncheon, or even dinner, with wine, spirits, English porter, confectionary, the delicious trout fresh from the lake, and fine dried fruits smuggled over the frontier, served under an awning with considerable neatness, the cold waters of the lake serving as well as ice to set the liquors in. M. and Mad. de Gaude, as we christened our entertainers, do not live in so high a sphere during the winter: they descend in autumn to the less elevated position of the village of Cauterêts, only arriving here with the summer. The privilege has been hereditary in madame's family for some generations, and she seems to be not a little vain of it.

We had time to walk a good way round the lake before remounting our little steeds, which was quite a pretty sight, as each pony with its guide and rider filed off through the forest. There was a guide at every lady's bridle rein—not a little foot-page—but a good sturdy mountaineer, or his equally sturdy wife or sister, small-sized, handsome people, active and cheerful, and very intelligent. They were well dressed in solid clothing of home manufacture, the distaff being in every woman's hand. My attendant, the wife of one of the most celebrated of the Lux guides, wore blue knitted stockings, very neat leathern shoes, short blue stuff petticoat, black apron, black cloth jacket, with a pink cotton handkerchief inside of it, and another pink cotton handkerchief upon her head. The men, *birêt* and all, might have walked out of any cottage on Tweedside. We did not venture to ride down the rugged descent to the Pont d'Espagne, none of us, gentlemen or ladies, liking to encounter the risk of a tumble among such angular stones: we scrambled down on our feet as we best could, and we took a long rest at the wooden bridge over the beautiful waterfall, before trotting our ponies merrily home. I frequently rode as far as this cataract, the way thither was so agreeable, and the object of my journey so well worth an often-repeated visit; and two or three times I went on along the road to Pantecousa, not so much for the scenery, which did not improve, as for the purpose of meeting the groups of Spaniards which were constantly passing to and from Cauterêts. The men were very fine-looking figures, tall and graceful, even commanding, and their costume was exceedingly picturesque: the open jacket, open sleeve, and open knee, the sash, the cross-gartered sabot, and the cap with the tassel always stuck jauntily on one side of the head, gave a sort of stage effect to their appearance, thoroughly in keeping with the wildness of the scenes they were passing through. The women wore the jacket and petticoat common to the peasantry on the French side of the mountains; but they had no neat apron with its useful pockets, and the jacket was cut low between the shoulders, and exhibited, instead of the neat cotton handkerchief, a very dirty shift, which was gathered up in plaits round the throat. Their hair, seldom combed, hung in one thick plait down their backs, and over it they wore a small skull-cap without a border, tied under the chin with a narrow string. They were far from handsome, very far from clean, very much sunburnt, and I never saw a distaff or a stocking in their hands. Both men and women seemed to be regular porters by trade; for going or coming, they carried large packages, country wares in baskets, to dispose of at Cauterêts, and from thence furniture of every description, intended, we supposed, for the baths at Pantecousa. They bore them like the coolies in India, or the Musselburgh fisherwomen, on the back, supported by a band round the forehead. I have often pitied the women, dirty as they were, and sturdy as they looked, trotting away under that hot sun, with a couple of chairs, a small table, or the skeleton

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of a chest of drawers piled up high upon their broad shoulders.

On one of these private excursions of mine I overtook a small party walking along in an open part of the forest, who, turning to have a look at me, I discovered among them my botanical friend from the Eaux Bonnes. She and her friends were established at St Sauveur, and had ridden over to Cauterêts early in the morning for the purpose of visiting the Pont d'Espagne. They were flower-collecting on their way, and exhibited to me, with much exultation, some fine specimens of dwarf rhododendrons, found wild among the rocks in the little plain we had met on. Their description of their residence bit us all with a desire to accompany them on their return the following day; and one course of the sulphur baths being over, we resolved upon giving ourselves a holiday; and we accordingly set out to pass the following week in what we were assured was the most enchanting spot in all the Pyrenees.

BENEFITS OF PRISON INSTRUCTION.

In 1815, three Sheffield boys were sent to York jail for robbing a silversmith's shop. They were convicted, and sentenced to transportation. One of the gentlemen on the grand jury felt so deeply interested, however, in the trial, that he took an opportunity of speaking to them privately; and on his return home at the end of the circuit, he wrote to the governor of the prison, requesting that instruction should be given them during their stay in England, at the same time offering to pay all the expenses. The governor consulted with a benevolent clergyman of the city on the subject, and it was decided that a school should be formed on the establishment, in which the lads could be regularly taught. A room was accordingly appropriated to the purpose; and a young man from the debtors' side of the jail, who had at one time kept a small school of his own, was appointed, and paid as master. Under his instructions the boys made rapid progress. They, moreover, appeared very happy; and their general good conduct endeared them to all with whom they had any connection. When the time arrived for their departure, their kind patron paid them a visit. He was much pleased with their improvement, and made them a present of several useful and religious books. On taking leave of them, he also presented each with a guinea, saying that they were to do with it as they pleased, but at the same time telling them that the tradesman they had robbed was in the debtors' wards of the prison; and observing that, if he were in their place, he should think it right to make some compensation for the injury done to him; though he did not urge the matter on them. As soon as the gentleman was gone, the boys consulted together, and, by general consent, agreed to send the man all that had been given them — which amounted to between five and six pounds—making only this modest request, that he would return them a shilling each for pocket-money. The silversmith, much affected by this act of justice, returned them more than they asked.

We are happy to say that care was taken to preserve these three poor lads from evil associates during the voyage. They also carried with them a letter of recommendation to the Rev. Mr Marsden, senior chaplain of the colony, a man deeply interested in the moral condition of those under his pastoral care. The worthy clergyman mentioned in the above—to whom we are indebted for the facts—makes the following observations on prison instruction:—'This successful experiment has excited in my mind a strong wish that schools could be formed in all our larger prisons, where juvenile offenders are so often to be found. This measure, together with occupation for all, and a proper classification, seems to me, after forty years' acquaintance with the inmates of a prison, to be the most promising means of producing reformation.'

THE 'LAWING.'

The following dialogue occurred recently in a little country inn, not so far from Edinburgh as the internal evidence might give one to suppose. The interlocutors are an English traveller and a smart young woman who acted as waitress, chambermaid, boots, and everything else, being the man and maid of the inn at the same time.

Traveller. Come here, if you please.

Jenny. I was just coming ben to you, sir.

Traveller. Well, now, mistress——

Jenny. I'm no the mistress: I'm only the lass, and I'm no married.

Traveller. Very well, then, miss——

Jenny. I'm no a miss: I'm only a man's dochter.

Traveller. A man's daughter?

Jenny. Hoot ay, sir. Didna ye see a farm as ye came up yestreen, just three parks aff?

Traveller. It is very possible.

Jenny. Weel, that's my father.

Traveller. Indeed!

Jenny. It's a fac.

Traveller. Well, that fact being settled, let us proceed to business. I am now in a hurry to go—indeed I should have said so at first—and so, my good Molly——

Jenny. My name's no Molly—it's Jenny. What do you ca' me Molly for?

Traveller. I beg your pardon, Jinnie.

Jenny. Jenny, Jenny!

Traveller. Very well. Hang it! I am in a hurry, and must request to see your bill at once.

Jenny. Our Beel? Wully we call him; but I ken what ye mean. He's no in e'en now.

Traveller. Wully! What I want is my account—a paper stating what I have had, and how much I have to pay.

Jenny. And is that 'our Beel?' (*Half aside*). Did onybody ever hear the like o' that? (*Aloud*). Ye mean the *lawing*, man; but we hae nae accounts here. Na, na; we hae owre muckle to do.

Traveller. And how do you know what sum to charge?

Jenny. Ou, we just put the things down on the sclate, and then I tell the customers the tottle by word o' mouth.

Traveller. Very well, then, for any sake give me the lawn at once, and let me go.

Jenny. He—he—he!—to hear the like o' that! It's you that maun give us the lawing, man: the lawing's the siller.

Traveller. Pray do tell me, then, how much it is?

Jenny. That's precisely what I came ben for; and if ye had askit me at first, or waited till ye were spoken to, I wouldna hae keepit ye a minute. Na, na; we're never sweert to seek the lawing, although some folks are unco slow at payin' o't. It's just four-and-six.

Traveller. That is very moderate: there are two half-crowns.

Jenny. Thank you, sir: I hope we hae a saxpence in the house, for I wouldna like to give baubees to a gentleman.

Traveller. The sixpence is for yourself.

Jenny. Oh, sir, it's owre muckle!

Traveller. What! do you object to take it?

Jenny. Na, na, sir; I wouldna put that affront upon ye. But mind, the next time ye're in a hurry, dinna be fashing yoursel wi' mistresses, and misses, and Jinnies, but just say, 'What's the lawing, lass?'

VALUE OF WATER TO PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

No other liquid than water can afford that which is necessary for the seed to germinate, for the leaves to unfold, for the branches and roots to shoot forth, for the flowers to expand, and for the fruit to swell. It is water that is taken in by the roots, holding dissolved in it certain of the mineral substances of the soil; it is water which forms all the liquid portion of the sap that rises in the stem and branches

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to be perfected by the agency of the leaves. It is water which unites with the carbon derived from the atmosphere to form the various compounds that contribute to the extension of the fabric of the tree, or that are stored up in its cavities. And even when other liquids are produced within the vegetable, such as the fixed oils (rape, linseed, walnut, &c.), or the volatile oils or essences (otto of roses, essence of lemon, oil of cinnamon, &c.), these owe their existence to water, being formed by the combination of its elements with carbon through the agency of the green cells of the leaves. It may be further remarked that the activity of all the processes of vegetation corresponds with the amount of fluid exhaled from the leaves, by the functions resembling the perspiration of animals. If a plant, perspiring actively under the influence of a bright warm sunshine, be carried into a dark room, the exhalation of liquid ceases; but the absorption by the roots ceases also (or at least is very much diminished), until the light and warmth are restored, and the loss of liquid by the leaves recommences. The larger the quantity of water which thus passes through a plant, the more solid matter does it gain; since, although the amount dissolved in it be exceedingly minute, it is enough to be of consequence to the plant, which thus extracts for itself in a short time that which is yielded by many times its own bulk of liquid. As long as the plant is freely supplied with water, it may continue to exhale to any extent without injury. It is only when the quantity exhaled exceeds the supply which the plant can gain by absorption, and the proper quantity of water in its tissues is thereby diminished, that the loss of fluid from the leaves is really weakening and injurious. Now, with regard to animals, precisely the same holds good. Whatever animal tissue we deprive of its liquid by drying, whether the soft mass of a jelly-fish or the hard shell of a crab, the soft nerves and muscles of a human body, or its hard bones and teeth, we drive off nothing but *water*. It is through this liquid alone that all the active functions of animal life are carried on. It is water alone that can act as the solvent for the various articles of food which are taken into the stomach; the gastric juice itself being nothing else than water, with a small quantity of animal matter and a little acid, which form, with the albumen, &c. of the food, new compounds, that are capable of being dissolved in that liquid. It is water which forms all the fluid portion of the blood, that vital current which permeates the minutest textures of the body, and conveys to each the appropriate materials for its growth and activity. It is water which, when mingled in various proportions with the solid matter of the various textures, gives to them the consistency which they severally require. And it is water which takes up the products of their decay, and conveys them, by a most complicated and wonderful system of sewerage, altogether out of the system. No other liquid naturally exists in the animal body, save the oily matter of fat, which is derived from the plant, and which is stored up chiefly to serve as respiration food. It might be inferred, then, that water, in addition to properly-selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require; and there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained, even under very trying circumstances, without any other beverage.—*Dr Carpenter in Scottish Temperance Review.*

SPANNING THE GLOBE.

An American merchant, bound for Hong-Kong, left New York on the 4th instant in the Canada mail steamer, and arrived in Liverpool on the morning of the 19th. After transacting some business in Liverpool and London, he arrived at Southampton by the day mail-train on the 20th, and immediately embarked on board the *Ripon* steamer, which was preparing to start for Alexandria with the Indian mail. This gentleman will reach his destination on the 15th June. Thus he will have travelled from the United States to China, a distance of nearly 15,000 miles, in 72 days. In a little more than two months he will have traversed the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and the Mediterranean, Red, and China Seas, called at England, Gibraltar, and Malta in Europe; Alexandria and Suez in Africa; and at Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong in Asia. With the exception of passing through England and Egypt, the whole of the journey will have been performed by water in British ships. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's servants never recollect a passenger for China who had been so recently in America, and it will probably be, for length and rapidity, the most extraordinary voyage ever performed.

THE HOLIDAY.

'All the merry-hearted do sigh.'—Isaiah, c. 24, v. 7.

Is it a holiday, that thus in rule
By two and two march forth the village school?
A holiday! joy beaming in each look,
Care thrown aside along with slate and book;
Oh, happy little prisoners set free!
Your guileless hearts are bounding merrily!

What's this? how slow and mournful is their tread!
And wherefore droops so heavily each head,
As o'er the green, linked hand in hand they go,
To yonder cottage where the roses blow?
Now with half-pensive, eager looks they wait,
And range themselves before the rustic gate—
That peaceful-looking cottage! What is there
To fill young faces with such signs of care?

Alas! thy whitewashed walls, and low-thatched roof,
No more than palaces are sorrow-proof!
That open casement—where, as white as snow,
The curtain with the breeze flaps to and fro,
Now caught aside by yonder thorny rose—
Does all its little world of grief disclose.

Oh, wherefore, mourners, do you kneeling weep
Beside that little angel fallen asleep?
'Another kiss!' the mother—almost wild—
Cries as they'd take her from her darling child;
The husband then doth gentle force employ
To loose those arms that clasp their only boy.

Two little shrinking girls approaching, now
Press their young lips upon that brother's brow;
Another look upon the boy is cast—
Another kiss!—the mother's—and the last!
A sad, yet manly heart the father bore,
'Till, passing from the threshold of his door,
He thought upon the voice of his young son
Which used to greet him when his toil was done—
A mother's grief, when keenest, cannot know
That stifled groan's extremity of wo!

Up to the village church their way they take,
His schoolfellows the young procession make,
Whispering each other—'Does that coffin there
Contain our little playfellow so fair?
Our pretty favourite! We shall never more
Leave him in safety at his mother's door:
Naught ever made us cry so much before.'

Gently the tearless father lays the head
Of his loved child within the narrow bed—
His young companions there fresh roses strew,
And now the envious earth shuts all from view—
The flower cut down, almost as soon as given,
Transplanted in the bud to bloom in heaven!

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 294. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1849. Price 1½d.

EARNESTNESS.

Worthy George Herbert, in his admirable old portraiture of 'The Country Parson,' says that in preaching 'he procures attention by earnestness of speech; it being natural to men to think that where there is much earnestness there is something worth hearing.' This, doubtless, is the true secret of all successful speaking. It is an ancient saying, and worthy of general acceptation, that he who would persuade others, must needs show that he is thoroughly convinced himself. Whatsoever a man believes, and lays earnestly to heart, he will be likely to utter again with an emphasis sufficient to induce others to believe it also: and, on the contrary, whoever speaks merely from hearsay, or without a sincere conviction in regard to the truth of what he says, will inevitably fail to effect any real persuasion. His lack of a perfect belief in his own statements will betray itself through the looseness or indifferency of his address. He will, to a close observer, give evidence against himself of his inward insincerity. Persons accustomed to witness the proceedings of courts of justice, cannot fail to have been struck with the utter incapacity of even the cleverest pleaders to produce a favourable impression on behalf of their client whenever they are personally conscious of advocating an unjust cause. There is always some damaging inconsistency, some unconcealable misgiving, which publishes to an observant bystander that the man is sensible of doing violence to his own convictions. The cunningest show of argument, the utmost vehemence of manner, are of no avail in speaking, unless the speaker is zealously in earnest, and can thus give us an assurance that no latent unbelief, no residuum of indifference, is lurking in his mind.

It is this quality of earnestness which explains the success of every fanatic. Because men love and admire earnestness, and have an instinctive belief that it is always the sign of something true, they listen willingly and eagerly to whatever man may come to them with an earnest and soul-inspired message. For it is a mistake to suppose that fanaticism is mere imposture. The sorriest zealot that ever gained the slightest credit with the multitude, was successful solely through the power of some truth which he embodied in his doctrines, and which, notwithstanding the distortions and disfigurements of its external folds, he could bring earnestly before the minds of his adherents. No man ever staked his hope upon a lie. A lie is for ever unbelievable, and never gains even a temporary credence, save while it is mistaken for truth. It has to advance furtively in the name of its very enemy, assuming the habit and honest accent of reality, in order to obtain the most transitory reception with mankind. The soul never relies upon a falsehood. There was always some particle of truth bound up with the wildest absurdities that were ever yet accredited among men, otherwise belief in them had been impossible. Wherever error is seen to prevail in any system of practice or opinion, it is because the original truth which formerly sustained the system, and made it credible, has been lost or progressively perverted; and not because men had ever willingly and knowingly accepted or fostered their faith on mere delusion. It is not in the nature of things that a man should be persuaded by anything which does not come home to him with the effect of truth. The successes of the fanatic are accordingly traceable to the sincerity of his convictions. By relying steadfastly upon these, he would be emboldened to appeal earnestly to men; and to minds of like character and cultivation, his doctrines might not unnaturally appear credible. The tendency to believe whatever is earnestly enforced on the attention—considered above to exist inherently in men—along with the equally natural and relevant expectation that wherever there is the outward sign of sincerity there is truth, will readily enough account for the origin and prevalence of the most extravagant forms of faith, and for the wildest eccentricities of conduct by which these have been at any time accompanied.

Whilst earnestness, however, is the vital and sustaining element of fanaticism, it fulfils a nobler and indispensable capacity in the way of furthering the teachings and ends of wisdom. Truth, in its own nature calm and perfectly serene, becomes more universally attractive, and attains to a more effectual pre-eminence, when harmoniously allied with passion. The clearest scientific statement of any doctrine will not produce that overpowering effect upon the mind which will arise when the same doctrine is enforced with an earnest declamation. The natural ornaments and graces of utterance, which spring spontaneously from the intellect in a state of high emotion and excitement, though adding nothing to the intrinsic weight of facts and principles, do nevertheless recommend them more impressively to the attention, and, by interesting the feelings and imagination, secure for them a more hearty and adequate acceptance. The fable of Orpheus charming stones into motion by the power of his music, symbolises the grand attractions of eloquence and poetry—of all the fascinating and impassioned forms of human speech. This fine enchantment, which the earnest soul of a man diffuses over other souls, so that they instantly believe the word he utters, and are kindled with high resolves and aspirations, is as literally miraculous as anything that is reported of magical or preternatural agency. Wonderful, truly, and at all times inexplicable, is the power of persuasion. You cannot, by the subtilest analysis, explain or scientifically account for it; yet it is an incontestable effect, as uniformly following from every genuine display of earnest-

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ness as the purification of the air succeeds to the manifestation of material lightning. One might indeed call earnestness a sort of spiritual electricity, inasmuch as it is always a vital element in human nature; and when actively aroused, exerts a wholesome influence through the mental atmosphere, being even sometimes not unaccompanied with danger. Its persuasive efficacy is meanwhile undeniable. It circulates conviction, and serves the ends of truth, as the electric currents promote health by an energetic and sanative agitation. A mind charged with this irresistible puissance has ready and intimate access to all states and conditions of sympathy and sensibility, and may overrule them to the promulgation of whatever truths it is inspired with; for truth is ever prevalent when its presence is once felt. The soul delights to be subdued under its glorious dominion, and feels a nobler liberty when constrained to surrender in obedience to its command. Like the glow and beauty of the sunrise, like the delicious melody of winds among the summer leaves, is the kindly encouraging voice which bids thy heart believe! Welcome as the footstep of an expected friend, memorable as the tones of undying love, as the speechless joy of some grand deliverance, is that holy and mysterious annunciation, wherein truth cometh like an angel, saluting the soul with its glad tidings; for then is the man an inlet to the rays of aboriginal intelligence, and 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.'

All that is understood by intellectual and moral elevation is inseparably associated with earnestness of character. There is neither true intelligence nor virtue possible so long as the mind is tainted with indifference. He who would be accounted wise, must love wisdom with an unlimited devotion. If any man seek knowledge for selfish and unworthy ends, he will be inevitably deprived of its most invaluable advantages. The practical profanity which he thus commits will affect the integrity of his understanding; and that which should have been an accession of true insight to his soul, will, through a vicious use, become the sure means of his degradation. The *sacred* element of knowledge—the quality whence the intellect derives new increase of vigour and enlargement, and which to a reverent and earnest mind is always the prime attraction—is utterly and scandalously thrown away whenever knowledge is prosecuted solely for secular or mercenary benefits. Everything that we can know, the meanest fact that can instruct us, has an intimate and significant reference to the culture of which we are capable, and in this properly consists its highest and pre-eminent value. Strictly and philosophically considered, the universe is a divine college for the education of humanity. All science, and history, and experience, exist, and are secured, as an available possession in the world, to the one end that the man of to-day may be richly and adequately enlightened.

In this illustrious university every man, by natural constitution, is appointed to be a student. To learn anything effectually, he will need to incline his mind earnestly to apprehend it in its total and manifold significance. Nature reveals nothing to a mere impertinent curiosity; this, rather, she perpetually confounds, till a man's frivolity becomes at last the instrument of his destruction. She will tolerate no vain shallowness, no trivial pretentiousness. Over all the gates and entrances of her institutions she has written in letters of enduring light—'Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged: practise what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.' Her rigorous, yet beneficent commandments, may not be anywise gainsayed, neither will they suffer the least infringement without serious loss to the offender. It is only by compliance, by an earnest fidelity to the truth, that a man can be established in freedom, valour, and authentic worth.

All action shoots around it everlasting influences. That which thou doest to-day shall not cease out of existence, but, as a power more or less momentous, become incorporated with the universal forces which circulate for ever throughout time and beyond time. Profoundly was it said by Schiller, 'Life is earnest.' The immortality of man enters into everything he does—how needful, then, to do it well! Consider that the worthiness or worthlessness of an act lies always in the spirit in which it is performed, and that a man can justify himself through no transaction wherein he does not throw his utmost capability, as the warranty of a sincere intention. Can we not transfigure the meanest duties by a certain lordliness and magnificence of performance? True dignity is ever the product of the man, and is nowise indigenous to his circumstances. The kingly Alfred, tending the baking of cakes in the peasant's cottage, was not the less a royal nature while thus humbly employed; nay, he would have even shown himself a greater man could he, in the face of his manifold state perplexities, have kept the cakes from burning. Diogenes was greater than Alexander, and might reasonably prefer to be himself rather than the conqueror, inasmuch as, with smaller means, he could realise a more sublime contentment; centralising within the kingdom of his tub more wit, wisdom, and manful independence, than the other could attain to with his wide imperial dominions. He, doubtless, is the greatest who can so overpower and subordinate his circumstances as to make the grandeur and beauty of character shine through them, even as the sun makes glorious the clouds and vapours which hang about the orient horizon to the interception of his morning rays. A man may magnify his life, and make it splendid and sublime, by the power of earnestness. Living, not in the shows of things, courting not the favours and prosperities of fortune, but intently holding on his way, with an eye to such things mainly as tend to a rational and intelligent advancement, he will grow gradually and securely in well-being, and perhaps eventually attain to that perfection of self-possession wherein his habitual impulses shall be in unison with the law of his constitution.

But now, it may be said, are we, from this one-sided commendation of earnestness, to infer that therefore mirthfulness and sport are to be contemptuously disparaged, and avoided as things incompatible and inconsistent with manful dignity? 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' 'Yes, by St Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.' We would have no superstitious veneration even for the moderate and wholesome stoicism which we commend. Sport, too, we can honour in its degree, for it also is a true thing, and is worthy of a place and countenance among men. Earnestness is not the antithesis to sport, but to indifference. Mirthfulness, wit, and humour, are equally as appropriate to humanity as earnestness itself. Whatsoever thing is genuine, is good in its own province. Honest sport, being natural to man, is also assuredly desirable, and even necessary to the maintenance of a healthful condition of mind. That is but a sickly and feeble nature which cannot laugh. It has even been affirmed, and, as we think, not inconsiderately, that a man's moral and social worth is estimable and measurable by the extent of his capacity for laughter—that the man who can laugh well, will be likely to do nothing indifferently. Laughter, indeed, might be aptly enough considered as the extreme earnestness of mirth; for nobody can laugh heartily who does not laugh in earnest. Those manifestations of the sportful spirit which we designate pleasantry, wit, humour, and the like, are

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characterised by nothing more distinctly than a certain tart sincerity, the lack of which would be the surest indication of their utter destitution of all merit. The keen ironical wit of such a writer as Fielding; the 'simpletonian' pleasantry of Goldsmith; the shrewder, yet generous humour of Walter Scott; higher still, that fine composite of the humorous and the pensive of which Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood have left us some choice examples; but above all, that profound, transcendental humour, such as Richter exhibits—these, and indeed genuine wit and humour wherever they are to be found, are certainly misapprehended if they are ever regarded as being unimbued with earnestness. Accordingly, amongst other earnestness, earnest sport shall have our tribute of admiration; that being, in our belief, the preservative saline principle whereby the general waters of existence are sustained against the tendency of all mortal things to putrefaction.

PAULINE.

A HISTORIC SKETCH.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Pauline was an orphan adopted by some worthy citizen of the Rue St Honoré, Paris, who, having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally the practical heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge away in a café, play billiards or cards half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a dignified and retired position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labours of the shop together; he keeping the books, while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm which hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are pretty, modest, and virtuous are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions: the one, a rich shopkeeper of the same street; the other, a poor *frotteur*. Both were young, tolerably good-looking, and very devoted in their attachment; and it would have been hard to say which was most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparaut was rich, and Jean Prevost was poor. It will readily be understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affection of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favourably received. The good Boulards were highly flattered at his preference. Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The frotteur—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her *fête* day had brought a single rose, which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c. for his employers, who, appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happy Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful were his tones, and how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good-natured word! Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor frotteur; but however this may be, she said nothing, and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparaut had spoken to old Boulard, Boulard had spoken to his wife, and his wife to the young girl; but she kissed her adopted mother so affectionately, and said so gently that she wished not to leave home, that the worthy woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.

Jean, meanwhile, became sombre and thoughtful; he dared not hope, he dared not even think of making an offer; he, a poor workman, with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her he loved! Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would have joyfully offered his heart, and the only fortune he had—his honest labour. While thus depressed, an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts.

One day he was sent for to wax the floors of a house near the Palais Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to the pleasure-parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then unoccupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of rural loves and happiness. Jean had seen them often before; but they had never affected him so much, and forgetting time, place, and his duties, he leant on the stick which held the wax, and fell into deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he hearkened to every word, and moved not, for fear of being discovered. He had discovered an awful and frightful secret; and he was a dead man if caught in that room, the ill-joined wainscot of which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard. 'What shall I do?' thought he to himself: 'to-morrow is the fête of St Louis; I have no time to lose.'

Jean left the room on tiptoe, and with the utmost caution; then descending the stairs, feigned to leave for dinner. No sooner was he clear of the house, than he made for the prefecture of police, and entering the hotel, asked to see the lieutenant. The servants replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock, and the fashionable Paris dinner-hour of that day—now six hours later. Not a valet dared disturb M. de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored; and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to pitch him out, cried, 'Do not drive me out. I must see Monsieur de Bellisle: the king's life is in danger!'

It was the eve of St Louis 1758, and the king was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, bade them pause.

'Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant,' said he; 'and show this person into his private cabinet.'

Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the frotteur sit down, and asked him his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.

'I come, sir,' said Jean firmly, 'to inform you of a plot against the king's life.'

'I am informed of such plots every day,' replied the prefect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and gaining money. 'But let me hear the details.'

Jean related all that the reader knows, and added that the attempt on the king's life was to be made that evening at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the fête of St Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with bouquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtile, that the king, on smelling

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it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy.* Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated: he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited, as if by deep indignation: the palor of horror was on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.

'Are you sure,' said he to Jean, 'that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from a mere motive of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it: the Bastile for life'——

'Put me to the rack if you like,' cried Prevost; 'it will not alter my words. I repeat the king is in danger. I offer my life as security for my truth!'

'Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles.'

It was a very short time after, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Prevost entered the royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of the Œil de Bœuf, and arrived secretly at the king's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the minister of police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact they parted only when, at eight o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign ambassadors, princes, and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Prevost, guarded in a private chamber by two *exempts*, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the frotteur to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis le Grand by the republic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps, to the king. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume, rich, bright, and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliance of the diamonds on the women. The king, who, despite his frivolity, had great courage, and a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favourite spaniel, which sat upon a stool between them, and at their feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king, as was the custom, took the bouquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the animal's nose, and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.

'If they feel hurt?' said she in a whisper.

'It is *your* spaniel, countess,' replied the king gallantly.

The foreign ministers had precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next, having courteously allowed the diplomatic corps to precede them. The king took the bouquet from the hands of the nearest of the blood-royal, who stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute sniffed it, reeled, and fell dead! Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and would have shrieked, but the king had warned her by a look.

'Not a word,' whispered he; 'it is nothing! Drop the folds of your dress over the poor animal. It has died to make true the saying, "Son of a king—brother of a king—never king!"'

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealing his emotion, while Madame de Pompadour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the king retired to his chamber, and sent for the lieutenant of police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

'Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?'

'You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the dagger of Damiens; this time a bunch of flowers; and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?'

'Close at hand, sire,' replied the lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it descended from too exalted a hand and too near a relative to be noticed.

'Bring him to me.'

'I am at your orders, sire;' and the lieutenant of police bowed. M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the merit to themselves.

'I have brought this good man with me, sire,' continued Bertin: 'he is in the guard-room, all confused and alarmed at being in a palace in his rude working-dress.'

'So much the better,' said the king; 'it is at least an honest costume and an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; I will receive him better than I would a courtier.' Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the frotteur by the hand. Jean Prevost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it all to pieces.

'Embrace your king,' cried Louis XV. with a grateful tear in his eye; 'that is your first reward.'

'Sire,' said Jean, falling on his knees, 'I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your majesty.'

'Come hither;' and the king seized him, and kissed him on both cheeks.

'I am unworthy of such honour.'

'What can I do for you?' asked Louis XV., who was capable of very good emotions.

'I ask nothing, sire.'

'But I insist. Whatever you ask you shall have.'

'If your majesty could give me Pauline,' whispered Jean Prevost.

'Oh, oh!' laughed Louis XV., once more himself again: 'a love affair. Come, the frotteur shall sup to-night with the king whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter. But silence, my friend; not a word.'

The lieutenant of police retired, and Louis XV., who was always delighted at novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the frotteur, just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the beautiful court favourite, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naïveté, truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said, 'You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be honorary head gardener, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude.'

Next morning, at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while a porter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and Pauline into his little office. The good man's

* This is not borrowed from the poisonings of Catharine de Medicis. The narrative is historical, and to be found in full detail in the archives of the police.

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air was grave, and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

'Besides,' said he triumphantly, 'she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched frotteur to a substantial citizen—never!'

'Pauline,' began M. Boulard in the morning, 'I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the minister of police—I should think—never mind: I am not a fool. But of course I should be wrong. Well, Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis; and, you will never believe it, Jean Prevost the frotteur! Isn't it ridiculous?'

'Dear father, excuse poor Jean,' stammered Pauline.

'I knew you would forgive him, child. But now you must decide freely, of your own will, between them. We have our wishes; but that is nothing: we leave you wholly unbiassed. Speak out, like a good girl, and speak frankly.'

'But, my dear father, I have no wish to marry.'

'But, child, you must. You shall know the reasons another time. So now, child, you must speak out. Which is to be—Alexis or Jean?'

'Must I speak now?' said Pauline blushing.

'Yes, child,' put in Madame Boulard; 'it is absolutely necessary.'

'Then, dear papa, dear mamma, if it's all the same to you, I like Alexis'——

'I knew it!' cried the delighted Boulard.

'Very well; but—I—love—Jean.' And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and both cried, 'I never could have thought it!'

'But,' said Madame Boulard resignedly, 'perhaps it's for the best.'

'Perhaps,' replied Boulard with a melancholy shake of his head. 'Oh, women, women!'

A knock came to the door, and then Jean Prevost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that all started.

'I am come to know my fate,' cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half-open door.

'She is yours,' cried M. Boulard with a sigh; 'though what a poor frotteur can want with such a wife is more than I can imagine.'

'I am not a poor frotteur,' said Jean Prevost; 'I am honorary head gardener of the royal gardens of Versailles, with a hundred louis of monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us, and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you, my new parents—but never repeat it—that I have luckily saved the king from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV. has shown his gratitude to the poor frotteur.'

'Monsieur Jean'——

The young man smiled; he had never been called *Monsieur* before.

'Monsieur Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake we hesitated. There, take her, and may you both be as happy as we have been;' and the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely yet looked at one another.

They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the king gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV.'s death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the king lived, he never wanted a bouquet of some kind when at his palace of Versailles; and far more wonderful, he never forgot the action of the frotteur, nor ceased to bear it in grateful and pleased remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears, and cast many a garland on his tomb—and these were Jean Prevost and Pauline his wife.

LICHENS.

When the gilded leaves of autumn have fallen from the trees, when scarce a flower remains, and the ripened seeds have dropped into the earth, then a new life rises on the wreck of summer beauty: emerald mosses, pearl-like fungi, and fantastic lichens, sparkle on every side—

> 'Leaving that beautiful which still is so,
> And making that which is not;'

turning the very barrenness of winter into a scene of vegetating glory. It is not, however, our intention to advert to the beauties of these plants, nor to their various functions in the economy of the universe, but merely to name a few of the individual uses of the last-named tribe; or, to speak more correctly, a few of those uses to which man has already learned to apply them.

First in the list we may place the Iceland lichen, or Iceland moss (*Cetraria islandica*), which, growing alike in the frigid and temperate zones, fixes itself indifferently in the icy north, on the British mountains, or beneath the Spanish and Italian skies, shunning not even the stony lava ejected by Mount Hecla. 'Providence,' say the Icelanders, 'a bountiful Providence sends us bread out of the very stones!'

This lichen is steeped in water, dried, reduced to powder, and made into bread; or it is prepared by chopping small, and boiling in three or four successive waters, for the purpose of extracting the natural bitterness, and destroying the purgative quality which it possesses. It is then boiled for one or two hours in milk, and when cold, forms a most excellent and nutritious jelly. It is also much used in this way in England, as an economical and efficacious substitute for isinglas in the making of blancmange. In the same manner it makes a good thickening for soups and broth. It is often used in England in brewing, and also in the composition, says Withering, 'of ship-biscuit, as it is not liable to the attack of worms, and suffers little by the action of sea water.'

One ounce boiled in a pint of water will yield a mucilage as thick as that from one part of gum-arabic and three parts of water. It must be remembered that two or three boilings are required entirely to exhaust the nutritive properties of the plant. This mucilage, in addition to its employment as an article of food, is a substance in our Materia Medica, and is thus, according to Lord Dundonald, made ready:—'It has an outer skin, covering a green resinous substance, and the remainder of the plant consists chiefly of gum and resinous matter, on which water does not act. In order to separate the skin from the resinous parts, the plant must be scalded two or three times with boiling water, which causes the skin to crack and peel off. It is then put into a boiler with three quarts of water to every pound of the plant, and about half an ounce of soda or potash, and the boiling should be continued until the liquor acquires a considerable degree of gummy consistence. The liquor is then to be strained, and fresh water to be added to the plant for the purpose of further exhausting the gum. The several liquors, after standing some hours to settle, and then removing the dregs, are to be boiled down in a regulated heat to the consistence required for use—but not further, lest it should become dry and discoloured.' The above is used as a remedy for coughs, and even in some cases of consumption, as it eminently strengthens the digestive powers, and consequently the whole constitution. It appears to be more used at Vienna than in any other place. When newly gathered, it is employed in Iceland as a gentle laxative.

The lungwort, or hazel rag (*Sticta pulmonacea*), is

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supposed to possess similar or even superior qualities in consumption. It is also boiled in ale by the Siberians instead of hops, and is used by the Herefordshire and Glamorgan women to dye their woollen stockings of a durable brown. The beautiful scarlet-cup lichen (*Cenomyce coccifera*), as well as the common cup lichen (*C. tuberculata*), are considered specifics in hooping-cough. The Apthous lichen (*Peltidea apthosa*) is boiled in milk, and given to children who have the thrush. The lichens bearing the specific name of esculentia are natives of Tartary, and are used extensively as an article of food in that country. The *Alectoria aslo* is in high repute amongst the Arabians as a cordial and soporific.

The nobleman above quoted discovered a method of extracting from the tree lichen (*Usnea plicata*) a gum which adequately supplies the place of the expensive gum Senegal, so much required by calico-printers and others, and which, he says, may be supplied 'at one-fourteenth of the war price, and at one-sixth of the peace price.'

The ragged hoary lichen (*Evernia prunastri*) has the curious property of absorbing and retaining scents, and is therefore made the basis of many perfumed powders. Perhaps, too, it might be useful as an imbiber of noxious vapours.

The cudbear (*Lecanora tartarea* of Acharius) derives its English name from Mr Cuthbert, who first brought it into general use. It is a most valuable article of commerce, on account of the fine purple dye which it yields, and which is so much used in the tartan plaids. It grows abundantly in the limestone districts; and the poor people collect from twenty to thirty pounds per day by scraping it off the rocks with an iron hoop, and sell it at prices varying from a penny to three-halfpence per pound, by which many, more especially amongst the Highlanders and the inhabitants of Derbyshire, realise a comfortable livelihood. Much is also imported from Norway. It is prepared—chiefly at Glasgow—with a volatile alkali and alum, and sold to dyers for the purpose of dyeing woollen yarn, for it will not impart any colour to vegetable substances. The same rock may be scraped every five years: the fructified specimens are the most esteemed. The crust of this plant is liable, during its growth, to assume 'a red or purplish tint from access of volatile alkali, as may be seen if certain animal substances fall upon it in its natural situations:' this fact probably first led to its observation and use. All the *Lecanoræ* possess the same qualities in a greater or less degree; hence the confusion which exists on the subject, and the indiscriminate names of orchal, archelle, arcel, argol, cocker, and corcaer.

The *Lecanora roccella*, which derives its name from a corruption of the Portuguese word *rocca* (rock), on account of its habitat, is the true and most valuable orchal of commerce: it yields the fine red dye so prized by both ancients and moderns, and in some seasons sells for as much as L.1000 per ton. It has been found in Portland Island and in Cornwall, but is chiefly imported from the Canary Islands. The crab's-eye lichen (*L. perella*) is used in France as a substitute for the above, under the name of *Perelle d'Auvergne*, whence its specific name. Litmus is prepared from this species, for which purpose it is gathered in the north of England, and sent to London in casks. This litmus is a most valuable test to chemists for detecting the presence of an acid or an alkali; it is likewise employed for staining marble, and also by silk-dyers for giving a bloom or gloss to more permanent colours.

The valuable pigment called 'lake' is the product of a lichen which grows but sparingly in our island—namely, the prickly lichen (*Cornicularia aculeata*). In fine, the dyes afforded by this single tribe of plants are so numerous and so varied—red, purple, blue, yellow in all its varieties, and black—that to enumerate them would be to give a long and tedious list of names; we will therefore present our readers with Mr Hellot's receipt for ascertaining whether any given lichen will yield an available dye:—'Put about a quarter of an ounce of the plant in question into a glass, moisten it well with equal parts of strong limewater and spirit of sal ammoniac—or the spirit of sal ammoniac made with quicklime will answer the purpose without limewater—tie a wet bladder close over the top of the vessel, and let it stand three or four days. If any colour is likely to be obtained, the small quantity of liquor you will find in the glass will be of a deep crimson, and the plant will retain the same colour when the liquor is all dried up. If neither the liquor nor the plant have taken any colour, it is needless to make further trials. The *Lecanora candelaria* is so named from the circumstance of the Swedes using it to stain the candles used in their religious ceremonies of a purple colour.

We cannot, however, quit the subject of lichen dyes without adverting to the calcareous lichen, which is so peculiar to limestone, that when a stone of it occurs amongst many others, it may be distinguished at the first glance by the appearance of this plant upon it. When dried, powdered, and steeped in lye, it produces the brilliant and unrivalled scarlet used to colour the whittles of the Welsh women; which stood our country in such good stead when the emissaries of Robespierre, after effecting a landing at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, were led to mistake the body of women on a distant hill for an advancing column of 'red coats.' But even these numerous uses will sink into insignificance before the treasure of the north, the reindeer lichen (*Cenomyce rangiferina*), without which the Laplanders could have no existence, for this plant alone supports the life of the reindeer, and the reindeer alone enables his master to live. Beneath the pine-forests, and on the snow-covered plains, this hardy plant covers miles of sterile ground, springing up spontaneously where no other plant could raise its head; and the deer, endowed with an unrivalled keenness and delicacy of smell by Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can ascertain the presence of their food beneath snow of many feet in depth; and by scraping with their hoofs and noses, can reach the plant, which is so carefully protected for their use by its thick covering. The *Stereocaulon* is chiefly valuable from its being the first tribe to clothe the arid lava of volcanoes; whilst the *Leprosi floridus* is the first to spring up upon the tempest-beaten stones.

An idea long prevailed amongst those superior to many wild fancies, that lichens possessed the power of transforming themselves into different species of their own tribe; and this strange notion is thus explained by Dr Rees: the seeds of *L. plumbus* are known to fall on its congener *L. niger*, and there to germinate; and as this is probably the case with others of the tribe, the mysterious transformation is made clear on the simplest and most satisfactory principles.

There is a well-known superstition attached to one species of lichen, more especially in Wales—namely, that which grows in the well of St Winifred or Gwenfrewy. Winifred, says tradition, was flying from the infidel Caradoc, who, overtaking her as she reached the church where her parents were, drew his sword and cut off her head; the head rolled into the church, where St Beuno was preaching at the time; the saint, picking it up, fastened it on; so the maiden recovered; and living for fifteen years longer, became abbess of Gwythern in Denbighshire; but Caradoc dropped down dead on the spot where he had committed the impious act. And a well sprung up from where the head of Winifred touched the ground, which is said to throw up twenty-one tons of water in a minute, and is supposed to possess such miraculous powers, that no animal can be drowned in it; but the most *wonderful* part of the story is, that to this day,

> 'In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
> But streaked with pure red, as the morning with light,
> Which they say is her blood;'——

or rather, which they said 'was her blood,' until some

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inquisitive and legend-subverting botanist demonstrated beyond all doubt that 'these time-honoured stains' were nothing more marvellous than plants of the violet-scented lichen (*Lepraria Folithus*), the same as that of which Linnæus remarks—'I saw stones covered with a blood-red pigment, which, on being rubbed, turned into a bright yellow, and diffused a smell of violets, whence they have obtained the name of *violet stones*, though indeed the stone itself has no smell at all, but only the plant with which it is dyed.'

The lichen caninus, cinerus, or terrestris, forms the powder known as *Pulvis antitypus*. It was recommended by Mr Dampier, brother of the circumnavigator, and was, by the authority of Sir Hans Sloane, noticed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. xx., as a remedy for or preventive of hydrophobia. It was at first composed of equal parts of black pepper and the powdered lichen; but this mixture being found too hot, two parts of lichen were added to one of pepper. The patient, after being bled, was directed to take one drachm and a-half, when fasting in the morning, in half a pint of milk for four consecutive mornings, accompanying the medicine with the use of the cold bath; after which he was unhesitatingly promised a perfect cure. This recipe was admitted into the London 'Pharmacopœia' in 1721; but on a revision of the book in 1788, was expunged; and now probably almost ranks with the 'stone of power,' which was said to have fallen down from heaven on a farm near Caermarthen, and which would, it was believed by the credulous, have the same effect. This stone, which is of a soft substance (perhaps chalk), *was*, or, we much fear, *is*, scraped with a knife, and a few grains given to the person who had been bitten; with what effect, any man of sense may imagine.

Such are some of the superstitions which were associated with even this humble tribe of plants, delusions which the dawn of science is quickly casting into the shadow of the night which went before it.

LYNCH'S EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

In October 1847, Commander W. F. Lynch, of the United States navy, received orders to proceed at the head of a party to explore and circumnavigate the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea. That the government of the United States should have considered it necessary to promote an enterprise of this nature will be deemed somewhat surprising. By the Americans themselves the expedition was considered, we believe, pretty much in the light of a job, or at least as a thing useless, and not altogether justifiable even on the score of science. Be this as it may, the expedition to explore that mysterious sheet of water, the Dead Sea, went on its way, and now a capacious volume is given to the world by Commander Lynch detailing the results of his inquiry.

In the vessel which carried the party to the coast of Syria were placed all needful apparatus, including two boats to be taken in pieces and drawn on carriages, arms for defence, and air-tight life-preservers. It is unnecessary to detail the early incidents of the voyage, and the subsequent visit to Constantinople, respecting which the volume before us is tiresomely redundant. It is sufficient to state that, after a variety of preliminary difficulties, the party, with their cortège of boats on wheeled trucks, arrived at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, at the beginning of April 1848. They were here received into the house of an Israelite, and all were delighted to have once more a roof over their heads after the exposure and fatigues of a land journey from Acre. On the day after arrival, the two boats—'Fanny Mason' and 'Fanny Skinner,' as they were called — were launched on the Sea of Galilee, amidst the shouts and clapping of hands of a host of Arabs. The real interest of the narrative now commences, though it is to be regretted that everything interesting in a historical and hydrographical point of view is involved in long and tasteless effusions unbefitting a work of professedly scientific purport.

The first movement of the boats was towards the head of the lake, to visit Mejdel on the plain of Genesareth. 'It must have been a singular sight from the shore—our beautiful boats, the crews in man-of-war rig, with snow-white awnings spread, and their ensigns flying, the men keeping time with their oars, as we rowed along the green shores of the silent Sea of Galilee.' A village is descried. 'Pulling to the shore, we inquired the name of the place of a fellah [native peasant] who was watering his donkey. His reply was "Mejdel." This is the ancient Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen. Mejdel is now a poor village of about forty families. The houses are of rough stone, with flat mud roofs. . . . . We had no time to survey the lake—the advancing season, and the lessening flood in the Jordan, warning us to lose no time' in making the descent to the Dead Sea. 'The bottom of the lake is a concave basin—the greatest depth thus far ascertained twenty-seven and a-half fathoms (165 feet); but this inland sea, alternately rising and falling from copious rains or rapid evaporations, apart from its only outlet, is constantly fluctuating in depth. The water of the lake is cool and sweet, and the inhabitants say that it possesses medicinal properties. It produces five kinds of fish, all good.' Before the final departure from Tiberias, Mr Lynch purchased and fitted up an auxiliary boat, which he called the 'Uncle Sam;' he also detached a number of his men and officers to act as a land party in the journey down the Jordan.

In approaching the southern extremity of the Sea of Galilee, the party in the boats had a good view of the rugged scenery around, and gradually they swept out of the lake into the Ghor (Valley of the Jordan). 'When the current was strong, we only used the oars to keep in the channel, and floated gently down the stream, frightening in our descent a number of wild fowl feeding in the marsh grass and reedy islands.' In the afternoon they came to the ruined bridge of Semakh, which picturesquely crosses the river, its fallen masses greatly interrupting the navigation. Here the Jordan is about thirty yards wide. The boats were guided through the noisy rapids with considerable difficulty. At night, the party encamped in tents near the border of the stream. The descent of the Jordan was in this way exceedingly troublesome; shallows, rapids, sunken rocks, and ruined wears impeding the regular progress of the boats, one of which, the 'Uncle Sam,' was speedily destroyed. The country around was seen to be generally uncultivated, and the desolation only here and there relieved by miserable mud-built villages. Many spots were evidently of great fertility, and with proper culture, could have supported a large population. The course of the Jordan was exceedingly tortuous. In a space of sixty miles of latitude, and four or five miles of longitude, it traverses at least 200 miles. Before reaching the Dead Sea, the party had plunged down twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides many of lesser magnitude. No interruption was met with from Arabs, though occasionally these marauders of the Desert assumed a threatening attitude. An account of the entrance to the Dead Sea, which was reached in seven or eight days, may be given in the author's own words:—

At 3. 16 P.M., April 18, the water of the Jordan began to be brackish, but still it had no unpleasant smell; 'banks, red clay, and mud gradually becoming lower and lower; river eighty yards wide, and fast increasing in breadth, seven feet deep, muddy bottom, current three knots. Saw the Dead Sea over the flat, bearing south—mountains beyond; the surface of the water became ruffled. 3. 22, a snipe flew by: fresh wind from north-west: one large and two small islands at the mouth of the river; the islands of mud six or eight feet high, evidently subject to overflow; started a heron and a white gull. At 3. 25, passed by the extreme western point, where the river is 180 yards wide and 3 feet deep, and entered upon the Dead Sea; the water a

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nauseous compound of bitters and salts.' Almost immediately on entering the expanse of waters the wind rose to a gale, 'and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine: the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation whenever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes.' The danger of swamping increased every moment, and the boats bore towards the flat northern shore. Here they gained calm water, and the party safely landed and encamped at a point indicated by their companions, who had reached this distance by land journey.

The breadth of the sea at this place to the Arabian shore was nearly 8 statute miles. 'The soundings directly across gave 116 fathoms, or 696 feet as the greatest depth—90 fathoms, 540 feet, within a fourth of a mile from the Arabian shore. Mr Aulick reports a volcanic formation on the east shore, and brought specimens of lava. Another line of soundings running diagonally across to the south-east. Mr Dale reports a level plain at the bottom of the sea extending nearly to each shore, with an average depth of 170 fathoms, 1020 feet, all across. The bottom, blue mud and sand, and a number of rectangular crystals of salt, some of them perfect cubes. One cast brought up crystals only. Laid them by for careful preservation. The diagonal line of soundings was run from this place to a black chasm in the opposite mountains. The soundings deepened gradually to 28 fathoms a short distance from the shore; the next cast was 137, and the third 170 fathoms, and the lead brought up, as mentioned, clear cubical crystals of salt. The casts were taken about every half mile, and the deep soundings were carried close to the Arabian shore. It was a tedious operation; the sun shone with midsummer fierceness, and the water, greasy to the touch, made the men's hands smart and burn severely.'

On the morning of the 21st the party took to their boats to skirt along the lake, and make observations; landing at different points, and camping at night. The plants found were the lily, yellow henbane, the nightshade or wolf-grape, the lambs'-quarter, used in the manufacture of barilla, and a species of kale. Dhom apples were also discovered. The pebbles on the beach were agglutinated with salt, and dark briny springs poured down the ravines, discolouring the vegetation, amongst which were usually prominent tamarisk-trees and canes. In various places lumps of bitumen were found. The following is one of the more remarkable of the discoveries that were made:—

'At 9, the water-shoaling hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft slimy mud incrusted with salt, and, a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallisation. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with débris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them. At 10. 10, returned to the boat with large specimens. The shore was soft and very yielding for a great distance; the boats could not get within 200 yards of the beach; and our foot-prints made on landing were, when we returned, incrusted with salt.'

Later on the same day, and further southward, the scene was one of 'unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us at least of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the south was an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and to the north was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist; while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration. No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air through which the sun poured his scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which alone of all the works of its Maker contains no living thing within it.'

Day after day the heat was that of a furnace, the air dry, and the evaporation excessive. The sea, unstirred by the wind, lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. 'The great evaporation enveloped it in a thin, transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused, but motionless. About sunset, we tried whether a horse and a donkey could swim in the sea without turning over. The result was, that although the animals turned a little on one side, they did not lose their balance. As Mr Stephens tried his experiment earlier in the season, and nearer the north end of the sea, his horse could not have turned over, from the greater density of the water there than here. His animal may have been weaker, or, at the time, more exhausted than ours. A muscular man floated nearly breast-high without the least exertion.' Mr Lynch tried the effect in his own person; but, says he, 'with great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I lay upon my back, and drawing up my knees, placed my hands on them, I rolled immediately over.' The impression conveyed by geological inspection is, that nearly the whole region is volcanic; but as limestone and sandstone occur among the rocks, the changes and convulsions must have been of a diversified character. The strongest evidence is presented that the bed of the Dead Sea has sunk by a convulsion, previous to which the waters of the Jordan had probably escaped by the Valley of Moab to the Red Sea. 'All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will show, have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirhoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course. There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its dif-

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ference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product. But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers.'

Of the excursions by land to different points, and a multiplicity of details as to soundings, breadths, and other nautical matters, we do not require to speak. The investigation of the Dead Sea was at length completed, and charts formed of its various features—for all which particulars we refer to the book itself. No serious accident occurred during the expedition, which seems to have been on the whole satisfactory. We conclude with an anecdote relative to the well-known Syrian, Asaad Kayat, who some years ago studied medicine in England, and is now settled as British consul at Jaffa. 'Dr Kayat has just claims to be considered a benefactor to this section of country. He has encouraged the culture of the vine; has introduced that of the mulberry and of the Irish potato; and by word and example is endeavouring to prevail on the people in the adjacent plain to cultivate the sweet potato, which in this warm climate and light friable soil will doubtless succeed admirably. This section, like all Syria, has few nutritious and succulent vegetables. The introduction of the potato would be a blessing, if only to supersede the washy and unwholesome cucumber, which is now *the* vegetable of the country. In the courtyard we observed an English plough of an improved construction, imported by the consul..... Last winter a boat was upset in the harbour, and the insensible body of one of the crew was thrown by the waves upon the beach. Dr Kayat had it immediately carried to his house, where he took instant measures for its resuscitation. In the meantime a report was spread abroad that a Giaour was making incantations over the body of one of the "faithful." A crowd was very soon collected before the house, and became clamorous for the body, that they might inter it; for, as I have before stated, it is an article of Muslim belief that the soul of a person not slain in battle cannot enter the gardens of Paradise until the body is interred. Dr Kayat, from his official position, succeeded in keeping the doors closed until, after several hours' persevering efforts, he succeeded, and indignation gave way to astonishment among the people, who declared that he had restored the dead to life.'

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

We hear so much oftener of bad habits than of good ones, that one is half tempted to suppose the phrase a mere excuse—a shield for our failings, but no fitting cloak for our worthier deeds. The 'involuntary faults' are alluded to in a tone so indulgent—as something, even while lamented, still to be endured—under the name of habit; which, being second nature, is still more difficult to overcome than nature itself: but all the while we shut our eyes to the corrective properties it also possesses, and seldom take the trouble of driving home the little wedge of true metal, that would scatter right and left the long-accumulating, and perhaps even hardened mass.

Let us not despise the humble ally—no matter how trivial the good habit may be, when applied to the affairs of every-day life—which, after all, is mostly made up of trifles in themselves. We will many a time find ourselves suddenly pulled up in an inconsiderate, or even a headlong course, by some little habit, almost mechanical, perhaps adopted unconsciously, and yet precious beyond all calculation in its results.

Are any of our readers habitual snuff-takers? If so, though most probably refusing to class this in the list of bad habits, they must at least admit that it is one of the most difficult to set aside. The questionable indulgence becomes in the long-run a chief necessary of life: indeed we have it from the lips of an old admiral now no more, that at one time, with shipwreck, starvation, and death staring him in the face, amongst all the contingencies of such a situation, the one he contemplated with deepest apprehension was the failing of supplies in the little hollow deer's hoof always snugly ensconsed within his waistcoat pocket. But most inveterate of all snuff-takers was our friend Walter Miles: with him the habit was not merely personal—it was hereditary; and if he did not imbibe it with his mother's milk, he at least acquired it with the earliest lessons imparted by his father, who, preferring sedative to corrective measures, would many a time bribe the youngsters into the quietness he so dearly loved by impartially handing his snuff-box round the circle; and Walter, making the most of his opportunities, soon became an adept in the art of taking a pinch. The usual consequences of course followed—inflamed nose, a nasal twang of voice, and other phenomena.

Such a case might have been deemed hopeless; habit was indeed second nature here, and sorely threatened to cloud the animation and intelligence which were really natural; but, just in time to avert this consequence, a counteracting influence arose—he fell in love; and, nothing unusual, the lady of his fancy had an antipathy, insurmountable, she declared, to that odious snuff. There was a violent struggle in Walter's feelings between the nose and the heart—the box and the lady; or rather, to do him justice, the force of habit was so powerful, that some fresh transgression, almost unconsciously committed, would every now and then renew his term of probation, and leave the accomplishment of his hopes as distant as at first. But true affection has its power over antipathies as well as over predilections: the young lady began to view the offence in a mitigated light, and to make some allowance for Walter's repeated efforts, vain as they were. He, too, was ready to give up something; a compromise was effected; and she became Mrs Miles, on condition that the snuff-box was never to be opened within the four walls of the apartment called exclusively their own.

The terms, surely, were not rigorous; and yet none but our snuff-taking friends can realise the pang with which, on suddenly recollecting his promise, Walter withdrew the offending box from its wonted station beneath his pillow, and banished it to the mantelpiece, where, with the length of the room between him and the temptation, he still might contemplate it, yet feel himself safe. Time passed on; and honourably true to his engagement, never was the atmosphere of that apartment clouded with the forbidden dust, unless, indeed, some stray particle might have floated back from the threshold where he invariably paused for a momentary solace, the first thing in the morning, the last at night. His wife, duly appreciating the integrity with which he adhered at least to the letter of his promise, built perhaps somewhat too sanguinely on the hopes it afforded of thorough conquest in the end; but a good habit against a bad one, why shouldn't it gain the upper hand?—and time and circumstance aiding, she was right.

An accident confined Walter for several days to his room; at first to his bed; then, when able to leave it, he still lingered powerlessly in his arm-chair beside the fire, directly in view, and all but in reach, of his favourite box. All but—for even had he tried, in his occasionally lonely, and oftener wearisome hours, he could not have stirred hand or foot to appropriate its contents. Yet, again to do him justice, the thought never entered his head; the self-denial in that spot had become so completely a habit, that he regarded the once tempting

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receptacle with as vacant a glance as he threw on the china parrot and shepherd that flanked it on either side.

But at last the day of convalescence arrived, and leaning on the loving arm of his wife, once more he was allowed to cross the threshold of the room, his prison so long. Eager enough he was to leave it; yet he had hardly taken two steps, when he quickly turned back again with a self-pitying smile, exclaiming, 'Ah, I declare I had nearly forgotten my box!'

A smothered little sigh was the only answer, and again the supporting arm conducted him to the door: once passed, again came the old habitual pause: open flew the snuff-box; but, grief of griefs, not one particle did it contain; empty, and cleaned out, there it rested in his powerless hand; and unable to go forward under the weight of such a disappointment, back once more he tottered to the room where at least he was likely best to bear it.

His wife deserves some credit: she did not laugh, or even smile; but viewing the misfortune with his eyes for the moment, exclaimed in tones of ready sympathy, 'Ah, indeed, I should have remembered: one of those days when you were so very ill, Jenny knocked it down, and my foolish heart quite sunk at what it fancied an unpropitious omen, when I saw your favourite mixture scattered amidst the ashes on the hearth; but fortunately the box itself escaped, though it nearly fell into the fire.'

A grateful little smile from Walter, and then there was a silent pause, as he sat with the box in his hand, his eyes fixed musingly on the flames from which it had so narrowly escaped. His wife at length took the other hand, and hesitatingly and very gently said, 'And then I had some hope, dear Walter, as day after day passed by, and you never, even after you sat up, asked one question about it, that perhaps by degrees—ah, if you could only see what a difference it makes in your look!—your eyes grown so bright—your colour so clear'——

Again a little pause, and Walter looked up, not to the looking-glass, though it stood on the dressing-table just at hand, and the flattering picture at another time might have excited his curiosity; but now—ah, far better, to see it reflected in the eyes that, half smiling, half tearful, were now looking down on him. To them he turned; no word accompanied his look; something far more emphatic; and the next instant the snuff-box was courageously thrown into the fire, never to be replaced again!

And thus many an instance crowds on our recollection, true as the foregoing, stronger, graver; instances of habits trivial in the beginning, tyrants in the end; habits of weak concession, soon demanded as a right; habits of expression, gesture, position, all unnoticed by ourselves until we find ourselves ridiculous; and yet each in its turn reformed or counteracted by some other little habit which originally may have borne it no relation whatever. There are habits too—but on them it is hardly our province to dwell, being more desirous to prove our point by illustration than example—habits acquired in careless hours, deepening into vice, yet still yielding to some better habit retained throughout all. Down those depths we will not gaze, nor lightly speak of an influence that would seem to demand a higher, a holier name; but yet suggested by the better remedy comes one familiar instance, which, in conclusion, may serve as a companion to our first, though all unlikely to meet, belonging to what in Ireland would be called 'different ends of the night.'

Arthur Greaves could never go to sleep without reading in his bed for an hour or so, no matter how he had passed the day—at leisure to cram his brain as full as it could hold, or with bodily exertion enough to have closed his eyes in sleep the moment he laid his head on the pillow. 'Twas all the same to Arthur—it was a regular habit—he could not dispense with it; and the book and the small table with the lamp by his bedside were as necessary to his slumbers as the bed itself. We need not relate the hairbreadth escapes he literally had; they are in the experience of all who have rashly practised the indulgence. But not only in vain did his singed locks many a morning bear testimony to the drowsy moments in which they were caught nodding over the lamp and the page; even a still more abiding witness, a dark unsightly chasm in the gay pattern of his bed-curtain—an aperture which the housemaid, who made pretensions to learning, declared ought never to be repaired, but 'kept over him as a *mentor mory*'—vainly stared him in the face night after night: the habit was incorrigible—'it would not give him up.'

Repeated accidents had at last made his custom so notorious, that wherever he went on a visit, the lady of the house insured its safety by issuing directions that his bedroom candle should never exceed one inch in length; while if a log burned on a hearth, or a coal fell out of a grate in any part of the house during the night, whoever smelled it first, immediately invaded Arthur's premises, making light of his slumbers in more ways than one. But, with better fortune than could be expected, years passed over his head without more serious injuries than those already alluded to. No awful catastrophe reformed him, terrifying him into good behaviour: neither property nor life paid the forfeit anticipated by so many; and at length it was by another little habit of still earlier date that the unsafe one of later acquisition was eventually laid aside.

He had been always accustomed from the time when, not higher than his book, he stood beside a widowed mother's knee to read a portion of Holy Writ before he laid himself down to sleep. Thus in growing years the business or the amusement of the day invariably closed; and even when many another memory had faded dim in the distance, that gentle voice still seemed to say, 'Neglect not this, my son;' and thus whatever had been his study at that unreasonable hour and place, it was uniformly terminated by the best of all before his eyelids closed for the night.

Without intruding on higher motives, this at least had become in time a habit, as many another, from 'all the nurse and all the priest hath taught,' unconsciously influences us in after-life. His nightly studies would have seemed incomplete, and sleep as far away as ever, if not solicited thus: and, as we have said, the boy became a man; the man saw a younger generation springing up beside him; and still, hand in hand, the good and the foolish habit kept their ground.

At last came news—direful and overpowering: the one best loved of all, his own young Arthur, a midshipman on board one of her Majesty's frigates stationed amongst the West India Islands, had been lost by a boat upsetting, just as the vessel had weighed anchor, and was leaving the harbour for home. The ship herself brought the sorrowful tidings; a letter from the captain, while it did all that words could do in consolation, by its praises of the lost one, still left no doubt of the calamity—no hope to which the mourners might cling. And now more than ever had the bereaved father reason to bless the habit which alone could steady his mind in the night-watches, so often filled with thoughts of his sailor boy. With the words of comfort on his lips, with its peace within his heart, he would often drop asleep, to dream of the time when they should be united again.

But his wildest or his happiest dream never surpassed the reality. The shadows were lengthening fast one autumn evening, about a month after the family had been attired in their mourning garb, when the unexpected sound of carriage-wheels rattling up to the door drew the inmates of the house to the windows just in time to catch—Arthur's gay hurra! and see him spring from the roof of the carriage, where, for the benefit of all beholders, he had considerately placed himself.

It was indeed himself, 'alive again;' as, much to his surprise, and somewhat to his amusement, he had been informed at the little neighbouring town where the

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coach had let him down, and where the report of his early death, then first learned by himself, had awakened sympathy in many a kindly heart. The landlord of the inn had insisted on getting out a carriage and his best pair of posters, that not a moment should be unnecessarily lost in restoring happiness to the clouded home. What a meeting it was! How rapid the explanations! How they laughed, and how they wept, at Arthur's graphic account of his visit to the fishes, and his first doubts whether it was by sea or land that he had got round to the other side of the island where he found himself coming to life again, until resolved by the congratulations of the nigger crew that had picked him up! He had them all word for word; and never weary of listening, his auditors, unmindful of all else, were drinking in the thrice-told tale, as they drew him still closer to the glowing fire—to each other; when, just before the now forgotten carriage turned away, the postboy's honest face was seen peeping in for a moment through the still open window: and did one of the happy party assembled within blame the freedom, or think it an intrusion, as, lifting his cap from his head, he reverently said, 'Thanks be to God, sir, 'twas all a mistake!'

'Yes, let us thank Him all together before we separate this night,' said the rejoicing father in tones of still deeper reverence, as the sound of the wheels died away. The curtains were drawn, the fire burned more brightly, and the night grew old, the hours still unheeded; until, remembering his pledge, the chapter apportioned for another hour was read aloud before they separated, and shed its calm over all. The father went straight to his bed, and put out his lamp at once; his heart too full to admit any subject after that: then, finding he never had slept sounder in his life, he wound up his day's occupations in the same way the next night, and every night after in the midst of his family; and the lamp on the little table was never lighted again.

LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS.*

History, even family history, can never be well written by the spirit of class; and the reason that Lord Lindsay has produced one of the best books upon the subject that have ever appeared is, that he is *not*, in the vulgar sense of the word, an aristocrat. He scorns the meanness of those who value themselves on the deservings of others, and applauds the saying of Lord Clarendon, that birth conveys no merit, but much duty, to its inheritor. Those sluggish persons, says he, 'who are disposed to rest their claims to consideration on the merits of their ancestors, and not on their own individual activity, should remember Sir Thomas Overbury's pithy sarcasm on such characters, that they resemble potatoes, of which the only valuable portion is under ground.' He looks upon birth, in short, as an incentive to virtue, and thinks that a man conscious of a long line of illustrious ancestors will be less likely than another to commit a dishonourable action. This reasoning is strictly philosophical, but it applies to other things as well as high descent. A man, for instance, may be reasonably proud of an office filled before him by a line of eminent individuals wholly unconnected with each other, and he will be incited to do his best to keep up the reputation of the class. A soldier, in like manner, will display all the more bravery for belonging to a distinguished regiment; for in these cases it is not with the sprinkling there may chance to be of mean intellects or cowardly natures we would desire to identify ourselves, but with the wise and brave who have preceded us. There are of course many persons in our nobility of such narrow calibre, as to be incapable of taking this view of the subject, and whose pride of descent, therefore, is purely ridiculous; but we trust there are many more who, like Lord Lindsay, float on with the spirit of the age, and recognise in the aristocratic feeling an element of our nature the genuineness of which is proved by the share it has in the scheme of progressive development.

'The pride of race,' says M. Chasles, in a review of this work in the 'Journal des Débats,' 'now attacked in its last entrenchments, brings forward its titles for its support against the spirit of the new time: it feels the necessity of shielding itself historically against that equality which has become the mistress of its destinies; and the most exclusive aristocracy in Europe, forced to act on the defensive, arms itself with its great buckler, and shows there inscribed, like a blazon, its proofs of courage and service. . . . . But the genius of the past, opposed to that of the present, is always the conquered genius; and Lord Lindsay's book, filled as it is with proud sentiments and glorious memories, is nevertheless a homage to the new world.' This, however eloquent, is only partly true. The genius of the past is never subdued: it merely receives, in the moral progress of society, another development, just as the chivalry of the middle ages still survives as a great principle under a new form; just as Christianity itself, according to a recent writer, changed from the religion of works into that of faith, will finally be sublimed into love. In the latter example, Peter and Paul will not be extinguished in the ascendancy of John, for they are manifestations of the same identical but progressive principle; and thus the mind of the present, even while marching onward, will always continue its homage to great ancestors—

> 'The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns.'

If this be correct, the mistake of M. Chasles consists in his supposing that it is only the popular genius 'qui marche en avant,' and only the aristocratical genius 'qui se rejette sur les écoulés.'

It is not doubted now, we believe, that moral as well as physical characteristics descend in families, whether illustrious or otherwise. The name of the 'lightsome Lindsays' indicates a very enviable hereditary quality peculiar to this race; but in some individuals, according to their biographer, it degenerated into very remarkable extravagance. This was more obvious towards the close of the main branch, Crawford; and Lord Lindsay even traces, with a superstitious feeling, a 'curse' devolving from the crimes of the Wicked Master (1542) upon the doomed race. The title of Master, we may say, belonged, from the middle of the fifteenth century, either to the eldest son or presumptive heir to a Scottish peerage. Thus the son and heir of Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, was the Master of Crawford.

'Alexander, Master of Crawford, surnamed emphatically by Scottish tradition "The Wicked" or "Evil Master," exceeded all his compeers in prodigality, recklessness, and crime. He was the Absalom of his century. Like the son of David, he had been put in fee of the earldom by his father, as future earl, which gave him independent power, and the barony of Glenesk had been assigned to him in consequence. Attaching to himself a band of ruffians, he seized his father's fortress of Dunbog, and commenced the life of a bandit, oppressing the lieges, tyrannising over the clergy, and levying black-mail, or tribute, over the whole surrounding country. As early as 1526, his father had been obliged to appeal to the crown for protection from "bodily harm," threatened against himself, his wife, and friends, by his rebellious son; the Master expressed contrition, and by the intervention of the Archbishop of St Andrews and others, "as amicable compositors," the earl received him once more "into heartly favour and kindness," engaging to confirm him in the fee of the earldom, provided he relapsed not into crime, and banished his "present company" of evil abettors—the enfeoffment to be "null, cassit, and retretit (broken and retracted), but ony process" (without any law proceedings), in case of contravention or failure in these conditions. But the evil nature soon broke out again, and

* Or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres. By Lord Lindsay. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1849.

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four years afterwards, on the 16th of February 1530-1, he was solemnly arraigned at a justice-ayre held at Dundee, the king himself presiding in person, when a fearful catalogue of enormities were alleged against him and his accomplices—rapine, rape, murder, common brigandage, the occupation of lands belonging to the Earl of Buchan for five years, the besieging his father's castles with the intention of murdering him, the surprising him at Finhaven, "laying violent hands on him," and imprisoning him in his own dungeon for twelve weeks, and on another occasion carrying him by force to Brechin, where he confined him for fifteen days—besides breaking open his coffers, pillaging his writs, and seizing his rents and revenues. No defence was offered—none could be made. The Master admitted everything, and threw himself on the king's mercy. By the Scottish law, founded on the Roman, his guilt was parricide, and its penalty death—personal to himself, civil to his posterity. His life was spared, probably through his father's intercession, and with a lingering hope that he might yet repent. But the forfeiture took effect to the legal exclusion of himself and his posterity from succession to the estates and honours of Crawford, blotting them out as if they had never existed. And he acquiesced in this, and implemented or fulfilled the law, by solemnly abjuring and renouncing, of his own free will, all right or claim "to all the lands of the earldom of Crawford," in favour of Earl David his father, to dispose of, in whole or in part, according to his good pleasure; confessing himself at the same time to have "sinned grievously and enormously" against his said father, and against the decreet arbitral pronounced by the Archbishop of St Andrews—and stretching out his right hand and binding himself to this renunciation (as it was called) of "all kindliness and right of succession," in presence of his unhappy parent, in the public street between the chapel of St John and the houses of the lepers at the east end of the burgh of Dundee, the third hour after noon on the penultimate of March 1537.'

In less than a year after this ignominious forfeiture, the Wicked Master was slain in a broil with a cobbler of Dundee; and after his father's death, the earldom passing over his descendants, fell to David Lindsay of Edzell. Earl David became the protector of the son of his predecessor, and 'as soon as he was fairly settled in his new dominions, new feelings began to stir in his heart, or old ones rather developed themselves in a new manner—feelings closely connected with the days of clanship and feudalism.' These were the instinct of clanship, and of reverence for the principle of legitimacy; and smothering every feeling of selfish ambition, this man, in the very prime of life, adopted in legal form the excluded heir, the son of the Wicked Master; his 'humile and formal behaving' inducing him to believe that he would inherit the good without being tainted with the evil in his father's character. The assent of the crown being obtained, 'a solemn bond or contract was drawn up, by which the Master acknowledged his obligations, and accepted his duties, as adopted son to Earl David; and engaged, on failure of its conditions, or on re-enacting the enormities of his father, to resign the earldom for himself and his heirs for ever, on the payment of two thousand pounds by his adopted father, his heirs or assignees, in the kirk of Dundee, "and I, my heirs and assignees, fra thenceforth to be secludit therefra for our ingratitude for ever."'

The descendants of the Wicked Master, however, Lord Lindsay says, were 'hereditarily doomed, it would seem, to prodigality and crime.' The young David, in due time, succeeded to the earldom. 'But long before that period, his conduct had disappointed the hopes, and embittered the declining years of his benefactor; and in 1559 it is stated, in a legal document under the signet of the queen, that he had so conducted himself, "that be all law, natural and civil, he deserves dishereising and tinsale (loss) of the benefit of the said adoption;" intimating how lenient and forgiving his predecessor had still been, even after his second marriage, the birth of a flourishing family, and the provocations received from the ungrateful serpent he had fostered in his bosom, might have tempted him to revoke that rash experiment.' Among the pranks of this youth during his Mastership, he attacked and spoiled Glenesk, ravaging the country, and carrying off eighty-four oxen and sixty-nine 'kye;' a robbery which his benefactor made good, reimbursing the sufferers, and pardoning the offender. After the Master succeeded to the earldom, he signalised himself by the bitterest hostility to the House of Edzell!

The next descendant of the Wicked Master figures in a fray highly characteristic of the time, and which was fatal to Lord Glamis. 'Crawford and Glamis chanced to meet each other, at the head of their respective followings, in a narrow street called the Schoolhouse Wynd, and in front of a large fortified house named "the Lady Mary's Lodging," in Stirling, as Crawford was passing to the castle, and the chancellor returning to his lodging, after making his report to the king.' The consequence was a collision with the sword, for the two nobles were at feud with each other; and Glamis was mortally wounded by a pistol bullet, fired by the hand of some unknown assassin. 'Altogether this skirmish, in its scene and circumstances—the narrow antique wynd, the torches, the pistol-flashes, the struggling groups of combatants, Crawford endeavouring to appease the fray, Glamis staggering backwards, while the "evil-willer's" pistol and face of triumph are still protruding from the "heich window," forms a subject worthy of the pencil of Gherardo della Notte or Salvator Rosa.' Crawford now appears in the character of a rebel; and after being imprisoned and forgiven, his younger brother begins to eclipse him by rising in the favour of good King Jamie. The following letter, addressed to this Alexander Lindsay by the king, is characteristic:—

'SANDIE—Quhill (till) youre goode happe furneis me sum bettir occasion to recompence youre honest and faithfull seruice, utterid be youre diligent and cairfull attendance upon me, speciallie at this tyme, lett this assure you, in the inviolabill worde of youre awin Prince and maister, that quhen Godd randeris me in Skotlande, I sall irreuocablie, and with consent of Parliament, erect you the temporalitie of Murraye in a temporal lordshipp, with all honouris thairto apparteining. Lett this serue for cure to youre present disease.

'From the Castell of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryuing our (rattling away) in the auld maner. J. R.'

In fulfilment of this promise, 'Sandie' was made a baron, with the title of Lord Spynie; but even before this, King James set himself with his whole heart to negotiate a marriage for his favourite, addressing to the lady some amusing letters, which we have no room for, and this note to the intended bridegroom:—

'SANDIE—We are going on here in the auld way, and very merry. I'll not forget you when I come hame—you shall be a lord. But mind (remember) Jean Lyon, for her auld tout will make you a new horn. J. R.'

Notwithstanding such gleams of light, however, the doom of the descendants of the Wicked Master was fixed. 'It is a melancholy tale—a malignant star, or rather, apparently, a hereditary curse, pursued even the worthiest of them to degradation and ruin.' The last earl we have mentioned was neglected when a youth by his father, so that his 'pedagogue' declares in a letter that they had no alternative but either to 'steal of the town' or sell their furniture. 'And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood's misery.

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upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him, but his marriage proved unfortunate, and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the possessions of the earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation: they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent. Hence the epithet by which he is frequently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of "Comes Incarceratus," or the "Captive Earl."' He at length died in his prison, 'leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common "jockey with the horn," or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy, "a sturdy beggar," though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and "bitterly ashamed." An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself was young. Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a year, "in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition," and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days.'

Earl David was succeeded by his uncle—wild, prodigal, and tyrannical. His son, Earl George, sold Finhaven and the tombs of his ancestors to Lord Spynie, and serving abroad as a colonel of a foot company of Dutch, cudgelled one of his officers, and was slain by him in requital of the insult. 'Earl George was succeeded by his next brother, Colonel Alexander Lindsay, on whom the curse of the Wicked Master was even more fearfully visited, as he became "frantic," or insane, and was kept in confinement till his death in 1639, when the last surviving son of Earl Henry, Colonel Ludovic Lindsay—who had risen to that rank in the Spanish service—succeeded as sixteenth Earl of Crawford, and returned to Scotland, in order to support the king in the difficulties that were then gathering round him. He and Lord Spynie were in that year the last survivors of the seven Crawford cousins who had started in life so gaily and hopefully not twenty years before.' Earl Ludovic was ruined in the wars of the Covenant; and homeless, penniless, and destitute, was glad to obtain the command of an Irish regiment in the Spanish service. He died abroad, no one knows where or how; and with the third Lord Spynie, the last descendant of the Wicked Master, the succession terminated. We feel that we have not been able, in our confined space, to do this remarkable story justice; but it is certainly one of the most striking things in the book.

We now come to another strange anecdote of a lightsome Lindsay of a different stamp, Colin, Earl of Balcarres. 'The young Mauritia de Nassau had fallen in love with Colin at his first presentation at court; on his recovery, Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments to her, and ere long, the day was fixed for their marriage. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald earrings as his wedding-gift. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his nightgown and slippers quietly eating his breakfast! Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case; a friend in the company gave him one—the ceremony went on, and without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride. It was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and cross-bones. On perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away; and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind, that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year; and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.'

Another of these Earls of Balcarres, deaf, sixty, and extremely odd, fell in love with a girl of twenty. 'But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and, what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment showed him at once to be a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with the cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes; here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe; had they smiled, he would have smiled too, and probably said, "Oddsfish! I believe it is not like other people's; but as to that, look, d'ye see! what matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper?"' Miss Dalrymple refused him, and he fell sick with the disappointment: he recovered, and she married him.

The countess proved to be a famous hand at whipping her children; but on one occasion, when the culprits absconded, the punishment was amusingly varied. 'Our flight,' says one of them—Lady Anne Lindsay, author of the famous ballad—'was discovered by old Robin Gray the shepherd—"All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!" A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate, but to bring us back *nolens volens*, the six criminals were carried before the countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle.'

Another anecdote of whipping. In this case the culprit was Lady Margaret. 'Our governess, Henrietta C——, amidst many faults, was passionately fond of her, but did not spare her when she was wrong. On a certain occasion, I forget what, "If you do so again," said she, "Lady Margaret, devil take me if I do not whip you severely!" Adding—"You do not mind what I say, and therefore I swear to it." Margaret at no great distance of time committed the same sin. "I see now how you have attended to what I told you," said Henrietta; "if this happens once more, I positively must whip you." "I do remember what you told me," said Margaret, "and you are bound to whip me." "I certainly shall the very first time you do so." "No, Miss C——, you must whip me now; you swore to it, and said, 'Devil take you if you would not whip me severely.'" Henrietta acknowledged it, but said this once she would excuse her. "And will God excuse you? No," said Margaret: "I insist upon it that you whip me directly!" Henrietta remonstrated; Margaret cried, expecting every moment to see the devil take away the governess. At last she carried the point, and was laid on her knee; but Henrietta, feeling no anger, and being full of admiration of the culprit, who was insisting on a flogging to save her soul, instead of inflicting the punishment quietly, bellowed so loud herself at every stroke, as to bring my mother into the room, who soon settled the business.'

This governess was an original, much better than any character in fiction we remember. 'My mother had

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found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said "was good for her proud little ridiculous niece;" and Henrietta C——, indifferent about her good or bad treatment, wept because she was not placed, she said, in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who: pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria.' She was carried to Balcarres to try what she was fit for. 'At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room: tears flowed; she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident; and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds per annum, which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life: she said it was "so haughty and unprovoked: as an act of friendship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument." Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it; and Henrietta gained, upon the whole, more than twenty pounds per annum of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from government, which my father procured for her.

'Behold her, then, settled at Balcarres, the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and naïve in her manners beyond what was natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice. But in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.' A curious trait in this strange Henrietta's pride was her employing her brother to manufacture a fictitious genealogy! However, she was a good though strange creature; and her greatest trial was Lady Balcarres dividing her affection between her and a 'masculine bravo,' one Miss Sophy Johnstone, as strange and original as herself. 'The father of this lady was what is commonly called "an odd dog;" her mother that unencroaching sort of existence so universally termed "a good sort of woman." One day after dinner the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the "folly of education." The wife said she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books. Like Mrs Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction. This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. The dispute and covenant were known in the country; and the neighbours, in jest, calling her "Hilton's Natural Daughter," in a few years she passed *bona fide* for his illegitimate child.' The result was the formation of the 'masculine bravo.' 'Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading, which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow: her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was—deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited.' Poor Miss Sophy Johnstone lived to be a miserable, penurious old woman. 'The junior members of the family, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the youngest existing generation of the Lindsays, were frequently sent to visit her, and never empty-handed. They usually found her crouched in the corner of her den, and her first salutation was always, "What hae ye brocht?—what hae ye brocht?"—stretching out her skinny arm to receive the offering.'

We must indulge ourselves in another original—the venerable Lady Dalrymple, mother of the whipping countess. 'At ten she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

"Look," said she, "Annie, upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves; but the key is not there. After you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper; but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it. Pass on from the newspaper to my black fan: beside it there lie three apples (don't eat my apples, Annie—mark that!). Take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find"—— "But is not that the key in your left hand, over your little finger?" "No, Annie; it cannot be so; for I always carry it on my right." "That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma; but you know you always carry it in your left." "Well, well, child, I believe I do! But what then? Is the tea made? Put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?"

'Thus every morning grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manœuvres), she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me. I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend.'

Before concluding, we are in duty bound to return to the Lindsays—and here is the end of the 'proud House of Edzell.' 'The laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasterful man, and had been long awa'. He was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumours of their defeat were still occupying the minds of all the country-side. One afternoon the poor baron, with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of a' his company, both on horseback, came to the castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent: he ga'ed into his great big house a solitary man. There was no wife or child to gi'e him welcome, for he had never been married. The castle was almost deserted—

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a few old servants had been the only inhabitants for many months. Neither the laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay, the broken-hearted, ruined man, sat all that night in the large hall, sadly occupied—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the castle in the same manner in which he had come. He saw none of his people or tenants. His one attendant only accompanied him. They rode away, taking with them as much of what was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again.

'Year after year passed away, and the castle fell to ruin. The banner rotted on the keep—the roofs fell in—the pleasaunce became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady one day arrived at Edzell, as it is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. "When she came near the ancient burying-place," says the same faint voice of the past, "she alighted, and went into the chapel—for it was then open: the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work were all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in, and sat down amang it a', and wept sore at the ruin of the house and the fate of her family; for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was or where she came from. After a while she came out, and was driven in the coach up to the castle. She went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down and roofs had fallen in; and in one room in particular she stayed a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was very dear to her, though she had now no right to it; and she carried some of the earth away with her."'

We have omitted, it will be observed, all mention of the better-known historical and literary characters of the family; but enough has been said, we presume, to convince the reader that in these volumes he will find, together with much truth, some philosophy, and not a little elegance of fancy, a great deal more even of romantic interest than in half the novels of the time collectively.

THE MAORI MESSENGER.

We have received a newspaper with the above title, the appearance of which is an event of too much interest to be passed over without notice. Two journals that came severally forth with the same objects, the instruction and entertainment of the native population of New Zealand, were discontinued; but the present adventurer, instead of being disheartened by their failure, has only been stimulated to make his arrangements more comprehensive and complete. The paper is in four folio pages, and printed in alternate columns of English and Maori, the latter being a free translation of the former. After a sensible introduction, the first number proceeds to discuss the question of the civilisation of the Sandwich Islanders, showing the analogies that exist between the position of that people and the New Zealanders. In fact, the progress made by the former tribe presents one of the most remarkable traits in modern history. From naked, drunken, ignorant, licentious savages in one generation, they have become in the next a decent, orderly, well-disposed people. Not to mention their advance in religion and morals, they 'practise many of the arts and usages of civilised life. There are carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, painters, masons, and bookbinders, and in most of the mechanical departments they are respectable workmen. There are those who possess flocks and herds, and hold lands in fee simple. There are some who are gaining property. Equal protection is given to all, from the highest to the lowest. Neither king nor chiefs can seize upon what is not their own, without being amenable to the laws. The people have availed themselves of the inducements held out to them to labour, with the assurance that all the products of their industry will be secured to them. Many are collecting around them the comforts and conveniences of a civilised people. Their houses are better than formerly, and many of them are partitioned off into separate apartments, and some of them are furnished with tables and chairs, and many other conveniences of civilised housekeeping.'

The New Zealanders were found by the white navigators in a position still more brutally savage than that from which the Sandwich Islanders have been redeemed. An article on the subject commences thus:—'Friends, Maories, perhaps you occasionally reflect on the many things the white people introduced amongst you, and upon their many works by which mankind is elevated. The white people discovered you sitting in darkness—you ate men—you were continually fighting, and did everything else that an evil disposition prompted. He sent some of his people amongst you, and you were taught the ways of eternal life; and the good intentions of God were explained to you; and you then discerned that your old customs were very bad ones. With regard also to the things that sustain this life, you were found living on the plants of the earth—for instance, fern root, tawa berries, the root of the convolvolus, hinau berries, the tree fern, grubs, the root of the raupo, and the various other kinds of weeds that the earth produced: you were like animals; you had no clothes, but went about naked: such clothes as you had were the coarsest kinds of mats. When children were born, they were covered with a garment made of the leaves of the patate-tree; but on the arrival of the white man, you became acquainted with good food. He gave you potatoes, Indian corn, pumpkins, wheat, pigs, and all the other kinds of food that you now use. And with regard to clothes, he gave you blankets, calico, flannel, and the many other things with which you cover your bodies.' The article proceeds to sketch the history of the discovery and fortunes of the islands, and in its sequel, we presume, will bring the narrative down to the present day. A paper on small-pox fills up the number, which thus, it will be seen, contains no news, although the deficiency will of course be supplied as the work goes on. We wish it every success, and trust that the enlightened portion of the colonists will consider it a duty to lend their aid to the editor; although we would hint to that gentleman that the Maori language can be of no utility but as the only means yet in existence of holding intellectual communication with the natives. Let him not fall into the common error of fighting against civilisation, by cultivating the indigenous dialect, and perpetuating the absurd nationality, of a people whose destiny it is to be incorporated with a mighty nation.

SUICIDE STATISTICS.

A very curious statement and calculation was published in Paris by M. Pairet, a medical professor, relative to the number of suicides committed in France for thirty years. From the records of the police, it appears that the total number of suicides attempted to be committed were 6782, and three-fourths of the individuals were unmarried. We subjoin the figures furnished to him by the police, showing the relative numbers of male and female suicides:—Crossed in love, 97 males, 157 females; jealousy, 39 males, 53 females; mortified pride, 27 males, 27 females; calumny and loss of reputation, 97 males, 28 females; remorse, 37 males, 12 females; disappointed ambition, 110 males, 12 females; reverse of fortune, 283 males, 39 females; gaming, 141 males, 14 females; other species of misconduct, 208 males, 79 females; domestic chagrins, 524 males, 260 females; misery, 511 males, 594 females; fanaticism, 1 male,

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13 females. It would therefore seem to follow that somewhere about five women died from love for three men; that the ladies have considerably the advantage, or rather the disadvantage, in jealousy; that in pride they are on a par with the lords of the creation; that in calumny and loss of reputation they bear with three times the fortitude that men evince; that they feel only about one-third of the remorse which the other sex experience; and that to the sorrows which flow from disappointed ambition, reverse of fortune, and gaming, they are exposed in a very slight degree in comparison with their yokefellows. This calculation, it will be remembered, applies but to French ladies. In what light a similar calculation would exhibit our own fair countrywomen, we presume not to conjecture.—*Liverpool Albion.*

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment; persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.'

'He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.'

Attend to your business, and never trust it to another. 'A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled.'

Be frugal. 'That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid.'

'Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Be abstemious. 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove.'

Rise early. 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry.' 'Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep.'

Treat every one with respect and civility. 'Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy.' Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other course than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

'He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot.' 'He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.'

Above all things, never despair. 'God is where He was.' 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from prospering.—*From a newspaper.*

CHINESE IVORY-CARVING.

I took some trouble and pains to obtain a view of the instruments with which the artists worked, but regret to say I was unsuccessful. The ivory balls so elaborately carved, and the ingenuity with which they are constructed, have long excited admiration and surprise at the artistic skill and means by which so many concentric balls can be carved one within the other. I know not whether any one else has made the discovery; but the truth is, that each ball is constructed of two pieces, the edges of which are so finely scraped down, that the edge of one hemisphere is made to overlap its counterpart with the greatest nicety. Thus one ball is easily enclosed within another. The joinings are then united by a peculiarly strong cement, aided by the employment of steam and pressure. Any one who wishes to make the expensive trial, will soon ascertain the fact by applying a very powerful heat to one of these balls, which will open at the joints in due time.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF EACH THE HAPPINESS OF ALL.

It is an era in life when first the conviction strikes home to our hearts that our actions tell on the happiness, not of ourselves only, but of our fellow-creatures. Life has frequently been likened to a theatre, in which 'the men and women are only the players;' but when we come to consider this illustration carefully, when we perceive that in the drama of life, as in that of the stage, every one has some part to act, and that in both the good or bad performances of even the most insignificant actor tells in a degree on all the rest, it is startling indeed. Is it impossible to impress this even on the minds of children? Is it impossible to lead them in early youth to reflect upon the great, the awful truth, that all are placed in this world as actors, not as spectators; that the little and great, the rich and poor, the young and old, in that one point are in the same position; and, further than this, that we are not only all actors, but also that every human creature is accountable to his Almighty Father for the due performance of the part assigned to him, and likewise for the proper use of the influence which he is permitted to exercise over others? If there be a doubt in a child's mind as to the effect producible by the conduct of one person on the happiness of many, let him be taught to observe how a cross look, an angry word, may destroy the peace of his own domestic circle for great part of an evening; and then let him reflect how any graver fault must affect the happiness of the transgressor's family, and throughout of those in close connection with it.—*School-room Days.*

LINES.

Oh bring me pearls and jewels rare,
With these I'll braid my sunny hair:
I would be beautiful to-night—
The gayest 'mid the gay and bright.
Look! I have chased my tears away,
And smile as in life's early day;
And see how well this wreath doth shade
The lines that grief and care have made.
Oh none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess this heart is breaking!

The first amid the joyous throng
My voice shall join the laugh, the song;
They say its tones were once so clear,
That when they fell upon the ear,
The dark heart would forget its guile,
And saddest eye look up—and smile.
Oh I will laugh and sing once more
As gaily as in days of yore;
And none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

I never cared for beauty's power;
And never, till this darksome hour,
Did pearl, or flower, or diamond rare
Deck the long tresses of my hair.
But oh to-night their aid I'll seek:
They'll lend a radiance to my cheek,
And give the light of bygone years
To eyes that have grown dim with tears;
And none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

Perchance in that triumphant hour
When mine is wealth, and pride, and power,
Our eyes may meet; and on his ear
May fall the voice he loved to hear,
Recalling days that long have fled—
Forgotten vows, and sweet hopes dead.
Oh bring me pearls and gems most bright—
I must be beautiful to-night.
He must not know my brow is aching;
He must not guess my heart is breaking.

* * * *

Away—away! these gems, and tear
These gaudy flowers from my hair:
Oh I have borne their weight too long!
What care I though the brilliant throng
Should kneel and worship at my shrine?—
The only smile I sought was thine,
And that, alas, was turned aside!
What cared I then for beauty's pride?—
Oh how my burning brow is aching;
Alas—alas, my heart is breaking!

Rona Lee.

POSTAGE LABELS.

In our 'Gossip from London,' in No. 287, there is some mistake as to postage labels. The plates from which they are printed are made of hardened steel, and the average number of imprints does not exceed 60,000. Each sheet, however, contains 240 labels, so that the number of single stamps printed from an average plate is 14,400,000.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 295. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE AGE OF GIVING.

If we take the character of this present world from the witnesses that are continually flying about, bearing either mischief or healing on their wings—from the serial and periodical publications, we would say, and not a few of the equally ephemeral volumes, which are supposed

> 'To show
> The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and pressure'—

we must be bitterly ashamed of our hard-heartedness. The rich crush the poor to the earth, listening with a cold stony smile to their cries for food. They are drones, living on the very life-blood of industry, looking upon those who labour as their slaves, doling out to them a famine-pittance for their reward, and depriving them of every opportunity of freedom and enlightenment. The English, for no other reason than that they are the wealthier people of the two, turn away with disgust from the complaints of the Irish, looking tranquilly on at their misery and starvation, and refusing either to legislate for their necessities, or to allow them a parliament of their own to do so. We are all of us, in short (that is, all of us who have any money), an arrogant, inhuman crew, elbowing our surly way through the world with buttoned-up pockets, and acting on the principle of 'Every one for himself.'

This is what the people are taught; but somehow or other the words fail to produce corresponding ideas. They are never slow to repeat them, but with as little apprehension of their sense as we ourselves had in days of yore while drawling forth our Latin rules. The reason is, that the words are neutralised by things, and so reduced to that state of no-meaning which is said to puzzle more than wit. The affairs of Ireland, every one knows, occupy vastly more of our parliamentary time in proportion than those of England; and as for Scotland, it can scarcely get a word edged in for itself during a whole session. Besides this everlasting talk about Ireland, the distresses of the same country are relieved with untiring, and perhaps unreflecting generosity to the amount of many millions sterling. In addition to a legislative provision for our own poor, which at one time swallowed up in some instances the whole annual value of the land assessed, we have charitable establishments in every town in the kingdom vying in number and magnitude with the churches. Instead of keeping the lower classes of the people in slavery by means of ignorance, we force emancipation upon them, catching up their children from the streets, and compelling them to learn. The highest intellects and warmest hearts in the country are busy night and day with projects of benevolence, which never want for funds to bring them into action. Philanthropy is the order of the day.

The only class of beggars whose doings have received any special notice is the great national gang of sham beggars, who live luxuriously on their distresses, and whose destitution is to them the purse of Fortunatus. We can tell the average incomes of shipwrecked mariners, burnt-out housekeepers, and desolate widows with a numerous progeny; we know the amount of the poors'-rate throughout the country to a guinea; we can form a fair guess at the weekly contributions in the churches; and we need not be very far wrong in aggregating the casual pence bestowed in the streets without information or inquiry. But all this affords but scanty materials for the statistics of charity. The government—sturdy beggar as it is, extorting the alms we would sometimes fain refuse—is not alone in the trade. Directorships, committees, secretaryships, are spread like a network over the country, entangling their victims by all sorts of considerations but that of charitable feeling. Vast establishments, ministered to by troops of liveried servants, look down disdainfully upon us in the streets, and impress with a feeling of insignificance that public by whose 'voluntary contributions' they are supported. Our dwellings are invaded by beggars, who come with double knocks, and sit down in our drawing-rooms to argue us out of our money. Wherever we turn, we hear one universal voice resounding throughout the land; and that is the voice which says 'Give—give!' A clergyman one day lately preached a sermon in our hearing, in which he took occasion to lament that the 'world did not yet know how to give.' Had this excellent divine been asleep for thirty years? Were there ever such examples of *giving* as in the present day? Why, the pounds sterling *given* in sheer charity every year are counted not by thousands, but by millions.

It would seem, indeed, that the imputation upon the feelings of the age to which we have alluded is not only not the truth, but the reverse of the truth. The very fact of mendicancy being a great and flourishing profession, shows that there must be charitable inclinations somewhere; and this is confirmed by the other fact, that one-half of the respectable classes of the community employ themselves publicly and habitually in begging for the other half. But in England there is always a tendency to convert into a regular business what would be a temporary occupation elsewhere; and thus we find amateur beggary conducted with the same zeal, and systemised with the same art, as if the bread of the practitioners depended upon it. In the case of the respectable persons who go personally about from house to house, they would be ashamed to beg for themselves; but they look you unblushingly in the face, and say 'Give—give!' in a voice both bold and earnest when begging for others.

Much, one would think, must lie in the manner of

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the thing. At one time begging consisted in asking for a few halfpence. Those days of simplicity are gone past. Nobody now asks for pence. Charity is requested through the deliberate intervention of a subscription-paper. *Subscribe* is now the word for alms; and those who, for themselves or others, ask a subscription, are quite a different class from the tattered mendicants of bygone days. Armed with a subscription-book, a world is to be had for the winning. Society is on the move. One half the population are chasing the other with subscription-books in hand; and against these engines there is no more safety than against the gun of the road-beggar in Gil Blas. Whether it be to send out a missionary, build a church, repair a bridge, or get up a school—sovereign is the power of a neatly-ruled and well-headed subscription-book.

We are not sure of the propriety of the distinction drawn between this begging for others and begging for ourselves. If the lady-beggar who comes to us in a five-guinea shawl would be satisfied with a shawl at a fifth part of the money, or if the gentleman-beggar who sports a gold watch would condescend to a silver one—these would be trifling sacrifices; and the difference in money, applied to their favourite charity, would save their neighbours from a visitation. But they will make no sacrifice of the kind: what they want is to be charitable with other people's money; and they even take credit to themselves for bestowing the time and trouble required in begging. These, they say, are their donation; and when added to any pecuniary mite they can afford without diminishing their little comforts, they flatter themselves that no one can deny them the praise of disinterested devotion to the cause of benevolence. This is obviously self-delusive. The same plea, if admitted, would serve the end of busy-bodies of every description. A cabinet-minister, for instance, if his fortune were large enough to make his salary of no moment, would deserve the praise of patriotism for taking the trouble to govern the country. The truth is, the respectable beggars are rarely influenced by charitable motives alone. They give up their time for the gratification of their own taste, or fancy, or ambition, and are naturally solicitous that other people should contribute their money towards the same object.

There is another class of respectable beggars whose object is confessedly selfish, and who have therefore not nerve enough to address their selected patrons face to face, but make known their wants and wishes in an epistolary form. We do not allude to what are commonly called 'begging letters;' for by this phrase are designated attempts at imposture. It would be more correct to call them 'borrowing letters,' although by this name we should attain to but little accuracy in definition. The *loan*, however, is their conventional stalking-horse, the writers being ashamed not merely to work, but to beg. Even if there is no condition specified of return, the understanding is, that a gift, not an alms, is sought; and that the donor will at least have the satisfaction of having relieved virtue, or honour, or talent, and certainly gentility, in distress. It is true the distress is not permanent: a sudden reverse of circumstances has occurred; the applicant is at that lowest point of misery where *some* change must take place; and if he is destined to rise again, his deliverer must feel honoured by being selected as the agent of Providence. All that man can do the writer has done—all but work. And work he is not averse to, if it involved no change of station. He was born, however, in a particular class, and to wear a particular dress; and if he should sink to be the meanest and most ragged of his tribe, this is a misfortune, but no dishonour. But to sink to a caste beneath his own is *impossible*: death rather must relieve him from his misery; and the individual he had selected to rescue him from the alternative, at an expense which, with an ample fortune like his, would rather have been a relief than a sacrifice, must expose himself by his refusal to a lifelong remorse.

This may read like irony, but it is a faithful picture of a department of correspondence far more extensive than is commonly imagined. The individuals applied to suppose that there must be something peculiar in their own position or character which lays them open in a special manner to such importunities: some of them even feel flattered: and nearly all begin by yielding a little, either through weakness or humanity, till their feelings are worn threadbare, or their clients become hopelessly numerous. It is this slight compliance which has the effect of perpetuating the system. A traditionary success is handed down as a stimulant to the unfortunate who would thus ennoble generous wealth; and a possibility, however remote and visionary, continues an insuperable barrier against the industrial intermixture of caste. The melancholy thing is, that on the part of the letter-writer there is perfect good faith, and at least a sort of illegitimate delicacy. His sufferings are real, and the circumstances that occasioned them truly described; he has actually a romantic, not to say high-minded notion of the privilege and duties of fortune; and although so terribly frank in his epistolary communication (which he marks in large underlined letters 'confidential'), he feels that he would be ready to sink with shame in making such a statement to his selected patron face to face. Above all, he has a perfect confidence that he is alone, or very nearly alone, in the ingenious idea which has originated his application; and at anyrate his conviction is sincere, that there is something in *his* case which renders his desire reasonable, and deprives the recusant patron of every justification. Thus he looks upon refusal as an injury, and measures the culpability of the individual by the amount of his revenue. 'What would five, ten, twenty, a hundred pounds have been out of so vast an income? Yet this pittance would have saved me!'

It is a curious thing this disposition of persons living in society, to look upon themselves as solitary individuals surrounded by peculiar circumstances, and reasoning and acting in a peculiar manner. Yet how few there be among us who strike out a new path! We never thrust our heads anywhere without hob or nobbing, even in the dark, with scores of other heads. An advertisement never appears in any well-circulated newspaper without stirring up many hundred individuals miraculously qualified for the business referred to. A borrowing letter is never addressed to any human being who does not receive a whole budget by the same post. The Queen-Dowager was once four days absent from her residence, and on her return found an accumulation of 300 of these communications awaiting her. Poor Queen-Dowager! Poor borrowing letter-writers!

When Jenny Lind visited England first, her gentle heart was melted by compassion for the unmerited misfortunes which, in a few instances, came in some unaccountable way under her notice. Why should these unfortunates have selected her? If they had been countrymen of her own, or even members of the musical profession, she could have understood the application; but to be addressed in this harrowing manner by the English themselves, and English of respectability, delicacy—or at least shamefacedness—and no small power of correct, not to say elegant writing, appeared to give fearful indication of the social state of that country into which she had come to gather a golden harvest. But Jenny Lind, though unable to fathom the mystery, could at least feel for the distress; and she answered some of these early applications by donations of money, presented with a touching humility, which must have greatly heightened the obligation. Time passed on, however, and a change came over the dream of the fair vocalist. The letters, at first a few trickling drops, soon became a rivulet, then a stream, and then a torrent; and when we heard last of Jenny Lind, her tears and her generosity had both dried up,

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and she was accustomed to refer with a smile to her former simplicity, saying that she now *knew the English better!*

Another instance came under our personal observation. A few years ago a Hindoo gentleman called Dwarkanath Tagore made his appearance in London, and partly owing to his reputed wealth, and partly to his dignified demeanour, made a very favourable impression upon the first circles of the metropolis. He partook repeatedly even of the royal hospitality at Windsor; and although nothing more than a Calcutta merchant of respectability, he was commonly received as an 'Indian prince,' and on some occasions was actually announced, on entering a drawing-room, by the title of 'his highness.' This was the greater triumph for Dwarkanath, that in India even wealthy natives are not considered to be exactly upon a footing of equality with the English; and when the letter-writers at length found him out, and he actually saw these proud, high-caste palefaces humbling themselves before him as a tutelary genius, his surprise and mystification were still greater than those of Jenny Lind. We have ourselves on more than one occasion witnessed his puzzlement: but it did not last long. Dwarkanath was a shrewd, clear-headed man; and he returned to India (where he soon after died) to publish among his countrymen that whatever airs of superiority the English might give themselves abroad, there was among them at home a very remarkable proportion of beggars and sycophants.

We do not find fault with the epistolary form selected for such applications. It has frequently its origin in proper pride; it permits the whole circumstances of the case to be fairly stated; and when names and references are given, it admits of time for investigation. What is objectionable is the address of the letter to a stranger upon whom the writer has no personal claim; and in the face of the fact—which ought to occur to the most unreflecting—that hundreds or thousands of similar letters are in all probability addressed to the same individual. 'At the worst,' says the writer, 'it is but so much trouble lost!' But the result is worse than that: it involves an infinite loss of character to the country; it hardens the feelings of the rich; while not in one case out of myriads does it benefit the necessitous.

Among the expedients resorted to for obtaining money for charitable purposes are balls, concerts, entertainments at the theatre, and bazaars or fancy fairs. A circumstance connected with these last affords a proof that the system has been overdone, and benevolence made too much a matter of business. It is the custom at such places to ask a higher price than those of the shops—a kind of rapacity sanctioned by the sacredness of the purpose; but at the bazaar held recently at Kentish Town in aid of the Aged Governesses' Institution, the purchasers, we are informed by the 'Art Journal,' even those of wealth and station, declined parting with their money except for decided bargains! This tendency to benevolent bargain-getting is not overlooked by those artists who make their market of the weaknesses of their neighbours. Every day we have packets of pins, needles, stationery, &c. sent into our houses, with intreaties to purchase for the sake of humanity—and marvellous cheapness.

But to 'write all down' is impossible. The system of beggary pervades the whole of our social life, and is so complicated, that a bare description of its machinery would fill a volume. The worst of its nuisances, however, in our opinion, is amateur beggary; and we would have all directors, committees, and private strollers, male and female, strictly questioned as to the personal sacrifices they have themselves made in the cause they advocate. To talk of their time and trouble, we have shown, is a farce: what we would hear of is the indulgences they have denied to their taste or appetite in order to swell the funds of their favourite charity. If the answers are satisfactory on this point, we will then take their respective schemes into consideration; and when our selection is made, if there should happen to be anything left in our pockets—an improbable accident, it must be admitted, in this age of beggary—the fortunate candidate shall be welcome to the coin. L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A FEW weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair,* I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken *into*, but broken *out of*. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbours found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her nightgown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was

* Journal, No. 291.

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but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he *had* arrived there.

'What dress did he wear when he left?'

'That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots.

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James was the name indorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report *no* progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police-office but Mr Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at anyrate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: 'Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?'

'Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.'

'Thank you: good-morning.'

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the 'foraging-cap' and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the 'north countrie.'

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, 'So I have found you at last!' There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, 'What the devil do you mean?' was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

'I beg your pardon,' I replied; 'the waiter told me a friend of mine, one *Bagshawe*, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him.'

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him

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for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet—— At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new-comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behaviour towards our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr Bristowe already seated; but the 'three friends,' I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining *who* were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the 'all right' of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of 'feast of reason' each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of 'flow of soul' welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

'Do you know this house they intend to stop at?' I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

'Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House.'

'Indeed! Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go on to Kendal with Mr Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings.'

'With all my heart.'

'But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected.'

'Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye.'

'Well, we shall see. And now to dinner.'

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humour. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low exulting voice, 'Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?' The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c. and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

'Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?' demanded Mr Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

'I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr Bristowe,' I remarked, after a long pause; 'but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament.'

'You are right,' he replied, after some hesitation. '*It is* a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself.'

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr Bristowe started, and changed colour, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, 'You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence.'

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumbfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid open manner and unshakeable hardihood of nerve.

'I daresay the articles came to you in your sleep!' sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

'Oh,' I mechanically exclaimed, 'in his sleep! I had not thought of that!' The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair altogether, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighbourhood. The demeanour of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was, I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fishmonger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the

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prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, 'The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything.' Mr Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, 'That is the man!' Mr Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the *ensemble* of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valeat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of 'hearsay,' was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr Bristowe begged to observe 'that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her.' The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly intreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

'We can receive no evidence against you, Mr Bristowe, in your absence,' replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; 'but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable.'

'At least, then, Mr Cowan,' said the agitated young man, 'prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle: I could not bear *that*.'

He was assured she would not be present; in fact she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. 'Uncle!' cried the prisoner, springing towards him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forwards with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, 'fell upon his neck, and wept,' exclaiming in choking accents, 'Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant.'

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. 'Certainly, certainly,' said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning towards the court. 'My sister's child, gentlemen,' he added appealingly, 'who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure.'

'There needs no excuse, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman kindly; 'but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?'

'It is.'

'Now,' said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing me, 'please to produce the articles in your possession.'

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

'Please to look at those two articles, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman. 'Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?'

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

'It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr Bagshawe,' said the clerk.

'Answer, uncle,' said the prisoner soothingly: 'fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved.'

'Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off.'

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, 'I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you.'

Mr Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

'I have nothing to reserve,' he exclaimed with passionate energy; 'nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyer-craft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at

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Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterwards booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say.'

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

'Then, Mr Bristowe,' said the magistrate's clerk, 'assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*?'

'I have thought over that, Mr Clerk,' returned the prisoner mildly, 'and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so.'

'That is perhaps the less to be lamented,' replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, 'inasmuch as the possession of those articles,' pointing to the cross and coin on the table, 'would necessitate another equally probable though quite different story.'

'That is a circumstance,' replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, 'which I cannot in the slightest manner account for.'

No more was said, and the order for his committal to the county jail at Appleby on the charge of 'wilful murder' was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scrawled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it, than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morrow, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was, as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day, and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr Bristowe to the vehicle in waiting to reconvey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, 'Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it.' He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

'Well, Barnes,' I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, 'what is it you have discovered?'

'That the murderers of Sarah King are yonder at the Talbot where you left me.'

'Yes: so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?'

'This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties, but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, somewhere concealed in the neighbourhood. This they mean to do to-night.'

'Anything more?'

'Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a bit of a mimic: well, I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr Bristowe, and got out on the top of the coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close'——

'Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on.'

'Well, he and I were alone together in the parlour about three hours ago—I dead tipsy as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, "Who is that in the plate closet?" If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his failing limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter.'

'This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I daresay we shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about nightfall I will rejoin you in my former disguise.'

It was early in the evening when I entered the Talbot, and seated myself in the parlour. Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

'Is not that fellow sober yet?' I demanded of one of them.

'No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed, I hear, this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it.'

I had an opportunity soon afterwards of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chaise-cart and horse from Kendal, and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlour, and watching my opportunity, whispered into the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes' ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was *my* old acquaintance—'Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room.' I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification, the wig from my forehead. He was thunderstruck; and his teeth chattered with terror. His two companions were absorbed over a low game at cards, and did not observe us. 'Come,' I continued in the same whisper, 'there is not a moment to lose; *if you would save yourself*, follow me!' He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—'You perceive, Staples, that the game is up: you personated Mr Bristowe at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant'——

'No—no—no, not I,' gasped the wretch; 'not I: I did not strike her'——

'At all events you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the stolen Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliants in his portmanteau.'

'What shall I do—what shall I do?' screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; 'what shall I do to save my life—my life?'

'First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer'——

'I am not—upon my soul I am not!'

'If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though, mind, I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operations for carrying off the booty?'

'They are going in the chaise-cart almost immediately to take it up: it is hidden in the copse yonder. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence.'

'All right. Now return to the parlour: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog.'

About a quarter of an hour afterwards his two confederates set off in the chaise-cart: I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler of the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark fortunately, and the noise of the cart-wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out, and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

'Get into the cart,' said one of them to the other, 'and I will hand the things up to you.' His companion obeyed.

'Hollo!' cried the fellow, 'I thought I told you'——

'That you are nabbed at last!' I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. 'Barnes, hold the horse's head.

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Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains.' The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart; and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honour of lodging them at about nine o'clock in the evening. The news, late as it was, spread like wildfire, and innumerable were the congratulations which awaited me when I reached the inn where I lodged. But that which recompensed me a thousandfold for what I had done, was the fervent embrace in which the white-haired uncle, risen from his bed to assure himself of the truth of the news, locked me, as he called down blessings from Heaven upon my head! There are blessed moments even in the life of a police-officer.

Mr Bristowe was of course liberated on the following morning; Staples was admitted king's evidence; and one of his accomplices — the actual murderer — was hanged, the other transported. A considerable portion of the property was also recovered. The gentleman who—to give time and opportunity for the perpetration of the burglary, suggested by the perusal of Mr Bagshawe's letter—induced Mr Bristowe to accompany him to Bristol, was soon afterwards transported for another offence.

A WORD ON INK.

THE ancients knew better how to make ink of a durable colour than we do. Modern inks are metallic preparations, and on this account they are liable to deterioration by atmospheric action. The cause of the superiority of inks of old date has been earnestly and satisfactorily investigated by Professor Traill. It appears that up to the fourteenth century, the inks employed for the purposes of writing on manuscripts were almost, without an exception, fluids in which the deep-colouring material was not *metallic*, but *carbonaceous* matter. From that time to the present, however, a preparation much resembling our present fluid was employed, to the inexpressible regret of antiquarian manuscript-lovers, and possibly to the serious loss of many historical facts of value. From this period, therefore, as a general rule, commences that race of yellowish, reddish, or greenish-coloured manuscripts, which no patience can decipher, nor any means satisfactorily restore to life. Although it appears probable that occasionally metallic ingredients were added to the ancient ink, yet there can now exist no doubt that the persistence of colour by which they are distinguished was entirely due to the carbonaceous matter employed in their composition.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader that the most common writing fluid employed without discrimination by most classes of our community is a tanno-gallate of iron, with the addition occasionally of mucilage, gum, indigo, or sugar, for the purposes of giving it a 'japan' lustre or intensity of hue. When first placed on paper, it is in a state of low combination with oxygen; hence its pale colour; but after a few hours' exposure to the oxygen of the air, it passes into the higher condition of oxidation, and assumes that depth of hue which makes it valuable as a recording agent. If the change stopped here all would be well, and a better preparation need not be inquired after. But in process of time, that ever-active agent, the atmospheric oxygen, decomposes the compound: its vegetable acids, the tannic and gallic, undergo destructive changes, and become converted into simpler forms of matter; and their base, the oxide of iron, becomes common rust, assuming that brownish red colour so well known under the title of that substance. Here, then, we have the true chemical cause of the altered aspect of our time-defaced writings. These changes are undoubtedly more or less rapid according to the good or bad qualities of the ink, or of the material upon which it rests. But in no case, while such remains its composition, can they be ultimately prevented from occurring; and if any author will look over a heap of his rough drafts seven or eight years old—or if any tradesman will turn to the pages of his day-book or ledger for that period—he will obtain full confirmation of our assertion, and find that the self-deleting process has already advanced several stages in such writings. The chemical agency employed in the manufacture of our writing papers, especially of the inferior qualities, rapidly assists such changes, and diminishes, by a long interval, the lapse of time necessary to blot the record off the page to which it was, in over-careless confidence, committed for safe keeping. Nor is this all. The discovery of the powerful gaseous body chlorine made the subject still more important. This reagent dissolved in water, or in union with other bodies, such as antimony, almost instantly removes every trace of ink from the paper on which it was written; and by means of a pen dipped in these liquids it was the easiest thing in the world—and unfortunately the facility still remains in too large a number of cases—for a fraudulent person to pencil over any important writing to insure its complete erasure from the material on which it was recorded. Behold, therefore, the door opened to every evil-doer over whom the terrors of the law, divine or human, exercise no control! How easy to alter a valuable document, to erase one name from a deed or will, and insert another! Surely, then, the consideration that in a fluid of this abominably unstable character were recorded the titles and fortunes of an immense number of persons, was sufficiently alarming to have long since caused its abolition from our desks? No: neither the positive certainty of ultimate deletion, nor the excessive risk of fraudulent erasure, has been sufficient to upset the old ink dynasty, and establish a new one on a less sandy basis. The fickle tanno-gallate of iron is still the vehicle of our records to posterity, and the insecure medium for the transaction of our most important commercial affairs. The enormous extent to which fraud has thus extended, without calling into action a simple and sufficient check, can scarcely be believed. On the continent it is even more appalling than in our own country. But amongst ourselves, it has frequently been productive of very serious consequences. The Scottish banks have suffered most seriously on several occasions, and that at no very distant period, from forgeries of the most artful kind perpetrated upon them, solely in consequence of the unsafe medium employed in drawing out orders upon them. The stratagems by which these were accomplished have generally been of the following character:—Bank-orders for small sums were obtained on some of their country branches; the blank space in the engraved bill was filled up as usual in writing with common ink; thus, '*Five* —— *pounds*.' The dash following the word *five* was erased by some of the common chemical means, and the word *hundred* inserted in its place! The orders were paid without suspicion, and the fraud was only discovered when it was too late to apprehend the offenders. Even lemon juice has been successfully employed for such or similar purposes. To all these defects let us add that, apart from its decaying and fading character, our common ink has several most disagreeable attributes, which alone might have led us to be on the look-out for another. In a few weeks it becomes covered with a dense layer of minute *mucous* or mould; after standing a little time, it gets viscid, ropy, and unfit for use; and lastly, in time its colouring-matter precipitates to the bottom, and the ink becomes less and less valuable for the purposes of correspondence.

It must not be supposed, from what has been written, that men of science have not attempted to improve the nature and add durability to our ordinary writing-fluids. Of so much consequence did it appear to the French Royal Academy of Science, that they offered a prize for the best composition of universal application which would obviate all the defects of ordinary ink. It is a

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remarkable circumstance, and we believe we are correct in relating it, that this prize for so apparently simple an object *was never gained*. The Academy at length appointed a Commission to inquire into the subject; and it is somewhat humiliating to find M. Dulong some time after—during a discussion upon the merits of some paper prepared so as to prevent, as was pretended, the removal of characters written upon it—reminding the Academy that the Commission had demonstrated that the surest means of rendering written characters indelible was to use *Indian ink!* dissolved in water with a slight mixture of some acid, more particularly the hydrochloric. The requisites to constitute a really good ink are, that it should flow freely from the pen, dry quickly, be of deep colour, take a firm hold of the paper, and be indelible either by time or chemistry. Attempts have been therefore made to improve upon the composition of ordinary metallic ink; and in a paper communicated to the Society of Arts, Dr Bostock states that he conceives the principal causes of its bad qualities are the mucilage, tan, and extractive matter which it contains. He devised several ways of precipitating these last, and conceived he separated the whole of the first ingredient by skimming off the mould until no more appeared on the surface of the ink. He recommends as the best diluent of thick ink a strong decoction of *coffee*. Common ink may be prevented from becoming mouldy by the addition of a grain or two of corrosive sublimate, or by a drop or two of some essential oil; but its badness being the result of its chemical composition, renders all attempts at its improvement nugatory; so that the only real remedy is a substitute for it. The basis, in the greater number of the proposed substitutes, is finely-levigated carbon; and this has been ingeniously mixed in various ways with essential oils, solutions of caoutchouc, and of glue; but in all cases without any tolerable success—the oily inks smearing the paper, and the others refusing to flow in smooth and even lines over its surface. Were it not that it can be removed from paper by washing with water, very probably the beautiful ink known as Chinese ink, when genuine, would come nearest the mark. The colouring-matter here is a beautiful description of lamp-black, obtained in the following curious manner:—A long chamber a hundred feet in length, constructed of bamboo covered with paper, is divided into a number of compartments; and at one extremity a vessel containing some essential oil, and giving forth, when lit, a dense black smoke, is placed: the soot collects in delicate flakes in the different dissepiments, the finest of course in the last; and it is this which is employed in the manufacture of the best Chinese ink. M. Merimée says it contains not glue, but vegetable juices, which give it its brilliancy of hue. A little musk or camphor is added as a perfume. At one of the meetings of the Linnæan Society, Dr Coxe recommended an inky fluid which oozed out of some curious fungi; which was of a deep dark colour, indelible by the sun's rays or by chlorine gas, but destroyed by muriatic acid; which, however, would destroy the texture of the paper itself. Could these fungi be collected in sufficient quantities, it would perhaps be worth a trial. More recently, an ink has been invented under the title Manganese Ink, prepared, as we should suppose, with the black oxide of that body; but of its properties we are ignorant. We should imagine, however, from the density of the substance such ink professes to contain, that it would be unsuitable for the purpose of an ordinary writing-fluid, being necessarily thick and viscid to hold the manganese in suspension. Dr Ure says, that by decomposing the vanadate of ammonia with infusion of gall-nuts, an excellent ink is obtained, at once black and perfectly indelible; but the scarce metal vanadium must become a little more abundant before it can be so applied on the large scale. The Messrs Dobbs and Co., whose stationery has rendered them famous, a year or two ago brought out what they were pleased to call the Queen's Ink and Paper. The paper was a prepared material, and the ink some fluid which, when written thereon, produced an ink-like colour. These prepared papers have been many times tried, but without success; and even if successful there is a complication about the process which does not suit mercantile views at all. The effects of such papers are often very curious, and where not otherwise useful, may be made use of as an amusement. What, for example, can be more singular than to write with a limpid fluid clear as water, using a solution of the bichloride of mercury upon a paper impregnated with the iodide of potassium, and, behold, every letter turns to a lovely crimson! A curious passage in Pliny seems to have led Professor Traill to a discovery which, in spite of its apparent insignificance, we justly consider to be among the most important in applied chemistry—a good, fluent, black, indelible, unchangeable ink! Pliny recommends, among other receipts for the preparation of ink, an ink made of carbonaceous matter diffused in a solution of animal glue in vinegar. The only difference between Dr Traill's ink and this is, that instead of animal glue, he uses *vegetable gluten*. But this simple discovery was not arrived at without labour and expense; and to form an adequate conception of the thorough investigation Professor Traill instituted on the whole subject, it is only necessary to refer to his paper, printed in the 14th volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.' In the true and generous spirit of the best philosophy, he has there detailed, without reserve, the process by which he prepares this valuable fluid; and desirous as we are to effect a revolution in the kingdom of metallic ink, and to put a worthier ruler of its important affairs at its head, we cannot do better than transfer the process from those to these pages. The first step is the preparation of the gluten. If a small mass of dough is kneaded underneath a little stream of water for some time, it will be found that it has parted with all the starch it contained, and that only a tough, sticky mass is left in the hand. The more carefully this is done, the purer will the remaining gluten be. Now, to ten parts of the liquid sold by chemists under the name of pyroligneous acid, which is an impure acetic acid, one and a-half parts of gluten are to be added, and the whole left in a covered vessel, and submitted to a gentle heat. In about twenty-four hours a solution of the gluten is effected, and a saponaceous fluid remains. To form this into an ink, the very finest lamp-black must be procured, and used in the proportion of from eight to twelve grains to each ounce of the liquid, rubbing it quite smooth with a pestle and mortar. When this operation is completed, the fluid is quite ready for use, and will be found completely to fulfil all those postulates which the constitution of a good and permanent writing fluid demands. The addition of a little bruised allspice, cloves, or cinnamon, gives the liquid an agreeable aroma. This ink has been subjected to the most severe tests. In a solution of chlorine gas strong enough to bleach in a few minutes the blackest writing-ink, a slip of paper written with the new ink remained *twenty-four hours* without the least change, and was subsequently exposed for *seventy-two* hours to its influence with the same result. Exposed to the sun and air, it only became of a more intense black hue, and was more firmly fixed in the paper.

It was not in the least affected by water, strong alkalies, or acids, not even the pyroligneous acid. Like every other ink, it may be washed off parchment, the surface of that substance refusing its admission to the texture of the material; but for every other purpose it is incomparably superior to every ink now in use. Professor Traill modestly writes:—'It is only offered as a writing-ink well suited for the drawing out of bills, deeds, or wills, or wherever it is important to prevent alteration of sums of money, or of signatures, as well as for handing down to posterity public records in a less perishable material than common ink.' It is perhaps one of the best testimonials to its value, that it is exclusively employed now in several large commercial houses and banks, and in the National Bank of Scotland.

Setting aside the value of this discovery, as affording a faithful and imperishable recording fluid, we would urge its extensive adoption as a preventive of fraud. No one who knows human nature will doubt the expediency of hedging up, so far as is practicable, the narrow road of rectitude; and by this means, we believe, not only

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would an additional security be given to the honest, but an additional, and apparently insurmountable difficulty would be put before the path of those who are unhappily otherwise inclined.

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, DRAWN BY A FRENCHWOMAN.

An unpretending-looking brochure has accidentally fallen into our hands, which undertakes to give, within the limits of some seventy pages, an account of the 'Manners and Customs of the English.'* Its pretensions are necessarily more lofty than its outward appearance indicates; for very comprehensive powers of observation, and great concentration of language, are to be inferred from so small a book, which professes to treat so extensive and varied a subject. It should, therefore, excite no disappointment when it is found that the pretensions of the title are not wholly borne out in the succeeding pages. Indeed the profession of the authoress has not afforded her the best possible course of study, or the widest field of observation for her subject. Foreign statesmen, lawyers, university professors, historians, political economists, and even French cooks and German princes, have, during their travels and their leisure hours, 'modestly discovered that of ourselves which yet we knew not of.' But this is the first time, so far as we know, that British manners and customs have ever been criticised between the figures of a quadrille or the steps of a Polka; for be it known that the serious business of this authoress's life, her mission upon earth, is—to dance. She only, it seems, condescends to literature during her leisure; and like Sarah Battle between hard-fought rubbers at whist, 'unbends over a book.' Mrs Whittaker is, in fact, one of the numerous teachers whom the 'manners and customs' of the revolutionary continent have driven thence to find employment in peaceful England. She 'imparts' (that is now the professional periphrasis for the verb to teach) dancing.

Such books as the one before us, however full of mistakes, may be always consulted with advantage. Pictures of ourselves, painted by foreign artists, possess the power prayed for by Burns when he sung—

> 'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as others see us!
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us.'

The literary mirror held up to English nature by our dancing-mistress is not without its moral, but it would have given a clearer, stronger, and more salutary reflection of our faults, had she not unhappily spiced her few truths with a great many errors. Let us, however, be thankful for the truths she tells us, and take warning from her blunders.

The strictures of the dancing-mistress on the saltatory manners and customs of English people are entitled to all respect, as in this department she adheres to the good old Latin rule, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—('for the cobbler sticks to his last'): in other words, the dancer does not go beyond her pumps. She is presumed to be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and her opinions on it are to be received with the reverence due to the dicta of a professor. The following anecdotes are characteristic, and cleverly told:—

'In my profession I have been tolerably successful; but as this is a very aristocratic country, professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society to what they do in Paris. Of this, however, I will tell you more hereafter. I had a visit this morning from a very stout gentleman (a wealthy apothecary), who said he wished to learn dancing; but never having learnt before in his life, he requested that the first few lessons might be private. This I of course acceded to, and desired him to come on the following day. The gentleman was punctual to a minute; but previous to commencing, he came up to me and said with great seriousness, "Madam, I think I told you that I had never learnt dancing in my life, but I forgot at the same time to mention that I have not the slightest idea of music. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me, must I jump to every note you strike on the piano?" Being little prepared for this speech, it required my utmost efforts to avoid breaking out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I even longed to say "Yes," merely for the purpose of seeing what he would do; but this would not have been consistent with my professional character; composing, therefore, my countenance as well as I could, I merely said, "No; not quite to every note." "Perhaps, then," added he, with equal simplicity, "you will be good enough to tell me each time I *am* to jump?" "Oh yes, yes," said I; this time turning round, lest he should see my countenance. I then placed myself at the piano, whilst the gentleman stood in the middle of the room, giving me many inquiring looks, to know when he was to begin. At last I nodded assent, kept on playing, and found he had an excellent ear for music, of which he was not at all aware.

'My next applicant was, I think, a mathematician; he was a tall young man, rather pale, and of gentlemanly appearance. He said that he wished very much to learn to waltz, and begged I would tell him who had written the best work on the subject. My assurances that he could never learn to waltz by means of a book were useless; he repeatedly said that he should prefer that method to any other. Not being able, therefore, to give him the name of any author who had written on the subject of waltzing, the young gentleman took his leave; and how far he has been successful in his search I leave you to guess.'

The rude neglect shown to persons of the class to which our authoress belongs is set forth in a contrast drawn between a French and an English quadrille party:—'In a former letter I mentioned that professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society in London to what they do in Paris. In order to acquaint you with the manner in which they are looked upon in the two capitals, I will give you a description of two quadrille parties, one in London, and the other in Paris, at both of which I was engaged to act the part of musician. They were both houses of the same standing—that is, as I believe, eminent lawyers—and to one and the other I was a complete stranger. To begin, then, with the one in Paris. No sooner was I announced, than the gentleman of the house came out to meet me, and took possession of my music book, whilst the lady herself assisted in taking off my shawl. I was then introduced as one of the guests; the latter endeavouring to make themselves as agreeable to me as did the host and hostess themselves. When the dancing had commenced, and I had played one or two quadrilles and Polkas, a lady, whom I had never seen before, came up to me and said in the most gracious manner, "I am not going to allow you to fatigue yourself; it's my turn now." I readily gave up the piano to her intreaties, and during the remainder of the evening we each played and danced by turns. On my departure, I was as much thanked by the lady and gentleman of the house as though *they* had been the obliged party instead of myself.

'Now let me tell you how these things are managed in London. One evening as I was sitting alone ruminating on the state of affairs in Paris, a message was brought me that a lady, living at a considerable distance, wished to speak to me. Being naturally anxious to know for what purpose, I was not long in answering to the demand. No sooner had I arrived at the house, and given my name, than I perceived the servants were evidently perplexed to know where to place me; for the first allowed me to remain in the passage, then a second scolded the first for having done so; at last I got seated in a parlour, where, after remaining for a considerable

* Letters on the Manners and Customs of the English. By Mrs Whittaker. London: Ebers.

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time, a servant came to request I would walk up stairs. I was then shown into a back drawing-room, where a lady, handsomely dressed, was sitting alone; and, as I entered, neither rose from her seat, nor invited me to take one. There appeared to me something so extremely awkward in this manner of speaking, that I should myself have taken a seat uninvited; but not seeing the necessity of prolonging my stay, considered it as well to take my leave. I had walked a considerable distance to be told that I should be required on the following evening to play at a small quadrille party. I went accordingly. Few words were addressed to me during the evening, with the exception of those that were absolutely necessary; one lady, however, quitting her partner in the quadrille, ran up to me and said, "Vous êtes Français, madame?"—("Are you a Frenchman, madam?") Without smiling at the pardonable mistake, I replied in the affirmative, and the lady ran back to her partner. Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of the evening, unless it be worth while to mention that display was the order of the day, and that the supper-table was loaded with numerous luxuries that the climate and the season did *not* produce. When I departed, the lady of the house forgot to return me her thanks; and I took my leave not a little satisfied at being able to add a trifle more to the manners and customs of the English.'

Mrs Whittaker should remember that in no country, not even in her own, do persons hired to play dance-music at *per evening* hold a very high rank in society. In Sweden, such an employment is considered beneath the dignity of a professional musician, and is performed by men-servants and waiters, most of whom number the ability to play quadrilles and waltzes on the pianoforte amongst their domestic accomplishments. Still, the above personage administers a proper censure. In some classes of society—we may especially instance the 'vulgar rich'—a vast amount of supercilious ill-breeding is expended upon persons whom they *pay*.

Mrs Whittaker is justly severe on the mode in which our young women are educated and introduced into the world. It is too true that they are seldom or never bred to fill with credit and usefulness the station which their parents occupy. They are taught to look higher; hence a host of flimsy accomplishments are thrust upon them, for the sole end of captivating some man moving in a higher sphere than their own. It is forgotten that solid accomplishments adorn any rank, and while they do not restrain spinsters from looking upward, fit them for the duties of all stations. What is termed a 'good match' appears to be the be-all and end-all of every English young lady's training, desires, and conduct, from the days of her pupilage to the day of her marriage. Mrs Whittaker recounts a wholesome little story which tells upon this failing by force of contrast:—'I recollect a young French girl named Amelie, whose sole occupation consisted in making up small parcels of chocolate behind the counter of a magnificent shop in the Rue Vivienne. Amelie was exceedingly pretty, and had numerous offers of marriage, all of which, however, she declined. This conduct appeared rather singular, and Amelie was questioned by her parents as to the cause of her refusing so many offers. "I have no objection to marry," replied the noble-minded girl, "provided I can meet with a husband on whom I can look as my equal; but all the proposals I have had as yet have been from men considerably wealthier than myself. I am willing to become the companion of a poor man, but will never consent to be the slave of a rich one."'

The folly of going, for the sake of display, to great expense in giving entertainments, which are all the more gratifying the simpler they are prepared, is thus exposed:—'When the English give a ball or a quadrille party, they go to a great deal more expense than is necessary. In many families it is looked upon as quite an event, and is talked of for a month, ay, six months previously; then there are such preparations and discussions, so many purchases, and as much fuss and anxiety, as though the whole family were going on a voyage to Australia. Then, to see the supper table, one would suppose that none of the guests were expected to have dined for a week. There is, besides, a total absence of Sirop de Groseille, Orgeat, Bavaroise, &c. &c. which always obliges me on such occasions to ask for sugar and water: this invariably creates some merriment, and induces the English to imagine that in Paris we drink nothing else. Then there is an abundance of foreign wines, such as it takes some time for foreigners to habituate themselves to, having never tasted anything like them in foreign countries. These wines of course add greatly to the expense of the entertainment; and although tastes may differ, I certainly think a cooling beverage would be more wholesome, and better suited to the occasion. The consequence of all this is, that few persons can afford to give balls, or at least can only give them very seldom, which is principally to be regretted on the grounds that young women cannot often be indulged in an amusement that is so necessary for their health, and in which so many of them seem to place their sole happiness.'

Thus far our Terpsichorean censor may be followed without dissent, and with some degree of instruction; but when she travels beyond her dancing-school, and talks of matters of which she is either quite ignorant or but insufficiently informed, her misconceptions are amusing. Her knowledge of the Clubs of London is thus set forth:—'The English have pulled down all their convents, and have erected monasteries in the place of them; for such, indeed, is the fittest name for those immense buildings in London called Clubs.' Let her be assured that the modern monks of the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers, are not such severe recluses as the monks of old, and that the rules of the Reform are not nearly so stringent as the rules of St Martin or La Trappe. At page 25 the lady says that these monasteries are erected in every street and square in the capital. She has been imposed upon. The Clubs of London do not number more than thirty; and nearly all of them lie in one street and one square—namely, Pall-Mall and St James's Square.

But these are trifling errors, compared with others, which the nimble-footed authoress has been betrayed into in consequence of going entirely out of her depth. One chapter of the best cookery book extant—the *Physiologie du Goût*—is on 'The End of the World;' and in the bagatelle before us an account is given of English burials. In this we are told that it is a common practice in this country to bury persons alive! 'That these cases are very numerous,' she says, 'there can be no doubt, from the many instances that have occurred of persons recovering just at the time when preparations were making for their interment; whilst others, less fortunate, have only been aroused when it has been too late to render them any assistance. To enumerate all the cases of this kind that have come under my own particular knowledge, would probably be taking up more of your time to read than is necessary. Not satisfied with the various accounts that have appeared from time to time in the public papers, I have also made numerous inquiries, and have seldom met with a middle-aged or elderly person who could not add to my stock of information on the subject.' She adds, that several medical men have written on the subject, recommending caution to the public; and that one of the tests applied in such cases is the application of brandy to the soles of the feet, and afterwards setting fire to it. The lady displays her physiological learning by assuring her friend that, although it is true the dead are kept eight days before burial, that period is 'of course' not long enough to show whether the vital spark has really fled, 'lethargies lasting,' she adds at p. 49, 'six weeks, or even longer.'

We must not, however, as is too common in such cases, exult over this poor lady's ignorance. Travellers and book-makers are too abundant in this country to warrant laughter at her expense. When we have

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lady book-wrights who place Constantinople on the Danube, and fill up sketches of Parisian and Rhenish manners with bad French and impossible German, we must not be too hard on a lively dancing-mistress when she ceases to point her toe for the purpose of sharpening her pen against us. Let us rather take a dispassionate view of the real absurdities with which we abound, and try to correct them; and be all the more careful what we ourselves say of our neighbours, when we contemplate recording *their* failings in small pamphlets or portly octavos.

LYCANTHROPY.

WHOEVER has read the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' will be acquainted with the words goul and vampyre. A goul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces, and devoured the bodies buried there. A vampyre was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and whoever was so sucked became a vampyre in his turn when he died. Both these persuasions have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampyres created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madveiga, being crushed to death by a wagon, and buried, had since become a vampyre, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the terror his visits were occasioning, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and although he had been in it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry; after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly healthy condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plaguing the living by their nocturnal visits were found in the vampyre state—full of blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are indubitable, though what interpretation to put upon them remains extremely difficult. One that has been suggested is, that all these supposed vampyres were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing; and the more so, that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has an especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called 'goulism' has in the West been denominated 'lycanthropy,' or 'wolfomania;' and this phenomenon, as well as vampyrism, has been treated of by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, in which disguise—his tastes corresponding to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations of these unhappy individuals there was no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a goul.

In the year 1603, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jean Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward as his accusers, declaring that he had attacked and wounded them in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier, however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Vaudois, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while, lycanthropy and goulism were set down amongst the superstitions of the East, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon this curious subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of the present month (July 1849), Colonel Manselon president. It is remarked that the court was extremely crowded, and that many ladies were present.

The facts of this mysterious affair, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follow:—For some months past the cemeteries in and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful profanation, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that was exerted to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of these places of burial were themselves suspected; at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of these horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians had observed a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, he disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, and urged to seize him, stopped short, and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. When morning broke, the ravages of this strange visitant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the surgeons be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot, declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the gravediggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them.... The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were renewed in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, aged seven years, and much loved by her parents, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin, attired in the frock she delighted to wear on fête days, and with her favourite playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighbourhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the criminal; but the

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only result of the increased surveillance was, that the scene of profanation was removed to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where the exhumations were carried to such an extent, that the authorities were at their wits' end. Considering, by the way, that all these cemeteries are surrounded by walls, and have iron gates, which are kept closed, it certainly seems very strange that any goul or vampyre of solid flesh and blood should have been able to pursue his vocation so long undiscovered. However, so it was; and it was not till they bethought themselves of laying a snare for this mysterious visitor that he was detected. Having remarked a spot where the wall, though nine feet high, appeared to have been frequently scaled, an old officer contrived a sort of *infernal machine*, with a wire attached to it, which he so arranged that it should explode if any one attempted to enter the cemetery at that point. This done, and a watch being set, they thought themselves now secure of their purpose. Accordingly, at midnight an explosion roused the guardians, who perceived a man already in the cemetery; but before they could seize him, he had leapt the wall with an agility that confounded them; and although they fired their pieces after him, he succeeded in making his escape. But his footsteps were marked by the blood that had flowed from his wounds, and several scraps of military attire were picked up on the spot. Nevertheless, they seem to have been still uncertain where to seek the offender, till one of the gravediggers of Mont Parnasse, whilst preparing the last resting-place of two criminals about to be executed, chanced to overhear some sappers of the 74th regiment remarking that one of their sergeants had returned on the preceding night cruelly wounded, nobody knew how, and had been conveyed to the Val de Grace, which is a military hospital. A little inquiry now soon cleared up the mystery; and it was ascertained that Sergeant Bertrand was the author of all these profanations, and of many others of the same description previous to his arrival in Paris.

Supported on crutches, wrapped in a gray cloak, pale and feeble, Bertrand was now brought forward for examination; nor was there anything in the countenance or appearance of this young man indicative of the fearful monomania of which he is the victim; for the whole tenor of his confession proves that in no other light is his horrible propensity to be considered.

In the first place, he freely acknowledged himself the author of these violations of the dead both in Paris and elsewhere.

'What object did you propose to yourself in committing these acts?' inquired the president.

'I cannot tell,' replied Bertrand: 'it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my own will: nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending these bodies.'

President. And what did you do after one of these visits to a cemetery?

Bertrand. I withdrew, trembling convulsively, feeling a great desire for repose. I fell asleep, no matter where, and slept for several hours; but during this sleep I *heard everything that passed around me!* I have sometimes exhumed from ten to fifteen bodies in a night. I dug them up with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labour I underwent; but I minded nothing, so that I could get at them. The guardians fired at me one night and wounded me, but that did not prevent my returning the next. This desire seized me generally about once a fortnight.

He added, that he had had no access of this propensity since he was in the hospital, but that he would not be sure it might not return when his wounds were healed. Still he hoped not. 'I think I am cured,' said he. 'I had never seen any one die; in the hospital I have seen several of my comrades expire by my side. I believe I am cured, for now I fear the dead.'

The surgeons who attended him were then examined, and one of them read a sort of memoir he had received from Bertrand, which contained the history of his malady as far as his memory served him.

From these notes, it appears that there had been something singular and abnormal about him from the time he was seven or eight years old. It was not so much in acts, as in his love of solitude and his profound melancholy that the aberration was exhibited; and it was not till two years ago that his frightful peculiarity fully developed itself. Passing a cemetery one day, where the gravediggers were covering a body that had just been interred, he entered to observe them. A violent shower of rain interrupted their labours, which they left unfinished. 'At this sight,' says Bertrand, 'horrible desires seized me: my head throbbed, my heart palpitated violently; I excused myself to my companions, and returned hastily into town. No sooner did I find myself alone, than I procured a spade, and returned to the cemetery. I had just succeeded in exhuming the body, when I saw a peasant watching me at the gate. Whilst he went to inform the authorities of what he had seen, I withdrew, and retiring into a neighbouring wood, I laid myself down, and in spite of the torrents of rain that were falling, I remained there in a state of profound insensibility for several hours.'

From this period he appears to have given free course to his inclinations; but as he generally covered the mutilated remains with earth again, it was some time before his proceedings excited observation. He had many narrow escapes of being taken or killed by the pistols of the guardians; but his agility seems to have been almost superhuman.

To the living he was gentle and kind, and was especially beloved in his regiment for his frankness and gaiety!

The medical men interrogated unanimously gave it as their opinion, that although in all other respects perfectly sane, Bertrand was not responsible for these acts. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, during which time measures will doubtless be taken to complete his cure.

In relating this curious case of the *Vampyre*, as he is called in Paris, where the affair has excited considerable attention, especially in the medical world, we have omitted several painful and disgusting particulars; but we have said enough to prove that, beyond a doubt, there has been some good foundation for the ancient belief in goulism and lycanthropy; and that the books of Dr Weir and others, in which the existence of this malady is contemptuously denied, have been put forth without due investigation of the subject.

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

One of the pleasantest rides in the neighbourhood of Cairo is to Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun—at least in my opinion; for some greatly prefer the Shubra avenue, and its four miles of sycamores and acacias. Though I have my preferences, my taste is Catholic enough; and I admit that so vast a canopy, broken into only here and there by little patches of sunshine, through which immense loads of green clover and bursim, piled on the backs of staggering donkeys or stately camels, are constantly gleaming—with views of broad fields, bright reaches of the Nile, groves interspersed with villages and minarets and tombs, the Desert and the Pyramids—I admit, I say, that all this is very beautiful. I always felt, however, an inclination to turn off into the by-paths, and exchange the level road for some lane rugged with ruts, or some track across a meadow.

The way by which I first went to Heliopolis is entirely of this character. After passing the Iron Gate—as one of the numerous exits from Cairo is named, though why, there exists no visible reason—we soon got among the fields, and began to wind about through a most delightfully rural tract. The interminable avenue of Shubra retired towards the horizon on our left; on our right were gardens interspersed with palaces; and beyond

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stretched the Desert and the mountain ridges. Behind, the minarets of Cairo and its fortified citadel occasionally appeared through the trees; whilst at the extremity of the plain ahead extended a long grove, above which we could soon see the tall obelisk that remains almost alone to indicate the site of the once celebrated city.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the beauty of the tract of country we were traversing, because it is a kind of beauty entirely local and unique. I set aside the great features I have above alluded to, which rose upon the near horizon on every side, and served as a kind of framework to the picture. The plain itself, though undiversified by a single mound or single swell, presented sufficient objects to attract our attention. A whole sketch-book might have been filled during this ride with charming studies of nature. At one place there was a water-wheel turned by two huge black buffaloes, with a half-naked Arab brat squatting close by to keep up the excitement with a long jereed. A vast sycamore with gnarled trunk and wide-spreading branches threw its shadows over this group. The melancholy creaking of the wheel was not unpleasant when mellowed by distance. A swift runnel shot round the trunk of the tree, and glanced like a streak of silver across the fields. Further on, a few Arab huts clustered in a grove of palms; whilst near at hand the white dome of a sheik's tomb, or the minaret of a mosque glittered in the glorious sunshine. Sometimes we proceeded through lanes lined with acacias, which tremulously shook their thin leaves in a sort of local breeze that seemed to hang murmuring amongst their branches, but could be felt nowhere else. Then we traversed broad expanses of bursim of true emerald green, into the midst of which great flights of paddy-birds—called by travellers the white ibis—sank like giant flakes of snow into the sea. At intervals these fields were bounded by single or double rows of trees of graceful outline, such as were reproduced of old by Hellenic pencils on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were cypresses, and all varieties of the mimosa; and there were palms and sycamores, and olive and mulberry, and orange, and lemon, and citron-trees. All these were disposed in an infinite variety of groups—sometimes developed in long files, sometimes disposed as in a European orchard, sometimes crowded together in masses. I must add, that luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, and beans and lentils, and lupins and chick-peas, and *bamieh* and *melochiyeh* (the glutinous vegetables that form a great part of the food of the people), covered the country; which was further interspersed with immense fields of sugar-cane. Nothing can exceed the fertility of the land in this province. Nature is as prodigal of her bounties as the heart of man can wish; and if we meet wretchedly-clad and miserable-looking human beings moving through these rich scenes, like grim and dirty insects over a robe of silk, it is because bad government can neutralise upon this earth all the blessings of Providence.

A couple of hours brought us to the mounds which mark the line of the ancient fortifications of Heliopolis. These fortifications were formed of large unburnt bricks about eighteen inches long, as we could discover at places where some Arab workmen were digging to take away the earth to make such bricks as men make in these degenerate days. A village, and several gardens and fields, and pools of water, diversified the enclosed space; in the centre of which, in a garden defended by a good fence, rose the obelisk we had come to see. A number of children crowded round us as soon as we made our appearance; and after some search, the key of the gate was procured. Fortunately, the regular guide—I have a particular dislike to professional guides—was absent; and so we were permitted to loiter about as we pleased under the trees of the orchard. We found the obelisk to be surrounded with a moat, cleared out to show its true proportions; for the constantly-rising soil had buried its base. The sides are covered with deeply-cut hieroglyphics in most excellent preservation. Towards the west, however, we found them to be entirely covered up with a crust of earth; and it was some time before we discovered that this had been deposited by the innumerable wild bees which were buzzing about, and had chosen these classical nooks as their residence.

After we had spent some time in admiring this beautiful monument, we began to think of obtaining some refreshment, and made inquiries whether there was any coffee to be got in the village. At first the answer was in the negative; but presently an Armenian girl came forward, and said that if we would wait a while she would provide us with what we wanted in the garden. So we sat down on the ground under the shade of the olive and orange-trees, and smoked our chibouks in patience. It appeared, from the fragments of conversation we overheard, that there was some difficulty in supplying our wants. The mother of the Armenian girl had coffee, but she had not sufficient cups: these it was necessary to borrow of the sheik of the village. A messenger went to his house, but he was from home, and his wife could scarcely be prevailed upon to lend his property. At length all these little matters were arranged, and the fragrant beverage, burning hot, was at length served up to us. A few piastres—part in payment, part in the shape of presents—rewarded these poor people for the trouble they had taken; and we returned by way of Matarieh, which almost deserves the name of a town. It had formerly been fortified against the attacks of the Arabs of the Desert. At the entrance of every street were traces of a gateway, at one time regularly closed up every night. These precautions, however, were not needed during the latter part of Mohammed Ali's government—which monopolised the privilege of extortion, instead of allowing it to be exercised by every petty Bedouin chief. I doubt whether the Egyptians have gained by the change. The irregular oppression of a weak government and a marauding race of borderers was bad enough, but certainly did not produce all the fatal effects of the present admirably-organized system of robbery. The blessings of order are great, but the experience of the Egyptian peasant seems to prove that even anarchy is more favourable to individual happiness than an iron despotism. Wherever the system of forced labour prevails, there must be almost general misery. I have known instances of respectable shopkeepers being seized and dragged to work in a government manufactory at one piastre a day. No man is sure of being able to attend to his field when his presence is most required; for every now and then a general sweep is made throughout a whole district, and the population is driven off *en masse* to labour at some useless public works.

From Matarieh we proceeded to another interesting spot—the garden which Abbas Pasha has caused to be laid out round the tree of the Madona. We approached the gate down a lane through a thick grove of orange and other trees. On obtaining admission, we advanced at once to the interesting object we had come to visit. The first feeling was one of disappointment. We beheld a mere fragment of the trunk of a tree, with some young branches sprouting out here and there. The whole mass of the foliage was not greater than that of a good-sized apple-tree. The trunk itself, however, bore evidence of immense antiquity; and we soon learned that a great portion had been cleared away, that one of the cross-paths might not be obstructed! This was a genuine piece of Egyptian workmanship—a garden created for the preservation of an object, and the object itself destroyed for the purposes of symmetry. The remnant of the trunk was covered with names of pilgrims, some of considerable antiquity, but none of course sufficiently ancient to countenance the popular traditions. Our imaginations were therefore left to themselves. We were at perfect liberty to believe or disbelieve that on this spot, either under this tree or its parent stock, eighteen hundred years ago, the Virgin Mary paused to rest after her perilous journey over the Desert; and that in a fountain hard by she washed the

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infant Jesus. There was no room for controversy on the subject: it was reduced to a matter of sentiment: and some of us therefore discarded the story altogether, while others received it. All were pleased with the visit, and went away with something additional to talk about in times to come.

I have omitted all allusion to the celebrated feat of arms performed by the French on the ground we traversed, because our thoughts during the whole ride were either carried back to a much more remote period, or were occupied with the objects that actually presented themselves to our view. The roar of battle had passed over that spot, and a harvest of glory had been reaped there; but fifty other harvests have since waved above the unmarked graves of Frank and Moslem: the plough has effaced the cannon rut: the humble peasant has trodden out the footsteps of heroes. The peaceful monuments of the district, however—the tree and the obelisk—still remain, and will no doubt, for ages to come, continue to attract thither the antiquary and the Christian pilgrim. We returned by a different road, skirting the gardens of several palaces, and soon reached, to our regret, the dusty environs of Cairo.

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.

On this subject is given the following statement in the 'Times,' condensed from the annual Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, just published:—

'It appears that while the average emigration from the United Kingdom during the ten years ending in 1846 was about 84,000 persons (74,000 to America, and 10,000 to the Australian colonies), the number who left in 1847 was 258,270, and in 1848, 248,089. In the latter year the total to North America was 219,298; but of these 188,233 proceeded to the United States, and only 31,065 to the British colonies. About 85 per cent. were Irish; and it has been stated that they were this year generally of a better class than those of former years, and that the whole body carried with them considerable capital. This, however, cannot be ascertained. The emigration agents at New York and Quebec describe the great mass as being in a state of poverty; but emigrants with money are generally very anxious to conceal it. With regard to the sums remitted from America to enable relatives to emigrate, no accurate information can be given. It is certain, however, that the amount paid in the United States for passages, or remitted to this country, was, during the year 1848, upwards of L.460,000; and it is inferred that three-fourths of the whole expense of the emigration from Ireland last year was thus defrayed by those who had emigrated in previous years. The commissioners have no means of ascertaining the result of the emigration to the United States generally; but they assume, from the absence of complaint on the subject, that it was, on the whole, unaccompanied by sickness, and that the emigrants have been able to find employment.

'The Report of the Emigration Commissioners of New York states that the personal condition in which the emigrants arrived was very much better than in 1847—that no instance had been discovered of actual insufficiency of provisions on the voyage—and that the cases of death and sickness had been comparatively small. Much of the increased comfort of the passage is attributed to the New York liners having, since the establishment of steam-packets, come to depend very much on steerage passengers, for whom there is, consequently, a greatly-increased competition.

'With regard to the Australian colonies and the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that since November 1847, when the renewed emigration was commenced to New South Wales, the total emigration has been 28,158, of whom the number despatched in 1848 was 18,611. Of the entire amount, 9656 went to Sydney, 9076 to Port Philip, 8631 to Adelaide, and 795 to the Cape of Good Hope. As respects the contributions raised in this country in aid of emigration, the commissioners remark that they are more limited than is usually supposed. Out of the three parties who are interested in the movement—namely, the colonists, who need labour; the labourers, who seek employment; and the parishes, which are relieved of a superabundant population, the former, at least in the case of the Australian colonies, contribute in each instance about L.14 (the cost of passage, which is supplied from the land fund); while the two latter contribute only about L.5, which may be taken as the average expenses of bed-money, outfit, and cost of conveyance to the port of embarkation. At the same time the commissioners point out that the contribution on the part of parishes or labourers is not likely to increase, since the labourer rarely has any means, and it is possible to send an emigrant to Canada or the United States for L.4, 10s. The commissioners describe the instances in which they have relaxed their rules in promoting the emigration of parties who are ineligible under the ordinary regulations for an absolutely free passage, but to whom it seemed desirable to give a passage upon their contributing a portion of its cost. Among these were several of the English workmen who were forced to leave France after the Revolution in 1848, also seventy-one young women from Ireland, and 150 scholars from the Ragged Schools of London. A table of rules has been framed, under which these assisted passages may be granted; and the total number who have availed themselves of the opportunity is 2992, consisting chiefly of artisans. According to the latest accounts from Sydney and Port Philip, the commissioners learn that it would not be prudent to despatch more than three ships a month to the former, and two to the latter. The rate at which ships have been despatched to each of these districts since the commencement of 1848 has been rather more than two a month. From South Australia, whither the Irish orphan emigrant girls were sent, a report has been received that, within a fortnight of their arrival, owing to their good conduct, not one of these girls, fit for service, remained unemployed, and that 200 more could readily have met with situations. From New Zealand it is mentioned that the force of emigrant pensioners now amounts to 643 men, and that in the neighbourhood of their villages the price of land has rapidly advanced. The number of emigrants despatched to New Zealand since 1847 has been 1005, of whom 757 were for Otago. With regard to Canada, the accounts as to the means of employing emigrants are not encouraging, although the prospect is good for small capitalists. The emigration last year was 27,939, of whom 7355 proceeded to the United States. To New Brunswick the emigration in 1848 was 4020 persons, being a great decrease as compared with the two preceding years. It appears also that almost all this number, as well as 5000 other inhabitants of the province, have lately made their way to the United States. To Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the emigration in 1847 was 2000, and in 1848 only 140 persons. As respects the present prospects of emigration, it appears that it is now going on at even a more rapid rate than during the past two years, when the amount was unprecedented. While the emigration of 1847 and 1848 exceeded that of 1846 by 99 and 91 per cent. respectively, the emigration of the first four months of the present year from the ports at which we have agents has exceeded that of the same period of 1847 by 15 per cent., and of 1848 by 40 per cent. The actual numbers have been—

First four months of	1847,	.	90,714
... ...	1848,	. .	74,929
... ...	1849,	.	104,701.'

JUVENILE REFUGE AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY IN WESTMINSTER.

That building might long have been designated by its present name. But a few years ago, and it was a *refuge* for *juvenile* thieves, and a *school* in which they were *industriously* trained in the arts of deception and plunder. A part of the process is thus described by an eye-witness:—'Let us look in at the upper room—(now the girls' school). Here were fifty youths met around their master—as able a one in his calling as England could produce—listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the "map" (a pair of trousers suspended from the ceiling) on the subject of "fobology," or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial—an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *fac simile* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To encourage the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with a glass of gin below in the tap—(now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting

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his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle-ground—(now the boys' school-room.') For many years this system of *education* was carried on without molestation; for so desperate were the parties engaged in it, that even the police were afraid to interfere. At last they removed to another public-house, a few yards off, now known as 'The Working-Men's Institute.' For a considerable time were the same practices carried on in the new dwelling, until circumstances compelled the landlord to give it up. But although this focus of crime was abandoned, the conduct of these outlaws of society remained unchanged. The streams had run too long and too deep to be so easily dried up. Hundreds of youths are now prowling the streets of the metropolis who were educated in these nurseries of crime, acquainted with no other means of living than robbery and theft. Groups of them may be seen, in the company of men grown gray in sin, standing about the corners of Duck Lane and Old Pye Street, gambling with the very gold and silver they have stolen from the unsuspecting shopkeeper, or extracted from the pockets of the street-passenger. Would you believe it, reader, that some of those ragged fellows may be found sitting beside you in your pew at church, dressed as respectably, and even more fashionably than yourself, and who will watch the opportunity of your departure, to relieve either you or some of your fellow-worshippers of the money you may have in your possession? A friend of ours lately asked a young man if he ever went to church. 'I often go,' said he: 'I prefer going to St M——'s, because I do most business there.'—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

WATER.

Large quantities of rain-water have frequently been collected and examined by Dr Smith, and he says, 'I am now satisfied that dust really comes down with the purest rain, and that it is simply coal ashes.' No doubt this accounts for the quantity of sulphites and chlorides in the rain, and for the soot, which are the chief ingredients. The rain is also often alkaline—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralising the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain-water of Manchester is about 2½ degrees of hardness, harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere. But the most curious point is the fact, that organic matter is never absent, although the rain be continued for whole days. The state of the air is closely connected with that of the water: what the air contains, the water may absorb; what the water has dissolved or absorbed, it may give out to the air. The enormous quantity of impure matter filtering from all parts of a large town into its many natural and artificial outlets, does at the first view present us with a terrible picture of our underground sources of water. But when we examine the soil of a town, we do not find the state of matters to present that exaggerated character which we might suppose. The sand at the Chelsea Water-works contains only 1-43 per cent. of organic matter after being used for weeks. In 1827 Liebig found nitrates in 12 wells in Giessen, but none in wells two or three hundred yards from the town. Dr Smith has examined thirty wells in Manchester, and he finds nitrates in them all. Many contained a surprising quantity, and were very nauseous. The examination of various wells in the metropolis showed the constant formation of nitric acid, and in many wells an enormous quantity was detected. The presence of the nitrates in the London water prevents the formation of any vegetable matter; no vegetation can be detected even by a microscope, after a long period. The Thames water has been examined from water near its source to the metropolis, and an increasing amount of impurity detected. All the water of great towns contains organic matter; water purifies itself from organic matter in various ways, but particularly by converting it into nitrates: water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.—*Kentish Independent.*

IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

As a natural corollary from the proposition that falsehood, the principle of the repulsion of particles, is the world's bane, so truth, the principle of the attraction of cohesion, is its greatest blessing. Again, I must declare that every idea we utter during our little life lives hereafter in some shape or other, and bears fruit after its kind, which may be gathered long in the lapse of time, or in the very antipodes. Every true man—that is, every man who utters unequivocally what he believes—is a benefactor to his country, nay, more, a benefactor to the world; for he has sown a seed that will fructify for ever. It is trite to inculcate the doctrine that truth is essential for happiness, but people moralise with cut-and-dried admonitions, without thinking of the immediate causes that make truth so necessary to cultivate. I desire to see the utilitarian principles of truth a part and parcel of education. In our National Schools especially, I should desire to see the strict observance a matter of as much study as the very alphabet; and I should like to inculcate the belief, that truth of thought and truth of utterance are as necessary to 'get a man on in the world' as the knowledge of knowing a good shilling from a bad one. I know of no sentence ever uttered by human lips more likely to produce a luxuriance of evil than the part playful, part serious assertion, that 'language was given us to hide our thoughts.' The converse is the one thing needful, and were it not for the large amount of truthfulness which is yet to be found in mankind, society, like a gas decomposed, would be resolved into its original elements, the warning of which we receive by the explosions the wonder-struck world has lately been witnessing. Enough, however, of this; and let us console ourselves that the time is coming—a time, perhaps, purchased by bloodshed and the horror of war—when the rulers of the world will discover that they must govern more by the *heart*, more by its affections, more by the ties of human sympathy, and less by the diplomatic cunning of miscalled Machiaeval policy, or, what is much the same, by a system of cold-blooded reason and red tape. . . . Let every man strive to utter what he believes, and whenever he accomplishes a conquest over falsehood, he has cast a sterling coin into the treasury of the world that will one day purchase its redemption.—*Affection, its Flowers and Fruits.*

MY BLANKET SHAWL.

AULD friend, ance mair come frae the kist,
For yese a frien' that ne'er grew caul';
Ye dightet aye the hidden tear—
My wae, my weal-worn Blanket Shawl!

Oh wae is me! that dreadfu' nicht
My lammie's feetie grew sae caul'!
Within thy faulds she breathed her last—
Thou sad, thou sacred Blanket Shawl!

And whan I gaed to sell my tapes,
To screen the rest frae want and cauld,
I feared the sicht o' faces kent,
An' owre me drew my Blanket Shawl.

Whan queans wad answer to my rap
Wi' uppish gait and voices haul',
I turned awa' maist like to drap,
An' tichter drew my Blanket Shawl.

Ungratefu' body that I was!
I sudna been sae stung withal:
I sud hae fixed my thoohts on Him
Wha aye saw through my Blanket Shawl.

But better fortune smiles on me,
My laddies noo are stoot and tall—
But aye I hear a manly sich
Whan oot I tak my Blanket Shawl!

J. M.

SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

ON this desolate heath, all unnoted, unknown,
I've sprung up but a mean little flower,
Yet on me are the rays of the day-ruler thrown,
And mine is the wealth of the shower.

I feel the pure breeze as it sweeps o'er the ground,
Bringing health to leaf, blossom, and stem;
And the soft dews of evening encircle me round
With full many a crystal-like gem.

Let me whisper it, then, both to simple and sage,
That I am (though so lowly my lot)
A legible letter in that beautiful page
Which can hold neither error nor blot.

MARY HUDSON.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 296. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849. Price 1½d.

HERO-WORSHIP.

In each cycle of human progress there has usually been some one great spirit brooding over the latent energies of the race, and warming them into life and action. Each department of knowledge has had, in like manner, its pioneer and guide, wandering far onward before the multitude, and serving as the lantern to their path. On the observation of these facts has been founded a belief in the monarchy of mind—a conviction that Providence has from time to time, for wise purposes, called forth out of the crowd particular individuals, showering upon them its inspiration, and consecrating them as kings and priests of the generation. This idea has been strengthened by analogies drawn from the general history of society. The rudest tribes of the Desert have their chiefs and great men, whose will is law: the most barbarous nations their irresponsible rulers, on whose personal character hang the fortunes of the people. Even refined societies have some highest caste, and these some highest individual, before whom the rest humble themselves, and implicitly follow: and thus the monarchical principle of hero-worship—as rife at this moment in America as in Europe, in France as in England—has become an article of universal faith.

A proof of this may be found in a favourite speculation of the thinkers of the day. The great lights of the world, say they, are extinguished—our mighty men have passed away. Everywhere we see small aggregations in headlong collision with each other; but the united tread of nations is no longer heard echoing over the earth. In science and literature there are at best only aristocracies, dividing into insignificant fractions a great power; in poetry there are multitudes of small, sweet sounds, discoursing sufficiently eloquent music, but no master-song to thrill and subdue. All present things show that there is a general interregnum—a pause—and all past experiences teach us to look for a new advent. Who, what, and where are the Coming Men?

We do not dissent from the data here laid down, but we question the inference. The epochs of the moral world are under laws as distinct as those of the physical world. The same rule of progression exists in both; and we may trace the onward progress of the human race as clearly as that of the external earth, prepared by means of successive geological changes, for their reception. The institutions of earlier ages have not passed away. Their character has been merely modified in new developments; serving as an illustration of the Brahminical idea of a succession of existences throughout the same individuality. Absolute governments, vested in a single person, are overturned in the natural progress of society, but are not destroyed: the elements of their power still exist in an aristocracy; and this, in turn, gives place to a wider diffusion. These successive developments can only end when the whole species arrives at a state of comparative perfection, and when, consequently, there will be no individuals towering, either morally or physically, above the mass; but in the meantime the new phases they present are mistaken in each age, by large masses of mankind, for new and monstrous existences marring the natural order of society. The idea of absolute monarchy is thus, in one shape or other, constantly reproduced; and the world, always governed by traditions, is struck with fear and wonder when the giants of its race disappear.

At the present moment, the evidences of this supposed interregnum are sufficiently remarkable. Our great men have indeed perished. In government, war, science, literature, we see only a crowd of individuals more or less capable, but none supreme; and we cry out with the discontented masses of old, 'There is no king in Israel!' But are we not deceived? May we not mistake a new development for an interruption of order? Let us remember that this is not the age of originality, but appliance; not of theory, but experiment; not of discovery, but invention. We trade upon a capital amassed by our fathers, and carry out into action the ideas they sometimes only faintly conceived. This is a work which may employ, and even demands, many brains. One man may pioneer; but the route being once pointed out, numbers may enter in, and pass far beyond the discoverer. Some are a little in advance, some lag a little behind, some diverge from the path: but a single great leader is unnecessary, for we have entered upon a new tide of progress, and live under a new dispensation.

The hero-worship which shuts our eyes to this fact should be confined to the great men of the past; to whose example each individual of the new age should look for instruction and encouragement, instead of gaping for the advent of a new dynasty, or groping for the heir of the dormant line. But even this hero-worship should not be a blind superstition, but a rational and discriminating reverence. We must estimate each age according to its own lights; and when we see some one throwing forward his spirit in advance of the time, and identifying himself with a future generation, then only should we recognise and reverence the new development. This large way of viewing the past may be of great advantage to the present; for history is not a jumble of fortuitous events, but a record of what will one day be resolved into a true science. The prevailing fault is, to read epoch by epoch, without attending to its connection with the past and the future; and thus old ideas are carried down in a stereotyped form, which, although true in themselves, are, by reason of this un-

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yielding substantiality, opposed to truth and to the experience of mankind.

But the hero-worship of the past should not interfere, as it unfortunately does, with our respect for the present; retarding the growth and manifestation of individual greatness. The world is said not to know its great men—till it has lost them. Perhaps each generation is guilty of this error; but the present is peculiarly so. Genius has now to contend against not only the vulgar detractions of ordinary life, but the hypercritical observations of a press which is daily extending its influence. Unless animated with extraordinary courage and enthusiasm, and to a certain extent independent of the world's support, few men will voluntarily run the gantlet of criticism, and, it may be, partisan abuse. Thus society is defrauded of its due. How often is it demonstrated that a charitable and kindly consideration of human conduct, besides being recommendable on moral grounds, is decidedly the best in point of actual return in worldly benefits.

And yet criticism is desirable: the only thing we plead for is, that it should be cautious and temperate. It is not to be doubted that our social system is vexed with 'false prophets'—men who mean well, but whose overheated fancies carry them beyond all reasonable bounds, leading them to propound and put themselves at the head of schemes which experience proves to be impracticable and fallacious. These 'geniuses' unquestionably have done much in late years to make the word 'progress' a subject of ridicule. In spite of their errors, however, in the face of all retarding influences, society is getting on. There is, indeed, a steady and regular tide in the fortunes of the social world. To understand this, we must not confine our view to one epoch or one nation; and we must neither suppose that the great onward movement is without interruption, nor cast doubts upon its existence because of the backfalling even of whole tongues and peoples. The subject is of immense scope; and we must open our minds accordingly if we would grasp it. In our own country, the track is so obvious, that it is impossible to wander if we only use our eyes; although we are constantly falling into error because we confine our view to the little circle of space and time around us, without looking backward and onward to ascertain our bearings. This narrowness of calibre, into which the large lessons of history cannot enter, is the grand misfortune of most of our public men. Instead of assisting progress, they strive to retard it; and in struggling against the tide, they take credit to themselves for public virtue. The 'principles' of such men (for that is their favourite word) are just in themselves; but, belonging to the class of stereotyped ideas—that is to say, to ideas that have had no share in progressive development—they are inapplicable to the age.

The history of the great political questions that have been agitated from time to time in this country is full of instruction, although few are the wiser for it. The successive ameliorations that have taken place have all been the results of hard-contested battles; and no sooner is one victory gained, than the defeated party, rallying afresh under some time-worn banner, take their hopeless stand by some new obstruction. Not looking at the context of history, not believing in progressive development, the leaders fancy that they are at least securing for themselves a share in the hero-worship of the nation. But no fame is secure but that which is identified with the onward march of mankind. Wit, eloquence, courage—nothing avails but to illustrate their defeat; and the only consolation they find is in the applause of the congenial rabble of their own day, who see no clearer and no farther than themselves.

If we are correct in supposing that the present is only an imaginary interregnum—that, in fact, the governing power of mind having reached a new stage of development, is merely distributed among a greater number—it follows that there is a wider scope for individual ambition. Distinction should be looked upon as a fund for which all mankind have the privilege of scrambling; although it is obvious that only a few can succeed in the attempt, for if many rose to the same level, there would be no such thing as distinction. Every age has had its few great authors—artists—philosophers—statesmen—captains—placed like beacons along the descending line of history, to mark the epoch for posterity. But we should not forget that the character of the time is never formed by these distinguished individuals. They are the wonder of their own, as well as of succeeding ages. They are exceptions which prove the general rule of mediocrity. But this mediocrity—the mean between the high and the low—is like the middle class in society, the pith and substance of the whole mass. It is a mediocrity, too, which is only comparative. It knows more than the greatest of its predecessors, for it begins at the point where they ended. The learning of the present age includes in its own the whole learning of the past. A gentleman of our day is more elegantly and conveniently lodged than the most powerful noble of the Middle Ages; and there is not one of our peasant women who does not wear habitually a certain under garment which, three or four centuries ago, was reckoned an extravagant luxury in a queen of France.

In this simple and obvious fact, that each generation, besides accumulating for itself, inherits the accumulations of the last, resides the grand arcanum. It explains the rationale of progressive development, unseals the book of history, and throws a light, like that of a torch, into the shadowy vista of the future. It is in itself *progress*; and thus a word which is usually considered as involving either a mystery or a mischief, becomes both clear and innocent. Taking this fact for our vantage-ground, we stand up for the dignity of the present generation. We, men of this passing day, are the heirs of all time. All is ours that our fathers won, with the sword or the pen, by prayer—study—endurance—watching—strife. For us the sage has thought, the warrior bled, and the poet dreamed. Our infancy is soothed with the melodies of a thousand years, our youth thrilled with the love-songs that have gushed from unnumbered hearts, and our parting spirit borne away upon the hymns of saints and martyrs. But remember that our high destiny, in the words we quoted recently when treating of noble birth, conveys no merit, but much duty to its inheritor. To us have been given the five Talents, and wo to us and ours if we do not turn them to profitable account!

It is good to reflect upon our inheritance and its obligations; and in doing so, we need not fear that we indulge in any idle dream or unpractical speculation. It inspires us with a noble craving and lofty emulation, and yet is accompanied by all kindly thoughts and brotherly regards, lifting us above the mean conventionalisms of outward life, and making the whole world kin. It calls into the field of mental culture thousands of high intellects and manly hearts which would otherwise have been overborne by the weight of everyday work and transmitted prejudice; and it enables us to listen with a proud smile to the vulgar question touching the

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supposed dormant race of the world's giants, and to exclaim—however individually weak we ourselves may feel—there is no interregnum! L. R.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

It was during the early days of the great Revolution of 1789, in the year 1792, when a young officer in delicate health took up his quarters in the city of Marseilles for the six months of his leave of absence. It seemed strange retirement for a young man, for in the town he knew no one, and in the depth of winter Marseilles was no tempting residence. The officer lived in a garret looking out upon the street, which had for its sole furniture a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a chair. Little but paper ever entered that apartment, where food and fuel both were scarce; and yet the young man generally remained in-doors all day assiduously writing, or rather dotting something upon paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The young man grew thinner and paler, and his leave of absence appeared likely to bring no convalescence. But he was handsome and interesting, despite his sallow hue. Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke of intelligence, and even genius, frankness of manner, all prepossessed in his favour, and many a smile and look of kindliness came to him from beautiful eyes that he noticed not nor cared to notice. In fact he rarely went out but at night, and then to walk down by the booming sea, which made a kind of music he seemed to love. Sometimes, it is true, he would hang about the theatre door when operas were about to be played, and look with longing eye within; but he never entered: either his purse or his inclination failed him. But he always examined with care the name of the piece and its author, and then walked away to the sea-shore, to muse and meditate.

Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, he visited, one after another, all the music-sellers and publishers in the town with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but his reception was apparently not very favourable, for he left them all with a frowning air, and still with his bundle of manuscripts. Some had detained him a long time, as if estimating the value of the goods he offered for sale; but these were no more tempted than the others to try the saleable character of the commodity. The house he lodged in had attached to it a large garden. By permission of the landlord, the young man often selected it for his evening walks, and, despite the cold, would sometimes sit and muse in a rude and faded bower under a wall at one of the gables. Here he would occasionally even sing, in a low tone, some of his own compositions. It happened once or twice that when he did so, a female head protruded from a window above him, seeming to listen. The young man at length noticed this.

'Pardon, lady,' said he one evening; 'perhaps I disturb you?'

'Not at all,' she replied: 'I am fond of music, very fond, and the airs you hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude question, whose are they?'

'Citoyenne,' he answered diffidently, 'they are my own.'

'Indeed!' cried the lady with animation; 'and you have never published them?'

'I shall never try—*again*,' he murmured, uttering the last word in a low and despairing tone, which, however, reached the ears of the young woman.

'Good-night, citoyen,' said she, and she closed her window. The composer sighed, rose and went out to take his usual walk by the sea-beach; there, before the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean, and amid the murmur of its bellowing waves, to forget the cares of the world, his poverty, and his crushed visions of glory and renown—the day-dream of all superior minds—a dream far oftener a punishment than a reward; for of those who sigh for fame, few indeed are successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, than a lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered it; and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his *concierge*, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned. He entered with difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and ascended to his wretched room. He had left it littered and dirty, without light, fire, or food. To his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays beneath the door. He opened it, not without alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp, and on the table a supper. The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

'Who dares thus insult my poverty? Is it not enough that I am starving with cold and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable of wielding either sword or pen, but I must be insulted by charity? Fire, light, and food, all sent to me by one who knows my necessity! And yet who knows? Perhaps my mother may have discovered my retreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I bless thee both for your action and for respecting my concealment!' And the invalid officer sat down to the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks. He had left home because his friends wholly disapproved of his making music a profession, and wished him to employ his leave of absence in learning another occupation. His mother so pressed him, that he saw no resource but a soldier's last chance—a retreat. For two months no trace of the fugitive had been seen—two months spent in vain efforts to make his chosen career support him; and now, doubtless, his mother had found him out, and had taken this delicate way of respecting his secrecy and punishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke with an appetite unknown to him of late. The generous food of the previous night had restored his system, and brought him to a natural state. Luckily, sufficient wine and bread remained to satisfy his craving, and then he sat down to think. All his efforts to get his music sung, or played, or published, had been vain. Singers knew him not, publishers declared him unknown, and the public seemed doomed never to hear him, because they never had heard him; a logical consequence very injurious to young beginners in literature, poesy, music, and all the liberal arts. But he was determined to have one more trial. Having eaten, he dressed and went out in the direction of the shop of the Citoyen Dupont, a worthy and excellent man, who in his day had published more music, bad and good, than a musician could have played in a lifetime.

'You have something new, then, citoyen?' said Dupont after the usual preliminaries, and after apologising to a lady within his office for leaving her a while. 'As my time is precious, pray play it at once, and sing it if you will.' The young man sat himself at the harpsichord which adorned the shop, and began at once the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine.' The music-publisher listened with the knowing air of one who is not to be deceived, and shook his head as the composer ended.

'Rough—crude—but clever. Young man, you will, I doubt not, do something good one of these days; but at present, I am sorry to say, your efforts want finish, polish'—— The singer rose, and bowing, left the shop, despair at his heart. He had not a sou in the world: his rent was in arrear: he knew not how to dine that evening, unless, indeed, his mother came again to his aid—an aid he was very unwilling to receive. His soul repugned from it, for he had parted from her in anger. His mother was a Royalist, he was a Republican, and she had said bitter things to him at parting. But most of all the composer felt one thing: the world would never be able to judge him, never be able to decide if he had or had not merit; and this was the bitterest grief of all.

That day was spent in moody thought. The evening came, and no sign again of his secret friend, whether mother or unknown sympathiser. Towards night the

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pangs of hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eye was wild, his cheek pale, his whole mien unearthly. As he passed the door of his lodge the concierge gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

'Go thyself,' said the composer in a low husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room, the unhappy and misguided young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger, despair, and his dreamy visions had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He closed carefully the window, stuffed his mattress up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture where air could enter. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the evening's amusement had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the prima donna was the young, lovely, and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded, and the first act succeeding beyond all expectation, the audience were in ecstasy.

'She is a jewel!' said M. Dupont, who, from a private box, admired the great supporter of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth 'She is a jewel!' But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath: the audience look at each other: not a word of communication takes place: men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song has electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him: it was the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine' he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds: again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling, and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—'Citoyens and citoyennes!' she exclaimed, 'this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has in vain sought to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; and as such I practised it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song as we go.' And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light-dressed as she was, rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room: soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain: wild shapes danced around him: his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment: and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks which had first revealed melody unto his soul; and the young man thought that death must be come, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamour, burst on his ear: a thousand voices roar beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream: what is this he hears?

'Aux armes! citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons,' &c.

'What is this?' he cries. 'My Song of the Rhine!'

He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing: it is still his song, and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained: he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, falls rather than darts across the room, his sword in hand. One blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lets in the cool sea-breeze and the splendid song. Both give life to the young man; and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Rouget de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the prima donna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—'The Marseillaise!'

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

Some of our readers may have heard of a work on the 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages,' published fifteen or sixteen years ago by Dr Hecker, a celebrated German physician, and recently translated into English under the auspices of the Sydenham Society.* This work has been much spoken of, as containing not only an ample historical account of some of the most remarkable epidemics of modern times, but also certain important speculations relative to the physical nature of these terrible visitations, and the social results that flow from them. The book hardly answers the expectations we had been led to form of it. As a history, indeed, of the three great epidemics it professes specially to treat of—namely, the Black Death of 1348–1351, the Dancing Mania of 1374 and subsequent years, and the English Sweating Sickness of 1478–1581—it is probably unrivalled. The general considerations, however, that are

* The Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D., Professor at Frederick-William's University at Berlin, &c. &c. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: 1844.

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interspersed with the narrative of facts, are by no means either profound or numerous. More valuable in this respect is a 'Treatise on Epidemic Cholera,' just published by Dr Russell, an Edinburgh physician,* the particular object of which is to illustrate the homœopathic treatment of cholera, by a detailed account of the author's experience during the recent prevalence of the epidemic in Edinburgh; but which contains, in addition, a large accumulation of important facts, noted by medical observers of the disease in different parts of the world, as well as some very interesting hints and reflections, offered towards a scientific theory of this and other epidemics. Refraining entirely from the homœopathic portion of this work, with which of course it is not for us to deal, we shall avail ourselves of its historical and reflective portions, in conjunction with the treatise of Hecker, in order to place before our readers a summary view of what may be called the present state of speculative tendency in the medico-scientific world on the subject of epidemic diseases.

In the first place, as regards the physical nature of epidemics—their nature, that is, as phenomena caused by or accompanying certain other manifest changes in the condition of our globe, or of its atmosphere. On this head the most important of the observations hitherto recorded may be summed up in two propositions, which we shall state separately:—

1. *The progress of pestilences appears, on the whole, to be from east to west, or in the reverse direction of the earth's rotation.*—According to all history and all tradition, plagues have made their first appearance in Oriental countries, and have thence spread over the west. This law, if it may be so called, is well exemplified in the case of the Black Death, that terrible disease of blood-spitting and tumours which in the fourteenth century ravaged all Asia, Africa, and Europe, and which, though we cannot trace it into the then unknown hemisphere of America, probably traversed that hemisphere too, making the round, as it were, of the whole globe, and carrying off, according to the best calculations, one-fourth part of its entire population; whilst in some localities it left but two persons alive out of every twenty. This dreadful epidemic first arose in China, on the very borders, it would seem, of the Pacific Ocean; thence it advanced westward through Asia, mowing down myriads in its way: gathering itself on the coasts of the Levant and of Asia Minor, it then rolled over Europe and Northern Africa; and ultimately mingling with the winds of the Atlantic, it disappeared like a gloom in the distance. If, indeed, we consider its course in detail, we shall find certain deviations from the general westward direction. Sometimes it leaped from one locality to another, lying north or south of it rather than west; sometimes it even appeared to return eastward to a spot it had missed or postponed; and on the whole, in its course through Europe, there appeared to be a general bearing in a direction north or north-west from the Black Sea and Mediterranean towards the North Sea and the Baltic. If short, it appeared that the morbific influence, though impelled steadily in a general westward direction, was liable to be deflected to some extent out of its proposed course by a variety of subordinate causes—as, for example, by the opposition (not always effective, however) of vast physical obstacles, such as a mountain-chain or an arm of the sea; by a tendency (denominated contagion) to follow the great lines of human intercourse—a tendency illustrated by its progress over Asia, when it chose the caravan-routes, and by the fact, that in Europe it broke out first in seaports having a direct maritime communication with previously-infected places; by a preference for spots already prepared for its visit by certain favourable conditions of filth, bad drainage, unwholesomeness of site, &c.; in which spots it would accordingly concentrate itself with special virulence; and finally, by a disposition, probably native to itself, to zig-zag from place to place in an electric manner, according to the varying nature either of the atmospheric masses it encountered, or of the terrestrial strata over which it moved.

And so with other epidemics; as, for example, the cholera. The course of this disease, during its first progress over Asia and Europe, is well illustrated in a map prefixed to Dr Russell's work, showing, by means of red marks and dates placed under the names of all the cholera-visited towns from India to Britain, the order in which these towns were attacked, their geographical range, and their bearings with relation to each other. One general principle of progress has always been apparent: the progress has been from east to west, the rate of advance, however, being various, and one would almost say capricious. Like the Plague, then, the cholera appears, speaking in a vague physical way, to be a vast morbific influence, moving at a certain rate from east to west over the surface of our globe; liable, too, like the Plague, to be determined to some extent in its course by the circumstances presented to it; finding difficulty, for example, in crossing a mountain range, advancing with alacrity along the course of rivers from their mouths to their sources, and pursuing, by preference, the great lines of human intercourse (in many cases, however, also sweeping over thinly-peopled tracts), concentrating itself in large and unwholesome cities, as if by an affinity with the conditions already existing there.

Plague, cholera, and other epidemics of course act with more or less deadly effect according to the susceptibility of the person; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that those who habitually obey the laws of health—are temperate, attend to proper warmth, diet, and cleanliness—these have uniformly the best chance of escape; for they enjoy conditions which may be said to fortify them so far against external influences. A physician from India has stated, with great plausibility, in one of the public papers, that cholera has originated in a great degree from the want of salt among the poorer classes in Hindoostan—the absence of this useful condiment having apparently the effect of inducing a susceptibility to atmospheric poison.

The Sanitary Commissioners have directed attention chiefly to those circumstances determining the course of the cholera that are within human control—as, for example, on its undoubted preference for ill-drained and foul localities. Perhaps, however, their publications on the subject have tended to draw away attention from what may be called the more purely scientific considerations respecting the course of the cholera—as, for example, that the cholera is not *generated* by foul sanitary conditions, but is a great pre-existing morbific influence resistlessly moving round the globe at any rate, and only seizing on those conditions in its progress; and again, that there is strong reason to think that there are other conditions, not within human control, on which it will seize with equal avidity; the meteorological and geological conditions, namely, of particular districts or localities. Perhaps, also, the commissioners have too decidedly committed themselves to the opinion that cholera is not contagious. That the disease will advance without any assistance from human means of conveyance—nay, that all quarantine precautions will be ineffectual to keep it out of a district that lies in its track—are indeed ascertained facts; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that it has shown, upon the whole, a preference for peopled and commercial routes, and that it has in many cases availed itself of the vehicle of an individual traveller, in order to transport itself a day or two earlier into a place that it was in any case about to visit. That, had all intercourse between Europe and America been suddenly cut off at the moment the cholera was known to be in Europe, the disease would not have reached America, is by no means likely; it would slowly have rolled itself perhaps through the atmosphere and over the waves;

* A Treatise on Epidemic Cholera, by J. Rutherfurd Russell, M. D., with an Appendix of Cases treated in the Edinburgh Homœopathic Dispensary, 1848-1849, and a Map, showing the course of the Cholera from India to Britain. London: 1849.

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yet we know it did go to America lodged in European ships. And as regards the means by which cholera spreads itself within the limits of particular districts, Dr Russell has, we think, demonstrated that in Scotland, at least, contagion was one of those means. In this he agrees with Professor Simpson and Dr Alison, both of whom believe in the occasional propagation of cholera by contagion.

2. *Pestilences appear always to have been preceded or accompanied by other physical phenomena of an equally extensive nature—as earthquakes, blights in the vegetable world, violent and continued tempests, sultry heats, creeping palpable mists, deluges, unusual swarms of insects, &c. &c.; as if all these were but so many external indications of some one deep process affecting at the time the entire ball of the earth.*—This proposition, according, as it does, with vague popular tradition, rests also on historical evidence. Thus in the case of the Black Death, this epidemic was preceded by earthquakes and serious atmospheric disturbances, as if nature had been somehow out of joint. The same thing has been observed with regard to other pestilences. The plague at Aleppo in 1760 was 'preceded by famine, by uncommon diseases, and by earthquakes;' and in an account we remember to have read of the great Plague of London, the enormous increase of insects, especially house-flies, about the time is particularly mentioned. In the East, it is said, portentous physical events are always regarded by the natives as forerunners of pestilence; a fallacy of the popular imagination it may be, but possibly also, to some extent at least, the result of an ancient popular induction still verified by experience. Even as regards the cholera, observations to the same effect have not been wanting. The potato blight and the influenza must be in every one's recollection; the connection of the latter at least with cholera is considered as established. More recondite and precise is the observation of Dr Prout, quoted by Dr Russell, relative to the increased weight of atmospheric air in London during the cholera visitation of 1832. Dr Prout 'had for some years been occupied in investigations regarding the atmosphere; and for more than six weeks previously to the appearance of cholera in London, had almost every day been engaged in endeavouring to determine, with the utmost possible accuracy, the weight of a given quantity of air, under precisely the same circumstances of temperature and pressure. On a particular day, the 9th of February 1832, the weight of the air suddenly appeared to rise above the usual standard. As the rise was at the time supposed to be the result of some accidental error, or of some derangement in the apparatus employed in order to discover its cause, the succeeding observations were made with the most rigid scrutiny; but no error or derangement whatever could be detected. On the days immediately following, the weight of the air still continued above the standard, though not quite so high as on the 9th of February, when the change was first noticed. The air retained its augmented weight during the whole time these experiments were carried on; namely, about six weeks longer. . . . About the 9th of February, the wind in London, which had previously been west, veered round to the east, and remained pretty steadily in that quarter till the end of the month. Now, precisely on the change of the wind, the first cases of epidemic cholera were reported in London; and from that time the disease continued to spread.' The appearance of the cholera in Sunderland in 1831 was attended, according to Dr Clanny, with peculiar atmospheric changes—particularly thunder-storms and lightnings during the night. Speaking also of St Petersburg during the present visitation of cholera, Dr Müller, a German physician, observes:—'The air during the whole time of the presence of cholera here was oppressive, heavy, and very changeful in its temperature. There were frequent thunder-storms: rain fell almost daily: the sky was gloomy—very misty in the evening; the sun seldom broke through. The depressing influence acted more or less upon every one; almost without exception all experienced a certain feeling of discomfort, weariness, pressure at the pit of the stomach, and tearing pains on the lower limbs.' In almost all the districts where cholera has been prevalent similar phenomena have been observed. In our climate, however, where the weather is in any case variable, the connection between such phenomena, even when extraordinary, and the contemporary or subsequent epidemic, is not so palpable and evident as in India, where the succession of certain states of weather throughout the year being more fixed and uniform, deviations naturally attract more notice, and have a plainer significance. Now, in India it is a belief universal among medical men and others that the prevalence of epidemic cholera in a locality is preceded or accompanied by unusual meteorological appearances. One witness states that 'he had particularly observed that the epidemic was invariably preceded and accompanied by a large black cloud hanging over the place;' and adds, that 'this had been universally remarked, and that the appearance had even received the name of the *cholera cloud*.' Hurricanes and thunderstorms of unusual violence have also usually attended the cholera in its march through India.

Giving to this fact of the contemporaneousness of epidemic diseases with extraordinary atmospheric or telluric phenomena its most general expression, one would state it thus:—That as the earth was not prepared to support human life until a certain aggregate of conditions had been realised in it, and as the human race only entered on the possession of the planet when this aggregate of conditions had been realised, the antecedent geological epochs having been occupied by animated creations not requiring so mature or perfect a system of conditions, so even yet there may occur temporary failures of the required sum-total of conditions—temporary withdrawals of certain items in that total; temporary relapses, so to speak, of the whole earth towards its preadamite condition. In some cases, as in that of the Black Death of the fourteenth century, the relapse was enormous: there was in that case such a reduction or alteration of the fixed aggregate of conditions necessary to human life, that one-fourth part of all the human inhabitants of the earth were extinguished; and had the reduction or alteration been but a little greater—had the reimmersion, so to speak, into the preadamite system of conditions been but a little more complete—the whole human race might have been destroyed, or the number of persons saved might have been a mere per-centage. It is consistent with this view, that in that case not only the atmosphere was affected, but, as appears from the passages already quoted from Hecker, the very fabric of the earth was torn and shaken, as if there were a relapse even of the solid body of the earth towards its primitive state of volcanic instability; whereas, in milder and less destructive epidemics—such as the cholera—the alteration of the conditions of life appears to be less thorough and profound, confined chiefly to the atmosphere, and not affecting, to any great extent at least, the solid body of the earth, or the relations of its crust to its molten core.

Blending now the two propositions that we have been illustrating with regard to epidemics, our notion of these terrible occurrences would assume the following theoretic form:—That occasionally, at particular spots of the earth's surface, there takes place a sudden derangement of the aggregate of atmospheric or telluric conditions necessary to human life; that sometimes this derangement is local and temporary; but that at other times it extends itself in some mysterious way, creeping slowly in the shape of an impalpable morbific influence, and generally in a westerly direction round the earth and through its atmosphere, until the whole world is affected, those spots suffering most severely, however, that present to the advancing morbific influence certain combinations of circumstances that specially attract and hold it. Still, however, all this is comparatively vague; and the questions naturally arise—What is the parti-

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cular derangement, alteration, or reduction of the terrestrial conditions of human life that commonly originates epidemic disease; and is the derangement, alteration, or reduction the same in kind in all epidemics, and only different in degree? How, too, does the derangement or morbific influence spread and extend itself; and what determines the rate of its dissemination?

Such questions as these our science is, and will long remain, too meagre to answer. In the talk, however, that now prevails on the subject of epidemics, two different modes of conceiving the physical character of such influences are confusedly discernible. In speaking of cholera, typhus, &c. some theorists habitually make use of such phrases as 'poison in the atmosphere,' 'disseminated virus,' 'cholera-miasm,' &c. At the bottom of this mode of speaking there evidently lies the idea that epidemics are caused by the positive addition of some unusual and noxious ingredient—necessarily of a gaseous kind—to the normal atmosphere. The quantity of this ingredient may be so small as to escape the most delicate tests; or, as Dr Prout's experiments on the weight of a given bulk of air during cholera (thermometrical and barometrical conditions being the same) would seem to indicate, it may in some cases be quite appreciable. Under this 'poison-theory' may be also included that variety of the same mode of thinking which, without supposing the addition of any positively new ingredient, yet supposes such a change in the relative proportions of the established constituents of the atmosphere (oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, water, &c.) as would convert the wholesome fluid into a veritable though slow poison. A sudden addition or diminution of the quantity of moisture, for example, might have something of this effect. In either case the theory is, that a contaminated local atmosphere may extend itself, and that, being breathed by the lungs of men, it acts on the system by some process of vital chemistry, so as to produce death. Thus, of Asiatic cholera, the Sanitary Commissioners say that 'it appears to be caused by a poison diffused through the atmosphere, which acts with peculiar intensity on the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal.' Somewhat different from this theory is that which seeks for the cause of epidemics not in a change of the ponderable constituents of our atmosphere, so much as in a change in the activity of the imponderable influences or forces that hold the whole earth together, and particularly in a change of its electrical conditions. The two theories are not necessarily inconsistent; for any change, for example, in the composition of the atmosphere hanging over a marsh or lake, would necessarily involve some change in its electrical condition; and, *vice versâ*, a sudden electrical change in such a case would thrill like a rearranging influence through the whole mass of atmospheric atoms. Cholera or plague may consist, therefore, in an envenomed or altered atmosphere; and yet the characteristic and deadly fact respecting this envenomed or altered atmosphere may be in the abnormal electrical character that is thus given to it. In fact—though to speak of cholera or plague as 'something electric,' or a 'derangement of the telluric electricities,' is equally vague as to speak of it as a 'poison in the atmosphere'—such a leaning towards the electric view of the case seems a better intellectual direction.

We recollect to have seen some months ago in a medical journal a very curious table or scale of diseases, arranged according to a theory of their different electrical characters. Highest in the list were mania, hydrophobia, and such-like diseases of what may be called an enormously-excited organism; corresponding, as the writer believed, to highly-positive electrical states of the bodies of the patients. Lowest in the list were cholera, plague, and such-like diseases of excessive prostration; corresponding, as he believed, with low negatively-electrical states of the bodies of patients; and intermediate were the more ordinary diseases, ranking either on the positive or on the negative side of the electrical scale, according to their character. If one were to accept such a theory as proved, the resulting conception would be something to this effect:—That what is called health in different persons is, or is indicated by, a certain electrical state of body (differing in different persons; lying in some on the positive, in others on the negative side of zero); that whatever tends inordinately to raise this electrical state—that is, to make the individual too positively electric, as compared with the general mass of things—tends to produce disease of one kind; and that whatever tends to depress his electrical state—that is, to make him too negatively electric, as compared with the mass of things—tends to produce disease of an opposite kind; consequently, that any permanent elevation of the electrical condition of the atmosphere, or the earth's crust, at any locality, would tend to produce epidemic furor, rabies, or fever there; while any permanent depression of the same would tend to produce such epidemics as cholera. Cholera, according to such a view, would be the result of a greatly-lowered electrical condition of the earth's surface or its atmosphere, produced originally by a chemical process or processes in or on the earth at some one spot, and gradually extending itself westward. Various circumstances might be quoted vaguely corroborative of such an idea—as, for example, that mentioned by Dr Russell—that the true or typal attack of the disease consists not in the usually observed dysenteric symptoms, but in the immediate nervous collapse, as if, by an electric stroke, that gives these their significance: the fact, also mentioned by Dr Russell, that attacks of cholera are most frequent in the night, when, as is well known, the natural electrical condition of the body is more depressed than during the day; besides, all the observations that have been made clearly connecting the appearance and disappearance of cholera with thunder-storms, magnetic derangements, &c. But most conclusive on the point are the observations of the French electrician, M. Andriaud, during the recent prevalence of cholera in Paris. According to a letter from this gentleman, which appeared in the French, and also in some of the English journals, an electrical machine, which he had been in the habit of constantly working, suddenly ceased to give sparks of anything like the ordinary magnitude, and this without the operation of any observable cause. On one day the machine would yield no sparks at all, and only after a violent thunder-storm did it begin to act again. This variation of the electric capacity of the machine M. Andriaud found, to his surprise, to correspond so exactly with the progress of cholera in Paris, that at length he was able to announce the state of the daily bills of mortality by taking the state of the machine as his index and informant. The irregularities of the machine commenced with the appearance of cholera: the day when the cases were most numerous, was the day on which the machine stopped; and the same thunder-storm that restored the machine to working condition, restored Paris to a better sanitary state. M. Andriaud's conclusion, as stated by himself, is, that in the atmosphere of the earth there is a permanent 'mass of electric fluid,' and that the increase or diminution of this mass may be a cause of disease. Such phraseology, as well as that used above, may be premature, and not accurately descriptive of the real facts of the case; but, at all events, the theory that cholera is 'something electric,' appears to have gained in precision when provisionally so expressed. Whether a well-weighed electrical theory of cholera, while helping to explain its manner of progress—as, for example, its capricious selection of certain localities, apparently for their mere peculiarities of soil and geological character—would also suggest practical curative measures, must be left a moot question.

To the foregoing general considerations regarding the physical nature of epidemics, one might add many others relating to their social effects, and their function in the historic development of the human race. Hecker occasionally glances at this great theme, but with little insight or clearness; and indeed, to do it anything like

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justice, would require a special treatise. Two methods by which epidemics might act so as to draw after them social results of great magnitude, must strike every one —1*st*, That which consists in the unusual stimulus they must necessarily give to all human activity, by leaving behind them everywhere a civic blank or void to be filled up; and 2*d*, That which consists in the permanent alteration they are calculated to produce in the moral and emotional character of a people or an age—an alteration which should usually take the form, one would think, of increased piety and seriousness. Another way, however, in which epidemics may produce lasting social results, is by the direct influence which, as physical phenomena, they must necessarily exert on all the human organisms submitted to them. If, for example, exposure for a while to a stifling atmosphere blunts and deadens the intellect—so that a book written in such an atmosphere (to make an extreme supposition) must necessarily be an inferior performance to what the same person could have produced had he worked all the while in a healthy room—what must be the result of the subjection of a whole population for several months to an equivalent state of things? Must not the whole intellectual procedure of the population be for the time lowered and toned down, as if by universal ill-health and headache? And must not the literary products, artistic creations, and mechanical inventions of that age be necessarily in a corresponding degree poorer? Nay, recurring to the hypothesis argued above, might not one conceive that as a certain aggregate of telluric and atmospheric conditions is necessary to life, and as a reduction of this aggregate (as, for example, a depressed electric condition of the earth's surface and atmosphere) tends to kill human beings, and to blunt activity, so a certain different change in the aggregate (as, for example, a raised electric condition of the earth's surface and atmosphere) may tend to produce a directly opposite effect, and to call the human powers into more strenuous and lofty exertion? Might not the series of different intellectual manifestations that the different ages of the world have presented thus rest on a basis of vast physical vicissitudes? The imagination may run too fast in this speculative route, but the understanding tends to go in the same direction.

LONDON GOSSIP.

In common with all other Londoners possessed of ways and means and opportunity, I have had a holiday, and took a flight northwards to view your Highland hills and lochs, which will account for the long interval that has elapsed since my last 'Gossip.' It is a delightful privilege to get away for a few weeks from this huge, smoky, and noisy city, and the means are wonderfully facilitated by excursion trains. A few weeks since, a multitude was thus enabled to visit that beauteous and classic city, Oxford, for a very trifling cost; and 3000 of the busy artisans of Birmingham were conveyed from their furnace-fumed town to Lincoln and back — 180 miles—for ninepence! We may well exclaim—Success to the rail!

On one of my rides I observed that the grassy slopes of the cuttings on the Great Western Railway were being fed off by sheep, thus turning to profitable account what has hitherto been waste ground. The same practice will doubtless be adopted in other quarters. You are perhaps aware that in some parts of France vines are planted on such slopes: we could do the same, did our climate permit; but, at all events, the sides of excavations and embankments in this country might be advantageously converted into strawberry-beds. I may further mention that a great convenience and comfort would result to the travelling public were a ready supply of water, with a drinking-cup or glass, kept at every station, so that passengers could help themselves from a tap. As a case in point: we were leaving Newcastle-on-Tyne; a lady became faint and ill, and eagerly desirous of a draught of water; but although we inquired for the pure element at every station, not a drop could we obtain until we had travelled the whole length of Northumberland, and arrived at Berwick. Perhaps some general means could be devised of remedying this defect. I am told that on the Leeds and Manchester line there is a supply at every station.

Apropos of railway travelling, *speed* seems to be the chief essential point with passengers; and people who, ten years ago, had no locomotive resource but the slow broad-wheeled wagon, now grumble because, for one penny per mile, they are not conveyed at a greater rate than twenty miles per hour. Surely, all things considered, this is a sufficiently beneficial result? The grand desideratum, however, is now to discover some means of resolving ourselves into a message, when we may be flashed along the wires, and pick ourselves up again at the end of the transit; but in what sort of corporeal identity, is not yet determined.

Town wears a very different appearance (that is, to the accustomed eye) to what it did when I wrote last. Now the press and rattle of carriages at the West End are a phenomenon on which tradesmen, who do not find their share of the fifteen thousand strangers who visit London daily sufficient for their wishes, dwell with regret and hope, as their cogitations take the retrospective or prospective hue; and it would amuse you to hear of some of the schemes by which stock-in-trade is kept moving. No more dinner-parties now—no brilliant soirées—no réunions—no parliamentary debates—for six mortal months. It is puzzling to know how those dependent thereon for profit or pastime are to exist in the interval. River trips, Hampton Court, and the 'Gardens,' are now all the vogue: as I remarked before, everybody goes out of town. The two archæological associations are ruralising—one at Chester, the other at Salisbury. Even the astronomer-royal has said farewell to his telescopes, and set sail for the Orkneys, leaving us to swelter through the canicular period with such dogged resolution as we may.

You will perhaps say that I am running too much on 'things in general,' and travelling beyond the limits of legitimate gossip; but I stand on my vested right as a gossip to discuss matters in my own way. Languid as metropolitan life is in many respects, we are not without tongue-work; and at present, attention is pretty much divided between Financial Reform, the Hungarians, and Cholera. I heard a German making merry on the last-mentioned subject, chanting some rhymes as he walked. Perhaps he was an involuntary exile.

With regard to cholera, although there is nothing like general panic, there is yet a very general disposition prevalent to discuss sanitary measures. The new Sewer Commission are rather sharply criticised, because they don't go a-head fast enough, by people who forget the good service they have already rendered, were it no other than relieving us of the late heptarchy of Sewage Commissioners; and who seem to ignore the fact, that the effects of mismanagement, dating from the era of the Plantagenets, are not to be removed with absolute celerity. By and by, when the maps of the Ordnance Survey shall be published, so that the levels may be ascertained, we shall get to work, and the result will doubtless be either a series of receptacles, or one grand, deeply-laid sewer—a *cloaca maxima*—which shall convey

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the refuse of the metropolis far away into the dreary marshes of Essex; and thus free the town and the Thames from their present pollution; a consummation devoutly to be wished. I wish the moral refuse could be as easily removed. Meantime new streets are being opened and built: one in particular from Queen Street (Southwark Bridge) to Blackfriars' Bridge, will be a material improvement, as ventilating a densely-packed district, and relieving Cheapside of much of its present excess of traffic. By the way, it is to be desired that there were other east and west avenues to the city besides the single line of Cheapside and the Poultry: it is wonderful how the roaring stream of life and business contrives to effect a passage through such a narrow strait. We may hope that the citizens will some day wake up to the necessity of an amendment in this respect.

Talking of streets, reminds me that a month or two since several houses at the corner of Drury Lane and Great Queen Street were pulled down to be rebuilt. The removal of these edifices has long been desiderated, so as to straighten and widen the approach from Long Acre to Great Queen Street; and while the work of demolition was going on, the 'Woods and Forests' were apprised of the fact. They sent their surveyor to look at the place, and that appears to be all they did in the matter; for the new houses are now built and tenanted, and we are as far as ever from a straightened line of street. The comprehensive system of anticipating and effecting street improvements which prevails in Paris, might be adopted or imitated here with advantage to all parties.

You will be pleased to learn, in connection with sanitary matters, that model houses are likely to flourish. The Society for 'Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes' has just commenced the erection of a building to accommodate forty-eight families in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. Some improvements will be introduced which past experience has shown to be necessary: each set of rooms will have a small lobby, to be entered from the outer-door, instead of opening directly into the living room, as is the case in similar buildings already erected. The floors, too, will be of hollow bricks laid in arches; thereby rendering the structure fire-proof. Lodging-houses of this character are at present attracting much attention in Prussia and France.

Apropos of subjects allied to general ameliorations, did you read the statement made in the 'House' on one of the closing nights of the session? If we may believe the report, the peat-bogs of Ireland are to become 'a second California.' After manipulating, and otherwise operating on a hundred tons of bog, at a cost of less than L.20, certain products will be realised worth L.91: a very satisfactory and encouraging result, if true. But several years ago, a company expended many thousand pounds in works on Dartmoor; and although they succeeded in obtaining naphtha, ammonia, grease, &c. from the peat, yet, as a commercial speculation, the business did not answer. It is possible, however, that with newer scientific experience, and the lately-recognised value of peat-charcoal as a deodoriser, better success may attend present efforts; and could such be realised, we should at last have something like a well-grounded hope for the regeneration of Ireland. Scotland, too, might participate in the good fortune; for, as I have seen with my own eyes, peat-bogs are by no means scarce in the 'canny north.' The subject has come under discussion at the Botanical Society.

Do you remember giving, about a year ago, an account of Sir Thomas Mitchell's discoveries in Australia? He was accompanied by an able officer, Mr Kennedy, who afterwards headed parties to continue the exploration. The second of these started from Sydney last year, and intelligence has now been received of Mr Kennedy's death. He was murdered by the natives, and nine of his men subsequently perished of starvation. This augments the list of the gallant few who have met their fate while engaged in widening the boundaries of knowledge and science. Hopes are entertained that the unfortunate leader's papers, which were hid in a hollow log of wood, will be recovered. Jackey Jackey, a native, one of the survivors of his party, has been sent to search for them. From Australia to the north frigid zone is a long leap; but you will understand why I make it (on paper), when I tell you that a letter has just come to hand from Sir John Richardson, dated Fort Confidence, on Great Bear Lake, 16th of September last. You will not have forgotten that Sir John is one of those sent out by government to seek for Sir John Franklin's expedition. He has examined a considerable portion of the coast in the vicinity of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers, and questioned several parties of Esquimaux, but without obtaining the slightest intelligence of the missing party. The much-talked-of expedition of the American government—for which the thanks of certain public bodies in this country were voted—turns out to be all moonshine; so that we have nothing for it but to wait for despatches from Sir James Ross in Lancaster Sound, or Lieutenant Moore in Behring's Straits, or from a party just sent out in a whaler by Lady Franklin.

I have but little to say this time of literary affairs, but may just observe that a favourable indication of 'progress' has just made its appearance from the Admiralty, in their 'Manual of Scientific Inquiry,' edited by Sir John Herschel, and intended for the practical guidance of officers and others on active service. The eminent editor's name is a sufficient guarantee for the value and accuracy of the work, and it will in all probability pass into general use. In another quarter we have Sir David Brewster, after thinking of the subject at intervals for thirty years, attempting to prove that Junius—the political and literary sphinx—was no other than Lauchlin Macleane, a descendant of the Macleanes of Coll. The philosopher of St Andrews is perhaps as far from the truth as all those who have preceded him in endeavouring to elucidate the mystery.

Neither have I any extraordinary scientific discovery to announce. New planets do not turn up quite so frequently as continental revolutions of late; although the fact that Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, has had a pension of L.200 a year conferred on him by government, may stimulate astronomers to look out for stranger orbs. A fifty-pound pension, too, is settled on Mr Sturgeon of Manchester, to whom we are indebted for the soft iron magnet: Mrs Austin, the well-known translatress, is down for L.100 a year; and Lieutenant Waghorn, the father of the overland route to India, for L.200. Such grants as these are well deserved, and are satisfactory to the public at large, which is more than can be said of grants to military heroes. And here I may observe that the note of preparation for the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in September is beginning to be heard. A large temporary edifice has been erected in that town to serve as the 'Exhibition' on the occasion: a good meeting is expected. And yet one more fact bearing on science: Spain, which has long been a dead letter in that respect, shows signs of awakening; measures are now on foot for establishing a Royal Academy of Sciences at Madrid. Should they be carried out, Spanish philosophers will then be able to show us a specimen of their abilities.

The whole collection of Nineveh marbles is now 'on view' at the British Museum—a fact which country cousins and sight-seers in general will duly appreciate. Talking of sights, the new and magnificent hall of the North-Western Railway terminus at Euston Square promises to become a 'lion:' some persons go so far as to say that it is superior to the entrance-hall of the Museum; but this is a point which visitors had better

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decide for themselves. There is no lack of eye-work for those who come to town: in addition to a panorama of the Mississippi, we have now one of the Nile, and another of the Eden-like valley of Cashmere.

SUMMER-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.*

A JOURNAL of summer-time in the country! How musically the words fall upon the ear! What bright and pleasant fancies they bring! thoughts of the woods, the birds, and the bees; of the rustling leaves and the dancing brooks; of the woodbine-'broidered lanes and the pure breath of the mountains; of the sorrel-bells under the shadowing fern; and of the bramble wavings on the broken quarry. As there is no spot under heaven which has not its own peculiar moments in which it is most beautiful, its own atmosphere of sun or cloud under which it should be visited, so has each hour in the day its own place, to which we instinctively turn our steps. In the early morning we wander in the dewy lanes, moving beneath the glorious cloister of summer boughs, to see the pearls lie on the web of the caterpillar, and the vetch climb up the glistening hedge-bank; or to watch the pimpernal unfold its scarlet petals, as the sunbeams peep through the leaves above, and chase each other in golden waves over the flower-besprinkled grass. When the noontide sky is bright and hot, we go to the woods—the dark, cool woods—to see the pale frittilaria nod quietly on her slender stalk, and to dream of long-past scenes and dim futurities, which, alas! may never come: to blend thoughts and scenes of childhood's hours until, with the harmless superstition of early youth, we spy out fairy forms sleeping beneath the large leaves of the arum, or lightly sailing down the brooks on the beech leaves which ourselves have set afloat: to sit breathlessly and watch the water-rat at play on the flowery banks or in the stream, or the squirrel in the trees: or to behold in thought smiling faces in the clear depth of the waters, which we can never more see on earth. But when the sun is low in the heavens, we go to the commons to see the edges of the heather and the fern gilded by his slanting rays; to mark how long ago the bright-eyed centuary retired to rest, and how calmly she sleeps, with the western breeze coming direct from the sinking sun, and playing around her; to hear the lark singing high in the air—mounting, like the good man, so far above the world as to seem unfettered by it; and yet, like the good man, blessing not only his own household in its lowly nest, but shedding his flood of music on all below—and to listen to the sad, yet not unpleasing cry of the lapwing, that circles round our heads, discovering her home by the very clamorousness and anxiety of her care to conceal it from us.

To all these places Mr Wilmott leads us, bringing with him thoughts which are pleasant to read, and pleasanter far to look back upon, and to remember in the twilight and the lonely hours: thoughts of spirit-haunting pictures; parallels of prose and verse, to prove that human hearts have beat with the same pulse in all ages; and fancies and feelings of great and good men—men who 'still rule our spirits from their urns.' And when the night comes on, he calls upon us to follow him back to the lanes we left in the morning, to see the hedge-banks, now thickly studded with the tremulous stars of the glow-worms, to read the 'Even-Song' by their 'cool, green light;' but we will let him speak for himself:—

'All the bank is on fire with these diamonds of the night, as Darwin calls them. If Titania had overturned a casket of jewels in a quarrel with Oberon, the grass could not have looked gayer. Thomson describes the appearance with his usual liveliness:—

> "Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge
> The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
> A moving radiance twinkles."

Perhaps he is slightly astray in his zoology; for although the male has two spots of faint lustre, the female is the real star of the woodpath.

'Coleridge, in a note to one of his own poems—

> "Nor now, with curious sight,
> I mark the glow-worm as I pass,
> Move with green radiance through the grass,
> An emerald of light"—

drew attention to Wordsworth's epithet of *green*, applied to the light of this insect.' Miss Seward expresses her surprise, in childhood, that poetic eyes should not have observed this verdant hue. But we own that we feel more astonished that any discussion should have been raised on so self-evident a point; on a question which, we imagine, no eyes, poetic or prosaic, could for a moment hesitate about. But to return to our extracts.

'Glow-worms are the food of night-birds, which of course track them by their shining. To put out the candle, therefore, is the surest way of escaping the robber; and perhaps their apprehension of enemies may account for the short time of their illumination. Mr Nowell quotes a curious experiment of White, who carried two glow-worms from a field to his garden, and saw them extinguish their lamps between eleven and twelve o'clock. Later entomologists confirm this singular relation.

'But I have been turning glow-worms to a use this evening which no naturalist probably ever thought of—reading the Psalms by their cool, green light! I placed six of the most luminous insects I could find in the grass at the top of the page, moving them from verse to verse as I descended. The experiment was perfectly successful; each letter became clear and legible. I never felt so deeply and gratefully the inner life of the Psalmist's adoration:—"Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy goodness!"

'I know that poetry has turned the fire-fly into a lantern. Southey enables Madoc to behold the features of his beautiful guide by the flame of two fire-flies, which she kept prisoner in a cage or net of twigs underneath her garments. But surely I am the discoverer of the glow-worm-taper; and it answers the purpose admirably. By the help of this emerald of the hedgerow and mossy bank I can read not only the hymns of saints to God, but God's message to me. As the glittering grass of the Indian hills taught me wisdom, so these glow-worms are a light to my feet and a lantern to my path. I ought to employ my every-day blessings and comforts as I have been using these insects. I could not have read "Even-Song" among the trees at night, unless I had moved the lamp up and down: one verse shone while the rest of the page was dark. Patience alone was needed: line by line the whole psalm grew bright. What a lesson and consolation to me in my journey through the world! Perhaps to-day is a cloudy passage in my little calendar: I am in pain or sorrow of mind or body, my head throbs, or my heart is disquieted within me. But the cool, sequestered paths of the Gospel-garden are studded with glow-worms: I have only to stoop and pick them up. Yesterday was healthfuler and more joyous; my spirits were gayer; my mind was peacefuler; kind friends visited me; or God seemed to lift up the light of his countenance upon me. These recollections are my lanterns in the dark. The past lights up the present. I move my glow-worms lower on the page, and read to-day by yesterday.

'Not for myself only should these thoughts be cherished. Every beam of grace that falls upon my path ought to throw its little reflection along my neighbour's. Whatever happens to one is for the instruction of an-

* A Journal of Summer-time in the Country. By the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. Author of 'Jeremy Taylor, a Biography.' London: Parker, West Strand. 1849.

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other. Even the glow-worm, humblest of lights, has its shadow.'

In this kindly spirit Mr Wilmott moves over hill and vale, gossipping gaily of nature, men, and books: now gravely discussing the merits of a Rubens or a Raphael; now stringing together stories of renowned gardens and gardeners; now correcting the zoological mistakes of bard or dramatist; now following his own shadow, walking up to the 'park-palings to endeavour to look it in the face:' and now giving us such graphic descriptions as the following:—

'I see they are reprinting the speeches of Mr Fox. It is known that Burke called him a most able *debater*. The praise was characteristic of the utterer and the subject. Milton found little to commend in Dryden; and Rubens would probably have turned away in disgust from the painted histories of Hogarth. Burke did not exclude the idea of eloquence from his definition. To Fox belonged the visible rhetoric. He swelled with the tide of invective, and rose upon the flood of his indignation. A dear friend has given me a vivid portrait of his manner and appearance. Holding his hat grasped in both hands, and waved up and down with an ever-increasing velocity, while his face was turned to the gallery, he poured out tempestuous torrents of anger, exultation, and scorn. But Fox the declaimer was paralysed by Fox the man. It was affirmed by a Greek writer, in a passage made famous by Ben Jonson, that a poet cannot be great without first being good; and Aristotle intimates that the personal purity of the orator was a question moved in his own day. Fox showed the truth of this critical axiom. His intellectual capacity was impaired by the moral. The statue is imposing, but the pedestal leans. I will add that the late Mr Green of Ipswich, an acute and well-informed observer, referred with admiration to Fox's speeches on the Reform of Parliament in 1797, on the Russian Armament, and to his reply on the India Bill in 1783, which he pronounced to be absolutely stupendous. His character had, however, one side of grace and beauty—he delighted in the simpleness of rural pleasures, and his eye was open to all the charms of literature and taste. It is very refreshing to accompany the stormy Cleon of Westminster into the shades of St Anne's Hill, and see him in the description of his surviving friend—

> —"So soon of care beguiled,
> Playful, sincere, and witty as a child:"

enjoying the sunshine and flowers with an almost bucolic tenderness and freedom from restraint; either

> —"Watching a bird's nest in the spray,
> Through the green leaves exploring day by day;"

or, with a volume of Dryden in his hand, wandering from grove to grove and seat to seat—

> "To read there, with a fervour all his own,
> And in his grand and melancholy tone,
> Some splendid passage not to him unknown."'

One other extract we cannot refrain from making, on account of the truth and beauty which it contains:—'I was interested to-day by the remark of one of our most accomplished portrait painters. He says that he has observed in every celebrated person whose features he has copied, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, a *looking of the eye into remote space*. The idea occurs often in literature. Milton, perhaps, led the way by his description of Melancholy—

> —"With even step, and musing gait,
> And looks communing with the skies,
> The rapt soul sitting in her eyes!"

Sterne assigns the same peculiarity to the face of his monk in the "Sentimental Journey." His head "mild, pale, penetrating; free from all commonplace ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon earth; it *looked forward at something beyond the world*." Nothing can be more exquisite than the iteration. The late Mr Foster probably had this portrait in his remembrance when he described the Christian in society—in the world, but not of it:—"He is like a person whose eye, while he is conversing with you about an object, or succession of objects, immediately near, should glance every moment *towards some great spectacle appearing in the distant horizon*."

'Mr Moore's elegant tale of the "Epicurean" supplies another example, &c; and a fourth illustration is furnished by Mr Keble, in his picture of Balaam foretelling the happiness of Israel and the rising of the Star:—

> "Oh for a sculptor's hand,
> That thou mightst take thy stand,
> Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze;
> Thy tranced, yet open gaze
> Fixed on the desert haze,
> *As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees*."

'The artist to whom I alluded does not add literature to his genius. I believe he never heard of Foster: it is just possible that he may be unacquainted with Sterne. His remark would then be the fruit of independent and individual experience; and on that account lending a most interesting commentary upon the illustrations of fancy.'

In conclusion, we recommend this little work to all who feel the beauty of nature, to all who seek for health on holidays in the pure breath of the country, and chiefly to all who, prizing and valuing these charms, are yet prevented, by the stern dictates of business and duty, from visiting the scenes which they so much delight in.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MISS.

> 'So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
> Even pity scarce can wish it less.'

THE miseries of a bashful man have often been the subject of pity to the kind-hearted, but I do not remember ever to have seen the miseries of a bashful girl touched upon; and, believe me, they are as keenly felt, although not so severely remarked upon by the world, as the other. I received what is called a very careful education—that is, I was taught all that other girls are taught—but was kept so strictly confined to my schoolroom, and so entirely secluded from company, even the society of companions of my own age, that to me it was positively a painful sight that of the 'human face divine;' and when, at sweet seventeen, I was told that it was now time to form my manners by seeing a little good company, I think I would rather have heard that my friends designed me for a convent. I was not very easy even when conversing only with my own sex, if they were entire strangers to me; but when a gentleman asked me the simplest question—requested me to drink wine with him (as was the custom in the bygone days I speak of), or, in short, showed the slightest wish to be commonly civil—I was in an agony, wished myself at home, blushed crimson, stammered, and answered confusedly I knew not what, and actually, for the moment, hated the innocent cause of my unpleasant sensations, and indeed myself at the same time for my folly in being abashed by a person I may have despised, and whose conversation, when I heard it addressed to others, perhaps appeared to me absolutely silly. In order to improve my mind, I had been encouraged to read a great deal; but as novels and tales were strictly forbidden, and the only books put into my hands were history, moral philosophy, and other grave useful books, my studies gave me little assistance towards bearing a part in conversation in the gay populous country neighbourhood where we resided. Observing on one or two occasions, when I timidly introduced the names of those books, and of the heroes and sages I had been taught to revere, looks of contempt and suppressed laughter, and overhearing the words, 'bas bleu,' 'précieuse ridicule,' &c. I resolved never to name literature again until I was able to dilate upon the last novel. My parents, however, had little patience with my shamefacedness, and most injudiciously lectured me in private, and

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looked at me in public. One day, after a long sermon, I was desired to prepare for a dinner at Oakfield Park, and 'I beg,' added my mother, 'you will not sit like a stick, and look stupid, but try to talk, and make yourself as agreeable at least as you can. People will really begin to imagine you are a fool.'

'It is better,' answered I, 'to be mistaken for a fool, than to open my mouth and prove myself one, which I should infallibly do; for whenever strangers enter into conversation with me, I lose every rational faculty.'

'Oh, nonsense. You might talk just as well as other people if you chose it. I am sure, if you listen, you will see how very little there is in the general conversation that goes on.'

'Very little indeed,' I replied. 'I have seldom heard anything worth remembering.'

'Oh,' cried my father, ''tis just as I feared; vanity is at the bottom of all this modest humility. You wont speak unless you bring out something wondrous wise:' so saying, he left the room, and mamma, in following him, said more kindly, 'Do now, my dear, let me see you behave to-day more like other people;' but unfortunately added, 'I shall keep my eye upon you!'

I was neither sulky nor obstinate, and had every wish to oblige my parents, and overcome my bashfulness, which I felt was foolish; so, upon finding myself at table, seated next to a middle-aged, quiet-looking man in a brown wig and spectacles, I resolved to address him, as soon at least as I could think of anything to say. While coursing in vain through the realms of imagination for a subject, the words 'government,' 'corn laws,' 'radical publication,' struck on my ear; and taking it for granted that a man with a brown wig and spectacles *must* be a politician, and, for the same wise reason—added to a certain pomposity in his look and manner—a Tory, I resolved to converse upon a squib that had recently appeared in the 'John Bull.' Just as I was turning towards him, I unluckily caught my mother's eye making a sign for me to begin some conversation, which so completely *bouleversed* the little resolution with which I had 'screwed my courage to the sticking-place,' that I instantly lost all my self-possession; but not now daring to sit any longer silent, I began with a fluttering manner and unsteady voice—'Pray, do you ever read "Tom Thumb?"'

The respectable man, not sure what could possibly be my meaning, and wondering whether I was a wit, a quiz, or an imbecile, after a pause, answered, 'Not for a long while.'

'I thought,' answered I, unconscious of the blunder I had made, and gaining courage from what I considered to be the stupid old gentleman's evident ignorance of what was passing in the world, 'that it had not been published many months.'

'Not many months!' replied my astonished auditor; 'oh—oh—ah! A new edition, I suppose! It used to be my delight, as was "Goody Twoshoes."'

Goody Twoshoes! thought I; the poor man is insane; and I began to feel more uncomfortable than ever when, from my amazed and distressed countenance, suspecting some mistake, he, with a benevolent smile, requested to know what question I had asked him. 'I begged to inquire,' I answered in a displeased voice, looking as steady and stern as I could, in order to awe him, 'if you read the "John Bull?"'

'You doubtless, my dear young lady, meant to have done so; but you did, in fact, question me concerning "Tom Thumb."'

I tried to laugh, though tears of shame stood in my eyes, begged pardon, said I was absent, &c.; and, tingling to my fingers' ends, prayed for the ground to open and swallow me up, then sat mute, looking like a condemned criminal, until the joyful signal was made for the ladies to retire. I did not recover my self-possession the whole evening, and had to endure a severe lecture in the carriage going home, with pretty strong hints accompanying it, that certainly there must be something defective in my understanding.

'If you were punished as you deserve to be for your stupidity,' said mamma, 'you ought to be made to send an excuse to an invitation for a ball to be given by the officers of the 40th Light Dragoons, and to which General and Mrs Calderhall have kindly offered to take you.'

Go to a ball! go to a prison rather, I felt: it is ten times worse than a dinner-party. But as it was settled that I was to go, I endeavoured to discipline my mind to the dread trial, and console myself with the sight of my white crape-dress, trimmed most appropriately with blush roses. The awful night arrived! My terrors rose thicker and thicker at every whirl of the carriage wheels, which brought me nearer to the place of punishment; and when we entered the barrack yard, I became literally sick with apprehension, and was nearly fainting when we stopped. The steps were let down quickly, and I was carried off—scarcely knowing whether I stood upon my head or my heels—by one of the officers appointed to receive the company, through files of soldiers holding flambeaux, into a room as full as it could hold of ladies, in every colour of the rainbow, and gentlemen in uniform, where I was presented to the colonel's wife, and placed upon a chair almost gasping. When in some degree I recovered my recollection, I began to look about me; but was soon alarmed afresh by finding a pair of black bead eyes looking fixedly upon me; and whichever way I turned, those horrid eyes seemed to glare upon me. Their possessor was a tall slender young man, who looked as stiff as if he had swallowed a ramrod, who seemed to amuse himself at my agitation, and succeeded so completely in annoying me, that I considered all the rest as nothing; and that, could I only get rid of the eternal glare of those horrid eyes, I should be quite at my ease. At last we adjourned to the dancing-room; and I, rejoicing in having got rid of my tormentor, sat down beside my *chaperone*, and fervently thanking goodness no one had asked, or was, I hoped, likely to ask me to dance, as I knew nobody in the room, felt a lively interest in observing what was passing around. But alas! scarcely had I begun to feel something like calmness, and to hope for amusement from a scene so new to me, when I descried Mrs Fitzbattle advancing with a smile, my bead-eyed tormentor by her side. She introduced him as Mr Stonefield; and when he asked me to dance, and presented his arm, I did not *dare* do otherwise than accept it. We took our place in the quadrille; and after my unfortunate partner had exhausted every subject, and received for a reply a sheepish undertoned 'Yes, sir;' 'No, sir;' or perhaps, 'Oh, sir;' or the 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Oh,' without the *sir*, when I remembered having heard it was vulgar to *sir* any gentleman, he turned in despair to converse with a fine-looking brother-officer, whose open good-humoured countenance made me wish *he* had been my partner rather than Mr Stonefield. But my observations on Captain Riversdale's personal attractions were cut short by the horrible certainty that the top string of my frock had either broken, or come unloosed, and that any attempt to dance would cause it to fall off my shoulders. Anything seemed preferable to such a climax; and with the courage despair gives, I turned hastily round, and observing Mrs Fitzbattle not far off, told her my tale of woe, and begged her to retire with me, which she good-naturedly did. Upon my return, the first object I beheld was Mr Stonefield, and the first words I heard were, 'Egad! my partner's eloped! Can't find her.'

'Stolen or strayed, a meek little maid,' cried another, laughing aloud at his own silly wit.

'Poor little thing,' I overheard Captain Riversdale say, 'she is very young, and must be quite new to this wicked world, for she seems sadly afraid of us all.' At that moment Mr Stonefield spied his victim; and coming up, claimed me as his property, and proposed we should finish the dance. My next partner was Lord Bothwell, who did not make much inroad on my peace of mind, inasmuch as he seldom spoke; and when he did, said nothing that required an answer. Soon after,

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released from him, I so far recovered my self-possession as to begin a discussion with a young lady who sat next to me, and whose lively yet gentle manner emboldened me to chatter even familiarly.

'Can you tell me who that handsome, pleasant-looking man is whom I danced with last? I did not catch his name, and I like him *so* much.'

'Yes,' replied she, looking as if amused, 'I can—it is Major Dale.'

At this moment the object in question advanced, and requested me to go with him to supper; and there, with the help of champagne and his good-natured attentions together, I found I could talk even to an 'officer and a gentleman.'

'Do you know who that pretty girl is to whom I was talking when you asked me to come to supper?'

'Yes: she is Mrs Dale, my wife.'

'Your wife! I didn't know you were married. You don't look like a married man.'

'Don't I? But I *am* that unfortunate individual nevertheless.'

'Oh, oh! Don't you know it is very wrong to speak so?'

My silliness or innocence had by this time attracted the attention of those seated near me, among whom was Captain Riversdale; who, at the next public assembly I went to, convinced me that balls were not so *very* dreadful, and could even prove agreeable, when among those who composed the party there was *one* we preferred. What could make that strange man fall in love with a bashful miss, I am sure I cannot tell, and far less could I describe the wild agitation into which I was thrown by the discovery that he had done so. Such matters, however, they say, are managed in a very different place from a ball-room; and somehow or other it did happen that my extraordinary defect was the cause of my lasting happiness. The gallant captain, in short, was so much to my taste as a partner in the dance, that he had little difficulty in persuading me he would make quite as agreeable a partner for life. So, in four months from my first appearance, I bade adieu to my name and my bashfulness, and have never repented losing either.

THE THAMES-BANK BUILDING-WORKS.

In London, houses are not built singly, but by wholesale. The rapidity with which the town is spreading into the surrounding country appears to receive no check, and to admit of no cessation. Year by year the map of the metropolis takes new forms, and juts out in every direction fresh angles. To supply this insatiable demand for house-room, it is not the practice—except in rare instances—for capitalists and builders to construct solitary streets; such limited speculations would, it seems, give no adequate supply: they therefore plan and execute, with wonderful celerity, whole neighbourhoods, which suddenly rise upon acres, and even square miles, of quondam green fields, like the city of Cadmus. Marylebone fields now bear upon them the weight of the circular neighbourhood which surrounds the Regent's Park; Paddington fields were wholly bricked over in some five years with a suburb, which now makes the village itself difficult to find; although, within the memory of even young Londoners, it stood naked and alone, bounded towards the west and north with flourishing farms; the Westbourne estate hard by was covered with streets, squares, and terraces of palatial-looking habitations, in less time than was spent in raising the Scott monument in Edinburgh; and the celerity with which the city of palaces, consisting of Belgrave Square, with its surrounding crescents, squares, terraces, and streets, was elevated upon the 'five-fields' of Chelsea, has become a byword.

In contemplating these and a hundred other accessions to an already overgrown town, and while wondering at the quickness with which they are effected, the means and systems employed are seldom thought of or inquired into. It is a common supposition, that because London houses are 'run up' rapidly, that they are unstable; and although the charge cannot be gainsayed as regards a few suburban streets and villas put together by a not high class of speculators, yet all the houses we have alluded to above are stronger and better built than any of an older date; because accumulating experience is not only directing architects and their subordinates to new materials, but science enables them so to shape and dispose of those already in use, as to give them the greatest possible strength combined with the minimum specific weight and economy of materials. The strongest house to be conceived (in proportion of course to the quantity of the material which goes to form it) is the cell of the bee, and it is also the lightest.* The ponderous wooden beams employed by our forefathers required nearly as much support as they gave, and half the time to lift that a modern builder takes to finish a small house. It is improved knowledge, therefore, and not bad workmanship, to which, in a great measure, the rapid operations of builders are due. Indeed the mansions of 'Belgravia,' as well as those on the other side of Hyde Park, were built for the highest class of occupants; consequently they are as well put together as it is possible for brick, wood, and iron to be combined.

To convey a notion of the capital sunk in even one of the houses in Eaton Square—which is within the precincts of Belgravia—we may mention that No. 71, being the temporary residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, costs the country nearly L.1000 per annum for rent and taxes,† and that single square contains exactly 100 houses.

This may give the reader some idea of the magnitude with which building operations are prosecuted in London. It is now proposed to afford him an insight into *how* they are carried on. We have recently visited the works of the gentleman who planned and built the greater part of the aristocratic neighbourhood we have more particularly alluded to, and who has also covered a few square miles of the ground which lies between Belgrave Square and the river Thames with another suburb. In these works every art, science, trade, and handicraft which contributes to house-building is carried on, whether it be for clusters of cottages, *ornées*, or for a queen's palace. Mr Thomas Cubitt, the owner and director of this wholesale factory of habitations, being an architect as well as a builder, does everything within it, from the first plans and working-drawings, to the making a single plaster cornice, and even to the manufacture of the plaster itself; from the moulding of a brick, to the casting of a keyhole scutcheon. We perceive from the 'Annual Report of the Committee of the Workmen's Benefit Club at Mr Thomas Cubitt's, Thames Bank, Pimlico,' that at work in, or connected with, this establishment, are the following trades:—Joiners, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, painters, plasterers, smiths, engineers, moulders, brickmakers, carters, clerks, and yard-labourers, besides many not mentioned in the list, whose position does not necessitate them to belong to the club—such as sculptors and architectural

* This fact is curiously illustrated in 'Crombie's Natural Theology:'—'Reaumur, presuming that the angles of a honeycomb were adopted for the purpose of saving material, proposed to Koenig, a mathematician of eminence, that he should determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell, with a pyramidal base, to require the least material. By the infinitesimal calculus he ascertained that the greatest angle should be 109 degrees 26 minutes, and the smaller 70 degrees 34 minutes; the very angles which the insect adopts. What an astonishing coincidence is this! A profound mathematician is required to solve a very difficult problem, and it is found that his conclusion, gained by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and deep thought, was practically exhibited in the operations of the bee!'

The principles here evolved have recently received an important practical application. Those stupendous iron tubular spans recently thrown across the Conway and the Menai Straits are constructed on the cellular system; not in exact, but in general accordance with the honeycomb.

† The exact sum was, in 1841-1842, as noted in the Miscellaneous Estimates, L.964.

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and decorative draughtsmen; or others not recognised as artisans—such as a librarian and schoolmaster, stable-keepers, and, *mirabile dictu*, cooks! As to their numbers, and the capital required to pay them, there are 1538 men, who are paid upwards of L.1600 every Saturday—our informant remarking that this is a peculiarly 'slack' time. The greatest number of men ever employed in the works was 2400, who were paid L.2700 per week. The usual calculation as to building expenses is, that labour is about one-third the cost of material; consequently there is 'turned over'—to use a commercial phrase—in this establishment every year from L.300,000 to half a million of money! As, therefore, such sums are annually disbursed from one establishment—and there are three or four others nearly as large, besides those of, according to the Post-Office Directory, about 770 smaller builders—the cost of the yearly additions to the British Babylon can be dimly estimated. Mr Thomas Cubitt's works stand upon 19½ acres of ground. The premises occupy lengthwise 1000 feet, on 600 feet of which stand the workshops. The machinery—of which there is perhaps a greater variety than in any other establishment in this country—is driven by four steam-engines of forty horse-power each.

Such are the rough statistics of this immense and unique factory; but we must descend to details.

The innumerable passengers on the steamboats which ply between Chelsea and London do not fail to notice near the Pimlico Pier, about midway between Chelsea Hospital and Vauxhall Bridge, a campanile tower of great height and elegant proportions, not unlike the Lansdowne Tower near Bath. It is so handsome an elevation, that few persons know its uses to be solely utilitarian—that it is, in fact, a disguised flue; not readily to be detected as such, for smoke seldom issues from it, inasmuch as it belongs to smoke-consuming apparatus. At its foot are two parallel ranges of shops; and the curious who are struck with these objects, learn on inquiry that they compose the building-works of Mr Thomas Cubitt. They stand near the edge of the river, on what is appropriately termed Thames Bank.

On entering these buildings, we were, during our visit, shown the joiners' room, after passing the pay-office, whence, by an admirable system, about a thousand pounds are distributed amongst as many men every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock in the short space of twenty minutes. When we say that this place contains at one side a long range of carpenters' benches, with room between each for putting together doors and windows of the largest dimensions, and that the other side is partly partitioned off for other benches, drying-rooms, and a sort of kitchen, it will be understood that this shop bears comparison as to extent with a small street. The precautions against fire are simple and ingenious. The building is not wholly fireproof, but is made so at each end, and in the middle, so that an accidental fire would terminate where it began; for its career would be stopped when it reached the uninflammable portions. Such is the mode of prevention: the cure conveys a useful lesson to the proprietors of large buildings. It is a fact too well known to all those who possess fire-engines, that, being not in constant use, these machines are generally out of order when most wanted; but in this building they are discarded. In the joiners' room there are some half-dozen small self-supplying cisterns always full, and over each a few buckets are slung, not removable by any person for any other purpose than to put out a fire, on pain of fine and heavy displeasure. Thus water, and the means of distributing it, are constantly on the spot. Should, however, a flame promote itself into a conflagration, it can be played upon without by hoses applied to a pump in the yard, always available by steam-power or a capstan.

It is in the joiners' shop that you begin to understand the system by which houses are made by wholesale. It must have been remarked that the habitations of a modern street, if not precisely like each other architecturally, are similar in many respects. The doors and windows are almost all exactly alike. Suppose, therefore, a street of fifty first-class houses is to be built, there would have to be made for it fifty fore-doors, all as much alike as are the sheets of this Journal; for each house, say 6 doors (all of one size and description) for the basement, 5 for the ground-floor, 5 for the drawing-room floor, 7 for the second, 6 for the third floor, &c. or 6 sets each, making in all 1500 doors—about the same number of 'copies' as is usually printed of a flourishing country newspaper. The jest-books contain an example of the inveterate habit some have of talking in technicalities:—A printer's boy once complained that he could not get from one part of his master's office to another without opening 'a quire of doors.' A glance into Mr Cubitt's 'drying-room' showed us gigantic 'reams' of them stacked one upon another like planks in a timber-yard. This apartment is heated artificially to a temperature varying from 70 to 90 degrees, and dries the woodwork after it has been put together. Window-frames, shutters, and other stock articles are multiplied and dealt with in the same manner.

Let us now watch the operations in the joiners' room, and see the system by which this wholesale work is carried on. At the end of the shop we observe a draughtsman. With rule, pencil, and compasses, he is making—on a long strip of board prepared for the purpose—the working-drawings of a window-frame, from a design previously furnished him. Upon the margin the dimensions of each component piece is marked, where it does not actually appear of the intended size on the drawing; also any special instructions. Here is a specimen copied from the 'rod' (as such a working-plan is called) of a door-frame—'Grosvenor Crescent: height of doors for basement. To be kept in drying-room at least a week.'

In the 'cutting-out' rooms—apartments containing lathes, sawing, planing, and morticing machines, driven by steam—the 'stuff' (the carpenter's expression for his raw material) is fashioned into the shapes and dimensions indicated on the rod or pattern. The machine-saws cut so evenly, that the plane has only to go over the work after it very lightly; indeed floor-boards are laid down just as they come from the saw, a few shavings being smoothed away here and there at the seams after the floor has been laid. Such is the mathematical accuracy attained by the use of machinery, that in making up a hundred door-frames or windows from the same 'rod,' any one of the hundred tenants of the hundred crosspieces will exactly fit the mortices in any one of the same number of uprights.* The proper pieces are therefore taken at random from each heap, tied up, and sent to the joiners to be fitted and glued together.

This is done in the quietest manner possible, and it is some time before the visitor discovers how it is that this joiners' shop differs so much from those of the old school: there is no knocking, no noise. The artisan, instead of hammering the door after it is fitted and glued, places it upon a screw-bench. By a few turns of the worm, the sides of a frame contract and force themselves against the outer edges of the door, with the even, stealthy, inevitable pressure of the Iron Shroud. The compact and ponderous wooden leaf is then taken from the press and handed off to the hot-air department, just as a

* We may here instance the infinite mechanical accuracy attained by Mr Whitworth of Manchester. That gentleman has constructed a gauge by which, in a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, he can measure to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. All the screws, both active and passive, which he makes for holding together the machinery he manufactures are numbered; each set of screws, distinguished by its number, is so rigidly of the same size, that, supposing two or more steam-engines or other machines to be taken to pieces, and huddled together in one heap, and the screws in another, the engine can be put together again by selecting the active screws merely by the figure stamped upon them, and inserting them in the passive screws that have the same number stamped beside them on the component parts of the machine.

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printer sends away his sheets from the press—in numbers hardly greater—to the drying-room.

It enlarges one's ideas of the extent of this hive of house-makers, and of the strictly departmental plan on which it is necessarily conducted, when we know that one man is employed to do nothing else but to grind the joiners' tools, another to sharpen saws, and a third to cook the glue. The bright, clean, copper glue-pots, marshalled on the stove that heats them, form an exhibition that would charm the eye of a French *chef de cuisine:* but of the culinary department of these works anon.

The superior lightness of iron in proportion to its strength has caused a great quantity of that material to be used for building purposes; the smithies and casting-shops of these works are consequently very extensive. Joists and girders are chiefly of wrought or cast-iron, and iron hooping is employed to bind together the bricks and mortar of party-walls, the use of bond-timber being forbidden by the new building act. Connected with this department is the 'proving yard,' where, by the agency of hydraulic power, the soundness of iron girders and other cast-iron work is tested. The machines now in use for such purposes attest the omnipotent dominion of science. With great prowess we are apt to associate great size—immensity; but in these works a small iron vessel is pointed out, in shape like a gas-retort, and in size not much bigger than a gallon spirit jar. 'That,' said our informant, 'is a hydraulic press, which, when fitted to a pump, is capable of applying to any object a pressure equal to one hundred tons.' To the test of this little instrument everything destined to bear great weights is brought—to be broken in shivers should any flaw exist, but to be pronounced capable of bearing its allotted weight if sound. The rule for arriving at a verdict in favour of iron girders is, that if they are found capable of supporting three cwt. upon every superficial square foot of flooring, they are pronounced 'good.' Some notion of the capabilities of these small, harmless-looking machines—and also of those of the common brick for bearing pressure—may be formed when we mention that we saw the fragments of a common brick which had not been smashed till a pressure equal to the weight of eighty-five tons had been applied to it!

The metal-workers in this establishment are not confined to the rough and massive materials used in modern building, but they also fashion every ornament and accessory which convenience, art, or luxury demand—from the *batterie de cuisine* which furnishes the royal table at Osborne House,* to the tiniest and most elaborately-ornamented grate for the boudoirs of Belgrave Square. Specimens of this sort of work are ranged in warerooms, which are as extensive as those of a first-rate stove-factor's, and form quite an interesting exhibition. Indeed nothing is omitted. The Vulcans of Thames Bank are sometimes called upon to produce ponderous park gates (from patterns designed and carved on the premises), and at others to tame their energies down to mere railings for scullery areas; from casting a Corinthian column to forging a kitchen poker; from making an elaborate planing machine (for nearly all machines and tools are made on the spot), to hammering out a simple roasting spit—nothing comes amiss. Not the minutest detail of household requirement is forgotten. When we visited the brass-workers, some were casting water-taps, and others 'filing up' ornamental slits for those letter-boxes which the Postmaster-General has so earnestly recommended to be inserted on street-doors, to facilitate the rapid delivery of letters.

We should mention that the smithies (in one of which is a steam-hammer) and casting-houses are on opposite sides of the yard. The former, from its cleanly appearance, is unlike any forge we had ever previously seen: a housewife would pronounce it 'tidy.'

In crossing the yard, the visitor perceives huge blocks of marble of all descriptions, from the veined white of the Carrara quarries, to variegated red from Sienna. Some of them he sees, under the resistless teeth of steam-saws, being sliced into slabs; and on entering another set of shops, he is shown the operation of smoothing and polishing the slabs by the same agency. The collection of chimney-pieces thus produced, after passing under the hands of skilled sculptors, is almost a study in decorative art. As to the number manufactured, we must help our guesses by again remembering that enough are required at once, not for single houses, but for streets and neighbourhoods.

The ornamental-plastering department has its walls covered with every variety of design; some from art-models, others from nature. It is, we were told, Mr Cubitt's habit, when he finds opportunity, to collect leaves and other foliage, and to have such as are adapted for architectural ornament cast in plaster. Several of these casts are hung on the walls, and serve as patterns for cornices, friezes, &c.

The glaziers' shops are stored with window-glass, and display some very pretty specimens of transparent painting. In the painters' shops little is done, as this branch is necessarily performed on the buildings themselves when nearly completed. The colour-makers are, however, busy enough, for the mills in which the pigments are ground are seldom at rest; neither are the plaster and cement-mills often idle. In short, this establishment is like the kingdom of China—it is self-producing and self-supporting: it discards all foreign aid. 'Some of the branches,' said the gentleman who kindly showed us over the works, 'are not profitable; but we find it indispensable to maintain them, that we may get things when we want them. We have had formerly to wait weeks for a casting, which often caused us great inconvenience.' It is therefore from no desire for monopoly that every operation of the building and furnishing trades is carried on.

The powers which set all the machinery of these works in motion present nothing different from other factory steam-engines, except the elegant flue. There never, perhaps, existed what an American would designate a 'taller' specimen of the useful combined with the ornamental: æsthetically—if a factory chimney may be allowed so long a word—this erection is a pleasing mark for the eye to rest upon amidst the not very picturesque landscape which surrounds it; and will not be objected to by the aristocratic neighbours which Mr Cubitt's houses are fast attracting within sight of it. But its beauty is also its utility, it being nothing less than a square case or shield for the enormous brick tube, or real flue, which rises within it, and which it shelters from the exterior atmosphere. By thus keeping the chimney warm, or, in other words, preventing the hot air draughted from the furnaces from cooling too rapidly, an increased draught is caused, equal to that which could only have been obtained by running up the flue fifty feet higher than the 105 feet to which it rises at present. That its campanile character might be truly preserved, it is in this tower that the bell is hung which summons the artisans from their meals to their duties.

Let us hope that this elegant structure will be a model chimney for manufacturing towns. Besides superseding the dangerous height to which some are elevated (as witness the fate of the St Rollox chimney), if all the 'stalks' in Manchester and Glasgow resembled Mr Cubitt's smokeless tower, those towns would appear as cities of palaces, instead of looming in the distance like the mouths of Erebus.

No one can take the most cursory glance over this establishment without seeing that it had been formed, and is supervised by a comprehensive mind, gifted with a ready faculty for contrivance, and possessing an extraordinary mastery over details. Although so many trades are carried on, yet each set of workmen seem to play into one another's hands without the loss of a minute, or the interposition of the most trifling diffi-

* Mr Cubitt was not only the builder, but the architect of the Queen's marine villa at the Isle of Wight.

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culty. Strict routine, and the harmony with which it is followed, were, so far as we could judge, perfect. This may in some degree arise from the fact of Mr Thomas Cubitt being, except on rare occasions, his own employer. He chiefly builds upon ground he has already bought, and that he covers with houses upon a well-considered plan, which embraces every detail.

But a far more admirable quality of mind pervades these works than intellectual skill or invention; and that is benevolence. That feeling presents itself in every part of the establishment—is interwoven with its very mechanism. The comfort and safety of the men are presided over with a care almost parental:—a comfortable temperature is maintained by an ordinary heating apparatus, and is regulated by thermometers; the ventilation is complete, and no foul air can pollute the atmosphere; for, by a simple contrivance, the only exit for the air of every closet, or place where it is likely to be bad, is into the nearest furnace; so that for it to escape into the other apartments is impossible. Personal comfort has been carefully studied. Attached to each department is a cooking-stove and a—cook, to whom such men as choose to eat their meals on the premises consign their dinners. The stoves and ovens are precisely such as are supplied to noblemen's mansions; for it is a principle here to let nothing leave the factory which has not been tested by actual experiment. Hence there is not a kitchen in the works in which Soyer could not dish up a banquet fit for royalty. There is, besides, a small house built expressly for making soup *secundum artem*; and this is supplied to the men at cost price—namely, at a penny per pint. A boiler of cocoa never ceases to simmer on each stove; and that nutritive beverage is in some cases supplied gratis, as an antidote to stronger and more harmful drinks. To each kitchen there is attached a lavatory—not, indeed, so handsomely fitted up as those at a club-house, but quite as efficient, with hot and cold water, soap, towels, &c. at will. Each 'trade' has also a separate dining-room; except the joiners, who prefer to follow the customs of their fathers, and dine on the ends of their benches.

In the smiths' lofty and spacious dining-room intellectual food is also administered. At a quarter to six o'clock every evening this becomes a school-room, which every well-conducted boy in Mr Cubitt's employment attends gratis. The studies are directed by a schoolmaster, under a committee of the foremen, and are preluded each evening by the free distribution to each boy of a huge mug of cocoa and a biscuit of considerable circumference. At present there are thirty-five pupils, and their progress is said to be satisfactory.

For the intellectual improvement of the men there is a library of about fifteen hundred works, including architecture, anecdotes, the arts and sciences, biography, chemistry, geography, geology, history political and natural, physiology, novels, periodicals, and poetry. We have glanced over the catalogue, and find these works are among the soundest that exist in the various departments. They are the property of Mr Cubitt, and are in the keeping of the schoolmaster. The subscription for current expenses is one penny per week. We regret to find that only 10 per cent., or 140 of the men in this employment, avail themselves of the great privilege that this library affords.

It is with pleasure we record a growing desire is being widely spread among manufacturers to ease the toils of their men by administering to their personal welfare and intellectual improvement. Visits which we have made to manufactories lately, not only in and near London, but in the manufacturing districts of the more northern counties, entitle us to report this pleasing fact with some confidence. Nothing is more certainly calculated to consolidate the union which it is to the interest of both parties should exist between employers and their workmen. Mr Cubitt's is happily one instance in point.

In conclusion, we may repeat that the rapid spread of London is a mystery not only to strangers, but to its own inhabitants; but an inspection of the Thames-Bank Building-Works has tended in a great measure to solve the problem, by showing with what ease and celerity even one well-ordered establishment is capable of completing the most extensive works.

THE PRESENT TIME.

FULL many a bard of Memory sings,
And Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;
But who the charm of music brings
To celebrate the present time?

Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime;
But oh! be still thy greatest care
That awful point—the present time!

Fulfil the duties of the day—
The next may hear thy funeral chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way
Where all shall be the present time.

M. A.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS.

'You're a remarkably lucky fellow,' said Morris; 'for you are the first gentleman farmer in the settlement that I've heard of who has ever sold anything. For my part I am so accustomed to pay two or three great hulking fellows ten dollars a month to do me the favour of eating up everything the farm produces, and sundry barrels of pork and flour produced by some other farm, that the idea of selling anything appears absurd.' 'But how in the world is it,' asked Drayton, 'that the common people about us seem to be getting on so well? Some of their clearings are almost as large as ours; and *they* seem to have plenty to sell whenever we want anything. There are plenty of families about us here, who, when they came, hadn't a shilling, who now seem to want for nothing.' 'I don't think it very difficult to account for,' said Harry. 'In the first place, they have been accustomed to labour from their childhood, and what seems privation to us is comfort to them. For instance, we have pigs, and they have pigs; we fatten our pigs, and eat them; they fatten their pigs, and sell them to us, and live upon potatoes themselves. So with eggs, butter, poultry, flour, and everything we need, and *they* can do without: and yet they don't do without them entirely either; for after we have bought these things from them, we, as Morris says, pay them handsome wages to come and help us to eat them. They do all their own work, and then, for "a consideration," they come and help us to do ours, during which operation they must be well fed. Now, the result of this state of things is, that in consequence of our consuming their produce and labour, our money is being transferred into their pockets, and we are becoming poorer, and they are becoming richer.'—*Sketches of Canadian Life by a Presbyter of Toronto.*

CANVASS OF AN ASSURANCE AGENT.

The Manchester agent of an assurance company gives the following curious results of a personal canvass at 1,349 houses, in seventy streets, in the districts of Hulme and Charlton, chiefly rentals from L.12 to L.24 per annum. The inquiry showed that there were 29 insured; 8 persons too old; 11 who never heard of life-assurance, and who were anxious to have it explained to them; 471 who had heard of it, but did not understand it; 419 who were disinclined to assure; 19 favourable, if their surplus incomes were not otherwise invested; 89 persons who had it under consideration, with a view to insure as soon as their arrangements were completed, and who appointed times for the agent to call again; 21 refused the circulars, or to allow an explanation; 175 doors not answered; 102 houses empty; 3 had sufficient property not to require it; 1 favourable, but afraid of litigation; 1 preferred the savings' bank; 1 used abusive language; 2 would trust their family to provide for themselves; and 1 had been rejected by an office, although he never was unwell, and was consequently afraid to try again, although very anxious.—*Builder.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 297. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849. Price 1½d.

ART OF HISTORY.

History is the most important department of literature, and, considered as an art, its position is altogether peculiar. Other literary arts, such as biography, poetry, and romantic fiction, have submitted to various vicissitudes in their career; sometimes advancing with rapid strides, sometimes diverging into a fantastic and unreal refinement, and sometimes sinking back into original rudeness. At this day, the world, notwithstanding all its hoary experience, is often counselled, as regards them, to retrace its steps, and seek not only for truth and nature, but artistical beauty in the earlier models. In history, on the other hand, all, or almost all, is progress; but a progress so slow, that as yet we are only in the infancy of the art. It was not, indeed, till almost within the memory of living men that we began to form even a faint conception of the true meaning of the term, or do more than vaguely suspect that history had higher functions than as the mere handmaid of memory.

The art of poetry was as well understood in the rude age of Homer as at any after time; and Aristotle and Horace, Despreaux, Boileau, and Pope, left it just where they found it. The progress of history has been very different; so different, that the one would appear to belong to human nature, and the other to be an emanation of the particular age. Writers on this subject tell us that the first historian was the first man: that he who related to his children the events of his life related history; and that the commemorative altars, temples, trophies, and names of places of ancient nations, are all examples of the same art. But here, we humbly conceive, two very different things are confounded—the materials of history, and history itself. In the tombs of Egypt were buried with the dead not merely chronological dates, but either specimens or paintings of the local and household objects the living eyes must have rested on; and in such abundance and completeness, that an antiquary of our day has boasted that he could write the court journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty five thousand years ago. But although this journal, if executed, might be history, the specimens and paintings from which it would derive its facts are no more so than the separate stones of a pyramid are the pyramid itself. In the same way, the traditions of a district delivered by a clown are not history, but materials which must be examined, sifted, compared, and reduced to coherency by him who would assume the functions of a historian. After all these things, though perhaps not less ancient, are the popular rhymes, first used in the service of the gods, and then in the commemoration of great actions. Of such were the materials supposed to have been wrought up by Homer. Even the 'Iliad' itself belongs to the same class; for although the exploits of the heroes, natural and supernatural, may throw but little light upon the actual siege of Troy, the manners described throughout the poem are historical monuments of the highest interest.

The Hebrews appear to have been the first historians as well as the first poets; but the genius of that peculiar people was consecrated to religion. Their songs were divine hymns, and their chronicles, after the Pentateuch, the performances of priests acting under the command of Joshua and his successors. When religion no longer demanded their pen, its virtue passed away; and the harp of Judah is hung upon the willows to this day. The Greeks had a greater influence upon literature; but we must not suppose, from his having received the name of the Father of History, that the art was born with Herodotus: various prose authors, as we read in Strabo, preceded him; some of whom merely discarded the measure without changing the poetical style; while others left local and personal histories, written without any attempt at adornment. After them came Herodotus, a man of infinite curiosity, who delighted to inquire, travelling over the narrow space of the then known world for the purpose of doing so, and giving forth in a picturesque narrative, but without comparison or criticism, the answers he received. Sometimes his facts are true, sometimes fabulous; but even in his fable there is usually a meaning, since the popular belief has always some nucleus of truth. But his 'collation of connected evidence' is only a dream of his translators; and as for the results of his personal intercommunion with the priests of Egypt, they were unable to tell him one-half of what in our own day has been dug out of the Pyramids by the school of Champollion.

History received a new development in Thucydides, who set the first model of perspicacity and selection. Among the Romans this style came to perfection in Livy and Tacitus; and then began the convulsions which overthrew and reorganised Europe, and raised up new languages and new literatures to rival those of Greece and Rome. Civilisation was thrown backward only to make the greater spring; progress was interrupted, but only like a torrent, which sweeps on with increased volume and mightier force after some temporary obstacle. At the revival of learning, however, the ancients were consulted merely as a school for the cultivation of individual tastes. Thus, although the grammarian, the politician, and the soldier, in writing history, learned something from Livy and Tacitus, they did so each in his own peculiar line; and it was this which made Clarencas, in his attempt at an historical introduction to the belles lettres and sciences, declare, though writing in the early part of the eighteenth century, that the ancients were still our superiors in history. But at length these petty demarcations were effaced in the progress of intellectual development; and

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so far from stopping at the point of comparative excellence, where the line of history had been broken off by the disturbances of the European system, the same century saw us far in advance, and still on the onward march. Hume is far before any older writer; Gibbon and Robertson gave an authority to history it had never before obtained; and Niebuhr and Savigny, Guizot, Michelet, and Thierry, have brought about what must be considered as the beginning of a new development.

The ancients wrote their own history without a guide or a study, while the moderns have the career of the whole antique world mapped out before their eyes. At the present day, we not only enjoy this advantage, but are able to trace the progress of the new nations of Europe from their commencement to their maturity. The consequence is, that the art has entirely changed its character. Men, while admiring the pictures of Gibbon, curious in their details, but magnificent when viewed as a whole, feel that there is still something more in history; and each successive work is now rather a groping and grasping after that something than an actual achievement. Vico, even before the days of Hume, projected a philosophy of history, which he fitly called the New Science, with the object of determining the principles by which the progress of nations is governed. He imagined that human nature was under one unalterable law of progression, and that this law might be deduced with scientific accuracy from the facts of human history. This great conception was afterwards seized by Herder, who, however, while recognising the existence of an unchangeable law, perceived that it was constantly modified in its manifestations by time, place, and a thousand other circumstances. The obstacle of the difference of races, now assumed as a fact, was thus removed out of the way of the new science; but it is obvious that the establishment of a general rule of history, subject to such endless modifications in particular histories, would be of little real utility. The grand practical truth, however, is recognised by all the recent historians—that there is an eternal relation between institutions and ideas; or, in other words, between the popular character and the mode of government. The science of character, therefore, or ethology (first so-named by John Mill), must precede that of history, for the one is based upon the other.

But in these slight columns we must confine ourselves to history considered as a literary art, and explain why, after all the names of power we have mentioned (to which the intelligent reader will be able to add many more), we have ventured to consider it as being yet in its infancy. We have said that the restricted views which, after the revival of learning, bound up history in individuality, were opened out in the progress of intellectual development; and this is true, or the world would have wanted even the works of those who are called our classic historians, not to talk of any more recent ones. But the tyranny of literary and professional tastes was succeeded by other tyrannies; and the ignorance which wrote history in the fashion of a mere grammarian, or mere politician, or a mere soldier, was absorbed in an ignorance as revolting and as unconscious. Even Gibbon sneers throughout his great work at Christianity—the philosophy of the vulgar, as well as of the learned, and the greatest of all the agents of human progress. Then came Protestant histories, and Catholic histories, and Whig histories, and Tory histories! The annals of human nature were jumbled up with doctrinal polemics; and the task of tracing the social and political institutions to their origin in the minds of men was identified with the service of a particular party in the state! Only a few months ago, the first portion of a voluminous history appeared, but the author was a Whig—his very publishers were Whigs; and its reception by those who assume the name of critics, depended therefore, as a matter of course, upon the colour of their politics. It was reviewed like a political pamphlet, and either praised or condemned upon small party grounds; and the author was even censured for making his book 'as entertaining as a romance,' by describing with some minuteness the manners of his epoch—the external manifestations of that character on which the institutions of the people were founded, and by which their historical fate was decided.

This, it must be admitted, is disheartening, after the long career of history we have so rapidly traced; and in our opinion it is owing, as we explained on a former occasion when treating of another department of literature, neither to want of genius nor of reflection, but solely to the comparative destitution we labour under with respect to critical science. We use the qualifying word 'comparative,' because, in reality, two or three excellent, but somewhat misty papers on history, have within the last six or seven years adorned the periodical press; although, even if the number were vastly greater, there would still be much difficulty in opening the mind of the country to the legitimate objects and true dignity of history. In the time of that ill-assorted, though constantly joined trio—Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—the duty of history was to trace the *proximate* causes of events. We now go deeper, and follow these causes themselves to their origin in ideas. The continuers of Hume swelled out their political narratives by reporting the wearisome debates in parliament. We of the present day would consider parliament as giving voice to the thought of the time, and we should consider that thought as existing in the character of the people, modified by circumstances, and reacted upon by institutions originally emanating from itself. We should describe, as formerly, the career of war; but war rises from elements engendered, or set in motion, in the bosom of peace, and there we should seek out its origin. In everything we have a wider and nobler scope than our elders; and it puts us out of patience to think that we should suffer ourselves to be hindered in our onward path by narrow polemics and paltry idiosyncrasies.

A French author is subjected to more temptation than his English brother. He may be called upon to make history as well as write it: riches, honour, political distinction—all are within his reach. In England, a man writes for money; but a little money will suffice for the support of a true literary man. He has still time for the past and the future; and the present has no enticements to lead him away from the aspirations of a prouder ambition than that of a peerage or a seat in the cabinet. But notwithstanding this, there is more true literary enthusiasm in France than in England; and in the former country there is now a more profound erudition than among the countrymen of Gibbon. The divergence so obvious in the paths of the great French historical writers is caused, not by the mere separations of clique and party, but by the restless aspirings of their minds, at a time when a revolution has commenced in the art of history as mighty as any of the political convulsions of their country. Michelet, turning away from the allurements of the time, glories in being merely an author; and the wild and ardent

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Thierry is *the* author, *par excellence*, of the present world. 'His life,' says a Review now defunct as a separate work,* 'is a lesson to all men of letters, at once grand, thoughtful, and affecting. In it may be read the triumph of a great intellect, when fortified by a noble purpose, over the painful "ills that flesh is heir to." He has prostituted his pen to no court or ministry; he has sacrificed his soul to no luxurious and ignoble idleness. History has been his passion and delight. Blindness, paralysis, and helplessness, have been the fatal consequences of his too great application: the eyes that read so eagerly, gradually dimmed until they lost all power; the very hand that traced the narrative of his country's struggles refuses now to hold a pen. Nothing remains but the great heart and intellect "de faire amitié avec les ténèbres," as he pathetically says. It is a sad spectacle. The visitor goes expecting to see the animated, enthusiastic author of the "Norman Conquest," and he sees the servant bringing in his arms a helpless creature, who, when gently placed in his chair, begins to talk with all the faith and enthusiasm of youth. The spirit-sighted countenance of the "old man eloquent" warms into a glow as he speaks of his favourite study. You forget, as you hear him talk, that he is so afflicted: he does not forget it, but he does not repine.' In an autobiographical work, he says that he has given to his country all a mutilated soldier gives on the field of battle; and yet, blind and suffering as he is, without hope, and almost without relaxation, his experience enables him to declare that there is something better in the world than material enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself—and that is the devotion to science!

Although it is beyond our province to enter into the extensive question of a science of history, we may yet deduce from the preceding sketch one suggestion, which would seem to involve an indispensable preliminary in every attempt at the advancement of the historical art. The early historians were mere story-tellers, conducting their narrative with more or less truthfulness and tact. After them there was infused into history the element of *doubt*, which formed, in fact, a new development; and to this were added, by the genius of Gibbon, a keenness of view and a breadth of design which were the triumph of the art as it then existed. But his object was still limited. In his hands the body of history became perfect, but it wanted the soul. He wrote the biography of a nation: but history is something more than this. The life of a man is closed in death—and there's an end; but that of a nation is a succession of existences — a succession of developments — which by no means terminate with any given epoch. The Roman Empire did not perish with its fall: its elements were merely distributed, like those of a dead body; and they still live, and breathe, and triumph in new forms. A historian who restricts his view to the goal he proposes for his work is a mere mechanic, however exquisite his skill. He will not comprehend events unless he is able to carry his eye far beyond, along that great chain of which they are merely individual links. He must be a poet and a philosopher as well as a historian: he must be able to penetrate into the finer mysteries of human nature, and predict from individual character and social tendencies the future of the human race. We insist the more upon the necessity for an open and capacious mind, and a bold and soaring spirit, in him who would instruct mankind in their history, that it is owing, in our opinion, to material and restricted views that so many of the writers and critics of this country still linger among the mean polemics of sects and parties. Freedom of the press is an attainment of little consideration, unless accompanied by that nobler freedom of soul which implies in itself large views, generous aspirings, and a proud faith in the surpassing grandeur and nobility of literature.

L. R.

* British and Foreign Review.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls,' observed my wife, as Mary and Kate, after a more than usually boisterous romp with their papa, left the room for bed. I may here remark, *inter alia*, that I once surprised a dignified and highly-distinguished judge at a game of blindman's buff with his children, and very heartily he appeared to enjoy it too. 'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls. Susan May did very well as a nursery teacher, but they are now far beyond her control. *I* cannot attend to their education, and as for you'—— The sentence was concluded by a shrug of the shoulders and a toss of the head, eloquently expressive of the degree of estimation in which *my* governing powers were held.

'Time enough, surely, for that,' I exclaimed, as soon as I had composed myself; for I was a little out of breath. 'They may, I think, rub along with Susan for another year or two. Mary is but seven years of age'——

'Eight years, if you please. She was eight years old last Thursday three weeks.'

'Eight years! Then we must have been married nine! Bless me, how the time has flown: it seems scarcely so many weeks!'

'Nonsense,' rejoined my wife with a sharpness of tone and a rigidity of facial muscle which, considering the handsome compliment I had just paid her, argued, I was afraid, a foregone conclusion. 'You always have recourse to some folly of that sort whenever I am desirous of entering into a serious consultation on family affairs.'

There was some truth in this, I confess. The 'consultations' which I found profitable were not serious ones with my wife upon domestic matters; leading, as they invariably did, to a diminution instead of an increase of the little balance at the banker's. If such a proposition could therefore be evaded or adjourned by even an extravagant compliment, I considered it well laid out. But the expedient, I found, was one which did not improve by use. For some time after marriage it answered remarkably well; but each succeeding year of wedded bliss marked its rapidly-declining efficacy.

'Well, well; go on.'

'I say it is absolutely necessary that a first-rate governess should be at once engaged. Lady Maldon has been here to-day, and she'——

'Oh, I thought it might be her new ladyship's suggestion. I wish the "fountain of honour" was somewhat charier of its knights and ladies, and then perhaps'——

'What, for mercy's sake, are you running on about?' interrupted the lady with peremptory emphasis. 'Fountains of honour, forsooth! One would suppose, to hear you talk in that wild, nonsensical way, that you were addressing a bench of judges sitting in *banco*, instead of a sensible person solicitous for her and your children's welfare.'

'Bless the woman,' thought I; 'what an exalted idea she appears to have of forensic eloquence! Proceed, my love,' I continued; 'there is a difference certainly; and I am all attention.'

'Lady Maldon knows a young lady—a distant relative, indeed, of hers—whom she is anxious to serve'——

'At our expense.'

'How can you be so ungenerous? Edith Willoughby is the orphan daughter of the late Reverend Mr Willoughby, curate of Heavy Tree in Warwickshire, I believe; and was specially educated for a first-class governess and teacher. She speaks French with the

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true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan'——

'He-e-e-m!'

'She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough *artiste* in drawing and painting; and is, moreover, very handsome—though beauty, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with.'

'True; unless, indeed, it were catching.'

I need not prolong this connubial dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely overcoloured. She was a well-educated, elegant, and beautiful girl, of refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest, gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favourite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I felt for once positively grateful to busy Lady Maldon for her officious interference in my domestic arrangements.

Edith Willoughby had been domiciled with us about two years, when Mr Harlowe, a gentleman of good descent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley Street, the title to which exhibited by the venders was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than I could have easily accounted for even to myself. Mr Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, not ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl rich only in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I disliked the man—*instinctively* disliked and distrusted him; for I could assign no very positive motive for my antipathy.

'The reason why, I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr Fell.'

These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have, I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of uncongeniality or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which, separately, may appear of little moment, but altogether, produce a strong, if undefinable, feeling of aversion. Mr Harlowe's manners were bland, polished, and insinuating; his conversation was sparkling and instructive; but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hard and stony depths, which I shuddered to think a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was, I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the unportioned orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of polished human tiger—with tears intreated her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favour of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forebore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to impute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of one possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr Harlowe on the subject; and he, under the influence of headstrong, eager passion, gave me, as I expected, *carte blanche*. I availed myself of the license so readily afforded: a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding; and Edith Willoughby, as far as wealth and position in society were concerned, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby, and Mr Harlowe were leaving my chambers after the execution of the deed, Mr Ferret the attorney appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he stopped abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looked with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognise the new-comer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the inattentive Mr Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

'What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?' demanded Mr Ferret as the affianced pair disappeared together.

'Marriage, Mr Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?'

'The fellow's wife is dead then?'

'Yes; she died about a twelvemonth ago. Did you know her?'

'Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Braintree, for whom I transact London business sent me the draught of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady, rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow, between ourselves—the former Mrs Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated virulence and legal—at least not *il*legal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books—despotism. He espoused her for her wealth: that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the incumbrance to it. A common case!—and now, if you please, to business.'

I excused myself, as did my wife, from being present at the wedding; but everything, I afterwards heard, passed off with great *éclat*. The bridegroom was all fervour and obsequiousness; the bride all bashfulness and beauty. The 'happy pair,' I saw by the afternoon newspapers, were to pass the honeymoon at Mr Harlowe's seat, Fairdown Park. The evening of the marriage-day was anything, I remember, but a pleasant one to me. I reached home by no means hilariously disposed, where I was greeted, by way of revival, with the intelligence that my wife, after listening with great energy to Lady Maldon's description of the wedding festivities for two tremendous hours, had at last been

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relieved by copious hysteria, and that Mary and Kate were in a fair way—if the exploit could be accomplished by perseverance—of crying themselves to sleep. These were our bridal compliments; much more flattering, I imagine, if not quite so honey-accented, as the courtly phrases with which the votaries and the victims of Hymen are alike usually greeted.

Time, business, worldly hopes and cares, the triumphs and defeats of an exciting profession, gradually weakened the impression made upon me by the gentle virtues of Edith Willoughby; and when, about fifteen months after the wedding, my wife informed me that she had been accosted by Mrs Harlowe at a shop in Bond Street, my first feeling was one of surprise, not untinged with resentment, for what I deemed her ungrateful neglect.

'She recognised you then?' I remarked.

'Recognised me! What do you mean?'

'I thought perhaps she might have forgotten your features, as she evidently has our address.'

'If you had seen,' replied my wife, 'how pale, how cold, how utterly desolate she looked, you would think less hardly of her. As soon as she observed me, a slight scream escaped her; and then she glanced eagerly and tremblingly around like a startled fawn. Her husband had passed out of the shop to give, I think, some direction to the coachman. She tottered towards me, and clasping me in her arms, burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, why—why," I asked as soon as I could speak, "why have you not written to us?" "I dared not!" she gasped. "But oh tell me, do you—does your husband remember me with kindness? Can I still reckon on his protection—his support?" I assured her you would receive her as your own child: the whispered words had barely passed my lips, when Mr Harlowe, who had swiftly approached us unperceived, said, "Madam, the carriage waits." His stern, pitiless eye glanced from his wife to me, and stiffly bowing, he said, "Excuse me for interrupting your conversation; but time presses. Good-day." A minute afterwards, the carriage drove off.'

I was greatly shocked at this confirmation of my worst fears; and I meditated with intense bitterness on the fate of a being of such meek tenderness exposed to the heartless brutalities of a sated sensualist like Harlowe. But what could be done? She had chosen, deliberately and after warning, chosen her lot, and must accept the consequences of her choice. In all the strong statutes, and sharp biting laws of England, there can be found no clause wherewith to shield a woman from the 'regulated' meanness and despotism of an unprincipled husband. Resignation is the sole remedy, and therein the patient must minister to herself.

On the morning of the Sunday following Edith's brief interview with my wife, and just as we were about to leave the house to attend divine service, a cab drove furiously up to the door, and a violent summons by both knocker and bell announced the arrival of some strangely-impatient visitor. I stepped out upon the drawing-room landing, and looked over the banister rail, curious to ascertain who had honoured me with so peremptory a call. The door was quickly opened, and in ran, or rather staggered, Mrs Harlowe, with a child in long clothes in her arms.

'Shut—shut the door!' she faintly exclaimed, as she sank on one of the hall seats. 'Pray shut the door—I am pursued!'

I hastened down, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. She had fainted. I had her carried up stairs, and by the aid of proper restoratives, she gradually recovered consciousness. The child, a girl about four months old, was seized upon by Mary and Kate, and carried off in triumph to the nursery. Sadly changed, indeed, as by the sickness of the soul, was poor Edith. The radiant flush of youth and hope, rendering her sweet face eloquent of joy and pride, was replaced by the cold, sad hues of wounded affections and proud despair. I could read in her countenance, as in a book, the sad record of long months of wearing sorrow, vain regrets, and bitter self-reproach. Her person, too, had lost its rounded, airy, graceful outline, and had become thin and angular. Her voice, albeit, was musical and gentle as ever, as she murmured, on recovering her senses, 'You will protect me from my —from that man?' As I warmly pressed her hand, in emphatic assurance that I would shield her against all comers, another loud summons was heard at the door. A minute afterwards, a servant entered, and announced that Mr Harlowe waited for me below. I directed he should be shown into the library; and after iterating my assurance to Edith that she was quite safe from violence beneath my roof, and that I would presently return to hear her explanation of the affair, I went down stairs.

Mr Harlowe, as I entered, was pacing rapidly up and down the apartment. He turned to face me; and I thought he looked even more perturbed and anxious than vengeful and angry. He, however, as I coldly bowed, and demanded his business with me, instantly assumed a bullying air and tone.

'Mrs Harlowe is here: she has surreptitiously left South Audley Street in a hired cab, and I have traced her to this house.'

'Well?'

'Well! I trust it is well; and I insist that she instantly return to her home.'

'Her *home!*'

I used the word with an expression significative only of my sense of the sort of 'home' he had provided for the gentle girl he had sworn to love and cherish; but the random shaft found a joint in his armour at which it was not aimed. He visibly trembled, and turned pale.

'She has had time to tell you all then! But be assured, sir, that nothing she has heard or been told, however true it may be—*may* be, remember, I say—can be legally substantiated except by myself.'

What could the man mean? I was fairly puzzled: but, professionally accustomed to conceal emotions of surprise and bewilderment, I coldly replied—'I have left the lady who has sought the protection of her true "home," merely to ascertain the reason of this visit.'

'The reason of my visit!' he exclaimed with renewed fury: 'to reconvey her to South Audley Street. What else? If you refuse to give her up, I shall apply to the police.'

I smiled, and approached the bell.

'You will not surrender her then?'

'To judicial process only: of that be assured. I have little doubt that, when I am placed in full possession of all the facts of the case, I shall be quite able to justify my conduct.' He did not reply, and I continued: 'If you choose to wait here till I have heard Edith's statement, I will at once frankly acquaint you with my final determination.'

'Be it so: and please to recollect, sir, that you have to deal with a man not easily baffled or entrapped by legal subtlety or cunning.'

I reascended to the drawing-room; and finding Edith —thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that nobody could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She falteringly complied; and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of the marriage; and finally consummated by a disclosure that, if provable, might consign Harlowe to the hulks. The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance, which I had believed foreign to my nature. Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand, said, 'Never, sir, never will I appear against him: the father of my little Helen shall never be publicly accused by me.'

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'You err, Edith,' I rejoined; 'it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed.'

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr Harlowe.

'You will oblige me, sir,' I exclaimed as I entered the room, 'by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person.'

'How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner?'

'Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living.'

'Upon my honour, sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower.'

'Your *honour!* But except to prove that I *do* thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you. After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—— Ah, you start at that!'

'At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises.'

'Time and the law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks'——

'Sir, have a care.'

'Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?'

'Sir,' returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, 'spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged: let her return with me.'

'You know she would die first: but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house.'

'If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance'——

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resuscitation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. 'I will take an opportunity,' said Mr Ferret, 'of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for: a slippery gentleman certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be.'

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks, when one of Mr Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr Harlowe was dead!

'Dead!' I exclaimed, much shocked. 'Are you serious?'

'As a judge. He expired, about an hour after I reached the house, of *tetanus*, commonly called locked-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!'

'Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?'

'Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs Harlowe's—the true Mrs Harlowe's—arrival.'

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr Richards, and on the other by Mr Quillet the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out *à l'outrance*, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

'Good-morning, madam,' cried he the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: 'good-morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honour of transacting business for you?'

'You had transactions of my business!' said the lady. 'When, I pray you?'

'God bless me!' cried Ferret, addressing Richards, 'what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!'

'Dorsetshire, sir?' exclaimed the lady.

'Ay, Dorsetshire to be sure. Why, Mr Richards,

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our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!'

Mr Richards now interfered, to say that Mr Ferret was apparently labouring under a strange misapprehension. 'This lady,' continued he, 'is Madame Giulletta Corelli.'

'Whe—e—e—w!' rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so placable a termination of the dispute—'Giulletta Corelli! What is the meaning of this array then?'

'I am glad, madam,' said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, 'for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the late Mr Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?'

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed with triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lip as she replied—'These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house.'

'*Your* house?'

'Precisely, sir,' replied Mr Quillet. 'This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—to this lady, Giulletta Corelli.'

'A will!' exclaimed Mr Ferret with an explosive shout; and turning to me, whilst his sharp gray eyes danced with irrepressible mirth—'Did I not tell you so?'

'Your usual sagacity, Mr Ferret, has not in this instance failed you. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so,' continued Mr Quillet, as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from their morocco sheath—'you will allow me, if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the position of the widow, will allow her any reasonable annuity—say five hundred pounds per annum for life.'

'Will she really though?' cried Mr Ferret, boiling over with ecstacy. 'Madam, let me beg of you to confirm this gracious promise.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Capital!—glorious!' rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a saltatory movement, that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the chandelier under which he was standing. 'Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver!'

Mr Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He knew Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere. 'Perhaps, Mr Quillet,' said he, 'you had better read the will at once.'

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form all the property, real and personal, to Giulletta Corelli—a natural-born subject of his majesty it appeared, though of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

'Allow me to say,' broke in Mr Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—'allow me to say, Mr Richards, that that will does you credit: it is, I should say, a first-rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?'

'Certainly I did,' said Richards tartly.

'No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will, Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctors' Commons.'

'Come, come, Mr Ferret,' said I; 'this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time the farce should end.'

'Farce!' exclaimed Mr Richards.

'Farce!' growled doubtful Mr Quillet.

'Farce!' murmured the beautiful Giulletta.

'Farce!' cried Mr Ferret. 'My dear sir, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of prima donnas. Allow me, sir—don't interrupt me! it is too delicious to be shared; it is indeed. Mr Richards, and you, Mr Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has *one* slight defect?'

'A defect!—where—how?'

'It is really heartbreaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is, gentlemen, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath!'

'How?'

'Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. This piece of parchment, gentlemen, is, I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement.'

'A marriage settlement!' exclaimed both the men of law in a breath.

'A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust for the children, if any; and if not, absolutely to herself.' Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then giving way to convulsive mirth, threw himself upon the sofa, and fairly shouted with glee.

Mr Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said, 'The will, madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived.' He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be conceived. Madam Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference. In a very short time afterwards Mr Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolences and congratulations to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her former gaiety and health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labour of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl, who fortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished Irish gentleman, with whom, and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

MODEL LODGINGS.

In the lowest neighbourhoods of almost every town may be seen a notification of where 'Lodgings for Travellers' are to be had. In London, there are altogether three or four thousand of them. Such houses are not only used by the humble class of travellers called 'tramps,' but by individuals whom poverty has rendered houseless, or whom vice has cast out from the pale of society. There are various grades of these houses, and a night's lodging is to be had at a price per night of from one penny to sixpence. The 'sleeping accommodation,' as the owners are pleased to call it, consists of the bare boards, of straw, or of a bedstead and bedding, according to the price paid. There is a kitchen, and a fire for cooking. Some of the lodging housekeepers are also chandlers, and supply their guests with articles of food: nearly all are 'dealers in marine stores,' which is in most instances a paraphrase for 'receivers of stolen goods,' a great proportion of their customers being professed thieves.

We have seen a room in Orchard Street, Westminster,

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in which two persons could scarcely sleep habitually without losing their health—so small was it, and so badly ventilated—where it was no uncommon thing for twenty individuals, of different ages and sexes, to pass the night. On the floor was a large rug, and no bedclothing; and to make the most of the space, the parties lay in a circle, with their feet in the centre. Another dormitory in Anne Street, Westminster, had sixteen beds in two small rooms; each bed held on most occasions three individuals; so that, in a space not larger than about eight paces by six, an average of forty persons were huddled together every night throughout the year. One Sunday afternoon we descended into the kitchen of another lodging-house: it had no window, but the door opened upon a yard: the stench was scarcely endurable, for it was dinner-time; when about thirty beings were assembled, consisting of thieves, beggars, artisans out of work, itinerant musicians, runaway country lads, girls, women, babies, dogs, a cat, and in the yard several pigs in a sty. All sorts of viands—none of them the most agreeable to the olfactory nerves—were being cooked and eaten; and to render the air the less endurable, and more deleterious, a woman in one corner was making matches with sulphur. The confusion of tongues was also indescribable: quarrelling, laughing, moaning, and the crying of children were joined in a most complicated hubbub, the stentorian voice of the landlord occasionally rising above the rest to demand 'less noise,' or to threaten some troublesome person with expulsion. This man was, we understood from our companion (a missionary), a thorough specimen of his class. He followed a multiplicity of trades, and was, it was thought, growing rich. Besides being a lodging-house-keeper, and general purveyor of meat and drink, he bought, sold, and lent clothing of all descriptions. From his wardrobe any sort of beggar could be manufactured. He could 'turn out' a simulated sailor—with jacket, straw-hat, and even the two curling locks of hair which tars like to cultivate—so well, that to all outward appearance the fellow had only just stepped ashore. He had also aprons for bankrupt tradesmen, and the proper costume for a distressed weaver. He sold matches, ballads, stationery, and other stock-in-trade for itinerant venders; he also lent out stalls and baskets to perambulating fruit-sellers. He bought spurious coin, and gave such of his lodgers as he could trust large commissions for passing it. This branch of dishonesty is generally performed by costermongers, who give the bad money in the form of change to their unsuspecting customers.

The pictures of crime, vice, misery, and disgust which these lodging-houses present, are scarcely credible even to a cursory observer of them: it is only upon getting a deep insight into life in these places that conviction gains strength. As to the almost ingenious devices of immorality which are practised, no perfect notion can be gained. Of the social degradation and comfortless barbarism these places exhibit, it may be safely stated that the wigwam of the Red Indian, the tent of the Bedouin, or the cone of the Bechuana, is more convenient and decent than many of these lodgings.

The most distressing circumstance connected with these dens of iniquity is, that they act as traps to draw the innocent into the circle of demoralisation and crime. Poverty drives the well-intentioned into these places; for, till lately, they had no choice. An artisan or a country boy, who had no more than threepence to lay out in house accommodation for one day, was driven to these lodgings; for at that price there existed no others. The facilities offered for begging and thieving in these receptacles rendered those employments the more tempting; especially when presented as easy relief from acute want, and escape from despair. By these lodging-houses alone, the number of the criminal and dangerous classes is increased every year by thousands.

But suppose the wretched wayfarer has no money whatever? Where does he rest? The answer is in the fact, that there is scarcely a large town in the kingdom in which many have no other bed than the stones, and no other covering than their own rags. In London and other large towns every night, winter and summer, there are thousands who sleep under the dry arches of bridges, in empty casks, carts, and trucks, in old boilers, on ash-heaps, in empty or half-built houses, or anywhere they can creep in unnoticed. And here, too, the good herd with the bad, and vice and corruption meet the unfortunate wherever they turn.

These disastrous evils have been long deplored. The efforts to correct them—although never so successfully and comprehensively carried out as now—are not of recent origin. Endowments for the support of reception-houses for wayfarers have been bequeathed by charitable testators in many parts of England, and some of them are centuries old. Not a few have been so grossly abused and misapplied, that the very intentions of the founders have been perverted or forgotten. Some, however, still exist: one of the best specimens is a neat, clean house in the principal street of Rochester, on the high road between London and the continent, in which bed, and breakfast, and a groat, are afforded to poor travellers for one or two nights each, provided they be not 'beggars or proctors.'

The first successful attempt to cover vagrant wretchedness with a roof on an enlarged system was made in the winter of 1819. A few private individuals proposed a plan for setting up a 'Nightly Shelter for the Houseless Poor' in London. A meeting was called at Guildhall; and such was the energy of those who conducted the work, that, within six hours after it had dispersed, an asylum was opened in London Wall, the premises having been gratuitously appropriated by their owner. No tickets nor recommendation were required. All who were so wretched that they were forced to sleep upon straw—for such only was the provision at first for the men—were received. For the females a little bedding was provided. In the morning, an allowance of soup and bread saved many a starving wretch from one day's destitution. An average of 205 nightly was thus admitted, consisting of several of the most debased classes of society. Women who had lost all trace or knowledge of religious education—men careworn, broken-spirited, hopeless—rushed into this temporary asylum.

In process of time improvements were effected, and several branch asylums were erected. Those who desire to see the system carried out in one of the most wretched neighbourhoods of London, should visit Glasshouse-Yard, East Smithfield, within the immediate vicinity of Rosemary Lane. You will enter a square space by a narrow lane, and observe therein two buildings, or rather large sheds, separated only by a yard. One of these is the 'Refuge for the Houseless Poor;' another, the 'Model Lodging-House,' an institution to which we shall come presently. The House of Refuge contains two large lofty apartments, roofed in very roughly with beams and rafters, like an old-fashioned granary. One of these is a common room, another a dormitory. In the common room the wanderers are received in the evening, and supplied with fire and conveniences for cooking and eating such provisions as they may bring. When they retire to rest, they enter a dormitory, in which each bed is separated by a partition which rises to a certain height. In the infancy of the institution the beds consisted of straw; they are now formed of India-rubber, and provided with coverlets of leather. Every morning, as the slumberer arises from his bed, a man comes in, washes it down, and leaves it to dry. A similar process guards the leather coverlet from infection or from dirt. For this refuge twopence a night is now paid; and such are the benefits afforded, and so gratefully are they appreciated, that the same persons return to it again and again. Workmen of respectable character even resort to it, and make it their permanent abode.*

* See an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June on 'The Unseen Charities of London.'

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These refuges for destitution multiplied rapidly; not only in the poorer parts of the metropolis, but in every large town in Great Britain. Some are wholly gratuitous. The House of Refuge in Edinburgh, for example, gives bed and porridge gratis to all comers for one night; and if the case be deserving, for a week.

It is not only the casual lodger in distressed circumstances who finds it impossible to obtain decent accommodation; the humble artisan or ill-paid clerk is nearly as ill off. The 'furnished' or 'unfurnished' lodgings which they can afford to provide for themselves and their families (if they be married) are for the most part dear, dirty, and inconvenient. Within the last three years a determined effort has been made by certain benevolent persons in high places to increase the household comforts of their poorer brethren. Several societies, supported by liberal subscriptions, for improving the status of the humbler classes, have been framed. Of these, two have done good service by building Model Lodging-Houses, to meet the demands of each class needing them, and to grapple with the worst of the evils the lodgings we have described engender. Other societies also exist for the purpose of publishing tracts, and other printed persuasions to moral and social regeneration. These, however, though useful to some extent, can do little good compared with the substantial benefits conferred by the first-named associations. 'No description or reasoning, however accurate,' it is said in one of the Reports of the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes,' 'is likely to make such an impression on the public as an actual experiment. Hence the committee resolved on building a certain number of houses as MODELS of the different kind of dwellings which they would recommend for the labouring-classes in populous towns.'

'The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes' has already provided buildings for lodgers, from the mechanic in temporary or permanent employment down to the 'tramp.' For the former class, the houses are intended to supersede the dear and dirty-furnished lodgings which abound in the less affluent parts of the town, and are let for not less than a week at a time; for the second and more migratory order of lodgers, the Model Houses are let off at so much per night, and have withdrawn many of the poorest among travellers from the low lodging-houses which abound in Westminster, St Giles's, Drury Lane, and Whitechapel. Nor do the efforts of this association stop here: they endeavour to extend the cottage and field-garden allotment system, also the introduction and extension of friendly-benefit and loan societies. At present, however, their efforts have been chiefly directed to building.

The structures, either finished or in progress, which belong to this society are—1*st*, A series of buildings near Bagnigge Wells, London, consisting of nine small houses for one family each; seven for two families each; and one large house for thirty aged females. As soon as this range of dwellings was built, it was fully occupied by persons who have continued to pay a low but remunerating rent regularly, and express thankfulness for the accommodation they get. 2*d*, A nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, with a supplementary one—arising out of the overflow of demand for accommodation in the former—in the next street, King Street. 3*d*, A large weekly lodging-house in George Street, St Giles's, accommodating 104 male inmates. 4*th*, A similar house in Hatton Garden, capable of containing 57 single women, which has recently been opened. The most important undertaking of this society has, however, not yet been commenced—a house to accommodate a large number (48) of families, in such a manner as that each tenement shall be so distinct from the other, as not only to confer privacy, but escape by such isolation from the odious window-tax.

The directors remark in their Report, that 'amongst the most important considerations has been that of preserving the domestic privacy and independence of each distinct family, and so disconnecting their apartments, as effectually to prevent the communication of contagious diseases. This, it will be seen, on a reference to the plan, is accomplished by dispensing altogether with separate staircases and other internal communications between the different storeys, and by adopting one common open staircase, leading into galleries or corridors, open on one side to a spacious quadrangle, and on the other side having the outer-doors of the several tenements, the rooms of which are protected from draught by a small entrance lobby. The galleries are supported next the quadrangle by a series of arcades, each embracing two storeys in height, and the slate floors of the intermediate galleries rest on iron beams, which also carry the enclosure railing.' This will in fact be an attempt to introduce into London the system of 'flats,' so successfully followed in Scotland from time immemorial. The building will be situated in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, near New Oxford Street, and will cost, according to estimate, L.7370.

The capital subscribed by this society is purely donative; for although, as a commercial speculation, the buildings would pay 5 per cent. and upwards, yet the profits are laid by for further investment in such new buildings as may be required.

Another society—'The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes'—is partly a benevolent, and partly a commercial institution. The subscribers receive the profits of their capital in half-yearly dividends; and to show how trustworthy their humble tenants have proved, and how valuable is the investment, we find by the last Report that out of L.1390 due from the St Pancras Metropolitan Buildings* last year for rent, upwards of L.1382 were paid, leaving only a balance of L.7 odd shillings to appear on the defaulters' list. Another set of buildings is about to be erected by this society in Spicer Street, Spitalfields, the largest in size and pretension of any yet attempted. One portion will consist of accommodation for 234 single men, each having a sleeping apartment 8 feet by 4 feet 6 inches; the use of a spacious kitchen, cook's shop, coffee-room, lecture-room, reading-room, baths, washhouses, lavatories, &c. This will come very nearly to the conveniences, without the luxuries, of the West-End club-houses. Another portion of the plan includes dwellings for families. Great advantages are expected from the contiguity of these two buildings. The lecture-room, used in an evening by the tenants of the dormitory, will serve as a schoolroom, during the day, for the children residing in the dwellings; and the families, by distinct approaches, and at stated hours, having the use of the baths, washhouses, and the cook's shop, in the dormitory, the heat from the flues of which furnishes an inexpensive mode of ventilation. The absence of this accommodation at the dwellings in the Old Pancras Road has often been remarked upon and felt.

Such are the achievements and projects of these two extensive societies; but there are others doing, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, incalculable benefit. The humble establishment in Great Peter Street, Westminster—which was described in this Journal in 1847†—is still successfully conducted by its able and intelligent superintendent, under the active and benevolent supervision of Lord Kinnaird and its other founders and supporters. This house presents an advantage hardly heeded by those not intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of the poor: it has not the 'workhouse' look which the more systematically-planned and larger model establishments present. However unreasonable such a prejudice may be, it exists, and has to be grappled with; for it has been the means of deterring a few poor persons, who have a shuddering, but by no means unwholesome, dread of 'the Union.' The whole of the arrangements of the Great Peter Street House are of a

* For a description of this building, see this Journal, No. 228.
† Vol. viii. p. 113, New Series.

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more domestic character: more community among the lodgers seems attainable than in the newer houses. It is, as was explained in the former article, a casual lodging-house, open to all entrants who are not filthy or drunk, at 3d. per night, or 1s. 6d. per week, the Sunday's lodging being gratis. Yet, although doubtless professional thieves, and certainly persons in the last stage of destitution, occasionally sojourn there, nothing has been stolen belonging to the house except a couple of blankets about eighteen months ago. The establishment consists of three old houses communicating with each other, admirably ventilated, and can accommodate 117 inmates. When we visited it the other day, there were only 100 lodgers—the usual average for summer, when the labouring and itinerant classes go into the country to harvesting, or follow the fashionable world to the sea-side.

Somewhat on the same principle, although intended for more respectable lodgers, is the St Anne's House in Compton Street, Soho. It was founded, like the above, by a small number of private gentlemen, with the rector of the parish at their head, with the view of testing the practicability of providing such a resort on an inexpensive and self-supporting plan; but with this rule, that all surplus shall be devoted to charitable uses connected with the establishment—a rule similar to that of the 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes.' They took a dwelling-house formerly connected with shops, and with very little expense converted it into accommodation for 130 inmates. Those for whom it is intended are persons to whom great privations are not unfamiliar, and whose generally superior intelligence and original education render such privations peculiarly trying and injurious. The charge, including coals, gas, provision for cooking, hot and cold baths, &c. is 3s. 6d. per week. It is under the direction of a steward, who is responsible for the management of the house. It has only been open a few months, and has already upwards of 60 inmates.

When we have drawn attention to the Model Lodging-House in Glass-House Yard, before-mentioned, we believe we have named all such asylums that exist in London. This establishment—near to one of the largest and most beneficial baths and washhouses in the metropolis—is a large building of three floors, divided into different wards. The whole tenement forms an oblong square, having a large, airy, unoccupied space behind. It was formerly a glass manufactory, which gave the name to the yard it is in, and was converted to its present purpose at a moderate expense, contributed by a few benevolent and generous neighbours and their friends.

We have thought it useful to mark and to record the success of the earnest efforts of the metropolitan community for improving the comforts and morals of their poorer brethren, in order to contribute, by all the publicity we can give, to the spread of such institutions throughout the country. A subsequent article on this subject will embrace an account of a night passed in one of the Metropolitan Lodging-Houses.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S WORK ON ROME.*

Among the numerous associations connected with Rome, the classical will of course always predominate, or at least so long as our modern systems of education shall continue to be based on the study of antiquity. Yet, philosophically speaking, it is far more profitable to comprehend the people who now inhabit the Seven Hills, than to grope through a labyrinth of architectural obscurities after the vestiges of a nation long past away, however great and illustrious formerly. The new work of Sir George Head leaves nothing to be desired respecting the more ancient and historical points of interest, as well as matters of social concern, in Rome. The work, which is written with good taste, is based on an immense amount of material, laboriously and carefully collected and arranged with considerable skill. The city and its environs are mapped out upon a judicious plan; and while the reader is conducted through its various divisions, he is amused by the way with legends, anecdotes, brief records of habits and customs, pictures of manners, and illustrations of national character, which indicate no mean talent for observation. There is, indeed, nothing of that novelty, freshness, and sparkling vivacity of language which enable descriptions to produce the effect of pictures. Sir George Head is noway akin to the poet or the painter. He is, nevertheless, a man of acute perception, who knows what will tell; and has the power, by enumeration and repeated touches, to produce a result approaching that of picturesque writing.

It will doubtless be possible, from the description of a hundred and fifty churches, palaces, villas, museums, and picture-galleries, to select materials for many pleasant articles; but we prefer just now confining ourselves to passages illustrating the character of that population whose heroic defence of their hearths and altars has so strongly impressed all Europe in their favour. Brave the Romans may be; but if there be any truth in the following trait of character, much is desirable in point of honesty. The author is describing the great woodyard of Rome. It lies near the Tiber, and you pass close to it as you approach the Porta del Popolo by the ancient Flaminian way. 'A spacious and commodious spot of ground has been enclosed, whence firewood is delivered to foreigners and other customers, in cart-loads or half cart-loads, at a price regulated by a tariff, the interests of the public being protected by a government functionary, whose duty is to have justice done between the person employed to superintend the delivery and the purchaser, and especially to see that none but straightened fair billets are laden, and that all the crooked and distorted branches are rejected. Notwithstanding these precautions, the negotiation altogether, including the purchasing and conveying homeward of a load of wood, if undertaken by an inexperienced person, inasmuch as the government protection ceases the moment the wood is out of the yard, is liable to many casualties—so various, in fact, that one single pair of eyes is totally insufficient, seeing that no manner of reliance can be laid on the truth and good faith of the lower classes; for the carter who carts the wood, and the sawyer who saws it, have invariably a host of friends ready at hand to back their operations, who think it no manner of harm to rob the *forestiero*, and will most certainly succeed in doing so, if not well watched, to the extent of half the cargo.

'Even the inhabitants themselves are not less liable to depredation on like occasions; and one may observe invariably, on the arrival of a load of wood at a private dwelling, that from the time the wood is shot out of the cart in front of the door upon the pavement, as is the custom, and the sawyer erects his tressel at the spot, till the last billet is safely deposited within, either the master or the mistress, or some trusty person of the family, is never for a moment absent from the sawyer's elbow.'

From the woodyard our curious traveller proceeds to the place where pigs are slaughtered, but we decline accompanying him. It will probably be more agreeable to our readers to take a glance or two at the Carnival, with the amusements, buffooneries, and excesses of which the Romans pave the way to the observation of Lent. This modern saturnalia is said to have taken its rise in the fifteenth century under Paul II. The Romans of course aimed at pre-eminence over all other persons in the Catholic world in the pomps and irregularities of the Carnival; but owing to a variety of circumstances, the Venetians would appear, during many generations, to have borne away the palm from the papal metropolis. In those flourishing days of the republic, thirty thousand strangers used annually to pass the Alps for the purpose of witnessing the wild frolics of the Bride of the Adriatic. Those times have now long passed away: the lagoons are silent and solitary, and

* Rome; a Tour of Many Days. By Sir George Head. In three volumes. London: Longman.

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those superb floating cabinets of luxury—the gondolas—float through deserted canals beneath deserted palaces. In Rome, however, the Carnival is still a season of gaiety and rejoicing, as the reader may convince himself from Sir George Head's elaborate description. In Venice, these festivities were too often stained by assassinations and crimes of all sorts; but though the poniard has not yet gone out of use at Rome, the Carnival seems generally to pass over without any sanguinary display of revenge.

For the ordinary amusements, the masquerades, plays, operas, races, and mutual pelting with sweetmeats, we can afford no space. But the peculiar sport in which the Romans indulge on the last night of the festival deserves perhaps to be described at length. It is, as Sir George Head shrewdly observes, a game at romps, played by a hundred thousand persons in the open air, and is called 'moccolo,' from a small taper six inches long, and about the thickness of the little finger, with which every person is provided. All the previous day these tapers are vigorously hawked about the streets, until all those who mean to figure in the sport have made their purchases. 'About two hours after nightfall, when the Corso is dimly lighted by a few solitary lanterns, suspended by cords, in the middle of the street, at long intervals, the darkness is suddenly enlivened by thousands upon thousands of tiny lights that start rapidly into existence, and rival the stars in the firmament; and as the fun begins immediately, the effect of the spectacle—which altogether exceeds any account that can be written of it—is considerably increased by the perpetual alternations, caused by puffing out and relighting the moccoli: producing to the sight an infinitely rapid twinkling, extending a mile in length, as if a continuous swarm of fire-flies filled the air, or the atmosphere was charged with meteoric scintillations. The Corso is now again as light as day; the streets thronged with masks on foot, the double line of carriages, and the people in the balconies, while the noise of chattering, squeaking, and screaming is as loud as ever. A continuous howl, moreover, peculiar to the occasion, is heard continually without a moment's respite—a sound indescribable—an unearthly moaning, which can be compared to nothing better than the howling of the wind mid a ship's shrouds in a hurricane. It is produced by the words *senza moccolo*, uttered by many thousands of voices simultaneously, as a term of reproach between neighbours, as one puffs out another's moccolo. Meanwhile, as the carriages move on at a snail's pace, with frequent obstructions—the inmates provided each with a lighted moccolo, and more unlighted, ready for use—pedestrians, masked and unmasked, assail the vehicles in gangs and singly, and use occasionally a degree of violence in the act which is hardly warrantable; for, not content to cling to the steps of the carriages like cockchafers, they extend their arms over the door within the vehicle, and in endeavouring to extinguish the moccoli, scuffle with the inmates. They not unfrequently, with a handkerchief tied at the end of a stick for the purpose above-mentioned, inflict heavy stripes on the head and shoulders of many a fair lady, and crush her pretty Roman bonnet into the bargain. Nay, sometimes a party will actually storm a carriage, and, for the sake of plunder, clamber over the door like a troop of banditti, wresting the lighted moccoli from the hands of the owners, or rifling the pockets and the seats under the cushions to find them. All this time the people in the lower balconies are no less formidable antagonists than the pedestrians, for they arm themselves with napkins at the end of long reeds or poles, of sufficient length to reach below, and so flap out the moccoli.

'A regular scene of riot and romps is also going on among the occupants of each separate balcony—one lady perhaps holding the moccolo extended at arm's-length, while the gentleman is doing his utmost to puff it out over her shoulder; and the various groups, like mountebanks on a platform at a country fair—as masks are seldom worn on these occasions—with the light shining full in their faces, struggling together, and chasing one another, as if they were enacting a dramatic show for the benefit of the public. And such is the extraordinary assortment of persons and personages who, by chance and the casualties of the Carnival, may be found grouped together, that I have seen literally a royal lady of the House of Brunswick, an Italian monsignor, and an English clergyman, all engaged together, like children at blind-man's-buff, in the most piping-hot state of contention imaginable in the same balcony.

'One grand conflict I remember to have seen between the inhabitants of a first and second storey. Those in the second, who at anyrate had the advantage of position, harassed their antagonists not only by a bundle of wet napkins, tied at the end of a long cord, with which they soused out the others' moccoli, but also by a formidable engine, contrived of a hoop garnished all round by triple lights, which served at once as an offensive instrument and as a beacon of defiance; for as the hoop was suspended by a pole across the balcony, the holder was enabled, by a skilful turn of the wrist, to discharge the molten wax which was passed from the macchicolations. The Ajax of the lower balcony—of which the whole party, notwithstanding the overpowering force of the enemy, kept their ground valiantly—a very corpulent man, remarkable for a bald head that shone prodigiously, and a rosy countenance, seized the bundle of wet napkins, and held on courageously, while his comrades essayed unsuccessfully, with several blunt caseknives, one after another, to cut the rope. At last the object was accomplished, and the fat man gained a victory—though, as in human affairs it generally turns out, not without paying dearly for the whistle; for, reduced by his exertions to the most red-hot state of perspiration imaginable, the blue coat he wore, covered with melted wax in front, and over the broad shoulders, was literally striped like a zebra.'

From splendour and gaiety, the transition, all the world over, is exceedingly easy to the depths of squalor and wretchedness. A palace with a beggar at the gate may be regarded as the emblem of most capital cities, but especially of Rome and Naples. You would almost imagine in Italy that mendicants were persons of the most refined taste, because you invariably find them encamped in all the hideous picturesqueness of rags wherever nature has put on an aspect of more than ordinary beauty, or collected her most magnificent creations. To strangers this is painful; but the eye becomes by degrees so completely reconciled to groups of beggars scattered over the face of the landscape, that a lady of our acquaintance used to declare that a walk on the Pincian would be nothing without them. At all events, you can only hope to escape their presence by getting up in the early summer mornings at dawn, and then you could never succeed a second time, because, as soon as the noise of your expedition got wind, all the ragged fraternity would be there before the light, to invite you to pave your way to the stars by charity. The merriest beggars perhaps in all the world are to be found at Naples. With a yard or two of macaroni, which they buy by measure, like tape, they can subsist no one knows how long; and while this treasure lasts, they are too lazy even to beg. At such seasons of sublime independence they lie, like mastiffs, in the sun, with eyes half-closed, in a state of dreamy ecstasy, the very paradise of laziness. If inclined to give, you must go to them, and cast your charity into a tattered hat, which lies there like a small crater, ready to receive anything; but as to the beggar's disturbing himself for the purpose of putting out his hand, it is a thing not to be thought of! He resembles a boa-constrictor after a meal; and so smooth, round, sleek, and glossy does he look, that you almost fancy you could roll him from Popilippo to Varento without inducing him to uncoil himself, or get up courage enough to be angry.

The Roman beggars, though belonging of course to the same caste, have their character considerably modi-

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fied by circumstances. Rome forms the point of confluence of all the various streams of population in Europe, who go thither from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to taste the excitement of superstition, pleasure, and classical traditions. These multiplied masses of humanity rolling over the Romans, render them in some sort round and polished beggars; and all our countrymen, who delight in taking in the evening the air on the Pincian, assist considerably in supporting the vagrants of Rome, whose chief, a fellow that lives in a hovel, always takes his station on the most commanding point of the hill. 'The Roman beggars, even under the dominion of an arbitrary government, are the most independent people that can be imagined; for such is the comprehensive scheme of public charity practised by the monastic establishments—such as the convent of Arecoeli and others—that they are perfectly secured from absolute starvation, while their wants are diminished and their spirits exhilarated by the lovely climate. Neither is the profession of soliciting alms looked upon, as in some other countries, as a state of moral degradation; but, on the contrary, suffered to proceed as it does at present, is of considerable advantage to the whole community; the amount of the harvest which these people reap from the yearly influx to Rome of foreigners, being in fact just so much saved to the public. And as a proof of the reliance on the aid of visitors in this particular, it may be stated, that by those who arrive in Rome early in the month of October, hardly a single beggar is encountered in the streets from one end of the city to the other; though afterwards, at the end of the month, when the carriages begin to roll along the Corso, attracted, as it were, by the sound of the carriage-wheels, they emerge from their holes simultaneously, like worms in a pattering shower of rain upon a grass-plot. On such occasions, at the commencement of a fresh campaign, a visitor who has resided in Rome before is invariably recognised and accosted as an old acquaintance, in terms that betray not the slightest consciousness of inferiority, by the lame beggar whom I remember to have observed one day, on his perceiving for the first time a newly-arrived Englishman walk up the steps from the Piazza, lift up his arms and exclaim with a joyous countenance, just as if he had met a near relative, "Caro Signor!" "E ritōmato?" "E stato in Ingilterra." "Va bene sua excellenza." "Bene, benissimo," replied the other, "e voi! ha fatto anche voi sua villegiatūra?" The last allusion to his private affairs was responded to by a hearty fit of laughter, that, as I proceeded onward towards the promenade, appeared to illuminate the sightless orbs of two blind members of the profession, who, as they stood rattling their money-boxes on the gravel-walk a hundred yards distant, had heard the conversation.

'The effect too often of extreme poverty is to eradicate from the mind the appreciation of the beautiful. Our ideas shrink and dwindle under the influence of want and obscurity; at least this appears to be the case in cold climates, where there is naturally but too little disposition in men to derive delight from the phenomena of the elements. But where the sun encircles lovingly the whole face of nature, rendering the landscape almost transparent, and imparting a glory to everything within the range of vision, even the least excitable persons feel the poetry emanating from the whole material world. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the very beggars who dream away their lives on the Pincian Hill enjoy nightly the glorious prospect of the sun sinking behind the Hesperian main. Then and there is the time and place to view a Roman sunset; for as the sun sinks behind Monte Mario, and his course proceeds from north to south and from south to north in the ecliptic, St Peter's stands in such a position in the foreground, that during a country residence the dome is seen under all phases imaginable: sometimes, when the blazing orb descends close on one side; sometimes, when he descends on the other; and sometimes, when sinking directly behind it, the whole circumference is surrounded, as it were, by a belt of red-hot iron. At this moment a spectator on the other side of the enclosure sees the rays reflected from the boughs of the young trees, as the red beams mingle with the foliage, till the whole plantation resembles a golden network, and the passing carriages and human figures appear enveloped in an ethereal mist, such as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the gardens of the Hesperides.'

There is a compound of strange qualities in the character of the people of Italy, which is one of those countries where law secures not life. Innocent persons are cut off daily by assassins; but when the crime has been committed, society feels its sympathies awakened, and steps in between the malefactor and death. We there, consequently, behold on all sides the shedders of human blood; not shut up in dungeons, or consigned to the guillotine or the halter, but walking about, manacled and in chains, administering to the meanest necessities of the social system. At the corner of any street you may, once a day at least, be elbowed by a murderer, the nature of whose crime you are compelled to know by the livery he wears. Gangs of malefactors labour at the public works, sweep the streets, cleanse the sewers, and perform other offices, from which the humblest of paid labourers would probably shrink. But a convict has no choice: he is a living, breathing, and thinking machine, whose energies are at the absolute disposal of society: the passions out of which this spring may be in fierce rebellion against it all the while. 'The management of the Pincian Gardens,' says Sir George Head, 'is under the direction of the papal government; and the labour performed—as is the case all over Rome under similar circumstances—for the most part by criminals convicted for homicide or robbery; so that, as it not unfrequently happens, or, at anyrate, occurred in the winter of 1841, during the repair of the city-wall near the Muro Torto, forty or fifty of these unfortunate men were seen marching, two and two, dressed in their prison dresses, striped black and brown, with chains rattling on their legs, driven like sheep by the soldiers in charge of the party from one part of the gardens to the other, in the midst of the above lively scene of dissipation. The sight, in fact, was so common at the time I speak of, that it created no sort of sensation on the part of the visitors, neither did the criminals appear to be in the least conscious of their degraded condition. . . . On the contrary, no other class of the pope's subjects appear more thoughtless and lively than these galley-slaves, of whom three or four work together, not unfrequently under the surveillance of a single soldier, both parties evidently on the most easy terms possible with one another, laughing and conversing, and sometimes the convict relaxes from work for several minutes together. Such is the familiar manner in which they are treated by the soldiers, that while a squad were marching from place to place, I have seen a convict step out of the ranks, accost a sentry on duty—with whom, I presume, he was previously acquainted—remain behind some time talking while the rest proceeded, take snuff at parting, and then, attended by a single soldier of the guard—who, by the way, stood close by while the conversation lasted—overtake the gang in double-quick time when the conference ended. The proportion of the guard usually appointed on these occasions is about five or six infantry, and one or two mounted dragoons before and behind the party, and the infantry on both sides—the latter behaving in the most *degagée* manner possible, lounging along lazily, rather than marching, with unbuttoned jackets, and muskets with fixed bayonets across their shoulders pointing in all manner of directions.'

It should be remarked that passages like the above are but thinly scattered through the three volumes, which are filled with elaborate descriptions and minute details connected with antiquities or the arts. Here and there, in the midst of such disquisitions, you meet with an anecdote or a trait of manners sufficiently

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amusing. But, upon the whole, it is information that should be looked for in the 'Tour of Many Days,' and information, moreover, of a somewhat unpopular kind. Churches, pictures, statues, ruins, are invested with a certain interest; but not, we think, sufficiently powerful to keep alive curiosity through three thick volumes. We wish, consequently, that the portions of the work connected with the actual condition of the people had been much larger in proportion. The diligent reader may no doubt turn the perusal of the whole to good account, because facts may generally be applied to more purposes than one. But there is seldom any display of critical power, or even of any taste for art as art. This circumstance, however, which may seem at first to be an objection, will ultimately tend to enlarge the circulation of the work; because, while few can comprehend philosophical criticism, thousands can relish the gossip in which Sir George Head indulges about architecture, sculpture, and painting.

WILSON THE VOCALIST.

Some weeks ago, the newspapers announced the death of Mr John Wilson, the eminent Scottish vocalist. This melancholy and unexpected event took place at Quebec on the 8th of July, having been caused by a sudden attack of cholera. It would be ungracious to permit Mr Wilson to pass from the stage of existence without for a moment recalling what he has done to promote a knowledge and love of Scottish music and song; nor is Mr Wilson's career undeserving of notice, as an instance of what may be accomplished by earnest perseverance, along with good taste and genial aspirations.

John Wilson was born in Edinburgh in the year 1800, and began life as an apprentice to a printer. At an early age he gave indications of high talent in his profession as a compositor, and he was ultimately engaged as a reader or corrector of the press, by the well-known James Ballantyne, the printer of Scott's novels, a great portion of the manuscript of which passed through the hands of Mr Wilson, who thus became acquainted with the Author of Waverley. At this period Mr Wilson began to feel the defects of his early education, for he had been sent to work when only ten years of age, and he applied himself diligently to the acquirement of the French and Latin languages, with a view to qualify him for rising in his profession. By close application in the evenings he soon became versed in the two languages we have named; and shortly afterwards, in company with other two intimate friends, he turned his attention to the study of Italian. We invite the attention of the young to these circumstances: a lad, in the intervals of daily labour, actually acquiring a respectable knowledge of Latin and other languages!

Mr Wilson was always passionately fond of singing; but in boyhood his voice was thin and husky in quality. His taste was first formed under the auspices of John Mather, who at that time was leader and teacher of a musical association called the Edinburgh Institution, which met in the High Church aisle, and to the classes of which great numbers of children were admitted gratuitously. The tuition received at the Institution, with some occasional practice in one of the church choirs, improved his voice, and enabled him to read music, more particularly psalm tunes. By and by he obtained the office of precentor (leader of the psalmody) in a dissenting chapel; and as his services were required only on Sunday, he was able to improve his circumstances without detriment to his week-day labours. In 1827, he finally left the printing business. He was now well employed as a teacher of singing, and enabled to put himself under the tuition of one who still maintains a high and honourable standing in his profession, Mr Finlay Dun; and we have often heard the grateful pupil express his warm acknowledgment of the kindness he received at the hands of his amiable and accomplished teacher.

Mr Wilson continued teaching singing, and appearing occasionally at private concerts in Edinburgh, until June 1827, when, ever anxious for improvement, he went to London, where he remained for three months, receiving lessons from Signor Lanza, an Italian master of the vocal art. Lanza's encouraging attentions greatly promoted Mr Wilson's progress. He next began to take lessons in elocution, with a view of improving his ordinary English speech; and thus improved in delivery, he thought of going on the stage. In March 1830, Mr Wilson made his first appearance on the stage of the Edinburgh theatre as Henry Bertram, in the opera of 'Guy Mannering.' Many of his friends and acquaintances were present, and several of them recollect well the tremulous anxiety that pervaded the house when his voice was first heard behind the scenes, in the opening of the beautiful duet, 'Now hope, now fear,' and with what unmingled delight they hailed his success. On the following night he sang in the opera of 'Rosina,' and during the same week his fame was stamped as an actor as well as a singer, by his masterly impersonation of Massaniello. On that evening, among other magnates who at that time frequented the Edinburgh theatre, was James Ballantyne, Mr Wilson's former employer, in whose critical acumen with regard to the drama and Opera all parties had unbounded confidence. As the opera advanced, and the young vocalist warmed in his part, the veteran connoisseur was seen to get restless and fidgetty, until Wilson, with matchless purity and intensity of feeling chanted, in tones that thrilled through every heart, the delightful song of 'My sister dear,' when, unable to contain himself, Mr Ballantyne exclaimed aloud, 'Bravo—bravo! That *will* do! that *will* do! I've been wrong in my estimation of his powers after all.'

Mr Wilson was now an established favourite. The public press was teeming with his praise, and he remained performing for three weeks at the Edinburgh theatre, at the conclusion of which he had a bumper benefit. Immediately thereafter he went to Perth, where he performed during the summer, and was engaged for Covent Garden, where he appeared for the first time on the 30th October, as Don Carlos in 'The Duenna,' and was completely successful.

Mr Wilson soon attained a high rank in English Opera, and continued to sing as principal tenor, alternately in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, until the summer of 1837. Among other successful pieces brought out under his auspices may be mentioned the opera of 'Amilie,' by the late lamented Rooke, a composer of great originality, whose genius and worth the vocalist highly appreciated. This opera was brought forward and put on the stage of Covent Garden, then under the management of Mr Macready, at Wilson's suggestion; and the manager had substantial reasons to congratulate himself on having followed the suggestion. Mr Wilson was engaged in the English Opera-House in the winter of 1837-38, where, among other successful performances, he played Donald, the leading character in 'The Mountain Sylph'—an opera which was performed upwards of one hundred nights in succession. His knowledge of Italian rendered him peculiarly useful at this theatre, and he translated and adapted for the English stage the opera of 'Somnambula,' which was so eminently successful, that the manager, Mr Arnold, made the translator a very handsome present.

We now approach the period when he left the stage, and devoted himself to those original entertainments which depended solely on his own exertions. The idea of such a thing appears to have been accidental. In the spring of 1838, he was solicited by the Mechanics' Institution of London, of which Dr Birkbeck was president, to give three lectures on Scottish music. This task he accomplished successfully; and the peculiar novelty of such a delightful mode of illustration, the familiarity of the lecturer with his subject, and the exquisite manner in which he warbled the melodies, and illustrated the humour and the pathos of the songs of

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his native country, attracted large audiences, and he was asked by six or seven similar institutions to repeat his lectures: this, however, he declined to do at that time. He had resolved to visit America, but previous to setting out for that country he wished to bid farewell to his native city. His reception in Edinburgh on that occasion was cordial and enthusiastic in the highest degree. Among other characters, he enacted the parts of Dandy Dinmont, and of James V. in 'Cramond Brig,' in the most felicitous manner; and in a house crowded to the ceiling, he with much emotion bade farewell for a time to his old friends. In September of the same year he went to America, where he remained for nearly two years, making, along with Miss Shireff, a highly successful tour throughout the United States. Before returning to Britain, he gave several of his Scottish Entertainments at New York; and during his American tour he translated and adapted Adam's opera of the 'Postilion of Lonjumeau,' which has ever since been a favourite both in America and in this country.

On his return in the winter of 1840–41, he found the large London theatres shut, and along with Philips, Balfe, and Miss Romer, he leased the English Opera-House—a speculation which proved unsuccessful.

In these circumstances, Mr Wilson bethought himself of resuming his lectures on Scottish music. In May 1841, he accordingly proceeded to deliver them at the Westminster and other institutions, at that time accompanying himself on the pianoforte. His success exceeded all expectation: the lecture-rooms were crowded; the newspapers were full of laudation. He was advised to open a public concert-room, and give his entertainments on his own account. Accordingly, he opened the Store Street Rooms in the winter of 1841–42, and since that time his career has been eminently successful. In the summer of 1842 he was invited by the Marquis of Breadalbane to sing before her Majesty, who on this, and on many subsequent occasions, expressed her unqualified admiration of his vocal and dramatic acquirements. In addition to his public performances, Mr Wilson was very frequently invited to morning parties at the houses of the leading nobility in London, where his songs and anecdotes were always received with enthusiasm, and where he was invariably welcomed as an intelligent friend, rather than as a party invited to contribute to the amusement or pleasure of the guests.

During the eight years that have elapsed since the commencement of these entertainments, what has not Wilson done for Scotland? When Scottish song had slept and slumbered—when a simple Scottish melody was only to be heard occasionally warbled by some country maiden in a remote cottage or sheiling—when other professional sons of Scotland had set aside her exquisite melody and poetry, John Wilson suddenly, by his graphic illustrations, made the peculiar beauties of Scottish song known and appreciated over Europe and America, and invented a rational and elevating species of entertainment, relished by all sects and classes. In the sister kingdom, while almost everybody had heard of and believed in the genius of Burns, how few could understand or appreciate its extent till Wilson's illustration, with the ease of a master, and the familiarity of a friend, pointed out and explained those peculiarities and beauties which constitute the chief glories of the high-priest of Scottish song! Often has an English audience listened to his prelections, laughing and shedding tears alternately at the will of the poetic singer. With a poet's eye he selected and discriminated—with a poet's heart he felt—with a poet's ardour he poured forth the wood-notes wild of his country—and with a poet's power he rendered art subservient to nature. Of pathos and humour no man ever had a more lively appreciation, and none ever possessed to a greater extent the power of impressing his audience with the emotions by which he was affected. He felt keenly, deeply, and truly: this was the secret of his success.

Mr Wilson's kindness and charity were proverbial. His heart and hand were ever open to the needy; his house-door was often beset by his poor brethren of the stage and concert-room; and there was scarcely a charitable or beneficent institution in London with which he was not associated. He retained all his early friendships till death; and on his visits to Edinburgh, was delighted to meet with his youthful associates, however humble their position in life. His industry and energy were untiring and unflagging. He delighted in surmounting difficulties, and continued to improve in his style of singing on every repetition. He was, in every sense of the word, a man of progression. In addition to his other acquirements, Mr Wilson wrote not only prose, but verse, with great facility; and we have seen some exquisite snatches of song from his pen, which we hope may yet be laid before the world. Mr Wilson also composed and adapted a number of beautiful melodies. In his entertainment of 'Mary Queen of Scots,' the finest of the melodies were his own composition; and his 'Bonny Bessy Lee,' Hogg's 'Skylark,' and 'The Year Aughty-Nine,' are favourable specimens of his talent as a melodist, in the humorous as well as in the pathetic styles of composition.*

Mr Wilson, at his death, left a widow and family to lament his untimely loss.

THE MYSTERY OF IRISH MISERY.

Few things appear more remarkable to Scotsmen than the apparent incompetency of the legislature to grapple with and settle on a sound basis the law of land-tenure in Ireland. The present legal institutes and usages on that subject are avowedly the source of Irish misery. Yet how apparently incurable! It is vainly shown that to the plain common-sense principles of land-tenure, as regards both landlord and tenant, are to be ascribed the vast agricultural improvement, the prosperity, and contented state of Scotland. Obviously, the legislature is unable or unwilling to enforce the brilliant example in Ireland; and bankrupt landlords, with all sorts of deficiencies in titles to property, are suffered to impede the tranquillisation of that long-abused country. We are much struck with the account given of such impediments to Irish improvement in a paper by Dr W. Neilson Hancock, professor of political economy in the university of Dublin. From this paper, which appears in the 'Agricultural and Industrial Journal of Ireland' (M'Glashan, Dublin), we take leave to extract the following passages. After alluding to the disgraceful fact, that landlords in Ireland are entitled to all the buildings erected and improvements effected on their property by tenants, Dr Hancock proceeds:—

'The next impediment to the application of capital to land by tenants, is the state of the law, which allows property to be settled in such a manner that the owners have short or defective leasing powers. I cannot give you a better illustration of the effects of strict estate settlements in this respect than by stating a remarkable case, the outline of which has been furnished to me. About fifteen years ago, an enterprising capitalist was anxious to build a flax-mill in the north of Ireland, as a change had become necessary in the northern linen trade from hand-spinning to mill-spinning, in order to enable the trade to be carried on in competition with the mill-spinning in England and on the continent. He selected as the site for his mill a place in a poor but populous district, which had the advantage of being situated on a navigable river, and being in the immediate vicinity of extensive turf bogs. The inhabitants of the district were well suited for the new manufacture, as they had been long accustomed to the hand-spinning and weaving of the linen trade. The capitalist applied to the landlord for a lease of fifty acres for a mill site, labourers' village, and his own residence, and of fifty acres of bog, as it was proposed to use turf as the fuel for the steam-engines of the mill. The landlord was most anxious to encourage an enterprise so well calculated to

* The above sketch of Mr Wilson's career and professional character is abridged chiefly from an article in the 'Edinburgh Courant' newspaper.

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improve his estate. He therefore offered to give all the land required, one hundred acres, at a nominal rent; to grant the longest lease which his settlement would allow him to do; to renew the lease every year as long as he lived; and to give a recommendation to his successor to deal liberally with the capitalist. An agreement was concluded on these terms; but when the flax-spinner consulted his legal adviser, he discovered that the law prevented the landlord from carrying out the very liberal terms he had agreed to. He was bound, by settlement, to let at the best rent only; he could not, therefore, reduce the rent to a nominal amount; and for the same reason he could not renew the lease each year at the old rent, as, once the mill was erected, he was bound by the terms of the settlement to set at the best rent—that is, to add the rent of the mill to the old rent. The longest lease the landlord could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years. Such a lease, however, at the full rent of the land, was quite too short a term to secure the flax-spinner in laying out his capital in buildings; the statute enabling tenants to lease for mill sites only allowed leases of three acres, and could not be extended to fifty. The landlord suggested that, by the custom of the estate, the interest of the tenant was never confiscated, and therefore the flax-spinner would be safe. But the flax-spinner found that this good understanding between landlord and tenant was not a marketable commodity on which he could raise money, and it would not answer him to have capital invested in any way that he could not readily pledge it with his bankers, for the purpose of raising the floating capital always necessary to carry on his business. For these reasons, or, in other words, in consequence of the legal impediments arising from the limited nature of the landlord's leasing power, the mill was not built; and mark the consequences. Some twenty miles from the site I have alluded to, the flax-spinner found land in which he could get a perpetual interest; there he laid out his thousands in buildings and machinery; there he has for the last fifteen years given employment to hundreds of labourers, and has earned money by his own exertions. The poor and populous district continues as populous, but, if anything, poorer than it was; for whilst the people have lost employment at hand-spinning, no mill-spinning has taken its place. Their weavers have to get their yarn from other places, such as the town twenty miles off, where the state of the law allowed mills to be erected. During the past seasons of distress, the people of that district suffered much from want of employment, and the landlord's rents were worse paid out of it than from any other part of his estate. Could there be a stronger case to prove how much the present state of Ireland arises from the state of the law? Here was no ignorance or perverse disposition. The flax-spinner knew his business, as his success for fifteen years has proved; the landlord opposed no short-sighted selfishness to the arrangement; there was no combination nor outrage amongst the people; but the law alone was the impediment. By this cause all parties were injured: the poor people were deprived of employment at building, at spinning, and at cutting turf; the landlord suffered in the poverty of his tenantry preventing the increase of his rent; the millowner had to use English and Scotch coal instead of Irish turf. It is in vain to teach the people that turf is cheaper than coal, if the law will not let mills be built in turf bogs. It is in vain to tell the people that it is their fault if they have not employment in mill-spinning like their neighbours, when the law prevents the erection of mills.

'The remedy for short or defective leasing powers is to create general statutable leasing powers for short terms, for farming purposes, and for long terms for buildings; and then to prohibit any settlement of property which does not provide for there always being some person to exercise these powers. This remedy was supplied about eighty years ago to the same evil, when arising under the perpetual entails in Scotland; and the owners were enabled to grant leases for fourteen years and one life, or for two lives, or for thirty years; and also to grant building leases for ninety-nine years. Similar statutable powers have been conferred in special cases in Ireland. Thus tenants in tail and tenants for life were, in 1800, empowered to make leases for lives renewable for ever, to persons covenanting to carry on the cotton manufacture. But this power was accompanied with unwise restrictions: thus, the number of acres to be leased could not exceed fifteen. Then the party erecting the mill had no power to change the trade, for the covenant of renewal was void if the trade were not carried on for two years. Now the flax trade has almost entirely supplanted the cotton trade in the north of Ireland, and the largest fortunes have been made by those who were the first to change the cotton machinery for the flax machinery; but in mills built under this leasing power, the millowners could not change their trade without forfeiting their right to the renewal of the lease that secured their mills. By another act, passed in 1785, a general leasing power was given for terms of years or for lives renewable for ever, for the erection of mills; but this power was restrained by allowing only three acres to be included in the lease, which rendered it wholly inapplicable in the case I have mentioned, where the millowner required upwards of fifty acres. In the same manner, the leasing powers for the mines in Ireland were so restrained, as to paralyse in a great measure this important branch of our industrial resources; and it was only in the last session of parliament that the efforts of those interested in mines to obtain a removal of those restrictions were partially successful when an act was passed on the subject. All these restrictions are founded on the economic fallacy, that parties who expend capital on land, will not make the most profitable use of their own improvements if left to themselves, and require to be restrained by legal provisions from injuring themselves. As long as this fallacy was generally believed, legislation was accordant with the scientific principles of the day; but at the present time, when this fallacy has been completely refuted, and when it is no longer believed by any economist or statesman of character, it is not a little surprising to find the legislation framed upon it still allowed to retain its place on the statute-book.'

After this, who need wonder that Ireland should be what it is? The people cannot improve in circumstances, because the law wont let them!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the 'Times' there has lately appeared some articles worthy of serious consideration on the subject of the slave trade—the substance of the whole being, that the maintenance of a British preventive squadron on the coast of Africa is little better than a farce; and that, both on the score of humanity and expense, it ought to be withdrawn. All who peruse the authorised statements on this much misunderstood question must, we think, arrive at the same conviction. The following statistics, taken from Foreign Office Reports, are singularly instructive:—

	Number of Slaves Exported.	Number Captured by Cruisers.
1840	64,114	3,616
1841	45,097	5,966
1842	28,400	3,960
1843	55,092	2,797
1844	54,102	4,577
1845	36,758	3,519
1846	76,117	2,788
1847	84,356	3,967

Thus the proportion of captures has seldom reached 10 per cent.; and this at a cost to Great Britain of about L.700,000 a year, and the loss of a large number of mariners. If any conclusive confirmation were wanted of the truth which has been so repeatedly laid down, that the fluctuations of the slave trade were wholly irrespective of our intervention, and depended solely on the demand for slave produce in the markets of Europe, it would be found in a second table quoted by the 'Times,' which exhibits a comparative view of the extent of the trade at different periods, and of the prices, at such periods, of ordinary Havana sugar:—

	Average Price of Sugar per Cwt. s.	d.	Rise or Fall.		Increase or Decrease in Slave Trade.	
1820 to 1825	31	0				
1825 to 1830	34	6	9 per cent.	*rise*	21 per cent.	*increase*
1830 to 1835	24	8	29	*fall*	37	*decrease*
1835 to 1840	29	3	19	*rise*	73	*increase*
1840	25	4	13	*fall*	53	*decrease*
1841 to 1844	21	1	17	*fall*	29	*decrease*
1845 to 1847	25	7	18	*rise*	44	*increase*

The suppression of the African slave trade by armed cruisers is demonstrated to be an impossibility. John Bull must change his tactics: his costly philanthropy has done nothing but mischief!

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SERVILITY.

The servility which pursues individuals of the 'distinguished,' 'exalted,' or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement, and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal count cannot visit a factory, and make an intelligent observation, but that coryphæus of footmen, the Court newsman, repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the 'exalted station;' but there must, after all, be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men: if you tickle him, he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity, he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good-feeling, he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feeling as a curiosity-hunter, who admires an elephant or a monkey for behaving 'so like a man;' and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol deities of inferior animals—the monkey-worshippers of Japan, and the ox-adorers of Egypt.—*Spectator.* [The above is well put; but we would remind the 'Spectator' that by confining its record of births, deaths, and marriages, to persons of 'exalted station' only, or for the greater part, it may be said to be chargeable with a species of that servility which it very properly condemns.]

DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national character in economising time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamt of a few years ago. A scientific member of the Society of Friends has rendered the novel material of gutta-percha tubing subservient to an important saving of time and footsteps in the domestic circle. In consequence of the peculiar power possessed by this tubing for the transmission of sound, he has applied it for the conveyance of messages from the parlour to the kitchen. Even a whisper at the parlour mouthpiece is distinctly heard when the ear is applied at the other end. Instead, therefore, of the servant having to answer the bell as formerly, and then descend to the kitchen to bring up what is wanted, the mistress calls attention by gently blowing into the tube, which sounds a whistle in the kitchen, and then makes known her wants to the servant, who is able at once to attend to them. By this means the mistress not only secures the execution of her orders in half the usual time, but the servant is saved a double journey.—*Daily News.*

HOW TO MAKE WINE.

When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tunnels, and brandy, several degrees above proof, is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of *must*, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, the mixture is coloured thus: a quantity of dried elder berries is put into coarse bags; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be coloured being thrown over them, they are trodden by men till the whole of the colouring matter is expressed; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of dried elder berries being used to the pipe of wine! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months. At the end of this time, it is, if sold (which it is tolerably sure to be after such *judicious* treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is sacked two or three times, and receives probably two gallons more brandy per pipe; and it is then considered fit to be shipped to England, its being about nine months old; and at the time of shipment one gallon more of brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong—an opinion which the writer at least is not prepared to dispute.—*Forrester's Word or Two on Port Wine.*

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

She was not fair nor young: at eventide
There was no friend to sorrow by her side;
The time of sickness had been long and dread,
For strangers tended, wishing she were dead.
She pined for heaven, and yet feared to die—
To die—to penetrate that mystery!

How often in the long and quiet night,
When the dim taper shed a flickering light,
And the old watch within its well-worn case
Loudly proclaimed time speeding on apace,
She fixed her eyes upon a casket near,
While down her pallid cheek there stole a tear!

She knew that careless hands aside would cast
The dear memorials of a cherished past;
The rifled casket's inmost hoards survey,
And with cold words and idle laugh display
Some withered flowers and a braid of hair—
Those priceless treasures she had garnered there.

The glittering baubles, and the chain of gold,
These would be cared for, and their value told;
But for the tokens oft bedewed with tears
Throughout the silent memory of years—
Oh for the strength of hand and nerve of heart
To rear *their* funeral pyre ere life depart!

It might not be—for with the morning hours
Again she gazed upon those faded flowers.
The shadows of the past around her fell
With agonised and yet entrancing spell;
To sever that last link no power was given—
Doth human weakness pity find in heaven?

She was not fair nor young: at eventide
None placed those worshipped relics by her side
Within the coffined bed where she reposed
In white habiliments—her eyelids closed:
Looking so weary, e'en the stranger said,
'Poor thing! she restoth—peace be with the dead!'

C. A. M. W.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 298. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849. Price 1½d.

FAME.

Many of the poets and other writers of the last century were accustomed to dwell largely upon the privileges of fame. The desire to attain eminence, to be in any way distinguished from the multitude, and to be accounted one of the illustrious of the land, was esteemed an exalted and worthy aspiration, and more or less the sign of a lofty and noble character. To be solicitous about the applauses of contemporaries and posterity, was thought to be indicative of superior capacity, and to recommend a man as being thereby raised above the triviality of ordinary pursuits. Whatever could be done which might thereafter be talked about, and thus preserve the memory of the doer, was considered, above all things, as desirable to be attempted. All ambitious persons, accordingly, who were not otherwise employed, betook themselves to the composition of verses, treatises on philosophy, or the easier pastime of fictitious narrative—hoping, apparently, to live thereby among the deathless and memorable names which the world delights to honour. To question the title of any of these people to everlasting remembrance, was the highest offence you could perpetrate against them, and was even sometimes held to justify a challenge of mortal combat. The business of reviewer was then a perilous enterprise, and therefore it was seldom entered on, except by obscure adventurers who had somehow lost character, and were for the most part looked upon as literary vagabonds, whose acquaintance Fame was understood to have utterly rejected. Laudatory celebrations of each other's prowess in authorcraft were as prevalent as blackberries or buttercups in their respective seasons, whenever two or three of the poetical fraternity happened to be living in unity and friendly intercourse; each giving and receiving the strongest assurances that their respective literary reputations would outlast the most durable material monuments, or at least might be expected to survive, in undiminished lustre, while the language should remain. Fancy what a comfort it must have been to the aspiring versifier or essayist to hear his name trumpeted abroad in all directions, and what felicity beyond comparison he must have enjoyed in the flattering expectancy that subsequent generations would continue to speak of him with equal, or even louder admiration!

Alas for all this vanity! The result has been, that nearly all these writers are now forgotten. A fitful sputter of popularity was the utmost which the very best of them enjoyed; and could tidings of the living world by any chance reach them in their oblivion, they would be hardly flattered by the manner in which their former reputations are accustomed to be mentioned. Fame has eluded them entirely. That dreaded forgetfulness, which they aimed to intrench themselves against, has verily overtaken them; time has tranquilly obliterated all recollections of their feverish efforts. And it may be remarked, that those who were most concerned about their fame, have fallen the deepest into neglect; the blazing reputation which many of them enjoyed has now become extinguished, like the flickering of theatrical lamps when the play is over. Who were more popular and dominant in their day than the 'Della Cruscans?'—and who now knows or cares anything about them? Only here and there a man studying or examining the follies and 'curiosities of literature' for his own amusement or the public behoof: in the general thought and remembrance of the people they are non-existent. Those who sacrificed their very common sense to a flimsy celebrity, have lost the only thing they aimed at, and their history is but occasionally alluded to for purposes of ridicule. Were not this paltry passion for fame otherwise reprehensible, it were surely a sufficient proof of its exceeding folly to mark how the pursuit of it is attended with the most pitiful disappointment.

One might indeed ask what, after all, is the good of fame, even in its best and least exceptionable aspect? Wherein is the peculiar advantage of being remembered? Above all, where is the use of it, if you leave nothing done worthily to be remembered for? Oblivion, the quiet repose of forgetfulness, is far better. The man who does anything from no loftier motive than that of being honourably remembered by it, will scarcely deserve remembering. The literary man especially, who is not inspired by a nobler passion than the desire of fame, will be utterly unworthy of his vocation; and the profane altar whereon he idolatrously flings his gifts, shall yield him no token of an accepted sacrifice. The writers of greatest genius have really been comparatively uninterested about their fame; or, if they have chanced to manifest any solicitude concerning it, it has been mainly with reference to the further perfection of their works, so that they might not leave anything they attempted in a state unworthy of themselves. Beyond this, no great man ever perplexed himself much by considerations of popularity, either with regard to the day in which he lived, or to any time thereafter. Look at the noble unconsciousness of Shakspeare; the hearty indifference to celebrity with which one can suppose old Homer wrote; the utter oversight and unsuspicion of all fame evident in the rhapsodies of the Hebrew prophets. To any truly great man, to even any genuinely-cultivated and healthy man who does not suspect himself of being great, the paltry notion of doing anything for the sake of the popular applause which he may derive thereby, will never once be entertained as a worthy or sufficient motive for undertaking it. There is no excellency in this; and the wise or sensible man of letters will always have better things to think about. How he may successfully unfold his endowments into freedom and effective power; how he may attain increase of wisdom and authentic insight

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into things; how most admirably and adequately utter the thought within him, and impress his influence for benefit upon his age: this will be ever his earnest and most sedulous concern. What does he live *for*, if not to learn and publish something more of *Truth* than has hitherto been known, or to extend it into regions where as yet it has not penetrated! Knowing and respecting his high ministry, he will deliver himself as he best can with a proud defiance of all clamour; not insensible, indeed, to the approbation of intelligent and discerning men, but assuredly not solicitous of empty praise, nor sorrowful or disconcerted by the fear of being forgotten. What if he is forgotten! If his name should fade utterly out of memory, and the generations to come never know that he had lived! The thing which he did *well*, that cannot die; but, howsoever its appearance may be changed, continues to work effectually under novel and unsuspected transformations. The truly great man can very well dispense with fame; it is of comparative indifference to him: sorrowing or rejoicing, he holds on his way, heedless and unconcerned about it. Like some great unconscious oak of the wilderness, he will scatter the ripe fruits from which new forests may spring, and take no thought of being remembered as the planter.

It is ever true that the greatest benefactors of the world, with one or two exceptions, are not the men of whom fame reports. Where, for instance, are the original Tubalcains, iron-workers and inventors, forest clearers, the bold adventurers of navigation, the primeval delvers, and builders, and spinners of the earth, who first began to make the world arable and habitable; who built houses, and ships, and temples, drained marshes, planted fruit-trees and orchards, devised laws and social constitutions, methods and conveniences for intercourse and communion among men! They are all forgotten and unknown to us. What manner of man was he (that daring original) who first struck a light in the world, and made a fire, and thus led the way to the introduction of the arts of cookery and bread-baking, and social tea and dinner parties, and the final invention of the steam-engine! The name of him, his way of life and thought, the conditions and aspects of his existence, are all gone out of remembrance: he survives only as a dim shadowy figure in the old mythology, and is known to us under the character of Prometheus, the Fire-Stealer, the invincible and enduring Friend of Men, who braved the wrath of Omnipotence in their behalf. The endeavouring and thousandfold achievements of mankind through innumerable ages, as hieroglyphically and compendiously exhibited in the institutions and acquisitions now established and possessed, have come down to us in grand accumulation and variety, bearing scarcely any vestige of a recollection of the men whose active brains and stalwart arms wrought out such large results. Yet it were the most rampant insanity to doubt that capacious heads, and exalted spirits not a few, have in all times existed. In the olden immemorial centuries, among the patriarchal villages and camps of the Fore-world, in the days when the foundation-stones of cities were first laid, dost thou think there were no brave and distinguished men?—no soaring intellects, scanning the hard problems of existence!—no rapt melodious poets, discerning with prophetic ken, and celebrating by anticipation the wonders and revolutions of the advancing years!—no patient, thoughtful investigators, devising things of convenience and use!—no energetic companionless adventurers, going forth with girded loins to explore untrodden places, and bring back tidings of new discovery! The illustrious forgotten men!—let these be celebrated; the ancient hard and heroic workers, whose names and memory are everlastingly abolished.

It is not imperceptible, however, that while Fame gives us little or no account of our grandest benefactors, the world retains, nevertheless, the benefit of their work. And so it is always. There is no work or useful influence which is not permanent. Once effectually accomplished, everything survives, and, under new and unimaginable forms of renovation, is perpetuated. Let a man cast his thoughts and good deeds broad-cast around him, heedless and inconsiderate of what Fame says of him, and they will grow up, as the corn springs, in a way that he knoweth not, into noble and beneficent fruitions. The great Soul of the Universe is *just*; and no grain of truth or goodness falling by the waysides, or in recluse places where no eye sees it, but may become, through its hundredfold productiveness, the parent of future harvests on the broad fields of Time. What matters it about fame! Not all the trumpeters and heralds in creation can make our thought greater or better than it is, or diminish in anywise its intrinsic value. What concerns us is the *truth* of the thought, the justness of the action—not how it may be spoken of in saloons or market-places, or commemorated in reviews and newspapers.

The main consideration connected with fame which can render it of even temporary moment, lies in the extent of opportunity which it offers to the influence of a man's genius or character. In so far as he is better and more widely known, he will impart more largely whatever benefit he may be able to communicate. It is desirable always that a man should have free space for his activity; that his thought, such as it is, should circulate without obstruction, conveying whatsoever wisdom or delight it may contain to the minds and hearts of all who are prepared for its reception. The accident of fame might thus more rapidly promote the successful dissemination of the truths and principles which he was qualified to teach, and the measure of his significance as an instructor of his age would accordingly be the better and more promptly ascertained. But should he be so unhappy as to esteem an extensive popularity as the sign of his superiority of genius, or regard his reputation as a thing to be especially delighted in for itself, he will thereby give evidence of a signal inferiority of mind, and merit the contempt which will assuredly one day be his portion. The noisy, admiring world, in whose eyes to-day there is none so conspicuous as he, to-morrow will shoulder him aside in its eager scramble after newer wonders; for the multitude, it has been frequently observed, resembles nothing more decidedly than a flock of sheep, which rush onwards, with little discrimination, wheresoever it may be the fashion for the most illustrious sheep to run!

All things great have their spurious imitations. Popularity is often imagined to be equivalent to fame. No doubt, the man who does a great deed, worthy of lasting commemoration and gratitude, may at the same time be popular—receive praise during his life. But, on the whole, fame is a thing of the future: popularity is only of temporary moment. There are reasons, also, why popularity should seldom be followed by fame. Popularity is frequently a result of a vulgar struggling for supremacy—an effort to exalt self by all sorts of mean arts—and, by a just retribution, it terminates in oblivion. Any man may gain local and short-lived applause; and the more basely he panders to prejudice, the more likely is he to be successful. But a succeeding generation, with more enlarged views, knows how to estimate these deceptive endeavours: it shuts him out of remembrance, or only speaks of him as an example to be despised. Seeking dishonestly for fame, he is very properly rewarded with infamy. With regard to the more common and less reprehensible aspirations after celebrity, experience would seem to justify us in the belief that a writer or an artist who is really great and original, and whose effect upon society is in the end to be most permanent, will not gain so speedy and determinate a popularity as another who is manifestly inferior, and who on that account can command a larger range of sympathy. A light and graceful skiff may be easily and completely launched in shallow water, but the mighty ship will need a deeper current, and a longer and more complex preparation, before it can be successfully sent forth on the world of waters. The popularity of a man, as it has been significantly said, can only show the degree of illumination there is in him; and serves but as an atmosphere to diffuse the light which he contains. While it aids in extending his proper influence, and affords him the chance of wholesome teaching, it may be considered as convenient and serviceable; but should his attention become so intently fixed

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upon it as to be dazzled by its glitter, he will be incapable of apprehending his true position. Thus fame may be a perversion and a snare to him, even as the delusive brilliancy of a candle allures moths to their destruction. Let us stand by the severe and earnest truth, even to the risk of remaining in unknown obscurity for ever, rather than abuse or disable our slightest talent by an inordinate deference to opinion, should we gain thereby the widest celebrity the world has ever witnessed.

Finally, after a somewhat rigorous handling of our subject, it will not be unhandsome to admit, that to live in the esteem of just and cultivated men is no ignoble wish: that the worthy and the wise should think favourably of our efforts, and account our work to have been creditably done, has always been, and will be while human nature lasts, in a high degree encouraging and satisfactory. It is this which fame originally signified. What we here condemn, is that vain hungering for applause—that ambition to be distinguished, which leads so many men away from the proper cultivation of themselves. Let us thoroughly understand, and on every fit occasion demonstrate and assert that *this*, both now and ever, is a man's most intimate concern. What matters it about distinction? He who does anything really great, *will* be distinguished, and is already distinguished by that very fact; for him in whom there is nothing great, it is better that he should be without distinction. How many feeble heads have been dizzied into utter ruin by a little shallow and frivolous celebrity! It is the emptiest delusion. Cannot the quiet paths suffice? Some of the best literature of the day is lying in books which are least known; and the men who will exert the greatest influence upon the coming age, are not those who are most popular at present; nay, they whose teachings are producing the most wholesome effectualness in this, are men comparatively unknown and unobtrusive—men not so much concerned about their popularity, as about the manner in which they really perform their work. Let thy works praise thee. Hanker nothing after vain applause. Hast thou any thought which thou supposest might advantage any of thy fellow-men? Deliver it from thee, after many ponderings, untrumpeted—earnestly, yet modestly; ready to withdraw it, and reconsider it; or to bury it utterly out of sight, should it hereafter appear to be unneeded. Care not for that discomfiture, care only for the everlasting truth; and if another can reveal it better than thyself, do thou cheerfully and unenviously give place to him. Crush vanity beneath thy feet. Banish from thy heart all solicitude of fame, and do the thing which lies before thee with serene singleness of mind. The world will not stand still in its advancement because thy name may be forgotten.

THE WEDDING-RING.

A TALE.

'Louisa,' said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had quitted a minute before, 'there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once.'

'La, papa! I daresay she is in no hurry,' replied the young lady, without rising from the easy-chair into which she was sunk.

'My dear, do not keep her waiting: the time of a workwoman is her capital, and you have no right to defraud her of it.'

'Defraud, papa; what hard words you use! I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?'

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending, when she had done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect. Whilst sipping her coffee, her eye fell on a new publication which her father had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, forgot the artificial flowers, the artist, and her father's admonition. An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing-room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of her visitors observed that there was a woman in the hall as they passed with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all. With a slight blush Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rang for the forgotten tradeswoman; and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the baskets, trying them on their heads before the glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them. They were good-humoured, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed, and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely-furnished room: the walls hung with paintings, the tables spread with costly books, the consoles and marble brackets covered with tasteful ornaments: perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would have formed a fortune to many a poor family. The pleasant morning air, which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold fish swam, was reflected back upon the rich-cut chandeliers, and made them look like fragments of a rainbow. All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier-glasses—all except the pale, anxious, careworn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gaiety, that, had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity. But they neither looked at nor noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimen, exclaim at its dearness, wish they could buy them all, and declare they would learn to make them, it must be such charming work. Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was now time to go to the portrait-painter to whom she was sitting, as that gentleman never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her. Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and now desired some other ornaments; and the young party hastily quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own home, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father. It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof, which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old and comfortless bed, which seemed placed there that its occupant might derive some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing. Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond their reach—was a much younger woman; but, like the first-mentioned, she, too, wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as she had bore the traces of mourning. Her face was wan and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender hands were busy in fabricating some of those beautiful flowers which her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their deli-

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cate colours and gay groups made her pale sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast. A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tale they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendour, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

'Ah, mother, dear!' said she, as the elder widow entered, 'I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?'

Her mother silently shook her head as she set down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

'Nothing! Have you sold nothing?' inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. 'How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs Dashwood had ordered them of you?'

'Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours,' replied the mother, 'tossed over all my things, and then bought a two-shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends, that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at.'

'And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?' said the daughter. 'How can I finish that, unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah, mother, mother, how little they know the value of time to us! Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?'

'I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?'

'Yes; see how soundly he sleeps,' answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said, 'What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be houseless.' She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding-ring, she held it out to her mother. 'It is but for a short time!' she murmured; 'and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me? For our child—*his* child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?' In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say? It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it, and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed, 'Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present? But am I not giving way to envy? Because my prospects are blighted, would I wish hers to be dimmed? Heaven forgive me!'—and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errand; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

'It is not our practice, madam, to buy second-hand goods,' was the reply; 'and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold.'

'And what may that be?' faltered she.

'I suppose about half-a-crown,' he carelessly answered.

'And is that the utmost you can give me?' replied she in a pleading tone. 'I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world.'

'Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?' inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

'And did you sell nothing this morning?' again asked he.

'One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower,' replied the poor widow; 'but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality.' The gentleman bit his lip; and hastily crossing the shop, he returned in another minute, leading Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

'Repeat what you have just said to my daughter,' said Mr Frizell. 'I ask it as a favour for her sake entirely.'

'Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady,' replied the widow firmly. 'She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a trades-person; but I do not wish to complain of her for that.'

'Permit me at least to rectify her errors,' continued the father; 'but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me, in the first instance, to convey you home. You have probably walked far this day.' It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognise her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay, the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced round the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape: for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark pensive eyes on the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and the power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as was this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which, to their moderate wishes, seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—from a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbours, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once

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thoughtless Louisa Frizell now sets an example to her young companions both of consideration towards those trades-people she employs, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of the ornaments and expenses which her station in life appears to justify or require.

WILLIAM JACKSON, THE NATURALIST.

We have already on different occasions presented our readers with brief memoirs of eminent naturalists in the humbler walks of life, and the subject of our present paper was an individual of that interesting class. Forfarshire, besides being one of the richest counties in Britain in the treasures it yields to the naturalist, is, moreover, one that has produced some of the most persevering and industrious students of natural history which science can boast of, and these have belonged to the humble, almost self-taught, class of working-men. Alike unknown to fame and fortune, they have, by their own diligence and perseverance in their favourite pursuits, wrought their way upwards in the world to an honourable position in social life, while they have acquired a celebrity and fame in the annals of science which will perpetuate their memory to future ages. Such names as those of George Don and Thomas Drummond are so ingrafted in botanical literature, that they can only die with the science itself.

Mr William Jackson, junior, the subject of our present memoir, was born in Dundee on the 10th October, 1820. His parents were in humble life, his father being a working tailor, yet imbued with a passionate love of the objects of natural history, to the study of which he devoted the leisure hours afforded by his employment. His father's attachment to natural history must no doubt have had a powerful effect in directing William in early life to the observation of natural objects, and he soon evinced a decided taste for botanical science. This taste received every encouragement from his father so far as his circumstances would allow; but William does not appear to have received much parental instruction in botany—his father being chiefly engaged in investigating the various branches of zoology, to which he had always a peculiar predilection, and which left him very little leisure time to devote to other subjects. William's scholastic education was confined to the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a smattering of English grammar, &c.; which form the usual curriculum of the boys of the working-class of society in Scotland. On leaving school at an early age, he adopted his father's employment of tailor, and diligently employed his leisure hours, morning and evening, in improving himself in the branches of education which he had been taught; but more especially in the pursuit of his favourite subject, botany. He likewise acquired some knowledge of Latin, and an acquaintance with general literature. The nature of his employment occasionally allowed him an idle day to spend in the fields; but with him it was not idly spent. The neighbourhood of Dundee afforded many pleasing retreats of picturesque beauty, where he had ample opportunities of studying the lovely and varied vegetable forms which he admired so much. The rocky coast in the immediate vicinage of the town furnished him with many interesting plants peculiar to marine exposures, while the sea-beach was strewn with the lovely forms of algæ and zoophytes, thrown up by the waves. The extensive range of Sidlaw Hills bore many sub-alpine species (including mosses and lichens) of considerable interest; and on the links of Barry, at the mouth of the river Tay, he gathered many rare gems of beauty, some of which are scarcely to be found elsewhere. The time of Jackson's herborising excursions was generally the morning; and often were his morning walks much more extended than one with less enthusiasm would have felt agreeable. No uncommon occurrence would it be to see him out at Baldovan Woods (some four or five miles from Dundee) by the early dawn of a summer morning, already busy filling his *vasculum* with the opening flowers, still moist with dew. These excursions he enjoyed in the true spirit of a field naturalist, and although they were often attended with much fatigue, and sometimes hunger and thirst to boot, they were indeed the happiest hours of his life. He loved much in after years to recall his pleasant wanderings by stream and mountain, in search of nature's beauties; and those only who have been in like circumstances, can feel with what grateful contentment he had sat down on these occasions on the green turf, after a dozen, or perhaps twenty miles' walk, to dine on his bit of crust moistened in the mossy rill.

Jackson's devotion to the study of plants at length recommended him to the attention of some influential members of the Botanical Society; and on the 14th May, 1840, he was elected an associate of that body. This event had a highly beneficial effect upon him. Some men, with less perseverance, would have leant upon the oar for a time, and self-approvingly enjoyed the honour so unexpectedly conferred; but instead of this, it served only to stimulate Jackson to renewed exertion and more diligent application. Having by this time, however, gained a pretty extensive knowledge of the various tribes of plants indigenous to the neighbouring country, he felt a desire to extend his researches, and formed arrangements for a tour to some rich botanical district. Accordingly, towards the latter end of July 1840, he proceeded to the Clova Mountains in company with his friend Mr William Gardiner—another self-instructed naturalist, to whose interesting 'Lessons on British Mosses,' 'Botanical Rambles,' and other publications, we have already directed attention (No. 172)—fully equipped with the *materiel* necessary for collecting, examining, and preserving botanical specimens. Here the two botanists remained for several weeks, during which time they collected and dried large quantities of specimens of the rare Alpine plants that grow so profusely on these mountains. These specimens furnished Jackson with subjects for extensive study for a long period after his return, more especially throughout the following winter, and they were the means of greatly extending his knowledge of the obscure tribes of mosses and lichens.

It seldom occurs that a naturalist confines himself *exclusively* to the study of one particular class of natural objects; nor was this the case with Jackson. He had, along with his botanical studies, made himself acquainted (by assistance from his father) with some departments of zoology, and in particular took considerable interest in ornithology. To this subject he afterwards devoted considerable attention, and took great delight in wandering along the sea-beach even in the cold and stormy weather of mid-winter, studying the habits of the interesting tribe of ocean birds. These were the chief objects of his study subsequently to the time of his father's death in 1846, he having at this time been appointed to the curatorship of the Dundee Watt Institution Museum, which had been previously held by his father for many years. This museum was one of the best provincial natural history collections of its kind in Scotland; and to the laborious exertions of the two Jacksons was it indebted for many of the finest specimens which it contained.

In the year 1847, Mr Jackson and a number of other enthusiastic naturalists in Dundee formed a society, called the Dundee Naturalists' Association, for the reading of papers on natural-history subjects, and otherwise elucidating the natural productions of the surrounding country. Besides acting as treasurer of this association up to the time of his decease, he read various papers of interest to the meetings. One of these papers was of special importance—being a list, &c. of the birds of Forfarshire, exhibiting the occurrence of many rare species in the county, and narrating many facts of great interest from his own and his father's observations.

Shortly previous to the time of his decease, Jackson contemplated preparing more elaborate contributions to zoological science for publication; but, alas! the hand of death arrested his career at the very time when he began to lay the results of his labours before the world; and he sank into the grave in March 1848, a victim, it is believed, to over-application, at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving a widow and two young children to mourn the loss of a loving husband and affectionate father.

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His collections of stuffed birds, dried plants, and other specimens of natural history, are very extensive, and form a remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by steady perseverance, even despite the untoward circumstances in which a working-man is placed, and without interfering with his domestic comforts. In too many instances enthusiasts in Jackson's circumstances allow their private tastes and studies to interfere unduly with the employments upon which they depend for support: but such was not the case with him: he attended scrupulously to his employment, employing only the moments of remission from toil in the mornings and evenings in his favourite pursuits; and the only instance in which he devoted the proper hours of labour to study, was on the occasion of his sojourn among the Clova Mountains. He used to say, in the quaint words of a friend—'One must mind what one makes one's bread by.'

A NIGHT IN A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

With the view of procuring an insight into the economy of a London Model Lodging-House, I proceeded one evening lately to seek for a night's accommodation in one of these establishments, situated in George Street, St Giles. Threading my way through a number of densely-packed and busy streets, I at length reached the bottom of George Street, where I beheld the object of my search, a lofty and substantial edifice. There were two decently-dressed men lounging at the door.

'Is this the Model Lodging-House?' I asked.

'You can have *apartments* here,' replied the better attired of the two.

This answer was instructive. It showed that the title Model Lodging-House was not tasteful to its inmates, and reminded me that the name of the St Pancras establishment had been changed to 'The Metropolitan Buildings' from this cause. It also evinced how universally the pride of appearing above their real condition pervades all classes. But this is not only a pardonable, it is a commendable sentiment; for the next step to desiring to appear higher and better, is becoming so.

The gentleman, however, politely opened a glazed door, and directed me to a sort of lodge which did duty as library and office, and is enclosed by what is called the 'pay window.' Here I learnt from the superintendent that my desire to appear there in the character of a lodger for that night only could not be complied with, as that building accommodated weekly inmates, and no others. Nothing daunted, however, I asked permission to look into the coffee-room, and was not only allowed to do so, but the superintendent, perceiving I was anxious for information, gave me the engraved plan of the house, which I now consult. From it I find that the edifice presents an entire frontage of 80 feet, and that the coffee or common room is 33 feet long by 23 feet wide, and is nearly 11 feet high. On entering it, I found that there are four rows of tables, with a pair of cross tables beside the fireplace. Some of the inmates were reading, some writing, others playing at draughts, and there was a couple of chess-players. The rules forbid games of chance. The other rules are excellent. The first and second are to the effect that the establishment shall be kept open from five in the morning until twelve at night, after which hour the bedroom lights are extinguished, and the entrance closed. They then proceed—

'The property of the establishment to be treated with due care, and, in particular, no cutting or writing on the tables, forms, chairs, or other articles, and no defacing of the walls to be permitted.

'No gambling, quarrelling, fighting, or profane or abusive language to be permitted.

'Habits of cleanliness are expected in the lodgers, and any person guilty of filthy or dirty practices will not be permitted to remain in the house.

'Each lodger will be provided with a box and locker for the security of his property, the keys of which will be delivered to him on depositing the sum of one shilling, to be returned to him on the re-delivery of the keys.

'All earthenware, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles, used by the lodgers, to be returned by them to the superintendent immediately after they have done with them.

'A wilful breach of any of the above rules will subject the party to immediate exclusion from the house.'

A rule has been added, by which, if a lodger presents himself for admission after midnight, he is liable to a fine of twopence; but if he is not in by one o'clock, the door is peremptorily closed against him. The superintendent said this is of very rare occurrence.

I soon engaged one of the lodgers in conversation, and learnt from him that persons of all grades had been seen in that apartment. A reduced physician with an Edinburgh diploma had lodged in the house for some time, and he had seen the upper corner of the room converted into a studio by a humble artist, who painted pictures one day, which he sold to the dealers the next.

Another inmate of this house was afterwards so good as to communicate to me his experiences of it in writing. He is an assistant in an attorney's office.

'I did not,' he writes, 'at first like the notion of sharing a home common to any one that might choose to avail themselves of it, and perhaps I should not have done so had my circumstances been other than they were; but necessity, that sharpest of goads, compelled me. I took up my abode in this lodging-house, and on many occasions I congratulate myself that I did; for, as a substitute for the home I and my brothers had lost for ever, it gave me infinitely more pleasure and satisfaction than I had anticipated. A few days sufficed for my initiation into the habits and customs of the place; and before a week had passed, I could take in my chop from the butcher, prepare my vegetables, and cook my dinner with as much confidence, and in as masterly a style, as the "oldest inhabitant."

'I assure you I did not care to eat anything I had not cooked myself in the kitchen. That portion of the place is fitted up with a very well-arranged apparatus, and is well supplied with cooking implements, a fire being continually burning. On a level with the kitchen is the laundry, in which there is a boiler to supply the inmates and the bath-room with hot water, and a complete set of washing-tubs and sinks for washers. The bath-room, on the same level, I am sorry to say, only contains one bath, and even that is so ill supplied with water, that only one person can take a bath in the course of three-quarters of an hour. The charge for a warm bath is a penny; for a cold one, a halfpenny; and it is not an unusual thing for half-a-dozen lodgers to be waiting in turn to bathe.

'Each lodger, when he enters the house, on payment of the first week's rent, receives from the superintendent a key bearing the number of the bedroom he is to occupy, and another key, bearing the number of a small zinc-lined safe, in which he keeps his stock of provisions. As to the bedrooms, each is complete in itself. They are small, but the furniture and fittings render them perfect, though simple. A chair, a chest or locker, a small French plain bedstead, and the bed-clothing, in regard to cleanliness, would not lose by comparison with that of a West-end hotel; and as to quality, that is beyond fault. Four floors are fitted up with bedrooms, and to each floor there is a washing-room.

'To classify the lodgers would be a most difficult matter. On one bench in the coffee-room you would see a person whose garb was one of faded gentility, and who, having experienced better circumstances, and moved in superior circles, struggles to the last to keep up the semblance of respectability; on another, the journeyman mechanic, reading from some cheap publication some interesting story: there a couple of attorneys' clerks; here a cluster of workmen from some manufactory, or perhaps half-a-dozen labourers, clean in appearance, and decent in behaviour.

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'Speaking from my own experience as to the moral and social effect of these club-houses for the people, I should mete out to them unequivocal praise. The habits of the lodgers are clean, peaceable, and orderly.'

To the information of my intelligent correspondent I may add what else I learnt during my short visit. The house cost L.6000 in building: it has four floors of dormitories, which afford separate sleeping-rooms for 104 lodgers, some of whom have continued in it since its opening, about two years since; and more than half may be considered permanent lodgers. They pay 2s. 4d. per week in advance. The building is effectually warmed and ventilated, and has proved itself extremely salubrious, in spite of its contiguity to Church Lane.

Having finished my conversations with some of the inmates, and with the superintendent, the latter with civil attention directed me to the nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, in which I desired to pass the night. I remember about ten years ago visiting this and other places in the neighbourhood with a gentleman connected with the City Mission, and was introduced to scenes of misery, squalor, and vice, which no healthy imagination can picture without actual observation. The exterior aspect of the locality had changed but little, except that it now abounds with lodging-houses, in which human beings of all ages, and of both sexes, are nightly huddled together amidst the most revolting discomfort and wickedness. To supersede these nests of infamy the more effectually, the projectors of the Model Lodging-Houses have planted some of their establishments in the very midst of them. But this seems to have augmented rather than to have decreased the evil; for as I sauntered up the street, looking to one side and the other to find the house I was in search of, an emissary darted out from each of the lodging-houses to solicit my patronage, and to assure me that his or hers was *the* Model Lodging-House. Indeed some of these places boldly exhibited a rude transparency, inscribed with the words, 'Model Lodging-House!' Many an unwary and weary traveller from the country, glad of the first chance of rest within his power, has doubtless been initiated by this sort of deception into orgies he little dreamt of. Indeed even I was somewhat puzzled, and to make sure, put myself under the guidance of a policeman; for here, as in St Giles, there was no lack of the force. He convoyed me safely, and I asked one of a group standing at the door if I could be accommodated: he thought not. 'You must come earlier,' he said, 'if you want to sleep here. My belief is, that all the beds have been taken since nine o'clock.' It was now nearly eleven; but to be certain, I walked up a passage, and tapped at the window of the office. When it was raised, it revealed, seated in a comfortable apartment, a portly matron, who confirmed what I had been already told; but relieved my disappointment by saying that I could get a bed at the 'other house,' in King Street. Hereupon there ensued a whispering between her and a deaf gentleman, apparently an assistant in the office; and whether it was a mark of especial attention to myself, or whether it was the general rule, I know not, but she sent the deaf gentleman round to show me exactly where King Street and the other house were, lest I should founder without such a pilot against those 'breakers ahead'—the touters.

The kitchen of this Charles Street lodging, of which I got a glimpse before leaving, is a very good-sized, clean, warm-looking place. A capacious kitchen-range was fully occupied by some of the lodgers making coffee, and cooking savoury viands for their suppers; others were seated at the table. There were perhaps some twenty or thirty present, the majority apparently mechanics not in a very flourishing condition; others of that class so numerous in London, whose wits have been rendered sharp and versatile by want: one day they may be found working as carpenters; on another as bricklayers; the day after, mending or polishing shoes, as though they had never been used to aught else; and at other times performing errands and messages, or supplying *pro tem* the place of some suddenly-discharged or invalided servant; 'everything by turns'—as chance might call for, 'and nothing long'—as fate willed it.

Conducted by my deaf friend, I arrived at the third, or supplementary house, belonging to the society, in King Street. I saw at once it was not so extensive as the Charles Street one, and that was inferior again to the first building I had applied at. In the front parlour were a man and his wife at supper—the master and matron; and the latter announced to me that my search after a couch in a Model Lodging-House was over; and wished to know, on my paying down fourpence, whether I would retire at once? Upon asking if I could have any refreshment before going off for the night, she answered, 'Oh, anything you wish;' whereupon, with the innocence of one of the uninitiated, I signified my desire that a cup of coffee should be served to me at once. I was speedily enlightened by the information, that whatever I wanted I must fetch from a neighbouring shop, and, moreover, cook for and serve up to myself. Although much tempted, on going down into the kitchen, by the row of saucepans, kettles, and jugs, all standing ready over the fireplace for any one inclined to use them, I felt myself unequal to the task of becoming my own cook. There were only two or three of my fellow-lodgers, who, from what I gathered of their conversation, seemed to have been companion boarders for some nights past, but were not communicative; and I reascended the narrow staircase, the master came out, and preceded me up stairs to the dormitories.

I was conducted through a room about eighteen feet long by about eight broad, in which was placed four beds crossways, with their heads to the windows, into a smaller one adjoining; the partition was not of a very substantial order, and did not reach to the ceiling, so that the light from one gas-lamp sufficed for both. In this kind of large closet were two beds; and the master, pointing to one, said that was the one I had better take, and then left, bidding me 'Good-night' in as kind and impressive a manner as though he really wished I should have one.

My first adventure was characteristic:—The other bed was already occupied, and its possessor, when I addressed him, without any loss of time stretched over and grasped from his bundle his waistcoat, and took it into bed with him, a slight jingle of silver announcing his reasons, and conveying to me the probability that he was mentally saying, 'Who knows? perhaps he's a pickpocket.' Not allowing my feelings to be at all hurt at this display of caution, I kept up a conversation while making preparations to turn in for the night; but as he told me he had come to bed very early, because he was in want of sleep, and that he had chosen this house in preference to the Charles Street one, as it was so much quieter, I took the hint, and allowed him to rest.

I then made an inspection of the place; and if my sleeping companion had happened suddenly to open his eyes, and had seen me peering about, he would have inwardly rejoiced at having taken the precaution he did regarding the contents of his waistcoat. The walls of the rooms *had* been whitened, but were now in a state that called for another coat of lime-wash. I was also shocked to observe several of those specimens of entomology whose especial habitat is dirty dormitories. A few of them were descending the walls, and making towards the beds, as though bent on having a night of it.

Between every bed was placed a box for the clothes of the sleepers, and hat-pegs so abounded, that the calculation appeared to have been, every visitor would bring three or four of those articles with him. The counterpanes on the beds would have been none the worse for a plunge in the washing-tub, and the sheets would have been manifestly much the better. Coarser

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materials, and more frequent changes, would have been a decided improvement. The beds I saw in George Street were scrupulously clean, and the sheets are, I was told, changed every week.

Sleeping in a strange place in a strange bed is seldom conducive to rest; but the locality of this Model Lodging-House, and all its arrangements, with the character of those partaking of its comforts, was so strange to me, that it would have kept me from closing my eyes had I wished even to do so. At first my repose was not so much broken by my immediate companions as by our neighbours the inhabitants of the adjoining lodging-houses. About midnight, they commenced their evening in a social manner. Windows were thrown open, and a regular *conversazione* was kept up by the occupants of the various rooms on one side the way with those in apartments on the other, occasionally interrupted by holloed rather than spoken words from groups at all the doors, so that the multiplicity of questions and answers perpetually crossing and recrossing the street, the confusion of tongues, with the whooping and yelling of children playing about even at that late hour, had an effect the reverse of sedative. Presently an itinerant imitation 'Jim Crow' and banjo-player had manifestly returned from his evening's perambulation, and was vociferously welcomed. After a short lull, a loud call was made for him to present himself at his window, after the manner, as we were told, the students of Germany requested Jenny Lind to show herself at the hotel balcony, and sing to them. He, too, was called upon for a song, and promptly favoured the neighbours with 'Oh, Susanna!' accompanying himself on the banjo, and was—to the utter destruction of all sleep for those who wished it—joined at each *refrain* by the entire vocal strength of the company of auditors.

During the pauses of this performance, the shrill voices of two women in angry contention augured a coming quarrel; and before the song was quite over, it was drowned by fierce and frantic oaths of many who had ceased to sing that they might take part in the revolting warfare of tongues. Presently shrieks of 'murder!' and 'police!' resounded on all sides. The last call was, it would seem, instantly answered; for in an incredibly short time the riot was quelled. All seemed to disappear into their respective homes, doors were slammed, windows shut down, and the street became pretty quiet; although I could for some time hear the rumbling echoes of the departed disturbance till it entirely subsided.

Just before the time for closing the doors of the house for the night came a great influx of visitors—some tramping up the stairs overhead, some below—and four were ushered into the adjoining room. These seemed to have established a friendship at some place where they had been spending the evening; and after displaying much politeness in offering each other choice of the beds, and had fairly taken possession of them, they kept up an animated discourse, disclosing circumstances of their family history, and anecdotes of their personal career, which would be more amusing than instructive were I to detail them. All were agreed that the accommodation they were now partaking of was very superior to the old style of nightly lodging-houses. One declared, that although he had only had one week's regular work since March, yet, distressed as he was, he would rather walk about the streets all night than turn into a bed in which there was 'anything unpleasant.' I took a hasty shuddering glance at the wall as he spoke, and beheld a regular army marching and manœuvring previous to commencing their grand attack under cover of darkness.

With this they were soon obliged; for at one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and by half-past one every voice was silenced and every sound hushed. I tried to sleep in vain; I coveted the tough skin and hardy unconsciousness of 'anything unpleasant' possessed by my companion, who snored lustily.

Before five o'clock in the morning, the stamping of feet overhead, and the opening and shutting of doors above and below, announced many of the lodgers were preparing to commence the day. I was almost one of the first stirring, and proceeding through the apartment in which lay the four sleepers, descended to the kitchen. This was very unlike the one in Charles Street; I cannot say that it was very clean, or possessed too much accommodation, or had an air of comfort. A kind of sink in one corner, with a couple of pewter bowls, formed the lavatory of the establishment, and *one* jack towel. Three blacking brushes were there for those who wished to use them; but blacking there was none. This occasioned a facetious lodger to ask another, who had a most surprising shine on his shoes, 'if he would oblige him by allowing him to rub the brushes over his boots, just to borrow a bit of their polish?' Two small remnants of a looking-glass enabled the lodgers to complete their toilets. On the wall were affixed a number of pigeon-hole cupboards, with locks and keys, in which the bread, coffee, rashers of bacon, or other provisions brought in by the inmates of the house the preceding night were deposited.

By half-past six the majority of those who had slept in the establishment were at breakfast, while the rest were washing and dressing in the same kitchen with them. Every one made his own coffee; and the best off among them grilled his own rasher, and as soon as he had despatched them, lit his pipe, and puffed away at the deleterious weed. Instead of taking breakfast, I kept up a conversation with some of my companions. One inquired whether I was going to 'feed;' and offered, as I appeared a stranger, to go out and show me where to purchase the various comestibles. I declined these attentions, possibly they thought from lack of funds; and to show the generous kindness current among the poorer orders (of which I have previously seen many proofs), I was invited to partake of the coffee and etceteras of the identical individual who expressed himself so energetically regarding his horror of 'anything unpleasant.' His invitation was expressed in these homely but sincere words, 'Come along, and pitch in,* and I'll do the same with you to-morrow: it's all one.' This was evidently said that I might not feel the obligation too keenly; for what chance was there of my seeing him to-morrow? I thanked the good fellow warmly, but said I should have breakfast: which I had; but not till I had made the best of my way in a cab to Peerless Pool, and performed one of the most grateful ablutions I had ever experienced.

Although this King Street house has many drawbacks, yet it must be remembered that it is not a fair specimen of its class, being apparently an establishment hastily formed, to meet a demand greater than the benevolent projectors of the Model Lodging anticipated. They should, however, cause a rigid supervision to be made over their subordinates in the matter of cleanliness. Great laxity appears to exist in this respect as regards this single house. One of my companion inmates told me that the Charles Street rooms and beds were cleaner, and I know that the George Street ones leave nothing to be wished. I cannot either help thinking that the locality of all these houses is badly chosen. The intention in placing them where they are was excellent, but I think fails. The desire was to set up 'models' to the surrounding inhabitants; but of what efficacy can such examples prove to the keepers of lodging-houses who find these powerful rivals? Profit is their sole object; and to obtain it, they will crowd, by fair means or foul, as many persons into their confined rooms as they can inveigle into them. Cleanliness, ventilation, and proper sleeping space cost money; hence *they* will never copy a model which is calculated to reduce their unrighteous profits.

On the other hand, the well-disposed lodger, by being obliged to pass to his lodging through these streets—where the exhibition of debauchery is not always con-

* Anglicè, 'attack the meal vigorously.'

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fined within doors—can hardly be expected wholly to escape the contamination the model houses are built to preserve him from. His peace is also disturbed by such disorders as those I have described; and they, I learn, are almost of nightly occurrence. In one respect the rivalry has operated disadvantageously; for the older-established lodgings have lowered their terms, and to make up the difference, necessarily take in larger numbers, and afford less accommodation.

Despite these drawbacks, however, these model houses are, I am satisfied, performing their mission, and will eventually, but slowly, work a reformation in the habits of the working and necessitous classes.

NATURE'S ICE-CAVES.

Some curious and but little-known facts upon natural ice-houses having turned up in the course of our reading, we are tempted at this time, when the production of cold is becoming almost as necessary as that of heat for domestic comfort, to set them in some sort of order. When it is borne in mind that the natural refrigeratories of which we are about to speak abound in the production of clear, massive, and valuable ice, and yet that they often exist in places where the mean or average temperature is far *above* the freezing-point, we are justified in claiming a peculiar interest for our article. Many of these natural storehouses of cold are highly estimated in the districts where they occur, and furnish in various instances enormous supplies of ice at a period when every other source is either unavailable or exhausted.

Several natural ice-houses exist in the chain of the Jura Mountains. Some of these have been long known to a few scientific travellers, and have formed the 'lions' of the unimportant districts in which they are situated. Perhaps one of the best-known is called La Beaume, and has been described in most interesting terms by several men of science who have visited it. M. Prévost, who made a scientific tour in the region, has related the following particulars concerning it:—Situated in the above-named locality, it is a grotto or cavern hollowed out in a naturally low hill, the average temperature of its position being considerably above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing-point. From the peculiarity of its aperture and general form, no snow can enter, and therefore the internal cold of this place cannot be due to any external cause. The cavern is upwards of 300 feet in length, and at its widest is about 100 feet, and is naturally divided into three compartments. The traveller visited it in the middle of August, on a broiling, scorching day, and on entering it, experienced the most severe and penetrating cold. 'The first object,' he says, 'that struck my eyes was a mass of ice fed by the water which distilled constantly, drop by drop, from a sort of spring in the roof.' The whole cavern was covered with a solid glittering pavement, clear as crystal, of ice a foot thick. In it were numerous holes containing water of intense coldness, by sounding which, the thickness of the pavement was easily ascertained. This, it will be observed, is the scene in summer. The winter comes, and all is changed: the crystalline pavement *melts*, and runs away into water; the solid masses of ice are no longer visible; and the cavern is actually *warmer* than the external air; and during all this period a thick mist issues constantly from its mouth, and fills its interior. Surely here is a paradox, which, at a less enlightened and more illiberal period, would have been scouted as one of the improbable series called travellers' tales. The fact, however, can be well authenticated, and will receive abundant corroboration in the many similar examples we shall adduce.

Professor Pictet of Geneva, who paid much attention to this natural phenomenon, and has published a scientific communication upon the subject, in a tour in the same regions, visited another natural ice-cave of almost equal celebrity called St George's. This cave is let out to a peasant by the commune to which it belongs for a small annual rental, for the sake of the beautiful ice which it produces. In ordinary years, the cave supplies only the families in the immediate vicinity; but when a mild winter is succeeded by a broiling summer, even Geneva itself, although several leagues distant, receives its store from this source. At such seasons, every second day a heavily-laden wagon proceeds from the ice-cave to the hospital at Geneva, which purchases the whole quantity, and retails it at a profit to the confectioners of the town—a trade by which its revenues are considerably augmented. This cavern is entered by two well-like pits, down which the visitor must descend by a ladder. The bottom is a solid bed of ice, and its form is that of a lofty hemispherical vault about 27 feet in height, which is covered by a stratum of calcareous rock only 18 inches thick. The length is 75 feet, its width 40 feet. A regular set of ice-masons are engaged in excavating the sparkling solid. It is cut with appropriate tools into long wedges, and then divided by transverse cuts about a foot distant from each other, by which means blocks of ice a cubic foot in dimensions are detached. After a certain quantity has been quarried out, it is carried in hods to a magazine near the place, where the wagons are loaded. Some idea may be formed of the severity of the cold inside, when it is mentioned, that although the thermometer in the shade was at 63 degrees Fahrenheit outside, it was at 34 degrees Fahrenheit, or only two degrees from the freezing mark inside! That even a more severe cold than this exists during the most broiling summer day, is evident from a fact mentioned by the workmen, that if two blocks are left in contact for a little while, they become so firmly frozen together, as to require to be re-cut to separate them. Now it is an extraordinary fact, that the temperature of a spring which bubbled from the rock at a little distance did not indicate in the remotest manner the existence of such a degree of cold in its source, as it was as high as 51 degrees. Hence it was evident that the cause of the frigerific effects was purely local, and confined to the cave and its immediate vicinity.

In this cave, as in the last, the ice disappears in winter; and, singular to say, the *hotter* the summer in both cases, the more abundant the productiveness of the caves in this substance! Had the cave been the work of some ingenious artist, one would scarcely have felt surprise at the exactness of its adaptation for the production of ice; and it must be considered, with the rest of the cases to be quoted, as a rare illustration of an apparently fortuitous arrangement of inanimate nature, fulfilling in the most complete manner all the functions of a special contrivance. But, as will be noticed in the sequel, the law which governs its temperature sufficiently indicates that an all-wise Mind ordained it, and no doubt with a special object in view. At no great distance from the ice-cave of St George's another was found, the entrance to which was announced by a low vault 40 feet or so in width, and by a current of air which fell upon the over-heated traveller with folds of deadly coldness, so that the greatest caution is necessary in entering it. Descending by an inclined plane, the cavity is found to become wider from the entrance inwards. At the bottom is a horizontal platform of ice. The cave is about 60 feet long by 30 wide; the ice is thickest at the farthest end. The roof presents a beautiful appearance, all pendent with elegant stalactites of the purest ice; and the *coup d'œil* is picturesque in the extreme. The temperature in the open air at this time was 58 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and in the grotto it was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The guide related that when he visited it in the previous April, three months before, there was no ice then; yet at this period, in the middle of an unusually hot summer day, it existed in abundance.

The all-observant and renowned De Saussure, in his travels in the Alps, paid much attention to these caves, and offered the first rational attempt at a solution of

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the riddle. He says that in the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, which abounds with hot springs, a number of grottos exist in which a great degree of cold is felt. At the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottos 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a freestone hill upon which the town of St Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder in one of the palaces which he visited a hole out of which issued a strong current of cold air sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar of no great depth out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragments, and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed in a loose manner of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade, in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh in the heats of summer for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the 'proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed, that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them:' in the winter a sensible current of air sets *into* them. In the south of France is another famous natural ice cave—that of Fondereule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district, and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, &c. are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance, as will be best perceived in the sequel. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly 200 feet in depth, of very irregular width; and the thickness of its vaulted roof is about 66 feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of clear, transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendents of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce all the resemblance of rich folds of drapery clear as water. One of the travellers cut a hole in a pillar of ice, and placed a candle inside; the most magical effects were thus produced; and the fantastic aisles of this subterranean temple of cold were illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green, and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance, and of alabaster, and the great stalagnites which lined the walls. A larger illumination was afterwards got up by arranging torches in the clearest and best crystallised parts of the cavern; and the result, say the visitors, 'was worthy of all that the "Thousand and One Nights" could present to the richest and most brilliant imagination.' This beautiful cave is sometimes made use of economically when there is a scarcity of ice; and its crystalline pavement is dug up, and carried to several towns in the vicinity.

We have met with an account by Professor Silliman of America, which we have no hesitation in classifying under our present head. The ice-cave of which he speaks is in the state of Connecticut, between Hartford and Newhaven. It is only 200 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in a defile filled with fragments of rocks of various sizes, through which a small brook runs. It was visited in the middle of July, the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade; and on approaching it, an evident chilliness was felt in the air. Parties of pleasure often resort hither in the sultry summer days to drink of the cold flowing waters, and to amuse themselves with the rich store of ice here treasured up. In some places the ice is quite near the surface, and is only covered with leaves. A boy, armed with a hatchet, descended into a cavity, and after a little hard work, hewed out a solid lump of ice several pounds in weight. An idea of the solidity of this piece may be formed, by adding that on the third day some of it was yet unmelted. A similar repository of cold exists about seven miles from Newhaven, at the bottom of a steep ridge of trap rock. In the hottest summers ice is conveyed from this place to Newhaven, much soiled, indeed, with leaves and dirt, but useful for cooling beverages. A more celebrated one, also in America, has often been noticed by tourists of that country; some accounts, in fact, have been greatly exaggerated about it. It is situated in Hampshire county, Virginia, and is widely celebrated under the title of the Ice-Mountain. The place where the store of cold exists is a sort of natural glacier, which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. It was visited in the summer of 1838, a season of drought and heat quite unparalleled in the history of that country. But the excessive external heat did not appear to exert the smallest influence on the Ice-Mountain. At the depth of a few inches abundance of excellent ice was found, and a thermometer lowered into a cavity dropped from 95 to 40 degrees. The surrounding rocks were covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapour by the excessive coldness of their surface. One cavity had been filled with snow, and only covered with a few planks, and yet the snow was as crisp as if it had but just fallen! At the bottom is a little artificial structure called the 'dairy,' and used for that purpose in the summer. In ordinary summers its roof is covered with icicles, and its sides are often quite incrusted with ice. Strange to say, a spring near the rock has only one degree less temperature than the waters of the surrounding district. The atmosphere over this singular spot had in this scorching season a balmy spring-like coolness, most refreshing to the weary traveller. Most Italian tourists know the Monte Testaceo near Rome. It is a hill from 200 to 300 feet high, composed of broken pieces of urns; hence its name. It is, in fact, a vast mass of broken pottery; therefore extremely light and porous. It is situated in the burning Campagna, near the city; and yet, most singular it is, that from every side of this hill there descend winds of the most refreshing coolness. The inhabitants also dig caves into the hill, which they use as refrigeratories, and in these the thermometer often marks 44 degrees when the temperature outside is nearly 80 degrees.

We shall conclude our series of illustrations upon this curious subject by referring to one which has attracted a large share of interest and attention of some of the most talented of our learned men. It is to be found in the splendid work on the Geology of Russia,

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recently published, by Sir Roderick T. Murchison. The ice-cave here commemorated is not far from Orenburg, and boasts of the unpronounceable name *Illetzkaya-Zastchita*. It is situated at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village connected with the imperial establishment, and is one of a series of apparently natural hollows used by the peasants for cellars or stores. It possesses the remarkable property of being partly filled with ice in the *summer*, and totally destitute thereof in the *winter*. 'Standing,' says the talented author, 'on the heated ground, and under a broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a frail door, and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet, that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalise the effect! We afterwards subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half-frozen *quass* and the provisions of the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagnite of ice and frozen earth. We were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat.' The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest inside when the air is the hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in mid-winter the peasants assured the travellers that the cave was of so genial a temperature, that they could sleep in it without their sheep-skins. At the very period when Sir R. Murchison visited it, the thermometer was 90 degrees in the shade, a degree of heat which only those who have experienced it can appreciate; yet a single plank was the division between a burning sun and a freezing vault! The cave is about 10 paces long, and about 10 feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open, which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock. This account was first read before the Geological Society, and excited much discussion among the members of the body. Sir R. Murchison at first believed that the intensely-frigorific powers of the cave were due in some way, which the learned expositor could not make very clear, to the presence of saline ingredients in the rocks. His geological chemistry, however, being shown to be at fault, and the causes on which he relied, if they existed at all, being such as to produce *heat* instead of cold, Sir J. Herschel undertook the solution of the problem. An elaborate letter of his soon appeared, in which he attempted to show that the cold of the cave was explicable on climatological grounds solely, and in which much was said about waves of heat and cold, so as to give a very scientific air to the explanation. But on similar grounds we might expect every natural cavern similarly situated to be a freezing cave; which is not the case.

Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold*. It is well known to the geological student that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in *summer* descends the vertical shaft, and emerges from the horizontal; while in winter the current *sets in* at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in almost every instance quoted, the arrangement of these caves has been precisely similar: they are placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about 48 or 50 degrees. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly, as to become colder and colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below 32 degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, and the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some caves may be part of a glacier, or the remains of last winter's product, yet the phenomenon which we would include under the term Nature's Ice-Caves is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law. 'This view,' says Sir R. Murchison in a postscript to his previous account, 'is supported by reference to the climate of the plains of Orenburg, in which there is great wetness of the spring caused by melting of the snow, succeeded by an intense and dry Asiatic heat.'

THE EMPEROR AND THE ARTIST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two men made to understand each other; two men who were kindred by their genius, their popularity, and their misfortunes; two men actuated by the same principles, kindling with the same desire for immortality; in a word, two men who, having attained the glory they sought after, fell at the same moment, by the same stroke, and closed their days alike in a land of exile.

It is well known that the painter David had in his earlier years cherished the most exaggerated political opinions. His ardent imagination feasted on the recollection of Brutus and Scævola, until he longed for the austere independence of a Roman republic. Happily for the fame of David, on his deliverance from the prison of the Luxembourg at the first revolution, he gave up the boisterous activity of political life, and devoted himself so successfully to his art, that he became the restorer, as well as the head, of the French school of painting.

David's reputation as a historical painter was already established when Bonaparte returned from Italy covered with glory. Shortly after his arrival in Paris, he was elected a member of the National Institute, and expressed his desire to become acquainted with his talented colleague. They met at dinner at the house of Lagarde, secretary to the Directory, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

'I wish to paint you, Citizen General, sword in hand, on a field of battle.'

'No,' replied Bonaparte; 'battles are no longer gained sword in hand. I would rather be represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse.'

This idea was not lost, although the portrait was not at that time undertaken.

When Bonaparte had become First Consul of the Republic, he invited David to breakfast with him. The national authorities had just been reorganized in accordance with the new constitution. 'I have preferred leaving you to your pencil, instead of giving you a place,' said Napoleon to the artist: 'places pass away, but talent abides.'

'Citizen Consul, time and events have taught me that my place is in my studio,' replied David modestly. 'I have always had a great love for my art, and wish to devote myself entirely to it.'

On Bonaparte's return from Marengo, he sent for David into his cabinet. Lucien Bonaparte, at that time minister of the interior, was present. 'Well, David, what are you at work about now?' inquired Napoleon.

'At my painting of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Citizen Consul.'

'Ah, ah! I know,' rejoined Napoleon. 'But why do you trouble yourself with painting the conquered? Leonidas's name alone has reached us; all the rest are forgotten now!'

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'All! do you say, Citizen Consul? All, except the noble resistance and sublime devotion of the vanquished. All, except the manners and customs of the Lacedemonians, with which it is well that republican soldiers should be acquainted.'

'Perhaps so, Citizen David,' said Napoleon, shaking his head doubtfully; and after a moment's pause, he added playfully, 'But, *mon cher*, when are you going to begin my portrait?—*the* portrait, you know.'

'Whenever you choose to sit to me.'

'To sit to you! What is the use of that?' inquired Napoleon, who had neither leisure nor patience to yield to the painter's wishes. 'Do you suppose that the great men of antiquity whose likenesses have been handed down to us ever sat to a painter?'

'This is quite another matter; I wish to paint you for your own age—for the men who have seen and known you, and who will expect to find you like.'

'Like!' rejoined Napoleon smiling; 'surely it is not the colour of the skin or the exact form of the features which constitutes a likeness? It is the character of the physiognomy—the expression of the soul—the *tout ensemble* of the individual, which ought to be rendered; and that is all.'

'Citizen Consul, you are teaching me the art of painting,' replied David. 'I will take your portrait without your sitting to me.'

On leaving Napoleon's cabinet, Lucien renewed the subject of Leonidas, and observed to David—'The fact is, that my brother only likes national subjects: it is his foible, for he has no objection to be talked of by the public.'

'And he is in the right; for in all those subjects illustrative of our national glory he is largely concerned. But do not fear: my painting shall be talked about.'

The artist worthily accomplished the desired portrait of the First Consul. Napoleon is therein represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse while he ascends Mont St Bernard; the ample cloak in which he is enveloped floats in the wind; and he is in the act of commanding his army to pass the Alps. The names of Hannibal and Charlemagne are graven upon the rocks in the foreground; and in the distance are seen groups of soldiers and trains of artillery. When this painting was shown to Napoleon, after bestowing on the artist all the praise which was his due, he began to speak of the groups of figures in the background.

'But, Citizen David, what is the meaning of those half-dozen good little men (*petits bons hommes*) no bigger than my horse's shoe? Does it not look as if the animal would crush them beneath his foot?'

'Citizen First Consul, there is some truth in your observation; and yet, believe me, those *petits bons hommes*, as you call them, cannot be dispensed with: they contribute to the effect.'

'Very well, I am quite satisfied to have it so,' replied Napoleon smiling; 'and so much the more, as these little men have helped me out of many a scrape during that passage, and I wish to share with them the glory of the campaign.' *

Napoleon had no sooner been proclaimed Emperor, than he appointed David his first painter, and commanded him to prepare six large paintings for the Louvre, the subject of one of which was to be the coronation. This last picture is said to be the largest in existence, and three years of the artist's life were devoted to its completion. Most of the figures in this admirable composition are exact likenesses of the most celebrated personages of that epoch; and in order that David might the more faithfully render the grouping of the august assemblage, a seat was provided for him above the high altar of Nôtre-Dame, from where he could observe the *ensemble* as well as the details of the ceremonies.

At length, in the spring of 1808, the Emperor being informed that the painting was finished, was desirous to see it; and accompanied by the Empress, as well as by several ladies of the court, and officers of his household, he went one afternoon to the painter's *studio*, situated in the Rue de la Sorbonne.

Napoleon considered this noble composition a while in perfect silence. He had heard it observed by some critics that the Empress was in fact the heroine of the picture, as David had chosen for his subject that moment when Napoleon places upon Josephine's brow the imperial diadem. This selection had been made by the Emperor's own desire, and accordingly he expressed immediately his entire approbation of it.

'You have perfectly expressed my thought,' said he; 'you have represented me as a French *chevalier*; and I am obliged to you for thus transmitting to future generations this proof of my affection for one who shares with me the cares and anxieties of government.'

After praising the general effect of the composition, Napoleon continued—'Ah, there is Murat, with his magnificent costume: there is that fine head with its Vesuvian aspect. Every one will recognise Cambaceres, although his back only is visible. As for Talleyrand, you have flattered him a little; and he looks as if he were coming out of the canvas to thank you for it. Fouché is frightfully like. Those velvets and satins—all those trifling details—are admirable: there is so much truth, so much beauty in them! It is not a mere picture: the people seem to live and to speak in that painting!'

Just then one of Josephine's ladies-in-waiting whispered to her next neighbour that David had made the Empress look far too youthful. David, overhearing the remark, turned round gently towards the lady, and said to her in a very low voice, 'Nevertheless, madame, I would not counsel you to say so to her.'

The Emperor prolonged his visit until warned by the approaching sunset that it was time to depart. He had for some time stood with his head covered, in silent contemplation before the picture, when all of a sudden he drew back a few steps, took off his hat, and addressing the painter with an air of mingled emotion and dignity, said to him, 'David, I salute you!'

'Sire,' replied the painter, who was deeply moved by this homage, 'I receive your majesty's salutation in the name of all French artists; and I feel happy and proud that it is to me that these words have been addressed.'

Josephine added still farther to David's gratification, by addressing to him some of those charming words which she knew so well how to express, and which she always uttered with so much *à propos*. The artist then accompanied their majesties to their carriage, which was in waiting for them in the Place de la Sorbonne. There was assembled a vast crowd, drawn together by the hope of seeing the Emperor and Empress. Before taking leave, Napoleon said to David with a look of kindness: 'Thank you, my dear David—thank you; I hope you will soon come and return my visit. Adieu.'

And while David signified his assent by a respectful bow, the air was rent by a long cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* which echoed throughout the Place long after the imperial carriage had vanished out of sight. Some days after this visit, David presented himself at the *petit-levee* of the Emperor. As usual, Napoleon inquired of him what work was then employing his pencil. 'Leonidas, sire—still Leonidas; I have been working at it for more than ten years.'

'A poor subject, my friend—a poor subject: I told you so ten years ago.' Then, after a moment's reflection, Napoleon added: 'I really cannot understand why you have such a passion for conquered people. Glory, greatness, justice, are ever on the side of strength and victory. These three hundred Spartans were fools to struggle against the king of Persia with his three hun-

* This painting was presented by David to the Invalids, and placed in their grand library, from whence it was carried off by the Prussians in 1815, as a sort of exchange for Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon had taken possession of nine years before. It is now in the museum at Berlin.

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dred thousand soldiers. In fact they were rebels; and if they had lived in my day, I would have had every one of them shot as a set of good-for-nothing rascals. However, I must do them justice. They were brave fellows, so that I cannot be very angry with them; but in certain cases useless resistance is worse than a folly—it is a crime. The world is composed only of the strong and the weak: the first are formed to command, the second to obey. Every nation which does not know how to defend itself against a conqueror, or cannot do so, and which has not even the courage to struggle boldly against him, deserves to be crushed first, and then ruled. Take my advice, David; leave alone your Leonidas, who was an obstinate fool, and fill your canvas with some of our glorious national feats: there are so many of them, that your only difficulty lies in the choice of a subject. There is the *revolt of Cairo*, the *plague sufferers at Jaffa*, and many other equally admirable matters. You need not go back to a stale antiquity for your subjects.'

David was not surprised by this vehement sally of Napoleon's. He only understood from it that, if he wished to retain the Emperor's good graces, he must, for the time being at least, give up his Leonidas, and occupy himself with his contemporary epoch. He found it much easier, however, to conform himself to the Emperor's tastes, than to attend to the whims of some of the imperial family, whose portraits he was commanded about this time to paint. The Princess Borghese, more especially, so completely worried him by her caprices and her great inexactitude, that after having borne with her impertinences for two years, he positively refused to finish her portrait; and even threw the sketch, which was already far advanced, into the fire. Pauline complained bitterly of it to her brother, who, knowing his sister's character, took David's part, replying coldly—'Madame, if pretty women have their caprices, great artists have them also. I can do nothing whatever in the matter.'

A little while after this conversation took place, an occurrence happened which seemed likely for a moment to disturb the friendship of these two remarkable men, and which displays in a very strong light the weak as well as the strong points in Napoleon's character.

The Marquis of Douglas had requested of David to paint for him a portrait of the Emperor. The artist had represented Napoleon standing up in his cabinet, just at the moment he had quitted his desk after a whole night spent in business. The prolonged watchfulness of the Emperor is indicated by the wasted tapers, which are burned to their sockets. The figure is as large as life; and of all the portraits of the Emperor, this is considered the best likeness. Before sending it to the purchaser, it was conveyed to the Tuileries by order of the artist, and exhibited to Napoleon, who was enthusiastic in his admiration of it.

'You have guessed me aright, my dear David,' said he, after having expressed his approbation in very flattering terms. 'I occupy myself by day with the happiness of my subjects, and I labour by night for the glory of France. It only seems to me that you have given too wearied an expression to my eyes. This is a mistake, my good friend. Working by night never tires me; rather, on the contrary, does it refresh me. My complexion is never more clear than when I have sat up all night. But for whom is this portrait intended?' he inquired with an air of curiosity. 'Who has bespoken it? It is not I.'

'Sire, it is destined for the Marquis of Douglas.'

On hearing this name, the Emperor started; and knitting his brows, cried out, 'What, David, is it for an Englishman?'

'Sire, it is for one of your majesty's most ardent admirers.'

'Indeed,' said Napoleon drily; 'I believe no such thing.'

'For the man who knows best how to appreciate French artists.'

'Next to me, sir, I presume,' interrupted Napoleon, still more drily and brusquely than before. 'David,' resumed he in a calmer tone, 'I purchase this portrait from you.'

'Sire, it is already sold.'

'David,' rejoined the Emperor, 'that portrait shall be mine: I give you thirty thousand francs for it.'

'Sire, I cannot yield it to your majesty: it is already paid for.'

The Emperor, growing each moment more excited, said to the artist, 'David, I will not suffer this portrait to be sent into England. Do you understand me? It shall not go! I will return this marquis of yours his money.'

'Sire,' stammered out David, 'your majesty would not wish to dishonour me?'

On hearing these words, the Emperor grew pallid with rage, and his lips quivered with emotion. 'No, certainly; I would not so, even if it were in my power; but I am equally resolved that those who glory in being the enemies of France, shall never boast of having me in their power—not even in effigy! They shall not have this picture, I tell you!' And at the same moment Napoleon raised his foot, and kicked the painting so furiously, that he broke through the canvas, repeating at the same time in an exasperated tone, 'Never shall they have it!'

So saying, he instantly left the apartment, leaving every one behind him stupified and terrified by the violence of his conduct.*

Two days after this scene, David was commanded to attend the Emperor's breakfast-table. As soon as Napoleon saw him appear, he arose from his seat, and hastening forward to meet him, took hold of his hand, and silently pressed it within his own. David, who understood his sovereign's thought, only replied by raising the august hand to his lips.

'My dear David, assure me that you are not offended with me,' said he in an under voice, which almost trembled with emotion.

'Ah, sire!' were the only words the artist had power to pronounce. In a few minutes they were both calm enough to converse as usual, and Napoleon named to him some plans he had conceived; among others, he proposed forming a gallery of all David's works.

'Italy,' said he, 'possesses galleries of Raphael and Michael Angelo; France shall owe to me the gallery of David.'

After expressing his thanks for this compliment, David replied to the Emperor—'Sire, I fear it would be impossible to form this collection. My works are too much dispersed, and belong to amateurs who are too wealthy to give them up. For instance, I know that Monsieur Trudaine, who possesses my "Death of Socrates," sets a very high value upon it.'

'We will obtain it by covering it with gold. How much did he pay you for it?'

'Twenty thousand francs, sire.'

'Offer him forty thousand for it; and, if necessary, give two hundred thousand francs. Here is an order for the amount.'

This picture had originally been bespoken at 12,000 francs; but M. Trudaine had paid 20,000, to mark his admiration of the work. The proprietor refused the offer of 40,000 francs: a second offer of 60,000 was equally unsuccessful.

'Your refusal is very flattering to me,' observed David; 'but I hope to prevail on you to part with it, for I have the Emperor's order to go as far as two hundred thousand francs.'

'I refuse them,' said M. Trudaine coldly; 'and beg you may acquaint the Emperor respectfully that I esteem your work far too highly to give it up on *any*

* This painting, mended and restored by David himself, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas, who received it rather later than he might have desired. Before sending it to him, the painter made four copies of it, one of which is to be found in Paris at the house of M. Huybens.

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terms—not even if two millions were offered to me. Besides, if I were to make a sacrifice of this picture to his majesty, it should be a gratuitous one; but I cannot part with it.'

David acquainted Napoleon with the ill success of his mission. The Emperor, with that irresistible tone and manner peculiar to himself, said—'Pray tell him that he will confer a favour on me by yielding to me your "Socrates" for three hundred thousand francs.'

'Sire,' replied David timidly, 'I am certain that he will refuse me.'

'He will refuse, do you say?' inquired Napoleon angrily. 'Then tell him,' he exclaimed in a loud imperious tone, and starting from his seat—'tell him I *will* have it!'

And these words were accompanied by a proud determined gesture which it is impossible to describe.

'Then,' repeated David in his turn, like a man of spirit, and with the dignity of a great artist, '*he* also will say that he *will* not let you have it; for this picture is his property, and he has a right to dispose of it.'

The painter, bowing, was about to withdraw, when Napoleon, laying his hand upon his arm, and passing his other hand hastily across his brow, as if to efface some disagreeable impression, said to him gently—'It is true, my friend, I was in the wrong; and I thank you for having reminded me that I, above all others, ought to respect property. But I was too anxious to have all your *chefs-d'œuvre* in my museum. Adieu, David, and let us both forget what has now passed.'

The following day, David received the brevet of commander of the Legion of Honour, with the title of Baron of the Empire, and took the arms appointed to him by Napoleon: a pale of sable on a shield of gold, with the arm of Horace holding the three swords destined for his sons.

Amidst all this glory—laden with honours by Napoleon, his protector and his friend; the object of unbounded admiration to his countrymen—David fell beneath the same stroke which laid his imperial master low. He bade an unwilling adieu to his country, and went to end his days upon a foreign soil. A refugee at Brussels, he could discern from his place of exile the new limits imposed upon his country, and by a happy illusion of imagination, still suppose himself the inhabitant of that *belle* France to whose national glory he had contributed. Napoleon was far less fortunate than his exiled protégé in the closing years of his life.

THE WATCH CHANTS OF THE SWISS.

For some little time a book has lain upon our table, which we have hitherto been prevented from noticing by a prejudice conceived against it, occasioned by the injudicious encomiums of a great part of the press. It is, notwithstanding, a very good book in its way, and contains just such an account of a hasty ramble in Switzerland as might be written by a man blessed with good temper and a reasonably observant eye, but with no pretensions to original thinking or literary power.* The most piquant thing in the volume is the fact, carried along with him by the reader, that the author has reached the age of sixty, an age at which few persons brought up in the mental activity and bodily indolence of a city climb mountains for recreation. That Dr Forbes is able to do this, is owing, we have no doubt, to temperance, to equability of mind, and to the comparative hardiness and energy required in his profession.

The narrative of a month's tour in Switzerland, written under the circumstances we have mentioned, can hardly be supposed at this time of day to afford much extractable matter. We may mention, however, in passing, that there is a remark which everybody feels to be just, although nobody thought of making it before, on the strange picture presented by the Alps, of summer in the lap of winter. 'In the present case, for instance, all things immediately beside us—trees, grass, shrubs, flowers, fruit—were quick with summer life, and rich in summer beauty, and obviously no more influenced by the snowy mountains by which they were overlooked, than if they had been basking in the sunshine of a land that never knew winter. In describing a scene like this, a poet might seek for its analogy in the moral world, and liken it to a beautiful affection based on natural goodness, which no coldness can chill, no harshness wither.' There is also a noticeable sketch of the appearance of the Wetterhorn in its veil of white mist, 'having its lower border defined as accurately along its brow as if drawn by a line. Sometimes this lower border or hem would gradually and slowly ascend, so as to leave the inferior and middle region perfectly clear; at other times the process was reversed, the dark face of the mountain gradually disappearing beneath the descending veil. To whoever looked on this magnificent spectacle, it was a ready and facile imagination to conceive some Great Being enthroned on the mountain top, and raising and lowering the veil at will; and recollecting that it had immediately followed the sublimest and most awful of nature's active operations, the thunder-storm—and on the very field of its manifestation—it was no less easy to understand how phenomena of a like kind, presented to the men of ruder and simpler times, may have transformed the primary conception into speedy belief—belief that, on the shrouded peak, and amid the darkness of the storm, the Great Author of nature was himself in bodily presence.' There is likewise at page 224 a picture of a glacier, resembling a 'silent cataract,' which must strike one who has travelled in Switzerland by the felicity of the comparison. But the best pictorial scene is the account of a natural exhibition which seems to have been got up on purpose for the delectation of our author. 'We were all suddenly roused and startled by a tremendous noise behind us, like a continuous peal of distant thunder, which made us instantly stop; and while we were in the act of turning round, our guides, shouting "An avalanche!" pointed to the mountain behind us. We looked, and from beneath the lower border of the mist which covered it, and out of which the hoarse loud roar which still continued evidently came, we saw a vast and tumultuous mass of snow rushing down and shooting over the edge of the sheer cliff into the air beyond. At first this had a pointed triangular or conical shape, with the small end foremost; but as the fall continued, it assumed the appearance of a cascade of equal width throughout. In this form it continued until its upper extremity had parted from the cliff, and the whole mass had fallen to the earth, renewing, as its parts successively reached the ground, and with still louder and sharper reports, the sound which had momentarily ceased while it was falling through the air. The whole of the process, which has taken so long to describe, was the work of a few seconds—half a minute at most; and all was over and gone, and everything silent and motionless as before, ere we could recover from our almost breathless wonder and delight.'

The most interesting thing in the book, however, is the account of the watch chants of the Swiss; and this is really a contribution to our knowledge of the manners of the people. Dr Forbes first heard those simple songs of the night at Chur. 'We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night, twelve in number, and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sung out every hour, in the most sonorous strains, and even chanted a long string of verses on the striking of some; and as the Weisser Kreutz happens to be in a central locality, with a street both in back and front, we had rather more than an average share of this patriotic and

* A Physician's Holiday, or a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1849.

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religious demonstration. I suppose the good people of Chur think nothing of these chantings, or, from habit, hear them not: but a tired traveller would rather run the risk of being robbed in tranquillity, than be thus sung from his propriety during all the watches of the night.

'Through the kindness of a friend, I have obtained an accurate version of these elaborate night-calls, and I give in a note the words, as an interesting illustration of manners. Although the words are in modern dress, and the verses are very similar to what are chanted in different parts of Germany, there is little doubt that they are, like the custom itself, really very ancient. It could only be in the undoubting and unquestioning simplicity of the faith of the old time that a ceremony and formula so entirely religious could have been excogitated. It speaks well for the faith and temper of the present day, however, that this nocturnal and matutinal clamour, even though religious, should still be tolerated by the children of Chur:—

WATCH CHANT AT CHUR.

I.—NIGHT.

Hört ihr Christen, lass't euch sagen
Uns're Glocke hat Acht geschlagen.
" " Neun "
" " Zehn "
" " Elf "
" " Zwölf "
" " Eins "
Acht, nur ach zur Noah's zeit
Waren von der Straf' befreit.—*Achte!*—&c.

TRANSLATION.

I.

Hear, ye Christians, let me tell you
Our clock has eight stricken,
" " nine, &c.
Eight, only eight in Noah's time
Were saved from punishment.—*Eight!*
Nine deserves no thanking—
Man, think of thy duty!—*Nine!*
Ten Commandments God enjoined:
Let us be to Him obedient.—*Ten!*
Only *Eleven* disciples were faithful;
Grant, Lord, that there be no falling off!—*Eleven!*
Twelve is the hour that limits time—
Man, think upon eternity!—*Twelve!*
One, oh man, only one thing is needful:
Man, think upon thy death!—*One!*

II.

Get up in the name of Jesus Christ,
The bright day is near at hand;
The clear day that ne'er delayed;
God grant us all a good day!
A good day and happy hours
I wish you from the bottom of my heart.
Five, oh! reckon Five, oh!'

At Altorf he is again disturbed in the same agreeable way. 'In our hotel at Altorf we were again saluted, during the vigils of the night, but in a very mitigated degree, with some of the same patriotic and pious strains which had so disturbed us at Chur. As chanted here, however, they were far from unwelcome. The only other place, I think, where we heard these *Wächterrufe* was Neuchatel. These calls are very interesting relics of the old times, and must be considered indicative as well of the simple habits as of the pious feelings of the people of old. I am indebted to the same kind friend who furnished me with the Chur chant for the following additional notices respecting these watch-calls in Switzerland:—

'In the town of Glarus the following are the evening and morning chants:—

I.

I come upon the evening watch:
God give you all a good night:
Quench fire and light,
That God may you guard:
List to what I tell you—
The clock has struck ten.

II.

Get up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,
For the day has appeared:
The sun comes over the mountains down—
So I wish you all a good day.
List to what I tell you, &c.

'The following, in the Swiss patois dialect, is chanted in some places in the canton of Zurich, but not in the town of Zurich itself, where the watchman's call is no longer heard:—

Jez stohni uft der Obedwacht,
Behüt is Herr in dieser Nacht:
Gib dem Lib und der Seele Rhu,
Und fuhri is alli gen Himmel zu.

Now stand I on the evening watch:
Protect us, God, in this night:
Give to body and soul rest,
And lead us all to heaven.

'The Chur chant, as well as that of Glarus, which are both in the common German, have probably been modernised by some modish reformers of the night-watch, but they are all very ancient. The one just given in the vernacular Swiss is probably the identical call chanted centuries back.

'Of the great antiquity of these chants we have some strong evidence. In the small town of Stein, on the Rhine, in the canton of Aargau, there is a chant now in nightly use which dates as far back as the fourteenth century. Its precise origin, as well as its original words, have been handed down from father to son, and both are of unquestioned authenticity. This is the story:—Some time in the fourteenth century, at a period when there were very frequent contests between the towns and the feudal lords of the country, a plot was concocted to deliver Stein into the hands of the nobles of the vicinity, in which plot some traitorous citizens were engaged. The night of attack came, and all was arranged for the admission of the enemy by the traitors at two o'clock in the morning; the watchword agreed on between the parties being "Noch ä Wyl"—("Noch eine Weile—Yet a while"). An industrious shoemaker, however, who lived close to the gate, and whom some urgent work kept up so late, overheard the whispered signal and the sound of arms also outside, and rushing to the watchhouse, gave the alarm, and so defeated the meditated assault, and saved the town. Ever since, the night-watch at Stein, when he calls the hour of two, must chant out the old words which saved the little burgh from destruction five hundred years since—"Noch ä Wyl! Noch ä Wyl!"

'The same antiquity, and also the inveteracy of old customs to persist, is strikingly shown by the fact, that in some parts of the canton of Tessino, where the common language of the people is Italian, the night-watch call is still in Old German.'

Upon the whole, the volume will be found an agreeable companion to the professed guide-books.

TOLERATION.

Not the least useful quality in Mr Macaulay's 'History of England,' is the impression it will convey, that *toleration* in matters of religion was a thing quite unknown in past times; that, in point of fact, the party or sect who attained the upper hand was intolerant of those over whom it had achieved a victory. We say it is useful to know that such was the case; because the descendants of parties persecuted are apt to forget that their ancestors were persecutors in turn. Thus in Scotland we hear much of the persecutions of the Puritans in the seventeenth century: no doubt these persecutions were most atrocious; but spiritual pride in reference to these dark proceedings will be lessened by the reflection that the Puritans themselves, English and Scotch, acknowledged, when in power, no principle of toleration. Mr Macaulay sets us right on this important subject in the following luminous passage:—

'The Puritans ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in

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the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art, and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanour. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great, down to the wrestling-matches and grinning-matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the maypoles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye. But bear-bating, then a favourite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear. Perhaps no single circumstance more strongly illustrates the temper of the precisians than their conduct respecting Christmas-Day. Christmas had been, from time immemorial, the season of joy and domestic affection, the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens, and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable, on account of the shortness of the days and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment, there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast; and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and drinking ale flavoured with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more. On the next anniversary of the festival formidable riots broke out in many places. The constables were resisted, the magistrates insulted, the houses of noted zealots attacked, and the proscribed service of the day openly read in the churches.'

All severities produce a reaction: the English threw off Puritanism in disgust; the Scotch acquired an equal antipathy to Episcopacy. Philosophically speaking, both were wrong: it was neither the principles of Puritanism nor of Episcopacy that were to blame: it was the ignorance of the age; and it is only against this species of ignorance that war should now be waged.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[This is taken from a volume published in America, entitled 'Christian Songs,' by the author of 'Triumphs of our Language,' which appeared in the Journal, No. 284.]

Blast of the mountain! the strongest, the fleetest,
Sounding at eve in the pines of Braemar—
Breeze of the desert! the purest, the sweetest,
Warbling alone on the moorlands afar—
Hasten, unseen! from the fields of thy freedom,
Play round my bosom, and steal o'er my brow—
Harp-strings of Morven, and perfumes of Edom,
Bring not my spirit such gladness as thou.

Come from the brake where the wild bird is singing,
Come from the fresh bank that gladdens the bee,
Come from the cliff where the blue-bell is springing,
Hidden from all but the sunbeam and thee;
Rise in thy strength from the vale of thy slumbers;
Waken!—my spirit has pined for thee long—
Oh for the music that swells in thy numbers!
Oh for the wildness that breathes in thy song!

Welcome, sweet playmate and friend of my childhood!
Thou art the same that I loved in my youth—
Others were false as those leaves in the wild wood,
Thou still retainest thy freshness and truth;
Thou still rejoicest, in melody roaming
Through the long fern, where the dew spangles gleam;
Thou, when the swift brooks are turbidly foaming,
Dashest the spray from the vexed mountain-stream.

Bard of the hill! when thy harping is loudest,
Bid me not think with the tyrant or slave;
Teach me to strive with the worst and the proudest,
Fearless, as thou with steep Garval's dark wave;
Teach me to rise with a lofty devotion,
Pure, as thou rovest the blossoming sod,
Sweeping the chords with a sacred emotion,
Singing of Truth, and Redemption, and God.

HOW TO BEAR ILL-NATURED CRITICISM.

The main comfort under injurious comments of any kind is to look at them fairly, accept them as an evil, and calculate the extent of the mischief. These injurious comments seldom blacken all creation for you. A humorous friend of mine who suffered some time ago under a severe article in the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person); but going into his nursery, and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs, and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the 'Times' could make no impression. The next day my poor friend—who, by the way, was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy—had become quite himself again. Indeed he snapped his fingers at the leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

BELLS RUNG BY FOG.

We believe there are several points on our northern coast and in other parts of the world where what are termed 'fog bells' are now in operation, for the purpose of giving alarm to vessels when approaching the shore. The idea of bells being rung by fog, however, is so singular, as to require an explanation of the mechanism employed. The apparatus which rings the bell is wound up, and detained in a wound-up state by a lever extending from the machinery into the open air. To the end of the lever is affixed a large sponge, which absorbs the moisture from the fog, and by becoming heavy, settles down the lever, lets the machinery free, and thus rings the bell. A cover is placed just above the sponge to prevent the absorption of rain.—*Calendar, U. S.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 299. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849. Price 1½d.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

A busy day in the assize court at Chester, chequered, as usual, by alternate victory and defeat, had just terminated, and I was walking briskly forth, when an attorney of rather low *caste* in his profession—being principally employed as an intermediary between needy felons and the counsel practising in the Crown Court—accosted me, and presented a brief; at the same time tendering the fee of two guineas marked upon it.

'I am engaged to-morrow, Mr Barnes,' I exclaimed a little testily, 'on the civil side: besides, you know I very seldom take briefs in the Crown Court, even if proffered in due time; and to-morrow will be the last day of the assize in Chester! There are plenty of unemployed counsel who will be glad of your brief.'

'It is a brief in an action of ejectment,' replied the attorney—'Woodley *versus* Thorndyke; and is brought to recover possession of a freehold estate now held and farmed by the defendant.'

'An action of ejectment to recover possession of a freehold estate! defended, too, I know, by a powerful bar; for I was offered a brief, but declined it. Mr P—— leads; and you bring me this for the plaintiff, and at the last moment too! You must be crazed.'

'I told the plaintiff and her grandfather,' rejoined Mr Barnes, 'that it was too late to bespeak counsel's attention to the case; and that the fee, all they have, with much difficulty, been able to raise, was ridiculously small; but they insisted on my applying to you——Oh, here they are!'

We had by this time reached the street, and the attorney pointed towards two figures standing in attitudes of anxious suspense near the gateway. It was dusk, but there was quite sufficient light to distinguish the pale and interesting features of a young female, dressed in faded and scanty mourning, and accompanied by a respectable-looking old man with white hair, and a countenance deeply furrowed by age and grief.

'I told you, Miss Woodley,' said the attorney, 'that this gentleman would decline the brief, especially with such a fee'——

'It is not the fee, man!' I observed, for I was somewhat moved by the appealing dejection exhibited by the white-haired man and his timid granddaughter; 'but what chance can I have of establishing this person's right—if right she have—to the estate she claims, thus suddenly called upon to act without previous consultation; and utterly ignorant, except as far as this I perceive hastily-scrawled brief will instruct me, both of the nature of the plaintiff's claim and of the defence intended to be set up against it?'

'If you would undertake it, sir,' said the young woman with a tremulous, hesitating voice and glistening eyes, 'for *his* sake'—and she glanced at her aged companion—'who will else be helpless, homeless.'

'The blessing of those who are ready to perish will be yours, sir,' said the grandfather with meek solemnity, 'if you will lend your aid in this work of justice and mercy. We have no hope of withstanding the masterful violence and wrong of wicked and powerful men except by the aid of the law, which we have been taught will ever prove a strong tower of defence to those who walk in the paths of peace and right.'

The earnestness of the old man's language and manner, and the pleading gentleness of the young woman, forcibly impressed me; and, albeit it was a somewhat unprofessional mode of business, I determined to hear their story from their own lips, rather than take it from the scrawled brief, or through the verbal medium of their attorney.

'You have been truly taught,' I answered; 'and if really entitled to the property you claim, I know of no masterful men that in this land of England can hinder you from obtaining possession of it. Come to my hotel in about an hour and a-half from hence: I shall then have leisure to hear what you have to say. This fee,' I added, taking the two guineas from the hand of the attorney, who still held the money ready for my acceptance, 'you must permit me to return. It is too much for you to pay for losing your cause; and if I gain it—but mind I do not promise to take it into court unless I am thoroughly satisfied you have right and equity on your side—I shall expect a much heavier one. Mr Barnes, I will see you, if you please, early in the morning.' I then bowed, and hastened on.

Dinner was not ready when I arrived at the hotel; and during the short time I had to wait, I more than half repented of having had anything to do with this unfortunate suit. However, the pleadings of charity, the suggestions of human kindness, reasserted their influence; and by the time my new clients arrived, which they did very punctually at the hour I had indicated, I had quite regained the equanimity I had momentarily lost, and, thanks to mine host's excellent viands and generous wine, was, for a lawyer, in a very amiable and benevolent humour indeed.

Our conference was long, anxious, and unsatisfactory. I was obliged to send for Barnes before it concluded, in order to thoroughly ascertain the precise nature of the case intended to be set up for the defendant, and the evidence likely to be adduced in support of it. No ray of consolation or of hope came from that quarter. Still, the narrative I had just listened to, bearing as it did the impress of truth and sincerity in every sentence, strongly disposed me to believe that foul play had been practised by the other side; and I determined, at all hazards, to go into court, though with but faint hope indeed of a *present* successful issue.

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'It appears more than probable,' I remarked on dismissing my clients, 'that this will is a fabrication; but before such a question had been put in issue before a jury, some producible evidence of its being so should have been sought for and obtained. As it is, I can only watch the defendant's proof of the genuineness of the instrument upon which he has obtained probate: one or more of the attesting witnesses *may*, if fraud has been practised, break down under a searching cross-examination, or incidentally perhaps disclose matter for further investigation.'

'One of the attesting witnesses is, as I have already told you, dead,' observed Barnes; 'and another, Elizabeth Wareing, has, I hear, to-day left the country. An affidavit to that effect will no doubt be made to-morrow, in order to enable them to give secondary evidence of her attestation, though, swear as they may, I have not the slightest doubt *I* could find her if time were allowed, and her presence would at all avail us.'

'Indeed! This is very important. Would you, Mr Barnes, have any objection,' I added, after a few moments' reflection, 'to make oath, should the turn of affairs to-morrow render your doing so desirable, of your belief that you could, reasonable time being allowed, procure the attendance of this woman—this Elizabeth Wareing?'

'Not the slightest: though how that would help us to invalidate the will Thorndyke claims under I do not understand.'

'Perhaps not. At all events, do not fail to be early in court. The cause is the first in to-morrow's list remember.'

The story confided to me was a very sad, and, unfortunately in many of its features, a very common one. Ellen, the only child of the old gentleman, Thomas Ward, had early in life married Mr James Woodley, a wealthy yeoman, prosperously settled upon his paternal acres, which he cultivated with great diligence and success. The issue of this marriage—a very happy one, I was informed—was Mary Woodley, the plaintiff in the present action. Mr Woodley, who had now been dead something more than two years, bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his wife, in full confidence, as he expressed himself but a few hours before he expired, that she would amply provide for his and her child. The value of the property inherited by Mrs Woodley under this will amounted, according to a valuation made a few weeks after the testator's decease, to between eight and nine thousand pounds.

Respected as a widow, comfortable in circumstances, and with a daughter to engage her affections, Mrs Woodley might have passed the remainder of her existence in happiness. But how frequently do women peril and lose all by a second marriage! Such was the case with Mrs Woodley: to the astonishment of everybody, she threw herself away on a man almost unknown in the district—a person of no fortune, of mean habits, and altogether unworthy of accepting as a husband. Silas Thorndyke, to whom she thus committed her happiness, had for a short time acted as bailiff on the farm; and no sooner did he feel himself master, than his subserviency was changed to selfish indifference, and that gradually assumed a coarser character. He discovered that the property, by the will of Mr Woodley, was so secured against every chance or casualty to the use and enjoyment of his wife, that it not only did not pass by marriage to the new bridegroom, but she was unable to alienate or divest herself of any portion of it during life. She could, however, dispose of it by will; but in the event of her dying intestate, the whole descended to her daughter, Mary Woodley.

Incredibly savage was Thorndyke when he made that discovery; and bitter and incessant were the indignities to which he subjected his unfortunate wife, for the avowed purpose of forcing her to make a will entirely in his favour, and of course disinheriting her daughter. These persecutions failed of their object. An unexpected, quiet, passive, but unconquerable resistance, was opposed by the, in all other things, cowed and submissive woman, to this demand of her domineering husband. Her failing health—for gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had ever been, the callous brutality of her husband soon told upon the unhappy creature—warned her that Mary would soon be an orphan, and that upon her firmness it depended whether the child of him to whose memory she had been, so fatally for herself, unfaithful, should be cast homeless and penniless upon the world, or inherit the wealth to which, by every principle of right and equity, she was entitled. Come what may, this trust at least should not, she mentally resolved, be betrayed or paltered with. Every imaginable expedient to vanquish her resolution was resorted to. Thorndyke picked a quarrel with Ward her father, who had lived at Dale Farm since the morrow of her marriage with Woodley, and the old gentleman was compelled to leave, and take up his abode with a distant and somewhat needy relative. Next Edward Wilford, the only son of a neighbouring and prosperous farmer, who had been betrothed to Mary Woodley several months before her father's death, was brutally insulted, and forbidden the house. All, however, failed to shake the mother's resolution; and at length, finding all his efforts fruitless, Thorndyke appeared to yield the point, and upon this subject at least ceased to harass his unfortunate victim.

Frequent private conferences were now held between Thorndyke, his two daughters, and Elizabeth Wareing—a woman approaching middle-age, whom, under the specious pretence that Mrs Thorndyke's increasing ailments rendered the services of an experienced matron indispensable, he had lately installed at the farm. It was quite evident to both the mother and daughter that a much greater degree of intimacy subsisted between the master and housekeeper than their relative positions warranted; and from some expressions heedlessly dropped by the woman, they suspected them to have been once on terms of confidential intimacy. Thorndyke, I should have mentioned, was not a native of these parts: he had answered Mr Woodley's advertisement for a bailiff, and his testimonials appearing satisfactory, he had been somewhat precipitately engaged. A young man, calling himself Edward Wareing, the son of Elizabeth Wareing, and said to be engaged in an attorney's office in Liverpool, was also a not unfrequent visitor at Dale Farm; and once he had the insolent presumption to address a note to Mary Woodley, formally tendering his hand and fortune! This, however, did not suit Mr Thorndyke's views, and Mr Edward Wareing was very effectually rebuked and silenced by his proposed father-in-law.

Mrs Thorndyke's health rapidly declined. The woman Wareing, touched possibly by sympathy or remorse, exhibited considerable tenderness and compassion towards the invalid; made her nourishing drinks, and administered the medicine prescribed by the village practitioner—who, after much delay and *pooh, poohing* by Thorndyke, had been called in—with her own hands. About three weeks previous to Mrs Thorndyke's death, a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentality between the husband and wife; and an unwonted expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, sat upon Thorndyke's features every time he approached the dying woman.

The sands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs Thorndyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims, she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptom of all, violent retchings and nausea, especially after taking her medicine—which, according to Davis, the village surgeon, was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb.

Not once during this last illness could Mary Woodley, by chance or stratagem, obtain a moment's private interview with her mother until a few minutes before her decease. Until then, under one pretence or another,

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either Elizabeth Wareing, one of Thorndyke's daughters, or Thorndyke himself, was always present in the sick-chamber. It was evening: darkness had for some time fallen: no light had yet been taken into the dying woman's apartment; and the pale starlight which faintly illumined the room served, as Mary Woodley softly approached on tiptoe to the bedside of her, as she supposed, sleeping parent, but to deepen by defining the shadows thrown by the full, heavy hangings, and the old massive furniture. Gently, and with a beating heart, Mary Woodley drew back the bed-curtain nearest the window. The feeble, uncertain light flickered upon the countenance, distinct in its mortal paleness, of her parent: the eyes recognised her, and a glance of infinite tenderness gleamed for an instant in the rapidly-darkening orbs: the right arm essayed to lift itself, as for one fast, last embrace. Vainly! Love, love only, was strong, stronger than death, in the expiring mother's heart, and the arm fell feebly back on the bedclothes. Mary Woodley bent down in eager grief, for she felt instinctively that the bitter hour at last was come: their lips met, and the last accents of the mother murmured, 'Beloved Mary, I—I have been true to you—no will—no'—— A slight tremor shook her frame: the spirit that looked in love from the windows of the eyes departed on its heavenward journey, and the unconscious shell only of what had once been her mother remained in the sobbing daughter's arms.

I will not deny that this narrative, which I feel I have but coldly and feebly rendered from its earnest, tearful tenderness, as related by Mary Woodley, affected me considerably—*case*-hardened as, to use an old bar-pun, we barristers are supposed to be: nor will the reader be surprised to hear that suspicions, graver even than those which pointed to forgery, were evoked by the sad history. Much musing upon the strange circumstances thus disclosed, and profoundly cogitative on the best mode of action to be pursued, the 'small hours,' the first of them at least, surprised me in my arm-chair. I started up, and hastened to bed, well knowing from experience that a sleepless vigil is a wretched preparative for a morrow of active exertion, whether of mind or body.

I was betimes in court the next morning, and Mr Barnes, proud as a peacock of figuring as an attorney in an important civil suit, was soon at my side. The case had excited more interest than I had supposed, and the court was very early filled. Mary Woodley and her grandfather soon arrived; and a murmur of commiseration ran through the auditory as they took their seats by the side of Barnes. There was a strong bar arrayed against us; and Mr Silas Thorndyke, I noticed, was extremely busy and important with whisperings and suggestions to his solicitor and counsel—received, of course, as such meaningless familiarities usually are, with barely civil indifference.

Twelve common jurors were called and sworn well and truly to try the issue, and I arose amidst breathless silence to address them. I at once frankly stated the circumstances under which the brief had come into my hands, and observed, that if, for lack of advised preparation, the plaintiff's case failed on that day, another trial, under favour of the court above, would, I doubted not, at no distant period of time reverse the possibly at present unfavourable decision. 'My learned friends on the other side,' I continued, 'smile at this qualified admission of mine: let them do so. If they apparently establish to-day the validity of a will which strips an only child of the inheritance bequeathed by her father, they will, I tell them emphatically, have obtained but a temporary triumph for a person who—if I, if you, gentlemen of the jury, are to believe the case intended to be set up as a bar to the plaintiff's claim—has succeeded by the grossest brutality, the most atrocious devices, in bending the mind of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke to his selfish purposes. My learned friend need not interrupt me; I shall pursue these observations for the present no further—merely adding, that I, that his lordship, that you, gentlemen of the jury, will require of him the strictest proof—proof clear as light—that the instrument upon which he relies to defeat the equitable, the righteous claim of the young and amiable person by my side, is genuine, and not, as I verily believe'—I looked, as I spoke, full in the face of Thorndyke—'FORGED.'

'My lord,' exclaimed the opposing counsel, 'this is really insufferable!'

His lordship, however, did not interpose; and I went on to relate, in the most telling manner of which I was capable, the history of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke's first and second marriages; the harmony and happiness of the first—the wretchedness and cruelty which characterised the second. I narrated also the dying words of Mrs Thorndyke to her daughter, though repeatedly interrupted by the defendant's counsel, who manifested great indignation that a statement unsusceptible of legal proof should be addressed to the court and jury. My address concluded, I put in James Woodley's will; and as the opposing counsel did not dispute its validity, nor require proof of Mary Woodley's identity, I intimated that the plaintiff's case was closed.

The speech for the defendant was calm and guarded. It threw, or rather attempted to throw, discredit on the deathbed 'fiction,' got up, Mr P—— said, simply with a view to effect; and he concluded by averring that he should be able to establish the genuineness of the will of Ellen Thorndyke, now produced, by irresistible evidence. That done, however much the jury might wish the property had been otherwise disposed of, they would of course return a verdict in accordance with their oaths and the law of the land.

The first witness called was Thomas Headley, a smith, residing near Dale Farm. He swore positively that the late Mrs Thorndyke, whom he knew well, had cheerfully signed the will now produced, after it had been deliberately read over to her by her husband about a fortnight before her death. Silas Thorndyke, John Cummins, Elizabeth Wareing, and witness, were the only persons present. Mrs Thorndyke expressed confidence that her husband would provide for Mary Woodley.

'And so I will,' said sleek Silas, rising up, and looking round upon the auditory. 'If she will return, I will be a father to her.'

No look, no sound of sympathy or approval, greeted this generous declaration, and he sat down again not a little disconcerted.

I asked this burly, half-drunken witness but one question—'When is your marriage with Rebecca Thorndyke, the defendant's eldest daughter, to be celebrated?'

'I don't know, Mr Lawyer; perhaps never.'

'That will do; you can go down.'

Mr P—— now rose to state that his client was unable to produce Elizabeth Wareing, another of the attesting witnesses to the will, in court. No suspicion that any opposition to the solemn testament made by the deceased Mrs Thorndyke would be attempted had been entertained; and the woman, unaware that her testimony would be required, had left that part of the country. Every effort had been made by the defendant to discover her abode without effect. It was believed she had gone to America, where she had relatives. The defendant had filed an affidavit setting forth these facts, and it was now prayed that secondary evidence to establish the genuineness of Elizabeth Wareing's attesting signature should be admitted.

I of course vehemently opposed this demand, and broadly hinted that the witness was purposely kept out of the way.

'Will my learned friend,' said Mr P—— with one of his sliest sneers, 'inform us what motive the defendant could possibly have to keep back a witness so necessary to him?'

'Elizabeth Wareing,' I curtly replied, 'may not, upon reflection, be deemed a safe witness to subject to the ordeal of a cross-examination. But to settle the mat-

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ter, my lord,' I exclaimed, 'I have here an affidavit of the plaintiff's attorney, in which he states that he has no doubt of being able to find this important witness if time be allowed him for the purpose; the defendant of course undertaking to call her when produced.'

A tremendous clamour of counsel hereupon ensued, and fierce and angry grew the war of words. The hubbub was at last terminated by the judge recommending that, under the circumstances, 'a juror should be withdrawn.' This suggestion, after some demur, was agreed to. One of the jurors was whispered to come out of the box; then the clerk of the court exclaimed, 'My lord, there are only eleven men on the jury;' and by the aid of this venerable, if clumsy expedient, the cause of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was *de facto* adjourned to a future day.

I had not long returned to the hotel, when I was waited upon by Mr Wilford, senior, the father of the young man who had been forbidden to visit Dale Farm by Thorndyke. His son, he informed me, was ill from chagrin and anxiety—confined to his bed indeed; and Mary Woodley had refused, it seemed, to accept pecuniary aid from either the father or the son. Would I endeavour to terminate the estrangement which had for some time unhappily existed, and persuade her to accept his, Wilford senior's, freely-offered purse and services? I instantly accepted both the mission and the large sum which the excellent man tendered. A part of the money I gave Barnes to stimulate his exertions, and the rest I placed in the hand of Mary Woodley's grandpapa, with a friendly admonition to him not to allow his grandchild to make a fool of herself; an exhortation which produced its effect in due season.

Summer passed away, autumn had come and gone, and the winter assizes were once more upon us. Regular proceedings had been taken, and the action in ejectment of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was once more on the cause list of the Chester circuit court, marked this time as a special jury case. Indefatigable as Mr Barnes had been in his search for Elizabeth Wareing, not the slightest trace of her could he discover; and I went into court, therefore, with but slight expectation of invalidating the, as I fully believed, fictitious will. We had, however, obtained a good deal of information relative to the former history not only of the absent Mrs Wareing, but of Thorndyke himself; and it was quite within the range of probabilities that something might come out, enabling me to use that knowledge to good purpose. The plaintiff and old Mr Ward were seated in court beside Mr Barnes, as on the former abortive trial; but Mary Woodley had, fortunately for herself, lost much of the interest which attaches to female comeliness and grace when associated in the mind of the spectator with undeserved calamity and sorrow. The black dress which she still wore—the orthodox twelve months of mourning for a parent had not yet quite elapsed—was now fresh, and of fine quality, and the pale lilies of her face were interspersed with delicate roses; whilst by her side sat Mr John Wilford, as happy-looking as if no such things as perjurers, forgers, or adverse verdicts existed to disturb the peace of the glad world. Altogether, we were decidedly less interesting than on the former occasion. Edward Wareing, I must not omit to add, was, greatly to our surprise, present. He sat, in great apparent amity, by the side of Thorndyke.

It was late in the afternoon, and twilight was gradually stealing over the dingy court, when the case was called. The special jury answered to their names, were duly sworn, and then nearly the same preliminary speeches and admissions were made and put in as on the previous occasion. Thomas Headley, the first witness called in support of the pretended will, underwent a rigorous cross-examination; but I was unable to extract anything of importance from him.

'And now,' said the defendant's leading counsel, 'let me ask my learned friend if he has succeeded in obtaining the attendance of Elizabeth Wareing?'

I was of course obliged to confess that we had been unable to find her; and the judge remarked that in that case he could receive secondary evidence in proof of her attestation of the will.

A whispered but manifestly eager conference here took place between the defendant and his counsel, occasionally joined in by Edward Wareing. There appeared to be indecision or hesitation in their deliberations; but at last Mr P—— rose, and with some ostentation of manner addressed the court.

'In the discharge of my duty to the defendant in this action, my lord, upon whose fair fame much undeserved obloquy has been cast by the speeches of the plaintiff's counsel—speeches unsupported by a shadow of evidence—I have to state that, anxious above all things to stand perfectly justified before his neighbours and society, he has, at great trouble and expense, obtained the presence here to-day of the witness Elizabeth Wareing. She had gone to reside in France with a respectable English family in the situation of housekeeper. We shall now place her in the witness-box, and having done so, I trust we shall hear no more of the slanderous imputations so freely lavished upon my client. Call Elizabeth Wareing into court.'

A movement of surprise and curiosity agitated the entire auditory at this announcement. Mr Silas Thorndyke's naturally cadaverous countenance assumed an ashy hue, spite of his efforts to appear easy and jubilant; and for the first time since the commencement of the proceedings I entertained the hope of a successful issue.

Mrs Wareing appeared in answer to the call, and was duly sworn 'to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' She was a good-looking woman, of perhaps forty years of age, and bore a striking resemblance to her son. She rapidly, smoothly, and unhesitatingly confirmed the evidence of Headley to a tittle. She trembled, I observed, excessively; and on the examining counsel intimating that he had no more questions to ask, turned hastily to leave the box.

'Stay—stay, my good woman,' I exclaimed; 'you and I must have some talk together before we part.'

She started, and looked at me with frightened earnestness; and then her nervous glances stole towards Mr Silas Thorndyke. There was no comfort there: in his countenance she only saw the reflex of the agitation and anxiety which marked her own. Sleek Silas, I could see, already repented of the rash move he had made, and would have given a good deal to get his witness safely and quietly out of court.

It was now nearly dark, and observing that it was necessary the court and jury should see as well as hear the witness whilst under examination, I requested that lights should be brought in. This was done. Two candles were placed in front of the witness-box, one on each side of Mrs Wareing; a few others were disposed about the bench and jury desks. The effect of this partial lighting of the gloomy old court was, that the witness stood out in strong and bright relief from the surrounding shadows, rendering the minutest change or play of her features distinctly visible. Mr Silas Thorndyke was, from his position, thrown entirely into the shade, and any telegraphing between him and the witness was thus rendered impossible. This preparation, as if for some extraordinary and solemn purpose, together with the profound silence which reigned in the court, told fearfully, as I expected, upon the nerves of Mrs Elizabeth Wareing. She already seemed as if about to swoon with agitation and ill-defined alarm.

'Pray, madam,' said I, 'is your name Wareing or Tucker?'

She did not answer, and I repeated the question. 'Tucker,' she at last replied in a tremulous whisper.

'I thought so. And pray, Mrs Tucker, were you ever "in trouble" in London for robbing your lodgings?'

I thought she attempted to answer, but no sound passed her lips. One of the ushers of the court handed her a glass of water at my suggestion, and she seemed

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to recover somewhat. I pressed my question; and at last she replied in the same low, agitated voice, 'Yes, I have been.'

'I know you have. Mr Silas Thorndyke, I believe, was your bail on that occasion, and the matter was, I understand, compromised—arranged—at all events the prosecution was not pressed. Is not that so?'

'Yes—no—yes.'

'Very well: either answer will do. You lived also, I believe, with Mr Thorndyke, as his housekeeper of course, when he was in business as a concocter and vender of infallible drugs and pills?'

'Yes.'

'He was held to be skilful in the preparation of drugs, was he not—well-versed in their properties?'

'Yes—I believe so—I do not know. Why am I asked such questions?'

'You will know presently. And now, woman, answer the question I am about to put to you, as you will be compelled to answer it to God at the last great day—What was the nature of the drug which you or he mixed with the medicine prescribed for the late Mrs Thorndyke?'

A spasmodic shriek, checked by a desperate effort, partially escaped her, and she stood fixedly gazing with starting eyes in my face.

The profoundest silence reigned in the court as I iterated the question.

'You must answer, woman,' said the judge sternly, 'unless you know your answer will criminate yourself.'

The witness looked wildly round the court, as if in search of counsel or sympathy; but encountering none but frowning and eager faces—Thorndyke she could not discern in the darkness—she became giddy and panic-stricken, and seemed to lose all presence of mind.

'He—he—he,' she at last gasped—'he mixed it. I do not know—— But how,' she added, pushing back her hair, and pressing her hands against her hot temples, 'can this be? What can it mean?'

A movement amongst the bystanders just at this moment attracted the notice of the judge, and he immediately exclaimed, 'The defendant must not leave the court!' An officer placed himself beside the wretched murderer as well as forger, and I resumed the cross-examination of the witness.

'Now, Mrs Tucker, please to look at this letter.' (It was that which had been addressed to Mary Woodley by her son.) 'That, I believe, is your son's handwriting?'

'Yes.'

'The body of this will has been written by the same hand. Now, woman, answer. Was it your son—this young man who, you perceive, if guilty, cannot escape from justice—was it he who forged the names of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke, and of John Cummins attached to it?'

'Not he—not he!' shrieked the wretched woman. 'It was Thorndyke—Thorndyke himself.' And then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, as the consequences of what she had uttered flashed upon her, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Silas, what have I said?—what have I done?'

'Hanged me, that's all, you accursed devil!' replied Thorndyke with gloomy ferocity. 'But I deserve it for trusting in such an idiot: dolt and fool that I was for doing so.'

The woman sank down in strong convulsions, and was, by direction of the judge, carried out of the hall.

The anxious silence which pervaded the court during this scene, in which the reader will have observed I played a bold, tentative, and happily-successful game, was broken as the witness was borne off by a loud murmur of indignation, followed by congratulatory exclamations on the fortunate termination of the suit. The defendant's counsel threw up their briefs, and a verdict was at once returned for the plaintiff.

All the inculpated parties were speedily in custody; and the body of Mrs Thorndyke having been disinterred, it was discovered that she had been destroyed by bichloride of mercury, of which a considerable quantity was detected in the body. I was not present at the trial of Thorndyke and his accomplices—he for murder, and Headley for perjury—but I saw by the public prints that he was found guilty, and executed: Headley was transported: the woman was, if I remember rightly, admitted evidence for the crown.

Mary Woodley was of course put into immediate possession of her paternal inheritance; and is now—at least she was about four months ago, when I dined with her and her husband at Dale Farm—a comely, prosperous matron; and as happy as a woman with a numerous progeny and an easy-tempered partner can in this, according to romance writers, vale of grief and tears expect to be. The service I was fortunately enabled to render her forms one of the most pleasing recollections of my life.

THE BIRDS OF SHETLAND.

BY A RESIDENT.

Around the bleak coasts of the northern and western islands belonging to Britain the scenery is wild and bare; inhabitants—men and quadrupeds at least—are very few; but old Ocean teems with life, and indulges in all his ancient querulous and riotous moods. In such scenes also the student of ornithology finds an inviting field, especially in the department of water-fowl, whose motions and sounds diversify and enliven the otherwise desolate shores. At present, the reader's attention is asked to the locality of the Shetland islands; and perhaps a few sketches may be presented not altogether uninteresting.

There are a good many land-birds, from the eagle to the golden-crested wren; but the species are those which require not the shelter of trees, or even of long heather: hence singing-birds, and those called game, are nearly unknown. The lark and the mountain linnet are almost the only songsters; and for those sportsmen who consider only the law-protected birds worthy of their aims, there are no attractions in Shetland. The inhabited or cultivated parts of these islands are almost exclusively situated close to the water side, round the margin of the deeply-indented bays and sheltered harbours called *firths* or *voes*. There are therefore many lonely spots among the undulating hills of the interior which, though probably in no instance two miles from the sea in all directions, yet have a look of as remote desolation and perfect seclusion as if they had been many days' journey from all contact with man, his works, or his passions. There nature reigns unreclaimed, not in gloomy Alpine sublimity, or wildering expanse of primeval western woods, or unpruned luxuriousness of tropical beauty, but in bare, sterile solitude. A coarse brown herbage scantily clothes the gray peeping rocks, like a poverty-stricken beggar in his tattered garments. A surly fog creeps over the higher eminences, and a small so-called loch—though it deserves not a more imposing name than that of pond—reposes in the bosom of the circumscribed valley. In such a scene, on a small holm or islet in the middle of such a stagnant loch, an eagle has been seen, on a sombre winter day, sitting in solitary contemplation; resting perhaps after some long excursion, for the locality is far from the nearest eyrie, and food is very scarce. There are known to be from eight to twelve pairs of eagles (the white-tailed eagle) that have their nests in these islands. They are chiefly on the western side; for there the cliffs are comparatively lofty and precipitous, as if nature had prepared against the fell fury of the Atlantic billows an appropriate and unconquerable barrier.

The gigantic fish called *halibut*, which is a large species of turbot, often basks, as do other flat fish, near the surface of the sea. An eagle has been observed to pounce upon him, and bury his powerful talons in the fish's back. The latter, naturally surprised at an attack so audacious, flounders of course, endeavouring to dive, and thus drown his adversary, or escape his

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clutches. It is not the habit of our eagle, however, to quit a hold he has once taken; the bravery, or pertinacity, if you will, of the king of birds forbids so tame a relinquishment of his purpose, and so he spreads his mighty wings to balance himself, or to present a greater resistance to the halibut's efforts to sink him, or even, perchance, in expectation of being able to carry him off bodily, as doubtless was his first intention. If the wind or tide be towards land, the eagle's wings act also as sails, and he floats majestically in his floundery vessel till it grounds with its passenger, and then, sometimes a mightier than both—in his appliances, if not in his physical strength—interferes, and makes them *his* prey. This was actually done by an elderly gentleman of the last generation, who happened to be taking his evening walk, and saw the whole occurrence. Hastening to the water's edge, with his stout walking-stick he despatched both eagle and halibut, as, exhausted, but still struggling, they were wafted to the shore. Quite recently a pair of similar incongruous companions, thus murderously associated, have been found both dead on the sea-beach.

Corroborative of these daring and fatal exploits of the sea-eagle, we may also mention the following well-authenticated fact. In Iceland the seal often pursues the salmon up the rivers, as it is well known to do likewise in some of the Scottish rivers, although less frequently since the introduction of the all-disturbing steam navigation. In the frost-bound regions of Iceland—his natural courage rendered desperate by the absence of other prey—the eagle has been sometimes seen to dart down on the seal while it was quietly reposing on a rock; upon which the latter promptly plunges in its native element, where the erne soon finds he has caught a Tartar, and is speedily dragged downwards and drowned.

Of depredatory birds, the genus *Corvus* is in Shetland beyond comparison the most destructive and audacious, but of these there are only resident the raven (corbie) and the hoodie crow. The former builds in the higher cliffs, almost aspiring to rival the eagle in the sublimity of his dwelling-place, though so much his inferior in size and strength. Formerly, so numerous and annoying were these birds, that the Commissioners of Supply were accustomed to reward any person who destroyed them; but this usage has long been abandoned. Lately, however, the ravens and crows have been so destructive in one of the most populous islands, that a gentleman has offered threepence and fourpence for every head of these animals that is produced to him. It was long supposed that the raven only ate carrion, or attacked the larger quadrupeds when quite exhausted and near death. But within these few years, they have repeatedly destroyed ponies in comparative strength; though it must be allowed it has occurred in spring, when the birds are feeding their young, and the animals on the common are usually weakened by the hardships of the past winter. Corbie sees a pony lying resting, or listless and forlorn-looking, near a dike; and with an impatient croak he dives down, and at one stroke pierces the eye of the poor animal, who immediately rolls himself in his agony, generally with the injured eye next to the ground. This leaves the other eye a mark for the murderer, who at another stroke blinds his victim: a third attack is about the tail; and then he soars away with his malign, triumphant *croak—croak—croak*. He knows he has done for the poor pony, and he intends to return to the carrion in a few days. In further proof that it is not sick or dying animals he always selects, we ourselves found that a raven had attacked a fine cow in good condition who had wandered to an unfrequented spot. She was heavy with calf, and therefore not active enough to escape the bird-of-ill-omen's assaults; but she was discovered, and rescued just in time, injured, but not destroyed. A more melancholy circumstance occurred lately: an aged man had gone to cast his peats, and never returned. When discovered, after much searching, which was not till the following day, he was dead, and disfigured by ravens; but it is impossible to say whether the wounds were given before or after death. The ballad of the 'Twa Corbies' is not without foundation in fact, as respects these islands.

Shetland is honoured with the residence of starlings, linnets, and here, also, more strange to say, is found the golden-crested wren. The corn-crake (land-rail) is the cuckoo of the Shetlander. The monotonous call of this elegant bird is most grateful to him, and he would not on any account suffer it to be molested or destroyed, because he has been taught to believe its presence foretells a good crop. This is not, however, mere superstition; for, as they are delicate birds, wherever they breed and thrive, it shows the season to be mild, and probably, therefore, the corn will grow and ripen well. The land-rail, in Shetland, generally builds, not among the corn, as in other parts, that being too low and backward here, but in the more early rye-grass fields. While we write, we hear close beside us its cheerful but singular *crake—crake—crake*—continued without intermission. A couple of pairs have established themselves in the immediate vicinity, and, as everywhere they are said to be numerous, we welcome the omen, as opening a hope of plenty at length to the poor and long-tried Shetland cottagers. Among the precipices in the very wildest parts of the coast the rock-pigeon builds its nest. This rare bird is believed to be the original of many varieties of pigeons, wild and tame. Shetland has numerous *wading* birds; and they are most interesting in their habits, as well as everywhere accessible to observation. Long legs, bare of feathers, long necks and bills also, with small, elegantly-shaped bodies, these are the distinguishing characteristics of all of this class, from the diminutive sandpiper to the stately heron. Walking on an evening along the flat beach near the confluence of a narrow brook with the sea, or perchance wandering near one of the lonely lakelets we have formerly mentioned, may often be seen a heron. He has waded a yard or so into the water, and looks into it intently; then he plunges in his head, and you can soon perceive him swallowing a good-sized trout. Again he watches patiently; then another dip, and he raises a fresh-water eel. You have now a fancy to interrupt his agreeable occupation, and run towards him with a shout. You don't intend to harm him, poor fellow, but just want to see how he can fly. With an effort that looks like laziness or repletion, the eel still struggling between his mandibles, the *haigrie*—for so he is called in Shetland—flaps his long wings, and you can see how disproportionately small the body is to the extensive pinions, neck, and legs. Slowly he rises, flap—flap—flapping like the sails of a giant windmill, till he reaches a quieter spot at a short distance, and then he finishes his meal.

Shetland has a few swans—birds intercepted in their flight to and from more northern regions; and of these nothing need be said. Of geese there is no small abundance. The young geese, after having had the benefit of gleaning in the stubble when the corn has been removed from the fields, are considered in the best condition. They are then killed, and having been stripped of the feathers, are salted for a day, and finally hung up in the rafters to be dried. The peat smoke communicates a flavour always, and in all circumstances it may be supposed, grateful to the Shetlanders; for they smoke their fish, as well as geese and mutton, and beef too, when they have it. The more fastidious palate of our southern compatriots generally revolts from this sort of food; but the French—those acknowledged adepts in gastronomic science—consider a smoked goose-pie a decided dainty. Geese feathers are bartered by the small traders with the cottars; and it is but rare the latter sleep on anything but straw—their scanty resources compelling them to turn whatever they can into absolute necessaries.

No solan geese breed in Shetland. The *great northern diver* is a magnificent bird: it is nearly of the size of a

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tame goose; the breast is of snowy white, the back a dusky brown speckled with white, and it has beautiful bars of black around its neck; its breeding places are Greenland, Iceland, and Lapland, and it is only found in Shetland in winter, when in stormy weather two or three may be often seen close to the shore in some sheltered bay or harbour. It is rarely observed to fly, but when disturbed, dives, and is seen no more. In company with these handsome birds there are generally a few of the same size, but different plumage, the latter being of a darker speckled brown. These were long called *immer geese;* but a Shetland ornithologist, profiting by the favourable opportunities of observing them, discovered that the so-called geese were only the young of the northern diver. It indeed appears very singular to those unacquainted with water-fowl in their native haunts, and it has many times puzzled naturalists in their attempts at classification, that the plumage of several species changes according to age. Most of the gull tribes, for example, are indiscriminately of mottled gray in their first year, and are called vernacularly by one name—*scorie;* they are then good for food, being tender, and not fishy in taste. For the next three or four years the feathers gradually become of a lighter colour, yet still those of a size cannot be distinguished as to species. In the fourth year, the breast is clothed in its spotless white, the grayish-blue back appears on the Iceland and herring-gulls, and the black backs on the two species distinguished by that name—the *greater* and *lesser black-backed gulls*. The skua and the Arctic gulls alone are all brown, and seem sooner to adopt the distinguishing adult plumage.

Some of the most precipitous cliffs to the north and westward of the country are entirely appropriated to the smallest and most beautiful of the gull genus—the *kittiwake*. Imagine a wall of rock 200 feet high, on the slight shelving projections of which sit tens of thousands of these gentle, lovely creatures. The adult birds are pure white, with a light gray shade on the back: they are busy with their young: two little black-headed creatures peep from every nest, to and from which the parents incessantly flutter, with an anxious care, a tender guardianship, most affecting to witness. Fire a gun in the face of the precipice—what a cry and clouding of the air succeeds, as the alarmed denizens start off from their perch! only for a few yards, however: swiftly and momentarily they return to protect their nurslings. Fire again, and the clamour is still greater—the flight even shorter—while many remain resolutely at the parental post; and we have repeatedly witnessed the parent shot rather than leave the nest unguarded.

Pass onward in your boat to the base of the nearest similar cliff; it, too, is peopled thickly from top to bottom; but its inhabitants are much stiller than those you have before seen: these seem to sit in contemplative enjoyment of the wild scenery, the bright sunshine, and the healthful sea breeze, except when one or two are absent on short foraging excursions. Can these, too, be kittiwakes? They are of the same shape and size as the others; but they have black heads, and a black circle like a collar round the snow-white neck. These are kittiwakes of a year old; they are not bringing forth this season; they congregate together; and not until next summer will they return to the cliff where they were hatched to become parents in their turn. They are called by the fishermen *yield* kittiwakes, and are remorselessly captured by those who can climb to their dizzy dwelling; for we can assure the reader that a broiled kittiwake of this sort is as delicate eating as a partridge.

Ere we take leave of the gulls, we may relate a curious trait in the habits of the herring-gull; namely, the pertinacity and watchfulness with which it takes on itself the guardianship of the seals from their most formidable enemy—man. If a flock of seals are reposing on the rocks, and danger approaches, the herring-gulls immediately set up an alarmed cry. Warily and stealthily the hunter creeps onwards, taking care to keep to leeward of his quarry. The seals are sleeping securely, but one sentinel watches; when he hears the cry of the gulls, he generally raises his head, and anxiously looks round, snuffing the air; but as he can see, hear, or smell nothing suspicious, he begins again to fan and stroke himself with his flipper, evincing the most tranquil enjoyment. But the gulls continue screaming, and flying lower and lower, circling even round the sportsman's head; and at length, with desperation of anxiety, they dash into the very midst of the sleeping seals; which latter demonstration of course awakes the objects of their care, who start off into the sea, and instantaneously disappear.

The cause or object of the herring-gull in this often-observed procedure has never been ascertained. It cannot be supposed to be instinct, since it can have little direct reference to the bird's own circumstances, and that little is adverse. If it is sagacity, it is surely an instance of its exercise quite unique, that one order of animal should expose itself to imminent danger in warning another to escape the same; and, we regret to say, the self-constituted guardian often falls a victim to his philanthropy; for the sportsman, disappointed of his prey, generally discharges his spleen and his ready weapon, so as fatally to revenge the unwarranted interference of the pragmatical gulls.

On the lowest and most detached rocks—every pinnacle of stone, indeed, which at high tide peeps above the water—sit the *shags*. Their congeners, the *cormorants*, affect a position considerably more elevated. In Shetland they are all called *scarfs*, and in our humble opinion are very ugly birds. They are of a bluish shining black, are gaunt and ominous looking, and utter most discordant cries. The cormorant is the larger species. When young, its breast is white; but this gradually disappears, leaving on the adult bird only a snow-flake of a spot on the thigh, invisible except when the animal flies. The shag is always and altogether black, similar in shape, but much smaller than the former. Most sea-fowl eggs are exceedingly palatable and wholesome; but those of this genus are quite unfit for food, and have a most fetid odour. Unpromising as these animals would appear, however, they become easily tamed, and are then most docile, sagacious, and affectionate. We have seen a cormorant which was kept in a domestic state several years: it went on the sea, and fished for itself; but instantly returned if its owner called, following him with a plaintive note, as if trying to sing, and seeking his caresses with every possible gesture of fondness. While it was gentle and courteous to every one who noticed or spoke to it, its discriminating attachment to its master was conspicuous. In his absence it watched for him from the top of a gate, and distinguished him at a very considerable distance. This interesting favourite pined, and died after many weeks' suffering. When the body was opened, the lungs were found quite decayed. It had died of tubercular consumption.

An unpleasing trait of the cormorant is its proverbial voracity: the quantity of fish it is known to devour is quite enormous. The spirited proprietor we have alluded to, who, with much trouble and expense, made an artificial pond, and stocked it appropriately, had to thank this voracious animal for the complete and hopeless failure of his interesting experiment. Looking out early one morning on his pond, what was his dismay to see emerging from a prolonged dive an ominous black object! It was succeeded by another and another. A party of cormorants had discovered his treasure, and made a comfortable breakfast on his whole valuable stock of imported fish and spawn!

Strange to say, the young shag is good eating. The accomplished lady of one of the chief Shetland lairds used to make excellent soup of this bird, which was not to be distinguished from *hare*-soup. The fishermen take these birds whenever they have opportunity. When out fishing for *sillacks*, they bait (with one of these little fish, newly caught) a strong hook at the end of the line.

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The scarf seizes the sillack (which had been made to move invitingly just beneath the water's surface), and in attempting to swallow, is caught by the hook; then, by means of the rod, the bird is held down till drowned.

Another whimsical way in which the larger cormorant is caught is the following:—On a dark night, when the thickly-peopled cliffs and precipices are wrapt in silence and rest—and no doubt the inhabitants, in the security of their wisdom, think men are, or ought to be, reposing too—a small boat approaches the base of the rocks. The men carry a great iron pot filled with peat fire, which they suddenly uncover, and it makes quite a blaze in the gloom. The scarfs, poor fellows, awake suddenly, and cannot imagine what this may mean. In the confusion of ideas consequent on their disturbance, or in their eagerness to greet the dawning day which has thus surprised them, they fly directly at the light, even quite into the boat, and of course into the clutches of their cunning enemies, who are always particularly amused as well as gratified at the success of their stratagem, and the simplicity with which the poor scarfs rush on their doom.

The above imperfect notices aspire not to communicate anything strange or novel, far less to be a complete account of the birds of Shetland; but they may serve to show the dwellers in more favoured localities that even amidst scenes the most dreary and remote, pleasing and improving subjects of observation may be found; and that nothing is unimportant which adds in any degree to our acquaintance with the works of nature, and with the wisdom and goodness of its Author.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

In the year 1830 died Mr James Lewis Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, a gentleman of some repute as a scientific chemist. He was noted for his skill in analysing minute quantities; and it was he who caught a tear as it fell from a lady's cheek, and detected the salts and other substances which it held in solution. Mr Smithson was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and intended to bequeath his large wealth to that body at his death; but taking offence at some real or fancied slight towards him on their part, he altered his will, and left his property to the government of the United States of America, 'to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.'

Under these circumstances, we think that the public on this side of the Atlantic are somewhat interested in knowing the results of this munificent legacy, and the 'Third Annual Report of the Board of Regents,' published in February last, enables us to give a tolerable sketch of the proceedings down to the present year.

It appears that the amount of the bequest, 515,169 dollars (above L.100,000), was paid into the United States' Treasury in 1838. Some years were suffered to elapse before the requisite preliminary arrangements were determined on; at length, in 1846, the fund, then augmented by nearly 250,000 dollars of accrued interest, was placed under the control of the 'Board of Regents' chosen to conduct the institution. 'The Board consists of three members *ex-officio* of the establishment—the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both Houses;' and to this Board the usual powers are intrusted.

Among the preliminary considerations, we find it stated that 'the bequest is for the benefit of mankind. The government of the United States is merely a trustee to carry out the design of the testator;' and in order to realise his object for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men to the fullest possible extent, strict economy is to be observed in the administration of the finances. We trust this principle will always be faithfully adhered to in the future conduct of the institution; a proper regard for economy being often fatal to projects even when their aim is to benefit the community. 'It should be remembered,' states the Report, 'that mankind in general are to be benefited by the bequest, and that, therefore, all unnecessary expenditure on local objects would be a perversion of the trust.' Knowledge is to be increased by stimulating researches, and offering rewards for original memoirs on all branches of knowledge, which are to be published; but 'no memoirs on subjects of physical science will be accepted for publication, which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research; and all unverified speculations to be rejected.' Among the more special objects which the institution may encourage by pecuniary grants, we find—a 'system of extended meteorological observations, particularly with reference to the phenomena of American storms.' Then we have explorations and researches from which to construct a Physical Atlas of the United States; and the 'solution of experimental problems, such as a new determination of the weight of the earth, of the velocity of electricity, and of light; chemical analyses of soils and plants; collection and publication of articles of science, accumulated in the offices of government;' and we are glad to observe that 'the statistics of labour, the productive arts of life, public instruction,' &c. are not overlooked.

It is pretty well known that the publication of new and important researches in science or art is at times retarded or lost for want of encouragement. Works of this sort are, when published, in nearly all instances a positive pecuniary loss to the author. The Smithsonian Institution proposes to remedy this defect, by undertaking to print such works as may be deserving, and thus increase knowledge, but always under sanction of a committee of learned and scientific men, whose approval will of course stamp a value on the work.

A first volume has appeared in pursuance of this arrangement, under the general title of 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' It contains detailed accounts and descriptions of the 'ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley'—these exist in the form of mounds, earthworks, fortifications, and sculptures; some of them are of great extent; they are much more numerous than might be supposed; and the United States, which have often been said to want the charm of hoary antiquity, may now point to these with as much pride as the European feels in his ruined castles and abbeys. Copies of this work have been sent to several scientific and learned institutions in this country: it is a handsome quarto, with some hundreds of engravings and illustrations. Its publication will preserve correct views and descriptions of remains which, in the rapid changes made in the States, would soon be obliterated. Their origin appears to be as much a mystery as that of the Round Towers of Ireland; but the general conclusion is, that at a remote period there existed in the Mississippi Valley a numerous population, the progenitors of those who subsequently founded the old South American empires. The work will be a valuable aid to those engaged in ethnographical studies.

A second volume, we are informed, is preparing for publication: it will contain important contributions to astronomy and palæontology. We gather also from the latest report that the labours towards a system of meteorology are in active progress. Observers provided with instruments are established in Oregon, California, Santa Fé, and other places, and in this pursuit large use will be made of the magnetic telegraph, so as to institute simultaneous observations at places widely remote, or to announce meteorological phenomena. Observations in the southern hemisphere are made by a party stationed at Chili, where they are also to 'study the facts connected with one of the most mysterious and interesting phenomena of terrestrial physics—namely, the

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earthquake . . . . and for the purpose of facilitating the inquiries, a pæsimometer, or instrument for measuring the intensity and direction of the *earthwave*, has been ordered at the expense of the institution, to be placed in charge of the expedition during its absence.' Besides, there are to be magnetic surveys of the mineral regions on the northern lakes, and a series of observations for deducing and determining the law of variation of the magnetic needle; together with periodical reports on agricultural chemistry, the forest-trees of North America, on lightning, astronomy, and meteorological instruments. Further, a work is in preparation which is to give 'A Bibliographical Account of the Sources of Early American History; comprising a description of books relating to America, printed prior to the year 1700, and of all books printed in America from 1548 to 1700, together with notices of many of the more important unpublished manuscripts.'

The *locus* or building of the institution is in course of erection at Washington. It is of freestone, and 'comprises a museum, 200 feet by 50; a library, 90 feet by 50; a gallery of art, 125 feet long; two lecture-rooms, of which one is capable of containing an audience of 800 to 1000 persons; and the other is connected with the laboratory, together with several smaller rooms. The style selected is the later Norman, or rather Lombard.' A portion of the edifice is already fitted up for occupation, and the whole is expected to be completed in 1852, at a cost of 250,000 dollars. Notwithstanding the outlay as yet incurred, the original capital remains undiminished, owing to the manner in which the fund has been invested.

A collection of books is already made towards a library; and it appears that in the act organizing the building, is a clause similar to that which in this country requires publishers to present copies of works to certain public bodies. So far, the whole proceedings show that the Smithsonian bequest has fallen into good hands: the names of Dallas, Henry, Bache, Pearce, Rush, and others equally eminent, which compose the Board of Regents, are a guarantee for worth and character. We shall look with interest on the future labours of the institution; and may very appropriately conclude our notice with a passage from the secretary's report on the library:—'It will render Washington,' he observes, 'the centre of American learning. Its influences will descend noiselessly upon the community around; and spreading in ever-widening circles over the land, softening the asperities of party contentions, calming the strifes of self-interest, elevating the intellect above the passions and the senses, cherishing all the higher and nobler principles of our being, will contribute more than fleets and armies to true national dignity.'

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

It is long since it was possible to connect any romantic sentiment with the prisons of this country: they are essentially prosaic edifices; and it is well that they are so, for prisons cease to be poetical when they cease to be the habitations of the innocent, or the deadly instruments of irresponsible power. A prison now is simply a large house, well lighted and warmed, with stone stairs and floors, where every inmate has a wholesome and sufficient diet, and needs nothing but liberty to be tolerably comfortable. A prison in former times was a horrid fortress, with sombre passages, damp, dark dungeons, and scanty and unwholesome fare, whilst the walls echoed with the cries of the tortured, the rattling of chains, and the moans of the wretched. Like ours, the prisons of Paris have undergone great ameliorations; and the *oubliettes*, the iron-cages, the *souterrains* of the Grand Châtelet, and the starvings and the torturings, are all tales of other times. The last person put to the rack was Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV. in 1759; and to Louis XVI. is due the honour of abolishing this cruel and fallacious mode of extorting confession. To this unfortunate monarch, too, the prisoners of the Conciergerie owed a great improvement in their condition both as regarded their diet and habitation. Little did he dream that the masons and carpenters he employed in constructing those cells were preparing a chamber for the queen of France!

In spite of these ameliorations, however, the Conciergerie retains much of its originally dismal aspect. It was the first prison in the ancient city of Paris, then called Lutetia, and was rather hollowed out of the earth than erected on its surface. There it has stood through all the civil wars, the despotisms, the tyrannies, the jealousies, the revolutions, gaping for the victims each party alternately flung into its relentless maw! What groans, what cries, what curses, what threats, have those implacable stones not heard! It is to be regretted that the archives of the Conciergerie do not carry us farther back than the early years of the seventeenth century. Up to that period the registers are so torn and defaced as to be illegible. The first sentence distinctly recorded is that pronounced on Ravaillac for the assassination of Henry IV. Ravaillac was a Jesuit and a fanatic; and when examined before the parliament, and questioned as to his occupation, he answered that he 'taught children to read, to write, and to pray to God.' It would make our readers shudder were we to describe the frightful details of his punishment, though it might make some discontented souls, who think the present days the worst the world has seen, return thanks to Heaven for not having lived in an age when such horrors could be perpetrated without calling forth the indignant protest of all Europe.

It was from the Conciergerie that the Maréchale d'Ancre, Eleonora Galigai, the favourite of Mary de Medicis, was led to execution in 1617; and it gives one a lamentable notion of the morality of those times, that she was condemned on the plea of Judaism and sorcery, when, in fact, private jealousy and cupidity were the real and only motives of her persecutors. She made several remarkable answers in the course of her examinations: one less known than the others, and quite as striking, was given on being interrogated as to the use she made of certain books found in her hotel. 'Those books,' she said, 'had taught her that she knew nothing.'

It was not till nearly the end of the reign of Louis XIII. that the police of Paris attained any sort of efficiency; nor was it till then that they succeeded in somewhat relieving the city of the pestiferous swarms of thieves and assassins by whom it was haunted. These wretches chiefly inhabited a spot called La Cour des Miracles, out of which they nightly sallied to the mortal terror of the well-disposed inhabitants. Into this immense den the officers of justice durst not attempt to penetrate, where, under dark, low roofs, built of earth and mud, the days were passed in every sort of vice, gluttony amongst the number: it being a standing rule in the Cour des Miracles that all gains should be spent immediately, and no reserves made for the following day. Betwixt this nest of thieves and the prisoners of the Conciergerie a system of communication was established by means of the hunting-horn. Into this science of sounds the young thieves were regularly initiated against the evil day, when they should exchange the outside of those walls for the inside; whilst the secret was so carefully kept, that nobody else could interpret the signals.

We pass over the Brinvilliers and the Voisins—the poisoners of the seventeenth century—about whom so much has been written, to take a glance at one of their successors in the Conciergerie: that fine gentleman who, at a masquerade where he was elbowing the most fashionable women of Paris, with his hat cocked on one ear, and a sword at his side, befrilled and belaced, was tapped on the shoulder by an agent of the police, who

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whispered in his ear *Cartouche!* What an event for the city that for ten years had been pillaged and ravaged by this famous robber, and what a shock to the fine ladies, many of whose hearts had been touched by his gay and gallant bearing! For three months did his adventures and confessions satisfy the appetite of the Parisians for news: nothing was talked of but Cartouche—everybody forgot everything else to think of him. Poems and plays were got up in all haste to meet the public taste; and one dramatist, Monsieur Le Grange, waited upon the criminal in the Conciergerie for the purpose of obtaining the most minute particulars of his life.

'And when will your piece be produced?' courteously inquired Cartouche, when he had given every information desired.

'On the very day of your execution!' replied the dramatist with enthusiasm. Cartouche politely wished success to the author; and they took leave of each other with the greatest urbanity. We see by this instance that the pernicious and ridiculous custom of converting criminals into heroes is by no means so modern an invention as it is sometimes supposed to be. Robber and assassin as he was, Cartouche had his own grain of enthusiasm too. He said to Guignaud, the Jesuit priest who attended him in his last moments, that he considered all the crimes he had committed as mere peccadilloes compared to the frightful treason with which their order had been sullied by Ravaillac. 'For my own part,' said he, 'I had so great a respect for the memory of Henry IV., that had a victim I was pursuing taken refuge under his statue on the Pont Neuf, I would have spared his life!'

The dungeons of the Conciergerie were crammed to repletion by the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, when the thieves of Paris formed a too successful league for pillaging the public during the exhibition of fire-works. In this dreadful struggle perished 2740 persons; and amongst the dead there was but one of the band found. This was a man called Petit Jean: he had been suffocated in the mêlée, but not before he had reaped a harvest of fifty watches and many other valuables. Four hundred of these vagabonds were carried to the Conciergerie to be searched, and the turn-out of bracelets, chains, watches, ear-rings, and purses, is recorded to have been something exceeding belief. How little did the beautiful young queen think, whilst lamenting the victims of this plot, that where those wretches lay she should one day rest her head and sleep her last sleep on earth!

The immediate neighbourhood of the Conciergerie to the revolutionary tribunal kept it always full during that crisis; and for some time the political victims of every sex, age, and rank, were mingled pell-mell with the most abandoned criminals, men and women. After a time, a classification was attempted into what they called *pailleux*, or the lyers on straw, who were well-nigh devoured by rats and vermin; *pistoliers*, who, being able to pay for a bed, shared a miserable mattress with some companion in misfortune; and *secrets*, which last were confined in horrible dungeons beneath the level of the river. When, to add to its other miseries, a famine desolated the unhappy city, the captives in the Conciergerie felt their share of the calamity. The government ceasing to make any allowance for food, the rich prisoners were forced to support the poor; and a man's fortune was now estimated by the number of sans-culottes he fed, as it had formerly been by the number of his horses, grooms, and dogs. Of course, under these circumstances, there was a great deal of sickness; and at length there was a simulation of an infirmary established, where, according to Mr Banthelmy Maurice, ten applications at least were necessary to procure the most trifling medicine; whilst the doctor, who for form's sake visited the sick, had one prescription, which he never varied, for all his patients. Jesting in their misery, they used to call it *la selle á tous chevaux* (the saddle that fitted every horse). One day the doctor, feeling the pulse of a patient, observed that he was better than he had been the day before. 'Yes, citizen,' replied the infirmary nurse, 'he is better; but, by the by, it's not the same—that one is dead, and this is another that has taken his place.'

Besides human keepers, almost all the prisons of Paris during the Revolution made use of canine ones. The Conciergerie had a famous dog called *Ravage*, a zealous and implacable beast, who hated the prisoners, and was thought incorruptible. However, one morning Ravage was found with an assignat of five francs tied to his tail, on which it was inscribed that this faithful guardian had yielded to the seduction of a pound of sheep's trotters. The corrupters of Ravage succeeded in making their escape.

From one of the dungeons of the Conciergerie General Beauharnois wrote his last affecting farewell to his wife, the future empress of the French, which she—Josephine—read to Napoleon Bonaparte at their first interview, and won his heart.

The heroic Charlotte Corday spent the short interval betwixt her crime and the scaffold in this prison; and here also was celebrated that famous last supper of the Girondins on the night preceding their execution, where, till five o'clock in the morning, when the jailors summoned them to meet their fate, those dull walls echoed to the bons-mots, the songs, and the jests, as well as to the poetry and philosophy, of some of the finest wits in Paris. There are old men now alive who remember to have heard a young beggar girl, shortly after this famous banquet, singing in the streets a song improvised by Ducos at that supper. Showers of tears fell from her eyes as she sang; and it was said that she had gone mad for love of the poet, whom she had seen led to execution.

We will only refer, for the purpose of mentioning one anecdote, to Marshal Ney, who, in 1815, passed through the gates of the Conciergerie to the scaffold. A few nights after Ney's death, Monsieur Bellart, who was public prosecutor at the time, and whose name was painfully mixed up with the fate of the marshal, had assembled at his hotel a brilliant party of fashionables. In dancing, singing, laughing, talking, the evening had passed gaily away, and it was nearly midnight when the large folding-doors of the saloon were suddenly thrown open, and a footman, with a loud and clear voice, announced 'Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!' The music ceased; the dancers stood still; the words died away on the lips of the speakers; every eye was turned to the door; a gentleman approached in deep mourning. It was Monsieur le Maréchal Ainé, whom the bewildered lackey had understood to announce himself as Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!

In spite of all ameliorations, the Conciergerie still bears the marks of its feudal origin; and the dungeons below the level of the Seine, in which the keeper has authority to confine any of his flock that give him dissatisfaction, are a disgrace to civilisation.

The prison of St Lazare, so called because it stands on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, contained within its walls some years ago an interesting inmate commonly known as La Folle des Roses. One morning, shortly after the Restoration, some labourers going to their work found the body of a soldier who had apparently been assassinated, and close at hand a young girl, who was well known in the neighbourhood. On seeing the men approach, she attempted to escape; but they stopped her, and as she either could not or would not account for her being there at that early hour, she was arrested under suspicion. On being interrogated, she said that she had been on the preceding evening at a fête with some young companions, where she had danced and amused herself like the rest. In their company she had returned to her father's house, and when they left her, she had seated herself on a stone-bench at the door. She remembered that the evening breeze had borne to her a powerful odour from the roses that are cultivated in profusion in that neighbourhood; but what happened

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subsequently she could not tell, as she recollected nothing further, nor could conceive how she came to be found near the dead soldier. Under these circumstances Marie M—— was committed to St Lazare; but her confinement was short, it being soon ascertained that the soldier had been killed by one of his comrades in a drunken fray. The prisoner was free, but public curiosity remained unsatisfied: nobody could make out how she became mixed up with the affair at all, and many persons persisted in believing that she was not altogether innocent of the crime that had been imputed to her.

A year had elapsed, and again the gates of St Lazare opened to receive Marie M——; and this time she was really convicted of stealing roses. Repeatedly the owners of the flowers had forborne to prosecute, in consideration of her youth; but their patience was exhausted, and she was sent to prison. Sentence was pronounced upon her as on a common thief; but everything tended to show that her offence should have been considered from another point of view. Some peculiar sensibility to the perfume of the rose, with which the atmosphere of that neighbourhood is redolent at certain seasons, appears to have caused a sort of monomaniacal desire to possess the flowers; and the first invasion of the malady had taken place on the night the soldier had been assassinated. Innocent, simple, and almost a child in years, Marie was thrust into this den of impurity, where every vice was rife; but, strange to say, the refuse of God's creatures that inhabited the jail understood the poor girl better than the *élite* of the wise who had sent her there. They surnamed her La Rose; and instead of ridiculing her fancies, they pitied and indulged them; they made subscriptions amongst themselves, and not only procured her real flowers, as far as they were able, but the women obtained gauze and wires, and made artificial ones to please her. Fortunately, one of the overlookers was sensible and humane enough to encourage instead of suppressing this singular charity; and perceiving the dexterity the female prisoners, inspired by good-will, were acquiring in this new art, he established a manufactory of artificial flowers, and set Marie to work amongst the others. She took to this employment with ardour, and at the end of six months she no longer thought that the roses beckoned to her, or that they uprooted themselves from the earth to follow her footsteps; though she always retained a tender reverence for the plant which had been the cause of her misfortune. She became, after her release, one of the most celebrated makers of artificial flowers in Paris, and was one of the principal manufacturers employed by Monsieur de Bernardiere, by whom Louis XVIII. commanded samples of all the indigenous plants in France to be constructed in whalebone.

This poetical lunacy of poor Marie reminds us of that of a lady—young, beautiful, and rich—called Mademoiselle Jeanne de Montil, who was surnamed La Folle du Soleil. She believed herself the destined bride of the sun, and declared that the marriage ceremony only waited for the spring, when her *corbeille* would be ready. The corbeille of a French marriage is a basket of the shape of what is used in this country for babylinen, containing certain elegancies of the toilet—such as jewels, artificial flowers, &c. which are presented by the gentleman. And as the earth began to turn green, the trees to burst into leaf, and the flowers to bloom, she declared that her radiant bridegroom had commanded these exquisite adornments to be ready for the espousals. The very birds, and butterflies, and fruits, were all for her: all nature was busy preparing the corbeille of the Bride of the Sun. Jeanne de Montil was sent to the Salpetrière, the bedlam of Paris, in 1777, where she appears to have been treated with more sense and humanity than was customary at that period. Whether she recovered or died is not recorded.

In returning to St Lazare, we must advert to the case of the Morins, mother and daughter, rendered interesting by the noble devotion of the latter, a girl scarcely sixteen years of age. In the early part of the year 1806, the Hôtel St Phar was condemned by the tribunal of the Seine to be sold. Two bidders presented themselves—a retired advocate named Ragouleau, and the Widow Morin. The house was knocked down to the lady at the price of 96,000 francs; but it is presumable that she had not the money, as she almost immediately borrowed 100,000 francs of M. Ragouleau, at the ruinous interest of 10 per cent. As, added to this drain, there were several life-annuities secured upon the house, which it fell to the purchaser to pay, it is not surprising that Madame Morin soon found herself in difficulties; whilst Ragouleau, who seems to have been determined to gain his object one way or the other, complicated the *imbroglio* by purchasing the interest of some of the annuitants. It is needless to say that the old lawyer was too much for the widow, who, with her daughter, was soon dispossessed of the Hôtel St Phar, and saw themselves obliged to set up a small dairy, as a means of earning their subsistence. A gloss of external civility, however, appears to have been maintained betwixt the parties; insomuch that the widow invited Ragouleau to breakfast on a certain day, and afterwards to accompany her and her daughter to a house in the country that she wished to purchase. The lawyer accepted the invitation; but when he came, he declined either eating or drinking, under pretext of indisposition. A coach was therefore called from the stand, and they started, desiring the man to drive them to Clignancourt; but at the barrière the carriage was surrounded by agents of police, who accompanied them to their destination. On arriving there, the house was searched, and it was discovered that the vents and air-holes of the cellars had been stopped up, so that no sound should escape to the exterior; and that every preparation had been made for the strange enterprise they had planned, which was to force Ragouleau to sign certain papers, which should restore to the Morin family the property of which he had so cunningly deprived them. The instruments to effect this object were all ready—pistols, powder, and balls, a gallows and chain, and a table, on which were writing implements and a couple of lighted candles. It appeared that the women had been practising pistol-firing in the cellars, and that Ragouleau had been warned of his danger.

When brought up for examination, Mademoiselle Morin assumed the whole burthen of the crime, which seems to have been rather the childish scheme of two distressed and inexperienced women, there being no reason to believe that anything worse than intimidation was intended. She spoke of her mother with the most enthusiastic affection; declaring also that they had been wrought upon by a secret agent of the police, a woman, who first seduced, and then informed against them; and although Madame Morin also desired to appropriate the responsibility of the offence, her daughter boldly contradicted her, pleading against herself with the advocate-general, as if she had been prosecutor instead of defendant. The woman, she said, had persuaded her to the undertaking; but nothing but her own prayers and tears, reinforced by the extremity of their distress, had won her mother to countenance the plot.

'I have revealed the whole truth,' said she to the court; 'I have neither concealed nor disguised anything. If an example must be made, let the chastisement fall upon me. I know little of life but its sorrows; and for my own part have nothing to lose or regret: but spare my mother!' Stifled by her sobs and tears, she ceased speaking, and sat down; but seeing her mother advancing to claim her share of the penalty, this noble young girl arose, and in tones of agony intreated the judges not to listen to her. 'Have mercy, my lords! have mercy!' she cried, 'and do not believe her. She has a son, a child, that needs her protection. Let her live for him!'

Madame Morin and her daughter were condemned to twenty years of hard labour in the prison of St Lazare.

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The mother submitted to her fate with passive resignation; but Mademoiselle Morin did more—she had the strength of mind not only to submit to, but to accept, her destiny; and in that pestilential atmosphere, surrounded by vice and depravity on every side, did this young girl disclose virtues that entitle her name to be placed beside that of Elizabeth Fry. She first engaged the attention and respect of her fellow-prisoners by her devotion to her mother, on whom she never ceased to lavish the tenderest cares, and whose imposed labour she took upon herself to perform whenever permission could be obtained. They began by respecting, and ended by loving her; and such was the influence she obtained, that after a few years, young as she still was, she was appointed superintendent of the workshops. Here her noble qualities found a wide field for their exercise, especially amongst the unfortunate young females whom early neglect and bad example had driven to perdition. It seems to have been long before public gratitude offered any testimony to these virtues, exercised under circumstances so trying. It was not till the term of their imprisonment had nearly expired, that Madame Morin and her daughter received a free pardon, and were restored to liberty.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Of the three islands which the Dutch discoverer called after a portion of his own country, because of a fancied resemblance, the middle one is of a rugged and Alpine character, having summits which cleave the clouds at a height of 14,000 feet, and which are buried for two-thirds of their elevation in permanent snow and glaciers. Nor is the northern and more level island bereft of towering altitudes, especially the southern portions of it. The whole country is more or less volcanic. On the eastern and western coasts of the whole of New Zealand, but more especially in the North Island, active volcanoes abound, but not sufficiently, it would seem, to give vent to the igneous forces of the under-earth, which often occasion earthquakes. Across the centre of the North Island is a chain of volcanic disturbance in constant activity. It commences at Tongariro, a conical mountain about 10,000 feet high, constantly emitting steam and smoke. From this eminence the chain extends along a line of lakes, hot-springs, steam-jets, and fissures, to the Bay of Plenty, where it is terminated by another volcano called White Island, the crater of which is near the water's edge. The temperature of some of the hot-springs, even at the surface, is 216 degrees, and there are mud jets at boiling point. Underground noises are continually heard, new openings are frequently made, and land slips are not uncommon.

With such fiery activity in the lower regions of New Zealand, earthquakes are of constant recurrence; but, so far as can be judged from native accounts, and from the experience of South America, they are only destructive about three times in a century, when they are extremely violent. From what we can learn, no serious terrestrial disturbance took place from the first settlement of the colony till the year 1840, and in that year, we are informed by an English settler, there occurred one sharp shock, which created more alarm than damage, for it only razed a few clay chimneys. 'Since I have been here,' says the same gentleman, 'I have noted from twelve to twenty shocks every year; but they were too trifling to do damage or to create alarm. Once only—on the 4th and 5th December 1846—there was an unusual number; namely, eight between five o'clock in the afternoon and nine the next morning, and some were of considerable force.' Up to this time, use had so familiarised the settlers to these earthly tremblings, that they scarcely heeded them.

At the end of last year, however, the people of New Zealand had occasion for more serious alarm than usual: in October an earthquake occurred that was manifestly one of the three which physical geographers had promised them per century. It lasted during five weeks, and some of the shocks would have reduced half London to ruins. As it was, it occasioned a loss of property to the amount of L.15,000, and the sacrifice of three human lives. Although an announcement of the catastrophe reached this country a few months since, full and satisfactory accounts of it have only recently been forthcoming in the official despatches from the colony, in the newspapers, and from other sources. Details of such phenomena are always interesting, as much to the scientific as to the popular reader. This earthquake is the more so, as it is the latest geological catastrophe with which this earth has been visited.

A correspondent of the 'Westminster Review' publishes in its past number his journal—kept at Karori, a short distance from Wellington—in which a graphic account is given of his experiences of the commencement of the event, which took place on Monday, 16th October 1848:—'At twenty minutes before two this morning,' he writes, 'we were awakened by the shock of an earthquake, of greater force and duration than any we have hitherto felt in the colony. It was, moreover, the first of a series of shocks which succeeded each other at short intervals during the morning and the day. The house (fortunately of wood) rocked violently; the bells were set in motion; and clocks stopped. For about three-quarters of a minute the shocks were so strong, that it was with difficulty I kept my legs. It continued with some force for two or three minutes, and the whole vibration lasted ten minutes. For one hour the shocks scarcely ceased for a minute; during the whole morning until between six and seven o'clock, the intervals were not long, and the tremulous motion of the earth was continuous, and nearly incessant. We feared for our chimneys, but they did not fall. They were, however, so much injured, that, to prevent accidents, I had them taken down. The wind was south-east to north-west during the night, blowing a fierce gale, with very heavy rain. I went down stairs to look at the barometer immediately after the first shock: at nine on the previous night the mercury stood at 29 inches [our house is 500 feet above the harbour]; it had risen to 29·04. In the morning it had subsided to 29·02—a very significant variation.'

On the day after, our journalist transferred the scene of his observations to Wellington. Under date Tuesday, October 17, he says—'The shocks continued all day at varying intervals. At twenty minutes before four a shock took place of greater force than the first. I was at Government House: the house shook, *jerked*, and then vibrated so as to shake all loose articles to the ground. I found it necessary to steady myself on my legs. There was first a short shock of four or five seconds' duration, and of moderate force; then came a loud sound from the northward and eastward, and then the strong shock. The French windows burst their fastenings, and flew outwards—the chimney-piece was cleared of its ornaments—the bottles flew from the table. Its extreme force continued about a minute—perhaps rather less. Our carpenter, who was securing one of our chimneys at Karori, afterwards told me that the tremulous motion of the earth did not cease for eighteen minutes. Loud exclamations along the whole line of the beach indicated the wreck that was going on, and the general alarm that this severe shock occasioned. I had business at my chambers at four. On reaching the court-house, I found the short, stout chimney had literally fallen down of itself: it could not fall outwards, being supported on one side by my room, and on the other by that of the Registrar. I next visited the Colonial Hospital—a well-built brick building, only lately finished: it was not down, because the walls and roof are held up by strong bond timbers; but the brickwork was split and rent, and starred in all directions, so as to make it untenable.'

On Wednesday there was an unusually high tide; and although the tides were at neap, the water flooded

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the lower parts of some of the houses. But it was at *Te Aro* (the business part of Wellington, at the head of Lambton Harbour) that the greatest force of the earthquake seemed to have expended itself. All the large merchants' stores, the ordnance store, the Methodists' chapel, and a great number of brick buildings, were rent to pieces; nor was there a single chimney left standing in the town. The ordnance store buried in its fall barrack-master Lovell and his two children. His little daughter, eight years of age, was taken out dead; and his son, four years old, died the same night. The father was taken to the military hospital much injured, and expired on the Friday following.

On Thursday, October 19, the journalist, still writing at Karori, says—'Precisely at five this morning we had a sharp shock, stronger than either of the two already noted. The extreme force of the shock lasted rather less than a minute; there was considerable motion for three and a-half minutes; and the vibration lasted eight minutes from the commencement of the shock. It has done us more damage than all the others together. It has split the solid bed of brickwork which forms the lower part of our oven, completed the destruction of the other chimneys, torn the plaster of our lower rooms to pieces (the upper are lined with wood), and broken a great many loose articles. Our windows (French casements) flew open. After this, shock followed shock in quick succession all day and night.

'In the evening, until about half-past nine, the sky to the south and south-west presented a remarkably lurid appearance; but I do not think it needs an eruption of a volcano to account for it. In very angry skies, during gales of wind at sea, I have seen something of the kind. If the state of the atmosphere be such as to increase refraction, the sun's light may have some effect long after sunset (say two and a-half or three hours in this case), and falling on very dense clouds, would produce a very angry appearance.

'Friday, 20th.—The shocks have continued in quick succession all night. They have, I think, rather diminished both in force and frequency during the day.

'The Te Aro end of the town is a wreck; Rhodes's large brick store is down to the ground; the front of the Methodists' chapel is out; Ridgway's, the Ordnance, and Fitzherbert's, all extensive brick buildings, are complete ruins: even the low wall round Fitzherbert's yard is down. There is considerable loss of property within. In one respect the last shock has done good: it has thrown down many walls that were in a very dangerous condition. There is naturally a good deal of alarm in the town owing to the continuance of the disturbance. Some people are encamping on the hills, under the impression that they are safer. I do not find anything in the result of the shocks to justify this. All wooden buildings have hitherto been safe, and much of the damage to brick buildings is owing to the miserable manner in which they are built. Both lime and bond-timber have been far too scantily used.'

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the weather was extremely fine, but the shocks continued. They were not violent, lasting only a few seconds, and were rather heard than felt. On Monday they recurred every half hour. At two o'clock P.M. on Tuesday, 24th October, there was a shock which did some damage in Wellington, destroying the new plaster of Government House, which had stood the other shocks. A gentleman standing on a lawn felt himself 'jerked up.' This shock was followed by several others—short, but strong—till evening. After the first and severest, Dr Pendergast counted thirty shocks up to four o'clock; and from that time till eight o'clock the next (Wednesday) morning, 'there must have been,' says a statistical gentleman, who appears to have been kept awake by them, 'at least one hundred and fifty shocks.' In the morning a chasm was opened on some newly-dug ground four yards long.

Up to the middle of November the earthquake continued in slight but oft-repeated shocks. Taking the whole of them during the five weeks, only four occurred of sufficient force and duration to do damage, though at times as many as fifteen were counted in an hour.

Among other curious occurrences to which the phenomenon gave rise, we may mention, as illustrative of the nature of the motion of some of the shocks, that in a store-room at Aldorf's Wellington Tavern, a large number of stout short bottles of anchovies were ranged closely together on the floor, and occupying about a square yard. At about four feet distance, and south from them, was a cask of beer (twelve or eighteen gallons, I forget which) half full. This cask was jerked up, and deposited on the top of the anchovy-bottles, without knocking down or breaking one. The motion evidently moves along a line, and at the same time undulates so as to produce this upward motion. Any one who has been in the habit of swimming in the sea during a considerable swell, must have felt something of this: the wave comes on, and moves the swimmer's body forward, but not so much as it moves upwards when under the full influence of the wave.

These upheaving tendencies of the earthquake are corroborated by a curious note in the New Zealand 'Spectator' of October 28, 1848:—'Owing to the confusion into which the types of this office were thrown by the earthquake of last Thursday, together with the subsequent excitement which prevailed, it was found impossible to publish the "Spectator," as usual, on Saturday last. By a great effort, however, we have succeeded in bringing out the present number at our usual time of publication.'

Some persons felt a kind of meeting of shocks proceeding from opposite directions, accompanied by a sort of grinding sound. During one of these, it is mentioned that some milk in pans acquired a circular motion so rapid, that it made itself into cream, which swam about in the centre.

Wellington was manifestly the centre to which this earthquake converged, standing as it does nearly in the middle of the country, at the southern extremity of the northernmost of the islands. Immediately across Cook's Straits at Cloudy Bay the catastrophe was so severely felt on Monday 16th and Tuesday 17th of October, that some whalers brought their families over to Wellington in an open boat, at considerable risk, during a strong south-east gale. Farther away, at Otago, near to Stewart's Island, and under the highest ridges in this varied territory, the earthquake was scarcely felt; and in proportion as the shocks reached towards North Cape, their intensity decreased. 'The action of the earthquake,' says the 'Government Gazette,' 'appears to have extended from about the latitude of Banks's Peninsula to that of New Plymouth; its greatest force having been in Cook's Strait, and in a north-west and south-east direction from thence.'

The alarm occasioned by this phenomenon appears to have been trifling, after the first feelings of surprise and dread had subsided. A large vessel sailing at the very moment when the alarm was greatest for a port which is usually the resort of any who leave New Zealand, only about forty souls, including children, were willing to take advantage of the opportunity; and the vessel having got ashore in going away, the passengers re-landed, and returned to their homes. The governor, in his despatch of 31st October, declares that 'the danger of a voyage by sea is in fact greater than any that we have been subjected to; and probably every one who travels one hundred miles on a railway, incurs a greater risk than he would do by living a life in New Zealand.' Earthquakes, therefore, are nothing to people who are used to them.

Still, their effects are to be provided against, although such a notion as their acting as a deterrant to intending emigrants can never be seriously entertained. Subterraqueous volcanic action being the normal state of the country, whatever is built upon it should be firmly planted. The description of building recommended by the governor, both as being better able to withstand

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future shocks, and as more secure from fire, is a strong wooden frame upon a brick foundation, filled in with brick 'nogging' laid in mortar, and covered outside with laths and plaster, and board and plaster inside.

PURE AIR *VERSUS* CHOLERA.

THE following judicious and lucid observations on the value of pure air in regard to health, appear in a paper on the subject in a late number of the 'Times,' by Mr F. Spenser Wells:—'Just as certain proportions of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre must be combined to produce gunpowder—of coal, gas, and air, to form an explosive mixture—so the organic germs of some diseases fructify or germinate only when the air into which they are thrown contains other organic matters with which they can enter into combination. No two of the constituents of gunpowder will form an explosive compound, but directly the third is added, and the three are in proper proportion, the destructive agent is produced; so with gases. It is not until air contains 1-14th of its volume of coal gas that the mixture is inflammable. It explodes with extreme force when the proportions are 1 to 10, but as the proportion exceeds this, the explosive power again diminishes. Just so the gases evolved from bodies, whether healthy or diseased, become dangerous in proportion to their concentration or mixture with the impure matter in the air. The events which have lately agitated the public mind show the importance of these considerations. The victims of cholera are those who are confined in dirty, ill-ventilated dwellings, who are exposed to the concentrated emanations constituting both the above species of malaria—and who are not taught to dilute them by ventilation, but rather to concentrate them still further by excluding the "epidemic atmosphere," however impossible it may be to do so in houses not air-tight. When one of the upper classes falls, it is from a similar cause.

'The people of all classes in general do not know, or forget, or at anyrate do not act upon the fact, that they are constantly throwing off poison from their lungs. They know that if charcoal be set on fire in a closed room, people confined in that room will be suffocated or poisoned by carbonic acid gas; but they appear not to know that this same gas is poured forth from their lungs continually, and in large quantities; and that if a room were perfectly air-tight, a person breathing in it would as certainly and inevitably poison himself with his own breath as if charcoal were burnt in the room. The only difference would be in point of time. Candles or lamps burning in a room poison the air just as a man or animal does by breathing, and one candle requires about as much pure air to burn as a man does to live. If a candle be placed in a closed vessel—under a common tumbler, for instance—it will soon poison the air in the glass, and go out. If a healthy person fill a lamp-glass with the same poison by breathing into it, and put this glass over a lighted candle, the candle goes out directly the gas in the glass surrounds the wick. If the air in a glass jar be poisoned by burning a candle in it, or by filling it with the breath from the human body, a bird or mouse placed in that jar almost immediately dies.

'So much for the effects of the poison when unmixed; but it is very seldom that man is exposed to the undiluted poison he himself forms. It is only in such cases as the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the City of Londonderry steamer, or accidents in mines, where people are confined in air-tight chambers, that the extremity of evil—*sudden death*—is produced. Our rooms, however badly constructed, are not absolutely air-tight; and the laws of nature in the diffusion of gases, and their varying consumption by animals and vegetables, secure safety and a degree of health when man's ignorance does not contribute to his own ruin.

'But though *sudden* or absolute poisoning is not often produced by want of air to dilute or remove the poisonous gas evolved in respiration, slow poisoning is so to a fearful extent. A healthy man requires four cubic feet per minute of pure air to insure the changes which should take place in his blood during respiration, and to remove and sufficiently dilute the poisonous gas he exhales. The poison of the breath issues warm from the body, and being warm, is specifically lighter than air, and rises just as a balloon filled with light gas does. It rises to the ceiling, but finds no way of escape, no opening higher than the fireplace; so that, unless a current of air pass through the open door, all the upper part of the room becomes filled with poisonous gas. Currents of pure air come in through crevices of doorways, carrying with them only a small portion of the impure air to the chimney, and the air above the level of the opening is very little affected. Just as a bottle of oil inverted in a stream of water remains full, because the oil is lighter than the water, so the part of the room above the level of the chimney-opening remains full of a poisonous gas, because it is lighter than the current of pure air which passes from the door to the fireplace. Now it is in this upper part of rooms that adults breathe; their heads are above the level of the pure air; they are breathing a varying amount of poison. If a bird be suspended in a cage from the top of a four-post bedstead in which two persons are sleeping, and the curtains are drawn rather closely together, the bird will certainly be found dead in the morning, poisoned by the breath of the sleepers, who, if they were at the same level with the bird, would just as certainly poison themselves! Small rooms are just as dangerous as a large curtained bedstead. How many families have seen their children healthy and ruddy, plump, rosy creatures, until growth carried their heads above the level of the pure air in the nursery! Then, at the age of nine or ten, one after the other has become pallid, sallow, and thin—true town exotics. This subject is so important, and so little understood by the public, that I may impress its importance on the public mind by a few examples.

'It is not very long since that a new house was erected under the direction of an eminent architect to accommodate the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park; and this dwelling was to resemble as nearly as possible an English gentleman's drawing-room. Two ordinary drawing-room grates were put in, with low chimney openings as close to the floor as possible, and the windows and other openings above were made perfectly close. Some warm air was also admitted through openings in the floor. All the openings for winter ventilation were made close to the floor, under the erroneous belief that the gas produced by the respiration of the animals would be heavier than the other air of the room, and would fall and escape below. The architect forgot that it issued *warm*, and therefore *light*, from the animals, and that, when cold, it would become diffused and mixed with the other air. Sixty healthy monkeys, who had been several years in England, were put into this room. In one month fifty of them were dead, and the other ten dying! The animals were all poisoned by their own breath: they were living in an extinguisher! All the hot breath and impure exhalations of the monkeys were collected in the upper part of the room, could not escape, and poisoned them. As soon as some openings in the upper part of the room, which were intended only for summer ventilation—as if the monkeys could live without pure air in winter—were unclosed, the room became perfectly habitable, the ten sick monkeys recovered, and those since placed in it have remained perfectly healthy. It is curious that all the monkeys who died are said to have died with tubercles in the lungs—true consumption—the most prevalent disease of this climate, which is developed, I am persuaded, in numberless instances in our population in the same manner, but less suddenly than among these monkeys. Our schools and nurseries are not quite so close as this monkey-house, but there is no very great difference in many. The windows are not opened for fear of draughts of cold air; there is only one door, and that is seldom opened; and the chimney-opening is not more than three or four feet from the floor. Even that is often closed. The effects are bad enough in large rooms inhabited by few people, but when rooms are small or crowded, the magnitude of the evil can scarcely be appreciated. It has been ascertained that nearly 10,000 emigrants have lately been poisoned by their own breath in emigrant ships. They died from ship fever produced by want of ventilation.

'This is sufficient to show the universal deficiency of ventilation, and the evils produced by breathing air rendered impure by the breath of healthy persons. The effects are still more evident when these persons are diseased, especially with diseases which are propagated from one person to another. The breath then is not only a simple poison, but also contains the germs of a special disease—small-pox or typhus, for instance—and if these germs are collected in large quantities, and not carried off by a current of air, or diluted by mixture with pure air, they produce small-pox, typhus, or some other disease, according to the nature of the first person affected. When one such person is confined in a small room, or several in a large room, and perfect ventilation is not practised, the disease inevitably

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spreads; but when a free supply of pure air dilutes the poisonous emanations, they are innoxious. Fever patients scattered about well-ventilated hospital wards do not cause the spread of fever; but crowd them together, or neglect ventilation, and they poison every one who approaches them who is not protected by a previous attack.

'I think I have given, as far as moderate limits would permit, good reason for my assertion, that a large proportion of the illness of the inhabitants of this country, whether children or adults, rich or poor, arises from deficient supply of pure air to their dwellings, bedrooms, school-rooms, workshops, or places of public assembly; and that the same want not only predisposes them to the attacks of prevalent contagious diseases, but that such diseases can only be generally or largely developed when the miasmata containing their germs are considerably concentrated; that dilution with pure air is the safeguard, ventilation is the remedy, which the people should be taught to adopt. It is better to avoid cholera by procuring pure air, than to attempt to cure it by prescriptions. If the room have a chimney, and the person can afford five shillings for one of Dr Arnott's ventilators, let one be put up. If this be too much to pay for an essential element of life and health, let a brick be knocked out of the chimney near the ceiling, nine inches from any woodwork, and a pennyworth of wire-gauze nailed over it with a piece of cloth or oiled silk attached inside to act as a valve. This will allow the impure warm air to pass into the chimney, and prevent any smoke from escaping into the room. There are now not many rooms without chimney openings, but there are some. In these some small holes may be bored in the top window-sash, or a thin slit sawed in it a foot long and an eighth of an inch wide; or a piece of wire-gauze or perforated zinc may be substituted for one of the upper panes of glass. If the door fit very tight, a piece should be sawed or planed from the bottom, so as to leave a crevice for the admission of pure air. Every inhabited room in Great Britain might be thus effectually ventilated in one week after the issue of a notification by the Board of Health; and no reasonable man can doubt that, if a proper system of ventilation were rendered imperative upon landlords, not only would the cholera and other epidemic diseases be checked, but the general standard of health would be raised, and the returns of the Registrar-General would speedily show less difference in the relative mortality of town and country, and a universal increase in the duration of human life. Not only the dwellings of the poorer classes, but almost all our public buildings, even our palaces and the mansions of the nobility in town and country, are so badly constructed, that the health of those who inhabit or frequent them is necessarily deteriorated, the spread of epidemic diseases is encouraged, and a large proportion of other fatal maladies may be fairly attributed to this faulty construction.'

A NIGHT IN WEXFORD.

Of all rivers in Europe (and I have seen many),
Sure least is his chance of forgetting the *Slaney*,
Who knows, for his sins, how convanient for export
It runs alongside the ould city of Wexford!
Now Wexford's a town, which, though given to riot,
Has of late years, we're told, been remarkably quiet;
But should Pat, even at times, still belabour his brother,
'Cross the street they have but to shake hands with each other:
So handily narrow's each sociable alley
Of this town, whose wide bridges bestride a whole valley.

Now, *let* any mortal who ever his eyes has
Chanced to open in Wexford in time of the Assizes
(With a fair in the bargain, the better to cram
Streets expressly constructed to favour a *jam*),
Just imagine a poor hungry traveller arriving
On the top of the mail, after twelve hours' long driving
(Past seven by his watch, by his *stomach* much later),
And, to back the 'All full' of the jackanapes waiter,
Seeing, up at *White's** windows, while threading the lane,
One lawyer at least looking out at each pane!
'Whither next?' cries the stranger's disconsolate voice—
Why, Wexford, like Hobson, has only one choice;
And half its inhabitants marshal his way
To Sutherland's ligant inn on the Quay.
'Beggars should not be choosers'—and 'What must be, *must*,'
So the horror-struck traveller gulps his disgust;
Is wished joy of his luck in just catching, to sleep in,
A hole which for Councillor Casey was keeping;

And assured that not long he'll with hunger be pining,
Thirty councillors more being then up stairs dining!
Thus far well: and so happily altered are matters,
By the sharp crack of corks and sweet clatter of platters,
That the bar, whom so late to Old Nick he was sending,
Are now hailed as good angels, their blessed aid lending,
As dish upon dish, to the other succeeding,
Proves that here (as elsewhere) lawyers understand feeding.
'Hold—hold!' cries the traveller at length; 'in compassion,
Don't cram me alive in this true Turkey fashion!
Take those six joints away—keep the cover the lamb on,
And I'll dine like a prince upon that and the salmon.'
These washed down with Guinness and genuine potheen,
What a new mellow light is shed over the scene!
At the window, when seated, he gazed with delight
On the beautiful river (as truly he might);
While faintly expiring, the sun's latest beam
Died away on the breast of the full flowing stream,
Whose soft dashing murmur he hoped would compose
Every travel-strained muscle to welcome repose.

'Who would smother and swelter this midsummer night
In yon hot town hotel, even though kept by a White,'
Cried the stranger, 'when thus I can sit at mine ease,
My glowing cheek fanned by the cooling sea breeze,
Borne across yon wide waters, that stretch to the main,
And waft back its dash and its freshness again?'
But hark! not the far-away wave of the west
Sighs so loudly, I'm sure, o'er the river's calm breast;
No! hoarser and deeper the sound as it nears,
And lo! on its bosom a steamer appears!
Like a creature of life, to the quay see her glide,
Then drop, like a bird, at her mate's well-known side.
'Pon my word!' cries the stranger; 'a beautiful sight,
How lucky she did not come in till to-night!'
(Though not such the opinion of crew or of master,
Caught at sea in a gale, and scarce 'scaped from disaster,
And now doomed to make up, by a whole night of toiling,
The lee-way they lost by their kettle's slow boiling.)
All was stillness at length on the river and quay,
And the traveller gazed on the bridge as it lay
In its length and its beauty across the calm flood,
And thought on the days when that river ran blood;
When that bridge was the arena, where brother and brother,
In fierce civil conflict, had slaughtered each other;
And asked, 'Could it be that the pale, silent stars,
That now looked down so calmly, had witnessed those wars?
Or the waters where slept now their placid reflection,
Been stained by the carnage of wild insurrection?'
Lulled and soothed by the scene to a mood most quiescent,
The traveller climbed the steep stairs' rugged ascent,
And in hopes of soft rest (disregarding even *flacs*), he
Sunk down—blest his good-luck, and Councillor Casey!

Scarce an hour had he slumbered in feverish dose,
When a din from the river invades his repose;
He looks out, and perceives in the steamer a light,
And pities its weary crew, toiling all night;
Then thinks of the peace he'll enjoy on his pillow,
When they—wretched mortals!—are breasting the billow.
Waked he fears he must be with the terrible clangor,
When the moment arrives for the boat to weigh anchor;
But that past—hopes to sleep unmolested, I daresay,
Till the swift-sailing packet has crossed to the Mersey.
He forgets that to get there she must be so cruel
As all the night long to be laying in fuel;
And groans with dismay, as with dull heavy roll,
Down, down, still go tumbling the buckets of coal!
Till the wagons wheel off, and the light's out at last,
And he thinks—easy man!—all his troubles are past.
Vain hope! soon there wakes, in the yard just below, a
Commotion like that in the days of old Noah,
When he (though methinks 'twas not done in the dark)
With lots of live lumber was stocking the Ark.
The stranger looked forth, and 'mid rain that resembled
The Deluge when Noah *his* live-stock assembled,
Sees with dread and dismay that beneath him the stable-
Yard tunes with confusion far greater than Babel.
Slow stalk through the twilight, all worn and footsore, a
Great lot of long-horned gawky oxen from 'Gorey!'
For their native town's honour (like true Irish cattle),
Provoking some cows from famed Kerry to battle;
While, like a fat constable, keeping the pound,
A huge Irish bull gives them all a punch round!
With the lowing and bellowing hereon attending,
Imagine the storm o'er the senses impending;
When, by files and detachments, let in to the meeting,
Ten score of strange pigs interchanged their first greeting,
While sheep swell the chorus with pitiful bleating!
Whose treble is piped by disconsolate lambs,
And the tenor by calves newly reft of their dams!
Can the traveller doubt that still worse is ensuing—
That the tempest, in fact, is as yet only brewing—
That harmonious the sounds are his organs assailing
To those which await on the period of *sailing*?

Day dawned, and the stranger, consigning to air
All hope of a night's rest, got up in despair;

* The only tolerable hotel in the town, occupied by the judges and circuit.

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And resolved, while in Erin, to act as her son,
Gave up with a good grace his comfort for—*fun!*
And fun sure it was to the gravest of mortals,
To see, as the yard for each pig op'd its portals,
One Pat, unencumbered as wild Indian hunter,
Seize up by the hind legs an obstinate grunter!
While two by the ears were as cleverly clinging,
When Piggy, incensed, out his legs would be flinging,
And laying the hero that stuck by his fud,
To his own vast amusement, flat down in the mud;
Till, o'ermastered, at length, amid squeaking untold,
One by one the ten score were safe stowed in the hold!
While the pigs were 'coercing,' 'twas fun to observe
How the cows stole a march from their due course to swerve,
And kept in full chase, up each lane and each intry,
Whole squadrons of Wexford's long barefooted gintry!
The poor sheep and lambs (reckoned silly at best)
Had not sense their tormentors to spite and molest,
Nor cunning enough to give Paddy the slip,
Only, huddling together, made straight *from* the ship,
Till one by one caught round the fat woolly waist,
On the deck, side by side, they were finally placed—
Which, while horns, hoofs, and snouts thus its precincts enrich,
Looked like Smithfield itself set afloat on Fleet Ditch!

But my story grows longer than stories should be,
So one sigh for the *bipeds*, who thus put to sea!
One hint to the traveller through Ireland progressing,
The Assizes to shun, as he values my blessing!
And whene'er for his sins he may lodge on a quay,
To be sure that no *steam-packet* sails before day! *

* Written 'before day, on the spot,' *July* 1835.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

The daily press complains of the loquacity of parliament as a serious impediment to business. The steady remedy is, 'cease to report the nonsense that is spoken, and the members will talk less.' The 'Spectator,' remarking on the threat of the 'Times,' says, 'Honourable members often speak less to be heard than to be reported, and by subserving to those talkers against printed space, the daily journals encourage idle loquacity, until their own columns are surcharged with a burthen of tediousness that disgusts all readers. A concentrated style of reporting, apportioned to ideas rather than words, would please readers, would cause the speeches of members to be in truth more read, and would tend to chasten the flow of eloquence.' The hint is equally applicable to the provincial press in its treatment of local orators. The practice of reporting everything that is said, by fools as well as Solons, may be described as 'reporting run mad.' The highest style of reporting is that which gives in the briefest possible space the substance of all things spoken and done. Column after column of 'full reports' form literally a mass of rubbish, gratifying to nobody but him whose vanity it flatters. The exceptions to this rule are but few.—*Sheffield Times.*

[We see it mentioned that the cost of parliamentary reporting for the 'Daily News' is from L.60 to L.100 per week; of course the cost to the 'Times' and other morning papers must be equally great. Our belief is, that condensed speeches, embracing only the pith of what is said, would be greatly preferred by the public.]

TRANSFORMATIONS OF MATTER.

A bountiful Providence has thus provided the means of maintaining a proper equilibrium between the different kingdoms of nature; for even those decaying substances which are not immediately returned to the soil, but suffered to waste, are all again reanimated, only after a longer interval. It may be that the guano, which now, at much expense, we bring in vessels from the coasts of America, is partly the component matter of former generations, which have occupied this island, to which it is now returned; dead materials, which, discharged by drainage, or washed by showers into the sea, have there become converted into marine vegetation, upon which have fed the animals which have formed the prey of seabirds, which produce guano. And this guano next assumes the shape of corn, and again is animated in the bodies of those by whom the corn is eaten. So, again, ammonia, rising into the air from organized substances decomposing on the surface of the earth, is washed down by rain, and converted by plants into nutritious vegetable principles. The carbonic acid discharged into the air by animal respiration is the product of a constant decay of the living body; vegetation removes this from the air as it is formed, and again fixes the carbon in a solid form. Combustion is merely a more rapid decay favoured by an elevated temperature, and that of ordinary fuel is merely the conversion of solid carbon into gaseous carbonic acid. The coal which we burn on our hearths becomes converted into this gas. At some bygone period it had before been mingled with the air in the same gaseous state; then become fixed by vegetation; then fossilised as coal, in which form it has awaited the time when it should be excavated by the busy hand of man, once more to float through the atmosphere as an invisible vapour, and again to go through the whole series of changes to which it has been before subjected. When we consider all these things, we cannot but perceive that the whole economy of nature consists in one great series constantly recurring in regular and appointed order, and that the labours of man, in the practice of this art of agriculture, have for their object chiefly to favour and expedite some of the changes in this great series, producing results, small, indeed, considered in relation to the large operations of nature throughout our globe, but, for his own race, capable of effecting the most beneficial consequences. And we cannot but admire the sagacity and perseverance with which the human mind, in its loftier developments, is endowed, enabling it thus successfully to investigate the laws of nature's workings, and to apply the results of these discoveries to purposes of the highest practical utility.—*British Quarterly Review.*

A WOMAN'S OPINIONS OF HUSBANDS.

As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in strength which enables them to go through labours and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt: and that, by education, they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate discernment, in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors in making the husband 'endow with all his worldly goods' the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet pea on the sticks to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the language of the poets, 'married to the elm.' But if you could conceive a hop-pole, or a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for the flowers or fruit—and that the stakes are placed there merely for their sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now just such is the office of the husband; and this state of things is what people approach to more in proportion as they advance in civilisation. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge; in barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilised they are left free, and have more control; and in dear England, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than anywhere else.—*A Matron's Advice to a Young Married Lady.*

TEMPERANCE LAW AT WISCONSIN.

A remarkably stringent bill in relation to the sale of intoxicating drinks has recently passed the legislature of Wisconsin. It requires all persons who would vend or retail 'spirituous liquors' *to give bond to the town authorities, with three sureties in* 1000 *dollars*, 'conditioned to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such traffic; to support all paupers, widows, and orphans; pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions made by, growing out of, or justly attributable to, such traffic;' and it is made the duty of the officer holding the bond to deliver it to 'any person who may claim to be injured by such traffic.' The bill passed the senate by a vote of ten to three, and the assembly by twenty-nine to twenty-one. We believe no other legislative body in the United States has taken so decided a stand on the subject of spirituous liquors as Wisconsin.—*New York Courier.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 300. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849. Price 1½d.

CONTENT.

The saying of Mirabeau that 'words are things,' announced one of those discoveries of our fathers which the present age of appliance is busily employed in working out. In this spirit of the day, we showed some time ago, in a discourse on Spring, how words representing even material phenomena may be transferred from country to country, from language to language, till they entirely lose their adaptation, and yet retain their original meaning.* Thus the spring of the English is still with sentimentalists the really vernal season of the southern nations; and in spite of the evidence of the senses, our bare trees, desert gardens, and muddy fields, when their beautiful mantle of snow is hardly replaced by a blade of vegetation,

'Live in description, and look green in song.'

If we suffer ourselves to be thus cheated by a word standing for a portion of the calendar, and open to anybody's verification, we are of course much more likely to be deceived in the estimate of those which indicate particular states of mind; and, as an instance of this delusion, we would now invoke the docile reader's attention to the word Content.

This is a word supposed to indicate a very enviable state of mind, implying the union of virtue and wisdom in the individual. It is used in this sense by all poets, and not a few philosophers; though it occurs only once in the Bible, and that with a different meaning, to which we shall presently allude.† A state of content, according to the popular idea, is not a state of happiness, for that in the present world is not only evanescent, but, in order to be sensibly felt, it must be intermingled with contrasts. It is less than bliss, and yet greater. It does not desire the excitement of joy: it will not take the trouble to be happy. It has no want, and therefore no wish, but is abundantly satisfied with itself. It is the Nirwana of the Brahmins, without its unconsciousness; but its whole consciousness is that of having nothing to regret, and nothing to sigh for. A contented man, therefore, is at least passively virtuous. He has nothing to grasp at, and therefore no temptation to transgress, but concentrating his self-satisfaction around him like a cloak, he defies the storm, without enjoying the sunshine.

If this is content in individuals, let us inquire what its effect would be upon the character of societies. Would not a savage people, satisfied with their savagism, remain for ever the *feræ naturæ* of the human kind? Would they build themselves houses if they were contented with huts? Would they trouble themselves even with huts, if a piece of bark stripped from a tree (as in Australia) afforded them what they considered adequate shelter? But this, it may be said, is beginning too early; for content cannot come into play till all discomfort ends. But comfort and discomfort are merely relative terms. What is the one in one state of society, and in one age, is the other in another; and until we can ascertain the exact point of civilisation we are destined by Providence to reach, it is in vain to look for public content. Societies, being merely aggregations of individuals, what is true of the nature of the former, must be true of the nature of the latter. There is a principle of movement in the human species which distinguishes it from the lower animal kingdom, and the termination of which is lost in the future. This principle is still more energetic in the most refined and accomplished individual of the present day than in the savage; a fact which proves that the farthest advance we have as yet made is only a stage on the way. In natural history, a correct description of the habits of an animal never becomes obsolete, whereas with human beings a few years frequently suffice to change the whole character and status. If our Saxon ancestors could revisit the earth, they would recognise no resemblance between themselves and their descendants whirling along from one end of the country to another on iron roads, and by the agency of fire. But the difference here is not greater than, judging by analogy, it will be, after a similar lapse of time, between us and our posterity; on the contrary, it is probably less great; for the principle to which it owes its existence has increased, as we have said, in energy, and may therefore be expected to produce still more remarkable results in the coming time.

This extensive way of viewing content may be said to be wrong. We may be told that by content we are merely to understand that equanimity of mind which is untroubled by unreasonable desires. But the feeling has existed in all states of society as well as the present; and at present it exists still more obviously in the lower than in the higher conditions, whether social or intellectual—more obviously in the lazzaroni of Naples than in the literati of London. Mankind have never moved in one consentaneous body. The mass has risen, not by a general inherent power, but by the leaven it contains of aspiring and energetic minds. Content is simply satisfaction with existing circumstances—a disinclination to change of any kind; and it is no more worthy of respect, we venture to say, in one class of circumstances than in another. Is it necessary to show that in this general and correct sense it is really a very bad thing? In one part of the British Islands we find large masses of the people contented to live in turf hovels, and to pursue the merest animal existence. Is it that

* Delusions and Illusions, Journal, No. 180.

† A single other instance is given in 'Hannay's Concordance;' but when Job says to his comforters, 'Be ye therefore content,' he means merely, 'Be quiet,' or 'Have done.'

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we call virtuous? Is it that we call philosophical? In all our large cities are observed hordes of beings contented to live the lives of beggars, to walk about the streets in rags, and, satisfied in their idleness, to prey on their more industrious neighbours. Is that a thing to be commended by the poets? Certainly not: yet, if words have a meaning, these are mere varieties of the same quality of content which is the subject of so much laudation. We have had too much preaching about the virtue of content; for indeed mankind need no persuasive to indifference. The very opposite quality we uphold to be the true inspirer of virtue. Everything great, wise, lovely, or of good report, has originated in dissatisfaction with things as they are. Discontent has been the parent of civilisation, and is at this moment impelling society onward to its highest achievements. It could be wished that preachers and essayists would qualify their praise of content by a consideration of the evils which spring from it when unaccompanied with *Effort!*

But while we do not care to conceal our dissatisfaction with content in the ordinary sense of the word, let it not be understood that we advocate disquietude, or hold in any degree of tolerance a repining spirit. When a poor man implores a blessing upon his humble meal, and thanks God for the mercy, this by no means implies that he is content with the fare, or that he is not making the most strenuous efforts to obtain something better. He has no abstract *right*, however, to anything better. What he enjoys is in itself a boon and a blessing; and even the gratitude he feels and expresses excites him to new efforts. When Robinson Crusoe amused himself with his man Friday and his domestic pets, and thanked God for the comforts and indulgences he enjoyed, he was all the while employed anxiously in building a vessel, that he might escape from his solitary kingdom. The two occupations and two feelings were not inconsistent; but, on the contrary, intimately and necessarily associated. The bounties bestowed upon him in his forlorn and awful condition not only excited a feeling of religious gratitude, but, by the confidence they inspired in a guardian Providence, gave nerve to his arm and courage to his heart.

The word content, we have observed, occurs only once in Scripture; and there its use by the illustrious apostle, in his address to the Hebrews, exemplifies in a remarkable manner the meaning we desire to convey. While exhorting his brethren to be content with 'such things as they had,' he counsels no idle self-satisfaction, no folding of the hands, no standing still; but, on the contrary, urges them in the onward path of social and religious effort. Progress, indeed, is the grand principle, philosophically speaking, which distinguishes Christianity from other religions. Under other forms of faith there have no doubt been great and lofty spirits, which soared above the destinies of their age, and left monuments of their genius for the admiration of a remote posterity; but the new Message called in to the feast the lame and the blind, the lowest as well as the highest of society, and thus commenced what was more than chronologically a new era for mankind.

We are ourselves selfishly interested in demolishing the content of the poets and sentimentalists, since we have always advocated submission and thankfulness simultaneously with energy and movement. But we go farther, and assert that the two are not merely reconcilable with, but necessary to each other. The surly repining which it is the fashion of the day to consider as a requisite ingredient in progress, or rather as the spring from which progress should take its rise, is an obstacle to every movement but that which is downwards. Grumbling is neither wholesome movement nor its precursor; for the very act of grumbling absorbs the energies which are requisite to carry a man beyond the condition of which he complains. There is nothing so easy as grumbling, and nothing more indicative of a dull and barren spirit. It is still worse than content; for while it prevents advancement, it neutralises even the tame enjoyment of immobility. Show us a town where the people are habitual grumblers, and have the ingenuity to pick a flaw in everything that is attempted to be done in the way of public improvement, and we will undertake to show you a crowd of do-nothings; so invariably is it the case that the growling faultfinder is practically a sluggard—a personage who, reposing in self-sufficient indolence, can put all the world right in theory, without having the sense to manage his own affairs.

If we descend from generals to particulars, from societies to individuals, we find illustrations of this doctrine in the scenes of everyday life. Let us suppose a hard-wrought artificer returning after a day's toil to his cheerless room, where he looks with disgust upon his coarse meal, and with a sombre sternness into the faces of his wife and children, in which he sees only the reflection of the gloom that overshadows his own. For this man there is no hope; for his mind is occupied in brooding over his condition, and has none of its energies to spare for plans of advancement. He is neither building his Crusoe vessel nor enjoying the society of his household pets; he sees no hopeful sail in the distance of ocean;

> 'And the rough billows wash away
> The few strange footsteps on the shore!'

Let us now suppose the same individual returning to the same desolate scene, but which is lighted up by his presence as with a gleam of sunshine, for a happily-constituted mind illumines all within its sphere. His wife is poorly dressed; but what then?—cotton is as good a conductor of sympathy as satin. He sees in the rise of his growing children from their too scanty garments only matter for hope, and smiles as he thinks that there is progress in all things. His meal would be far from tempting to a dainty appetite; but he knows that there are some to whom it would be luxury, just as there are others whose fare would be luxury to him, and so he blesses God for His bounty. The room is small, but it holds goodly company; for that familiar book, or sheet, brings him into association with other minds, and sets flowing the thoughts of his own. He is cheerful, happy—but not contented! Oh no! There are better rooms, richer meals, more tasteful clothing, and a wider circle of intellectual association to be had in the world; and he knows that all these have been obtained by thousands around him who had no more vantage ground to start from than himself. He laughs at the idea of being contented as he is; but it is a proud and a merry, not a bitter laugh; and the thought thus conjured up acts as the leaven of his character, and helps to bring about what it foretells.

The author of the book, the dreamer of the floating sheet, obscure in himself, yet perhaps the conductor, if not the producer of that electric thought, is in precisely the same position as the mind he has thus assisted to illumine. One study brings on another, one step leads to a higher, till he is cut off from the living in the very middle of his career. And is there, then, no content? May we never hope to be at rest? *He* could tell if he

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were permitted to return! In this life all is movement, but in the next we reach the goal of knowledge; and there Content—no longer an obstacle to progress, no longer an antagonism struggling against the higher destiny of man—changes its nature, and becomes universal and immortal. L. R.

SQUATTERS AND GOLD-DIGGERS.

AN EMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCES.*

On one of the days immediately following the Revolution of February 1848, I took breakfast for the last time at the Café de Paris, and in the evening found myself at Havre, where I had engaged my passage in the *Queen Victoria* for New Orleans. I went on board, and ere long, France presented itself to my eyes but as a blue cloud mingled with the haze on the distant horizon.

The impression of sad thoughts still remained, when, after a voyage of thirty-five days, we approached the mouth of the Mississippi. I then began to ask myself what resources I had brought to the country of my adoption. In the days of my prosperity, to benefit a friend, I had bought 500 acres of uncleared land in the state of Virginia; and now the clearing of this territory, with a quarter's income, 6000 francs, were the only resources left me by the Revolution.

On purchasing the land, proper attention had been paid to the necessary legal formalities to secure undisputed possession: it was situated on an affluent of the Ohio, up which river, according to the itinerary traced out for me, I was to proceed by steamboat as far as the village of Guyandot. After landing at New Orleans, I started on this second voyage by one of the 500 huge steamers which plough the Mississippi and western rivers. Among the passengers was one who seemed to share my disposition for nocturnal reveries: he never left the deck. After a time, I questioned him: he proved to be a fellow-countryman, who, like myself, had left France on account of the Revolution. We gave confidence for confidence, and he commended my expatriation as the only wise course. For his part he had been a literary aspirant, and landed in New Orleans with thirty francs and a romance in manuscript. He succeeded in disposing of the latter to a publisher, and with part of the proceeds bought ten acres of land somewhere in the interior; and having provided himself with an axe and a rifle, took a deck passage on board our vessel. I could not help admiring the philosophy with which he contemplated his prospects. His whole capital was twenty-five dollars. 'With five of these,' he said, 'I can buy enough of potatoes and salt beef to last me a year; and I shall be very unfortunate indeed if this sailor's fare cannot be mended from time to time with a quarter of a deer. I shall then have twenty dollars; half of them will go for a log-house, and the rest will suffice for seed for the land to be cleared by my axe. One grain of Indian corn will produce an ear; and with the produce of one acre I will buy ten others, and so continue adding to the extent of my possessions, until my pride of ownership being satisfied, it shall please me to lay down my axe and say—It is enough.' In this country such projects are not dreams.

A few hours elapsed, when the steamer slackened its speed: my companion was about to bid adieu for a long time to civilised life. The situation was one of the wildest on the banks of the Ohio. A solitary house, half hidden by trees, stood on the shore; a skiff put off rowed by a fisherman; the scanty baggage was dropped into it, and followed by my adventurous friend. We again went on, but I had time to see the new emigrant step on shore, pass his arms into the straps of his knapsack, and then, with axe and rifle on shoulder, disappear behind a screen of gigantic trees.

The next day we reached Guyandot, and it was then my turn to leave the steamer; and the recollection of the indifference with which my compatriot had plunged into the forest the day before, relieved me of certain anxious forebodings as to the fatigues and dangers of an emigrant's life; and I walked at once to the inn to make inquiries. Half-a-dozen huge men were drinking in the bar-room; and though myself not of the shortest, I felt humiliated in comparing my stature with theirs. They paid no attention to my entrance, but shortly afterwards, while I was endeavouring, in imperfect English, to extract information from the landlord, they became silent and listened. The innkeeper seemed embarrassed, and hesitated to explain. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, which almost threw me off my balance; and I fancied some aggression on the part of one of the giants; but a smile almost of benevolence on the Virginian's large features reassured me.

'I can tell the gentleman,' he said, turning to the landlord; 'the name of the section he asks for is Redmaple.'

'Ah!' answered the host, apparently astonished.

'Are you certain of what you say?' I demanded in turn.

'To be sure,' replied the Virginian with an ironical air; and on my expression of desire for speedy possession, he continued, 'Don't be impatient; you'll get there soon enough;' and then, without noticing me further, he swallowed a glass of whisky.

Presently another stranger entered the room: he was tall and strong as the others, and wore a hunting-suit, with thick leathern gaiters; one hand held a whip, the other a rifle. He called for a glass of spirits, and demanded the news from Cincinnati. The man who had accosted me replied to the inquiry; and then pointing me out, said, 'That's the owner of Redmaple.'

The new-comer shivered with excitement. 'Ah,' he growled, measuring me with an eye of concentrated spite, and stretching out his brawny arms, 'the white and weak hands of gentlemen make but poor work with the axe and rifle. Take my advice, and go back where you came from—New York, I guess?'

'And why, if you please?' I asked.

'For reasons which it is useless to tell,' was the answer; and with American urbanity my interlocutor began to whistle *Yankee-doodle*.

I was annoyed and embarrassed at this conversation: what could it mean? Just then a youth came to the door and cried, 'Township, somebody wants you.' This was the name of my incomprehensible adviser, who rose and went out. I again applied to the landlord, but with no better success than before, except being informed that my section lay some seventy miles from Guyandot, and could be reached in a two-days' journey. I went out in search of a horse, when the youth beforementioned came up and said, 'If you want to go to Redmaple, I can get you a boat to go up the Guyandot, or a horse to go by land.'

'And who told you that I wish to go to Redmaple?

'Township.'

I chose the horse; and before daybreak the next morning we were on the route which skirted the course of the river. As we went deeper into the forest, traces of cultivation became more and more rare, and the rude track presented a constantly-varying succession of difficulties. The sun was sinking as we came near to a farm, and we were about to diverge towards it, when the noise of a horse's gallop rang through the wood. I turned my head, and recognised Township. He gave me a menacing look while he reined up his horse, and spoke a few words in an undertone to my guide; after which he rode on as fast as before. I endeavoured to find out the cause of this demeanour by questioning the youth, but received none but vague replies. We passed the night at the farm; and on the following day, after a ride of some hours, came to the top of a range of hills, where my guide stopped abruptly.

'You see,' he said, 'that brook running past at your feet—that blue hill yonder in front—that big pond at your right—and that line of trees on your left'——

* Freely translated and adapted from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

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'Well?'

'Well!' he rejoined, 'you see Redmaple: those trees, these hills, that pond, are the bounds of your location.'

I was in raptures at the sight of so magnificent an estate. James—that was the youth's name—smiled ironically, and to my surprise urged me to retrace my steps. Again I was puzzled; and all the explanation I could obtain led me to expect that my claim to possession would be disputed. 'At all events,' said the astute urchin, on taking his departure, 'if the squatter asks to see your title, say you left it at the attorney's: that will be the safest:' and setting spurs to his horse, he was soon out of sight.

Left alone, I deliberated: then taking out my telescope, I leant against the stem of an oak, and surveyed my domain. The valley of Redmaple, lighted by the setting sun, lay before me in all its splendour: everything was in harmony, and it might have been taken for a vision of Eden. A distant column of light smoke revealed the site of Township's habitation; and turning my telescope in that direction, I saw two sturdy boys wrestling among the fallen logs scattered over a portion of prairie ground; while beyond them a young and graceful girl was slowly walking near a clump of tulip-trees, and gathering wild flowers, which she interwove with her hair. The sun went down as I gazed, and speedily the brightness of the scene was veiled in one uniform tint: the time to act had come; so, commending my cause to Providence, I hastened down the slope to a gloomy avenue leading through the wood. My rifle was in excellent order, and I advanced with the caution of a suspicious poacher rather than as proprietor of the soil. I took every stump that rose in the gloom for the squatter: at last I could mistake no longer; he stood leaning on his rifle at the entrance of an opening in the forest. I was about thirty paces off when he motioned me to halt, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder—'I have been waiting for you: what do you want with me?'

'If you have been waiting for me,' I answered, 'you know who I am, and what I want. I am told that you have settled yourself in this land, which belongs to me, and call upon you in the name of the law to give me free possession;' and forgetting my guide's advice, I drew from my pocket the papers which certified my exclusive title.

'Redmaple shall have but one owner as long as I live,' replied Township. 'I could have killed you like a deer at any moment during the last hour; but I wish to avoid bloodshed between us. Go back: there is yet time; my right is that of first occupant, and your title is nothing in my eyes.'

Either to frighten me, or with a real intention to fire, the squatter raised his rifle, and aimed. I stood motionless.

'The nearest sheriff,' he continued, 'is seventy miles away; the report of my rifle will never reach his ears; your corpse will have been devoured by the birds, and your papers blown away like dead leaves, before any one thinks of inquiring about you. One, two'——

I heard the click of the lock, but some irresistible force impelled me onwards; and with my rifle resting peacefully on my shoulder, I approached my opponent, preferring any danger to a retreat.

'Three!' cried Township. It is not easy to describe what followed. Scarcely had he pronounced the word, than a man rushed from a neighbouring thicket, and seizing me with vigorous arms, snatched my papers. It was one of the squatter's sons. Then there was a flash, a loud report, and a ball whistled between our two heads, brought near together in the heat of the struggle. We both fell, each thinking that the other was wounded. Township uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards us, his look of terror disappearing as he saw that his son was safe. On my part I rose furious with rage, and reproached him loudly for his cowardice.

'Cowardice!' he retorted with a savage laugh. Then reloading his weapon, he returned to me my rifle and papers, declaring that he scorned to take advantage of me, but that we must fight for possession of the valley; and the only way to settle the question would be rifle to rifle, showing no quarter.

The quarrel was about to recommence, when we were interrupted by the arrival of the two boys whom I had seen wrestling. They looked at me with pity, as a doomed man; and one of them proposed deferring the execution to the next day, as the increasing darkness made it difficult to distinguish objects.

The proposition was acceded to, and I was invited to pass the night in the squatter's hut. But the eldest son—he who had seized my papers—replied that I preferred to camp under a tree, and in a whisper bade me await his return. At the end of an hour he reappeared with a lantern and basket of provisions; and while I did honour to the corn-cakes, salt beef, and beer, he informed me, under some excitement, that a farmer, one of their neighbours, had just been telling them of a distant country where gold was as plenty as stones. Whole caravans of emigrants were on their way thither, and my terrible enemy Township was now reading the accounts in the papers. I paid but little attention; and having made up a bed of dry moss, stretched myself upon it, while my companion, who intended to keep watch, recommended me to go to sleep. This apparent sympathy was singular; but to avoid useless discussion, I feigned obedience: but sleep was far from visiting my eyes. The thought that this might be my last night of life tortured me. At last a sort of torpor stole over me, from which I was roused by the sound of voices. I started up, and saw a fair and slender form disappearing among the trees. ''Tis only my sister,' said the young man, 'pretending she wanted to speak to me, when it was only curiosity. And, to say truth, she looked at you by lantern light, and thinks you are over-young to die.'

Day had scarcely broke, when we saw Township, accompanied by a stranger and his two sons, coming towards us. The unknown held out his hand to me, observing that he was acquainted with the whole affair, and that all might be easily arranged on certain conditions. Redmaple would be given up to me if I consented to retract a certain offensive expression which had escaped me the night before, and to pay for the log-house and the labour bestowed on the land. So unexpected a change of circumstances seemed to me like escaping from a troubled dream. I closed with the terms, and followed the party to the dwelling, where the mystery was explained by the squatter's pointing to his wagons in course of loading, and lying open on the table, 'Manual for Emigrants to California.' Prompted by the love of adventure natural to his class, he was ready to go forth and encounter new fatigues, being further stimulated by an access of what the Americans call 'the metallic yellow fever.'

Judging from appearances, Township's wife and daughter regarded this sudden removal with secret misgivings: they sat apart in melancholy reverie, forming a pleasing group amid their rude companions, who were impatient to depart. A few hours later, I was alone in the house so late the scene of activity. Now that I was in possession, I felt indifferent; and I hardly liked to confess that my thoughts had taken a turn. At the moment of departure the young girl had spoken a few words of farewell, which lingered painfully in my heart; and as the wagon on which she was seated moved away, she had plucked a branch of maple flowers, one of which fell from her hand to the ground. Was this an adieu—a *souvenir*? This, and other thoughts, agitated me as I walked restlessly hither and thither for the remainder of the day. Night came; I shut myself up in the hut. The newspapers that had turned Township's brain, and doubtless saved my life, were yet lying on the table; I devoured the contents, but they failed to divert my thoughts. Thus several days passed, and the solitude at last became insupportable. I remembered that Township's neighbour had invited me to

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see him, and offered, in case of my having to leave Redmaple at any time, to protect it against a new usurper. His farm was some miles distant from mine: I started at once, but could not help looking back sadly at my solitary habitation, as though bidding it a final adieu.

A few days' residence with my new friend gave a new direction to my thoughts: why should I not see a little of adventure before sitting down quietly to my new vocation? Two resources were open before me: one, to hire men, and proceed immediately to clear and cultivate my land; the other, to follow the squatter to California. In either case a journey to Guyandot would be necessary, for there only could labour be hired or information obtained of the gold country. I took leave of my host, and travelled to the little town where I had not long before disembarked, and where I soon found that hiring labour was out of the question. The rudest labourer, allured by the flaming handbills, 'California and Gold-Finders,' posted everywhere, preferred the prospect of distant gain to offers of employment at home. I was walking about, listening to the various groups, when the touch of a hand brought me to a halt. My countryman, with whom I had parted on the steamer, saluted me; and without waiting to be questioned, 'I have had nothing but ill-luck in this miserable country,' he said. 'Instead of ten acres of good land, it soon appeared that I had only bought a splendid turf-bog on the banks of the Ohio, and shut in by an impenetrable forest. I declined pitching my tent in so dull a place; and since the Pactolus flows decidedly in California, it is there that I mean to try my fortune once more with the remains of my modest savings.'

My resolution was taken: we went on board a steamboat, and in a few days were in St Louis, the starting-point for the El Dorado. Here a multitudinous caravan of emigrants were making their preparations. My companion went to work with spirit, and soon we were in possession of a covered wagon, two mules, two horses, salted meats, bear-skins and coverlets, and an intelligent and trustworthy servant. While waiting the departure, I searched diligently for the squatter and his family. But no one had seen them; all I could learn was, that two or three wagons had started as pioneers towards Santa Fé about three days previously. The thought that Township's daring might have led him to undertake this dangerous service made me the more impatient to follow.

At length our turn came; and the long file of wagons, animals, men, women, and children, moved slowly out of St Louis, a scene of picturesque confusion. When we halted for the night, the horizon was bounded on every side by the broad undulations of the prairies. Difficulties and dangers were to be encountered: rivers forded, gullies to be passed, and arid wastes of sand to be traversed. In due time we reached the country of the Camanches Indians, when the precautions taken for security on camping at night were redoubled. Among the scouts was a Canadian, who went by the name of Everquiet: he was a fine specimen of his class, and had passed his life in going and returning between Santa Fé and St Louis. I made his acquaintance, and one morning, riding by his side, heard him remark on the appearance of wheel-tracks in the ground before us, and he feared for the safety of the travellers. I at once concluded that the adventurous party must be that of Township; and a day or two afterwards, my convictions were confirmed. Rain had fallen; and Everquiet pointed out to me, on a deserted camping ground, the impressions of feet, among which were some that could only have been made by a young girl. The number of the party was made out exactly; and day after day the scout informed me of their proceedings as clearly as though he saw it all written in a book. Hitherto all had gone well; but now the hunter shook his head: Indians and Mexican robbers had visited the camp, but with what result did not appear. I became alarmed, and after much persuasion, induced Everquiet to consent to ride forward with me and my companion to overtake, and, if need were, succour the adventurers. They were calculated to be forty miles in advance; and we proposed to rejoin the caravan after an absence of two or three days. We rode off in the night, and at daybreak reached the banks of the Arkansas river. Here our scout's attention was diverted from the main object by a fight between a bear and a buffalo, in which his passion for the chase led him to interfere. He galloped off after the bear, and we could do nothing but follow. The animal made its way rapidly along the banks of the stream, and presently, when opposite a floating tree, seemed to take great interest in its navigation, stretching out one paw and then the other to guide it. The action was inexplicable: all at once Everquiet seized me by the arm as he exclaimed, 'There's a man on the tree!'

There was indeed a human being bound to the trunk, floating and whirling in the furious rapids of the river; and I bewildered myself in imagining the implacable hatred that could thus renew the frightful punishment of Mazeppa. The bear, however, had succeeded in seizing a branch; and his savage howlings, as he drew the tree to the shore, warned us that no time was to be lost. We both fired at once, and the animal, rolling over, disappeared in the foaming waters. We hastened to succour the unfortunate wretch to whose aid we seemed so providentially to have arrived; but although we could release him from his lashings, we could not restore the lost existence. We deposited the body in a cleft of the rocky shore, and hastened onwards to retrieve the delay.

After several hours' farther riding, we reached the only ford of the Arkansas that could have been crossed by the squatter's wagons. Here, among the intermingled tracks of men and horses, Everquiet discovered those of a corps of riflemen, which, to all appearance, had joined the party as escort through the dangerous country; there was therefore no remaining ground of alarm. Much relieved by this assurance, we rode back to the caravan, which we reached just as they were encamping for the night. A crowd was collected round a man who sat pale and shivering by one of the fires. To our great surprise we recognised the individual whom we had left for dead on the banks of the Arkansas. His countenance was the reverse of prepossessing: it displayed that mixture of craft and ferocity which essentially characterises the degraded class of Mexican population. In reply to our inquiries, he explained that the frightful position from which we had extricated him was the effect of his having been seized as a spy by a party of Indians. Although not very trustworthy, we feigned to believe this report. The next day our weary march was resumed; and without further incident, we arrived, after three months of travel, on the soil of California.

We were the first to explore the gold country from the interior, all previous parties having ascended from the western coast. The tumult occasioned by the halt and encampment of more than three hundred adventurers, who had encountered so much peril and fatigue in search of fortune, may well be imagined. Everquiet agreed to join my party; so, with my countryman—once a novel-writer—and my servant, we set up our tent, and deliberated on future proceedings. Our first night was not passed without alarm: a party of mounted Indians, prowling in the neighbourhood, had been seen by the sentinel, the report of whose rifle, repeated by the echoes, sounded like a fusillade; and some time was passed in scouting before we were again tranquil—as though to give us an immediate taste of the contingencies of gold-digging. The next day, according to agreement, Everquiet and I went out to look for the squatter, leaving the novel-writer and our servant in charge of the tent. While the hunter took one direction, I followed another through a rocky gorge, but both terminating on the shores of a lake visible from our encampment. I was seeking for the traces of wheels

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on the stony path, when a morsel of rock fell at my feet. I looked up: there sat the Mexican vagabond, as he seemed, his legs hanging over the cliff, and a rifle on his knees, about fifty feet above my head. He beckoned me to join him, and I climbed up, hoping to get a better view from the elevation. 'There is danger in being alone,' he said when I was at his side. 'Suppose that, instead of having just come, your belt was full of gold dust, would you not do wrong to expose yourself among desert rocks?'

I assented, but replied that my poverty protected me, and my companion was not far off.

'True: the Canadian hunter, a man moulded to prairie life. He at least seeks but game; unlike those greedy Americans who pour down on our beautiful California as a flock of vultures;' and as he spoke, the Mexican pointed to our camp, which appeared unusually excited.

'How many delusions there are among them,' he continued; 'and how many perhaps will regret what they have left!'

'What do you mean?' I inquired. 'Is not the gold so abundant as was said, or is it very difficult to find?'

'The trade of gold-seeker,' answered the Mexican with an equivocal smile, 'is accompanied by unknown perils. And, besides, the mental excitement, the fatigue of the body, the exhalations from the streams turned out of their course, the vapours from the excavated soil, hunger and thirst, do you count all that for nothing? Take my advice; let the fools rush over the ground as though every pebble, every grain of sand, hid a piece of gold. Before many days, there will be rare carnage here for the vultures.'

'But at least,' I rejoined, 'what has been said about the hidden riches of these countries is not a lie?'

'Listen,' answered the Mexican: 'I owe some gratitude to you, and your friend, and the hunter; and to prove that I am not ungrateful, I am going to reveal what a true gold-seeker cannot be ignorant of without disgrace. There are a thousand ways of seeking gold without speaking of my method; and, for the moment, I am not in question. What I tell you was known perfectly well to every Californian long before the arrival of these foreign gold-seekers. My youth was passed in searching for gold in this country, and I can speak from experience. Avoid the courses of streams; they have been flowing for ages in the same direction, and have worn away all that they are likely to separate from the veins, and the grains rolling in the sand are not worth the fevers and rheumatisms which their waters will generate. Choose rather the dry bed of a torrent; there it is another matter. In the impetuosity of their capricious course, they drag more gold from the rocky veins in a single season than a brook in a hundred years. Explore the channel upwards, for the largest pieces of gold are the least remote from the mother-vein. Examine carefully the *pepitas* that you find: the sharper their angles, the less have they rolled, and the nearer are they to their native rock. Then, if you discover grains of gold still adhering to their stony envelop, dig, search everywhere, break the rocks, do everything, for you are close to a vein that will well repay the fatigue and the risk.'

This reasoning appeared to me incontestable. 'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you renounce a trade whose secrets you know so well?'

'I have already told you that there are many ways of gold-seeking; so enough on that subject. Farewell, senor! If you will take my word, you will be careful not to trust yourself far from the camp alone, and without arms. Now that I have given you good counsel and information, I am quits with you, and shall go about my own affairs. It is for you to profit by my experience, unless you prefer, like the greater part of your companions, to brave rather than to avoid dangers: you are your own master.'

The Mexican rose while speaking, and with an air of mockery descended the steep with hasty strides. He was soon out of sight: I followed the route to the lake, where two wagons on the shore showed that a party had already taken possession. They attracted my attention; and on coming nearer, my suspicion was changed to certainty. Township's three sons were busy digging and washing the sand. One was screening the coarser particles on a hurdle, and close by lay large heaps finely sifted. Terry, the eldest, came forward to greet me and conduct me to his father's camp, which was in a little valley between the heights bordering the lake. I was received as an old acquaintance, and the young girl acknowledged my salute by one of those gracious smiles of which I had so often thought with emotion on our long pilgrimage.

I need not enter into details on the explanations and conference that followed. However, on relating the incident of the rescue of the Mexican on the floating tree, I could not help noticing that all the family seemed embarrassed, and Township visibly agitated. Suffice it, that my party was admitted to increase and strengthen the encampment, and prepare for additional labours.

On returning to the camp, I found that our servant was absent without leave—gone to seek gold on his own account; and the whole colony was in a similar state of disorder—the first symptoms of the prevalent malady. No more servitude; all were masters, and had gone in search of *placers* (gold-grounds). While I was contemplating this novel state of things, the novel-writer returned.

'Ah, ah!' he exclaimed on coming up; 'no bogs here, even when you look for them. Nothing but sandy plains; that's clear.'

'And is that all you have discovered?'

'Is not that already something, for I have a horror of bogs; and then sand indicates the presence of gold, as I know, for I have just bought a placer for hard cash down.'

'What!' I said; 'buy a placer here in California? You are joking.'

Just then Everquiet returned; and yielding to my friend's importunities, we packed our gear in the wagons to go, as he said, and encamp upon gold. As we went on he explained the circumstances of the purchase. In his ramble he had seen two men seated in a sandy plain, each provided with a bowl, which they filled with sand, and washed in an adjoining brook. Their exclamations of joy were frequent as they turned up the golden grains, and they lamented that pressing business called them away from so valuable a spot. The novel-writer approached just as one of the two had picked up a lump of gold the size of an almond; and unable to contain himself, offered to purchase the ground for ten dollars. Difficulties were started, but eventually overcome; and at length the exchange was made of a placer worth a million for the ten silver coins.

I need hardly state that our utmost exertions with pickaxe and shovel, continued during two days, failed to bring to light the slightest particle of gold: my companion had no better luck here than in his purchase of turf-bog on the shores of the Ohio. Nothing, however, could disturb the novel-writer's good-humour, notwithstanding his having been the dupe of a crafty rogue. On the third day we made our way to Township's encampment, as agreed; but everything was changed on the borders of the lake. A village, built with stakes and branches, stood where shortly before all was a desert, while a crowd of labourers were moving about with noisy activity, and the restless and enterprising genius of America had already invented means of research more effectual than those heretofore employed. Every visage was radiant, for the indefatigable toil was beginning to produce fruits: boisterous bursts of joy mingled with frantic thanksgivings; grains of gold, sometimes almost impalpable, were exhibited with triumph, but to obtain which a mountain of sand had been removed. Here and there adventurers more fortunate found little pepitas, which, magnified by rumour, have become gigantic in Europe. Yet with all this

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apparent prosperity, vague reports were in circulation; suspicious characters had been seen lurking about by the hunters and woodcutters, and severe toil and insufficient nutriment were manifesting their effects.

Our own party worked well; and when assembled under the tents at night, the presence of females was found to afford a solace for the fatigues of the day: all were striving for the common good. But in the camp at large scarce a night passed without a surprise: tents and wagons were pillaged; crime and misery began their reign. It was only foreigners who were assassinated; individuals of Californian origin seemed to bear a charmed life. One day that the novel-writer and I had made a satisfactory discovery in a dry gully, we could not help talking gloomily over a state of things which had changed the severity and robust manliness of the Anglo-Saxon character into a brutal corruption, where Mexican vices flourished in unveiled deformity. The same evening one of the hardiest of the emigrants was brought in a corpse, shot dead by a bullet from some unknown hand. But suspicion pointed to the Mexican prowler whom we had, perhaps to our cost, saved from drowning or worse. Township broke out in a furious malediction: passion was doing its work.

A month passed; the miseries of the situation were complicated; and one-half of the emigrants were compelled to keep watch with arms in their hands while the other half worked. I passed most of my time with rifle on shoulder as sentinel to our encampment, while Everquiet and the novel-writer went in pursuit of game, and Township and his family searched for gold with steady perseverance. The Indians were becoming daily more daring in their attacks, and I hoped that Township would consent to depart from a place where no man could count on an hour's existence. For some time I had observed that Terry was growing impatient of his father's severe authority; I was keeping guard as usual, when one evening I saw him returning with empty hands. I spoke to him, but he replied only in impatient monosyllables; but afterwards declared he was weary of the frightful occupation, and would soon seek out a better mode of living for himself, as his father had done before him.

I pacified him as well as the circumstances would permit, and leaving him to take my post, walked down to the village in search of my friend and the hunter. I entered the tavern, which presented a scene worthy of Pandemonium, and where a glass of brandy sold for the price of a barrel. Presently I was summoned away by Township's youngest son, who, scarcely able to speak for terror, told me that some misfortune was about to happen at the tent. I rushed out, and when near the camp, heard the report of a rifle. 'He has killed him!' shrieked the boy, rushing forwards in dismay. At that moment Terry ran hurriedly from the tent, directing his steps towards the mountains rather than to the lake. At so late an hour, this was hastening to his destruction. I called after him in vain; he continued his flight. On entering the tent, I found Township leaning on his still smoking rifle, and the whole family in distress. One of the boys acquainted me with what had happened:—Angered by a remonstrance from his eldest son, the squatter, in one of his uncontrollable bursts of passion, had fired at him. The daughter had diverted the aim; and the young man, bidding his parent a solemn farewell, left the tent never to return. We looked from one to the other in silence, when at length a noise in the camp aroused Township from his stupor: his parental feelings had regained the ascendancy. 'Let us go,' he said, addressing me; 'let us go; in a few minutes it will perhaps be too late;' and without waiting for a reply, he hastened out. I snatched a rifle, and ran after him. I was uneasy, not only on Terry's account, but also for the novel-writer and Everquiet, who had not returned as usual from the chase. We hurried over the ground, and in a few minutes reached the rocky defiles of the Sierra.

American hunters generally agree on certain signals—either the note of a bird, or the howl of an animal—to be employed at night, or when on the scout: ours was that used by Everquiet—the howl of a wolf. Three howls, uttered at short and equal intervals, denoted the presence of one or other of our number. Township gave the preconcerted signal, once, twice; but no answer. The third attempt produced a reply. We bent our steps in the direction of the sound, and as we made our way among the wild crags and gaping crevices, I felt my courage half failing me: each rock might conceal an enemy. To add to our embarrassment, the signals were repeated in different directions, till at last we were uncertain which to follow. While we stood hesitating, a loud explosion was heard, followed by two plaintive howls; we listened for the third, but all was still. Township's breath came short and thick as we resumed our search: again he tried the signal; it was answered, and two men climbed towards us along a hollow path. They were the novel-writer and Everquiet; they were returning to the camp, and had seen nothing of Terry. We persuaded them to join us; the hunter led the way, stopping frequently to inspect the soil. Presently we came to footmarks, which he pronounced to be those of Indian and Mexican marauders. His remarks were interrupted by a mournful note, resembling the chant of the whip-poor-will, breaking the silence of the night. It had a strange effect on Township, for he sank down and buried his face in his hands, seeming overcome with grief. He replied to the voice in a broken tone, and listened as though his life or death depended on what would follow.

'It is some family signal,' whispered Everquiet; 'the squatter has recognised the voice of his son:' which assertion was verified by an answering cry, but so feeble, as scarcely to be heard above the sweep of the breeze.

'It is he—it is Terry!' cried Township, rushing towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. We followed; the unhappy young man lay stretched motionless and senseless on the ground. The father's heart was bursting with grief as he knelt by the side of his boy, and questioned him as to the author of the accident. Life seemed to return for a few seconds as the young man spoke; but I heard no more than the words —'The night on the Arkansas!' It was the expiring effort; and Township's arms embraced a corpse.

The squatter was not a man to shed useless tears, now that he knew the name of the murderer, and could hope to gratify his vengeance. We made a litter with our rifles, and bore the body to the camp, while Everquiet, in spite of our dissuasions, persisted in following a suspicious trail that led farther into the hills, and promised to rejoin us at the tents. On returning to the lake, we forbore to intrude on the grief of Township's family, and patrolled up and down, for the camp was still in alarm. The excitement was afterwards heightened by an unexpected arrival: Everquiet came in with the Mexican bound to the back of his own horse by his own lasso.

'You will not bewilder honest people any more with your false signals,' said the hunter, addressing his captive. 'But have a little patience, gold-seeking is weary work; you will soon be relieved of your troubles.'

'Do you take me for a common gold-seeker?' retorted the Mexican haughtily. 'Bah! I do not dig in the sand; instead of searching a placer, I search the gold-seekers themselves. It is a trade as well as another!'

Everquiet made no reply to this sally: he advanced towards Township's encampment, asking me as we walked along if I wished to witness for once in my life a specimen of Lynch law.

I declined being a spectator of the squatter's vengeance, and, sick at heart, withdrew to my tent. I wished to escape from scenes where greed, brutality, and effrontery—the vices of civilisation and those of barbarism—jostled in frightful contrast. Yet before falling asleep, I heard a cry of agony repeated by all the echoes of the valley; and I learnt from my companion, who entered

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soon afterwards, that the Mexican had been hurled into the lake under the eyes of the inflexible squatter. Lynch justice was satisfied.

On the morrow I experienced a feeling of disgust and inquietude, from which the only escape is resuming the pilgrim staff, and striking the tent. Everquiet alone comprehended my condition. The novel-writer had not yet lost all faith in his star, and could not, without self-reproach, quit so suddenly a land in which he might become a millionaire. Township, too, plunged in melancholy sadness, had no thought of leaving the spot where the remains of his unfortunate son reposed. I bade adieu to a family among whom I once thought my existence would be fixed, and pressed the hand of my compatriot, who, in the gloomy Californian valley, preserved the same good-humour as on the verdant banks of the Ohio. I departed in company with Everquiet, and a few days afterwards, left San Francisco for New York.

My arrival in the Hudson river was most opportune for a poor Alsatian family just landed, who had come to America to place their docile and patient industry at the service of any enterprising settler. I returned to Redmaple with these intelligent and laborious emigrants, and was soon able to compare, without a shadow of regret, the life of a cultivator to that of gold-seeker; and now I begin to relish toils which possess a certain grandeur as well as utility. The struggle with untamed nature, and the culture of a soil reclaimed by persevering efforts, will long be the object to attract and unite the common labours of those who seek the solitudes of the New World. Yet in America there are many whom such a life will not suffice. Everquiet resisted all my intreaties to abide with me on my lands; he requires the excitement of a long and perilous chase, a wandering without end and without object across the boundless prairies. The novel-writer sends me word that he has enriched himself from a lucky vein, and thinks of returning to France. This intention surprises and pains me; in him I lose a friend, whose energy of character and gaiety of spirit endeared him to me; and I fear that, in the tame and trifling pastimes of our cities, he will often regret too late the expansive and quiet life which America never refuses to the emigrant who bases his labours on a small capital. With regard to Township, on the word of his friend the farmer, he will grow tired of digging the sands of California, and be tempted to come and clear one of these Virginian woods which possess in his eyes the charm of a native country. The day perhaps is not far off which will see him begin the second period of a squatter's destiny, when, in place of adventures and illegal clearings, he will enjoy the benefits of legitimate possession, the stability of domestic life, and possibly even the honours of Congress.

BRITISH WEASEL FAMILY.

The animals of this tribe are the most bloodthirsty of all the carnivora, and, on account of the length of their bodies, and the shortness of their limbs, as well as of their power of winding and insinuating themselves through the smallest openings, are also termed *vermiform*. They are all *semi*-plantigrade, and lead us through the badger to the true plantigrades or bear family.

We place the otter (*Lutra vulgaris*) first, on account of its being the only aquatic member of the family—or, to speak more correctly, the only amphibious one—from the remainder of which it is distinguished by its webbed toes and horizontally-flattened tail. It possesses the power of remaining under water for a considerable time, and of catching fish with the greatest facility: in order to obtain which, it makes its home by some quiet river-side, in the natural excavations formed by the gnarled roots of the overhanging trees, and the ceaseless flow of the waters. It is highly probable that the otter may enlarge or otherwise adapt these hollows to his own purposes, but there does not appear to be any good evidence for the assertion that he prepares a burrow for himself. In consequence of his shy and retired habits, the otter is rarely seen (in the southern parts of this island), save by those whose pursuits, whether of business or recreation, take them to the river's brink at all hours of the day: such may see him demurely sitting, with his broad, flat head, and brilliant, eel-like eyes, just peeping out of the hole where he has made his nest; or diving, intent on prey, and bringing up a glistening fish, which he draws to the shore, and then eats, commencing at the head; as soon as half the body is consumed, leaving the remainder, as if in mockery of the enraged fisherman who may chance to pass; and taking to the water, brings up another, and yet another; for his appetite for fish seems almost unlimited. And when his extravagant expenditure renders fish scarce, he marches off to considerable distances, for the purpose of procuring poultry, and even young lambs or sucking-pigs. Darwin says that he has frequently seen the otter dive and catch a fish, then let it go, catch it again, and so on, for some minutes, in the manner of a cat tormenting a mouse. It has been observed that the otter, when in pursuit of its prey, swims against the stream, which will account for the fact of the opening of the ears being placed backwards: a peculiarity usually only observed in those animals whose timid natures proclaim them as a tribe formed for flight; for though otter-hunts rank high among the lovers of the sport, yet they do not partake of the nature of hunts in which there is an open run across the country.

The otter is a most careful parent, and takes great pains to procure a safe retreat for her young. Some years ago a pair of these animals made their nest in the trunk of an old pollard, on the banks of the Thames, near Goring. The tree was hollow throughout, so that the young were laid on the ground, while the old ones crept in and out through one of the larger roots, which was also hollow: but, alas! the poor little things were discovered even in this secure retreat, and taken away. Several very interesting anecdotes are told, not merely of the affection of the female otter for her young, but also of the intelligence which she displays in guiding them. A correspondent of the 'Zoologist' mentions one which gave birth to two young ones in the gardens of the Zoological Society. On one occasion, when the water had been let out of the pond for the purpose of cleansing it, the little ones got into it before it was half-filled, and were unable to get out again. The mother, after making ineffectual attempts to reach them from the bank, plunged into the water, and began to play with one of them, and putting her head close to its ears, seemed as if trying to convey her meaning to it, and finally made a spring out of the pond, with the young one hanging on to the fur of her tail by its teeth. Having safely landed it, she got the other out in the same manner. This she did several times during a quarter of an hour; for as fast as she rescued one, the other leapt back into the water. Every one knows the impossibility of getting two children into the house, when they, with childhood's tact, see that you are not disinclined for a game of romps—for as soon as you, breathless with laughing, succeed in catching one, the other has escaped; but we should scarcely have suspected young otters of such gambols. At length, however, the mother considered that they had had play enough; and so, as soon as there was sufficient water for her to reach them from the side of the pond, she caught them by the ears, drew them out, 'led them round the pond *close* to the fence, and kept chattering to them, as if she were telling them not to go into the pond again.'

Mr St John tells that he saw an otter catch a fish and lay it before her two cubs, who commenced a fierce struggle to obtain it; on perceiving which, the mother left the water, and separating them with her paws, placed the fish before one of the disputers, and then plunged again into the water. The other, who seems to

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have been well-trained, did not attempt to touch the now-prohibited fish, but patiently waited until the mother, reappearing, laid a similar dainty before him.

In fact the otter is remarkably docile, and may be very easily tamed, and rendered useful in catching fish, as well as interesting and faithful as a pet: it will answer readily to its name, and make itself quite at home amongst its master's dogs. One which had been tamed by a man named Collins, and which returned at his call, was one day taken out by his son, and refusing to return at the accustomed sound, was lost. After an ineffectual search, the old man, passing by chance the place where it had been liberated, repeated its name aloud, when, to his inexpressible joy, it came creeping to his feet, and showing every mark of affection and penitence. Another, which was tamed in Scotland, would run to its master for protection when it saw any strange dogs, and endeavour to get into his arms. It would frequently take eight or ten pounds of fish in the day, and would fish either in river or sea. The otter will not eat fish or flesh unless it is perfectly fresh, and when in confinement, is usually fed on milk and hasty-pudding. The young otter is stated by Bewick to be good for food, and to be scarcely distinguishable from lamb. The skin of the otter is much valued in many countries, more especially in the north of Europe. It is covered with two kinds of fur, the shorter being very soft and fine in its texture, and the longer coarse and shining. An old otter frequently attains a great size, and it is probably to such that Southey alludes in his celebrated chapter of Kings. 'There are,' he says, 'kings among the otters in the Highland waters, and also among their relations the sea otters. The royal otter is larger than his subjects, and has a white spot upon his breast. He shuns observation, which it is sometimes provident for kings to do, especially under such circumstances as his, for his skin is in great request among soldiers and sailors. It is supposed to insure victory, to secure the wearer from being wounded, to be a sure prophylactic in times of contagious sickness, and a preservative in shipwreck. But it is not easy to find an otter king, and when found, there is danger in the act of regicide, for he bears a charmed life. The moment in which he is killed proves fatal to some other creature, either man or beast, whose mortal existence is mysteriously linked with his. The nature of the otter monarchy has not been described; it is evident, however, that his ministers have no loaves to dispose of; but then they have plenty of fishes.'

The weasel and stoat are perhaps the most characteristic example of the tribe, on account of their bloodthirsty habits and the determined boldness which they display in obtaining their prey. Very singular and well-authenticated accounts are given of these little animals forming themselves into packs, and hunting hares or rabbits by scent. When so employed, they 'give tongue' in a feeble, diminutive manner, and in every other respect imitate the manœuvres of a well-trained pack; nor has any instance been observed in which they have failed to run down their game. Though much persecuted by farmers, the weasel is probably more useful to them than they are willing to believe, as it destroys great numbers of rats and mice; far more than any cat can do, as it is, from its form, enabled to enter their hiding-places, and thus slay them at home; yet we cannot deny that it not unfrequently repays its own services with a tender chicken or a plump pullet.

Amongst the superstitious tales which have been related of the weasel, the following, which are given by Giraldus Cambrensis, may be noticed:—'A weasel,' he says, 'had brought out her young into a plain for the enjoyment of sun and air, when an insidious kite carried off one of them: concealing herself with the remainder behind some shrubs, grief suggested to her a stratagem of exquisite revenge. She extended herself on a heap of earth, as if dead, within sight of the plunderer, and (as success always increases avidity) the bird immediately seized her, and flew away, but soon fell down dead by the bite of the poisonous animal.' This story gives an instance of revengeful stratagem of which, we imagine, even the wily weasel is incapable; yet that part which refers to its feigning itself dead is curiously corroborated by an anecdote told by Sir Oswald Mosley of one which he caught, and after repeated blows on the head, carried for some time in his hand, believing it to be dead; but the moment he placed it on the grass, it rose and ran off, as if nothing had occurred, which could scarcely have taken place at the identical instant of liberation, if the previous stillness had been only caused by its being stunned.

The next legend of Giraldus represents the weasel in a very interesting light:—'A person residing in the castle of Pembroke found a brood of young weasels concealed within a place within his dwelling-house, which he carefully removed and hid: the mother, irritated at the loss of her young, which she had searched for in vain, went to a vessel of milk which had been set aside for the use of the master's son, and raising herself up, polluted it with her deadly poison; thus revenging, as it were, the loss of her young by the destruction of the child. The man observing what had passed, carried the fleece back to its former place; when the weasel, agitated by maternal solicitude, between hope and fear, on finding again her young, began to testify her joy by her cries and actions, and returning quickly to the vessel, overthrew it; thus, in gratitude for the recovery of her own offspring, saving that of her host from danger.'

In a very ancient Breton lay, which is preserved in the collection of Marsic, and which is called 'Eliduc,' though originally known by the name of 'Guildelucc, ha Gualadun,' we find the following wondrous fable:—When the beautiful Gualadun lay dead, a weasel, creeping from the altar, ran several times over her face; on which the attendant struck at, and killed it. Upon which another weasel appeared, and after exhibiting every sign of grief, ran suddenly off to the woods, and returned with a flower of a beautiful vermilion colour, which she carefully inserted in the mouth of her companion: in an instant the little animal returned to life, and sprung up. Another blow was, however, aimed at him, so that he dropped the flower, which, on being applied to the lips of the damsel, at once caused her to revive, 'expressing her surprise at having slept so long.' And in the early English romance of 'Sir Guy of Warwick,' when the famished Thierry falls asleep at the knees of Guy, a white weasel suddenly jumps out of his mouth, and takes refuge in a crevice of a neighbouring rock, but soon returns again, and runs once more down his throat (not a pleasant tenant, we should think). Upon his awaking, and relating that he had a dream of a 'fair bright sword' and a treasure, Guy goes to the place in which the weasel sought refuge, and there finds both the sword and the treasure.

Theophrastus defines the superstitious man to be he who, in addition to the scrupulousness with which he observes various specified ceremonies, refuses, if a weasel has crossed his path, to proceed until he has thrown three stones over the road.

The stoat (*Mustela ermina*) and the weasel (*M. vulgaris*) are so commonly confounded together, so frequently described under one name, and so similar in their habits, that many persons are inclined to deny their individual existences; yet they are clearly distinct, and though the weasel frequently becomes white in winter, the assumption of the snowy coat does not, and cannot convert it, as it does the stoat, into the ermine of commerce. Several instances have occurred of piebald, or rather skewbald stoats, but this appears to be merely the transition state from the red fur of summer to the white garb of winter.

The stoat and the weasel prey on the same animals; they both form self-constituted packs, and hunt for the advantage of the community; and both are remarkable for the determined boldness of their dispositions. Mr

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Bell states that he 'was one day sitting in his room on the ground-floor, with the door open, when a stoat entered, and ran rapidly round the room, snuffing about as if in search of prey. It showed not the least symptoms of alarm at finding itself in unusual quarters, and after a minute or so, quietly went out again.' And the 'Zoologist' gives an instance of a weasel which, after trying round a window for an entrance, stood up on its hind-legs, and remained, earnestly gazing through the pane, undismayed by the furious barking of a little terrier, which was somewhat disturbed by this appearance, until, we regret to say, the window was opened, and the dog suffered to chase and kill the little animal which had come so confidingly to the window.

Gwillim, in the 'Display of Heraldrie,' says that the name of ermine is derived from the following circumstance:—'Hee hath his being in the woods of the land of Armenia, whereof hee taketh his name.' The polecat or fitchew (*Mustela putorius*) appears always to have been held in evil odour, both physically and metaphorically, as, perhaps on account of its most offensive smell, it is usually associated by the older writers with things of evil report; thus Shakspeare says—

> 'There are fairer things than polecats.'
> 'Out of my door you witch, you hag, you polecat!'
> 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one:
> What do you mean by this haunting of me?'

It is commonly termed foumart, or fulimart, a designation which seems to be a corruption of the Welsh name *ffwlbart*. In wooded districts, where the polecat generally abounds, it is too well known by its daring depredations on game-preserves and poultry-yards to need any description. It is curious that both this animal and the stoat have been discovered in the act of catching eels at the season when these eels are supposed to retire into the deep mud for their winter sleep.

Much discussion has only left undecided the question, 'Whether there is any *real* difference between the pine-weasel or yellow-breasted marten (*Martes abietum*) and the beech or common marten (*Martes foina*) beyond the variety of their colour?' Both kinds have been rendered rare in Britain probably by the value, in olden time, of their skins; for we find 'marten skins' mentioned in the 'Doomsday-Book' as among the treasures of the city of Chester; and also that great quantities of this 'royal fur' were imported from Ireland. Again, in another place, it is enacted that all ships that brought martens' skins to this country were bound to give the king pre-emption of the same, and for that purpose to show them to an officer before any were disposed of, under a penalty of forty shillings—a very considerable sum in the eleventh century. In another part of the book it is recorded that Chester yielded annually to the crown a revenue of L.45, and twenty-three timbres of martens' skins. This will recall to the minds of our readers the cloak of King 'Jamie,'

> ——— 'Of crimson velvet pil'd,
> Trimmed with the fur of marten wild.'

We must not, however, imagine, that because this pretty little animal is no longer common in our isle, because there are no longer royal enactments respecting its fur, that the value of the skin has ceased; for prodigious quantities of them are still imported from the pine-forests of North America. Above thirty thousand are yearly brought from Canada, and nearly fifteen thousand from Hudson's Bay. The food of the marten is very similar to that of the other animals of its kind, with the addition, however, of the fragrant tops of the pine branches, a small portion of grain, and, when it can obtain it, honey. The marten (*Martes abietum*) is about seventeen or eighteen inches in length; the tail is bushy, and the body covered with a thick fur of a dark-red colour, becoming gradually paler underneath; the breast and throat are white, or of a fine yellow, deepening towards the cheeks; the feet, which are broad, covered on the sole with thick fur, and furnished with strong claws, seem perfectly adapted for ascending trees.

Marten hunts formerly stood high among the sports of the field; and the old books on the subject warn the huntsman not to suffer the dogs to devour the animal when caught, lest it should poison them. This animal is still hunted in Italy. Dr Fleming states that the marten builds its nest in trees. Dr Harlau describes it as 'frequenting the thickest forests, climbing the trees in search of birds and their eggs, attacking small quadrupeds, and bringing forth in the nest of a squirrel or in holes of trees;' the latter opinion being, we believe, the more correct one, though it is a well-ascertained fact that it occasionally breeds in holes in ruined walls, rocks, or even in the earth. Mr Bell relates that the marten, as well as the fox, will descend to the sea-shore at low tide, and carry off numbers of the large mussels (*Modiola vulgaris*) to feed upon them.

Many persons have succeeded in taming the various species of this family, though they will always be liable to resume their natural habits, and make their escape when an opportunity presents itself. Captain Lyon, in describing the manners of a captive stoat, mentions that though he would take food from the hand, he made it a rule first to use every exertion to bite the friendly fingers which approached him. Buffon tamed several weasels, and recommends as the best mode a gentle stroking of the fur along the back, at the same time threatening it if it attempts to bite. And Dr Richardson gives an account of an otter, of the minx or American species, which passed the day very snugly in its mistress' pocket; only peeping out occasionally when it heard any unusual noise; showing at least that it did not lack its share of the most common weakness of its fellow-Americans, whether biped or quadruped.

THE POST-OFFICE.

If a person unconnected with the Post-Office department were asked to suggest a plan to enable the inhabitants of a thousand towns and cities to correspond with each other, he would most probably think that the simplest and best method would be to let the Post-Office of each town make up a letter-bag daily for every other town, despatch its outward correspondence every night, and receive its inward correspondence every morning. Such a scheme, however, would be absurd and impracticable, because the postmaster of every place would have to make up 999 letter-bags daily; and because letters despatched from every place simultaneously would reach different towns at variable periods.

For postal purposes, London is considered the centre of the kingdom, and is the only place where a letter-bag is made up for every other town, and where the principal portion of the outward correspondence is despatched every night, and the principal portion of the inward correspondence is received every morning. Every other place despatches and receives its London bag at hours varying according to its distance from the metropolis. Again, each provincial town is considered also for postal purposes the centre of two circles, called the distributing and district circles. The radius of the former varies from 12 to 100 miles in length, and of the latter from 1 to 20 miles. The postmaster of the central town makes up no letter-bag for any place (London excepted) beyond the circumference of the distributing circle, and delivers no letters to any one living beyond the limits of the district circle. A letter, therefore, from one distant town to another, if not sent through London, is forwarded on towns situated on the circumferences of the distributing circles, until it reaches one within the circle of which its destination is situated.

Every night about a dozen mails leave London in all directions, and the same number arrive in London every morning. These mails connect the extreme points of the country with the metropolis. Branch mails meet the London ones at various places, to convey the Lon-

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don bags to towns situated away from the main routes. These mails form the framework, as it were, of that gigantic locomotive machinery by which the whole correspondence of the country is conveyed from one place to another. The London mails enable many towns situated on the main routes to correspond with each other; but, generally speaking, provincial towns correspond with each other by means of separate cross-road mails. The London and cross-road mails together form that elaborate and complicated network of postal communications with which the whole country is covered. Now—as the departure of one mail depends on the arrival of another, and *vice versâ*—the greatest confusion would arise if the utmost punctuality were not observed in the despatch and receipt of mails. Guards, therefore, and other persons who have the conduct of mails, are furnished with time-bills and accurate time-pieces. On the former is entered the precise time at which mails arrive at every office; and postmasters are liable to severe punishment, and mail-contractors to heavy penalties, for any neglect of punctuality.

The general management of the Post-Office is intrusted to Colonel Maberly and Mr Rowland Hill; the former being called the Secretary to the Post-Office, and the latter the Secretary to the Postmaster-General. Each is assisted by a large staff of clerks. Colonel Maberly attends to the numerous complaints of the public against the department, and watches over the conduct of the subordinate officials. Mr Hill attends to the Money-Order department, and to the means for carrying into effect his celebrated plan of cheap postage, additional public accommodation, and economical working of the department. Hundreds of communications are addressed to the secretaries daily from the deputy-postmasters and the public. A great portion of the communications from the former are intended for the Money-Order, Ship-Letter, Dead-Letter, and Accountants' departments, which are located in or near St Martins le Grand. The Missing-Letter department is conducted by a special staff of clerks, under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Maberly.

When a money-letter is lost, the time and place of posting, and the address of the letter, are ascertained from the complaining parties, and the names of the officials through whose hands it ought to have passed from the local postmasters. If the offices A, B, C, D make up letter-bags for each other, and money-letters are generally lost in passing through the offices A D, B D, C D, the suspected office is D; because it is more likely that there is a dishonest functionary in D than in each of the other three offices A, B, and C. Again, the same clerks are not allowed always to work together. If, therefore, E, F, G, H are clerks in an office, and money-letters are generally lost when E H, F H, G H are on duty together, H will be the suspected clerk. A trap is therefore set to detect him. A letter containing coin is purposely posted so that it may pass through his hands; and if it is found that it has not been despatched from the office at the proper time, it will most probably be discovered secreted on his person, or in some place to which he has had access.

Letters may be delayed by being put into the wrong letter-bag, or by a postmaster not forwarding them by the first mail. As they bear, however, the dated postmark of each office through which they pass, and as every postmark has some private mark to show at what hour of the day letters are posted, the cause of delay, and the official parties to blame, can easily be discovered. A vast number of complaints respecting delay in the transmission of correspondence are received daily at the General Post-Office. Some demand compensation for losses to which they have been subjected through the delay of their letters; others merely detail the inconvenience or loss they have sustained; numbers declare that they complain only because they consider it their duty to the public to expose and check irregularities; many demand imperiously the immediate punishment of the postmaster in fault; almost all are convinced that the delay is the fault of the Post-Office; and some, whose letters of complaint can scarcely be deciphered, are ready to make oath that their correspondence was legibly addressed. Every person who complains is treated alike respectfully. Scarcely the slightest difference is made in the form or degree of attention with which a complaint is investigated, no matter whether it comes from a duke or a mechanic. The first thing done is to obtain the cover of the letter delayed, to examine the post-marks on it; and the next thing is to call on the local postmasters through whose offices it has passed for an explanation. Generally speaking, the fault is found to rest with correspondents in not posting their letters in proper time, in not addressing them correctly, or in some neglect of Post-Office rules. If any wilful or careless neglect is proved against a postmaster, he would be visited with severe censure or dismissal.

Amongst the higher class of Post-Office officials are those called 'surveyors.' These officers are stationed in different parts of the kingdom, with a number of assistants. Each surveyor superintends an extensive district, consisting of several counties. The duties of surveyors are to travel over their districts, to investigate personally any very serious complaint against an office, and to see that the public in every part of the kingdom is, as far as it is practicable, properly accommodated with Post-Office facilities; they have also to assume the superintendence of all offices vacated by the death or dismissal of postmasters, to see that all contracts for conveying mails are rigidly observed, and to receive reports of every error which is likely to inconvenience the public or the department which one postmaster can detect in another.

In England, where the social affections are highly cultivated, where education is generally diffused, and where commercial enterprise and facilities for locomotion separate friends and acquaintances, the amount of correspondence is enormous, and the loss or delay of letters is of great importance, because scarcely the slightest procrastination in the delivery of a letter but what causes some loss or inconvenience; and the more perfect the working of the Post-Office department, the more liable is the slightest irregularity to produce inconvenience, because an error in the transmission of correspondence is less likely to be calculated upon. How many a person has arrived too late to attend the deathbed of a parent or child—has lost a character for honesty, or a reputation for solvency—or has gone on a voyage in an agony of suspense and affliction, through the loss or delay of a letter! How many cruel estrangements in the affairs of love and friendship have been caused through the carelessness of the Post-Office! The history of the human soul and its progress towards wisdom and happiness, the records of the human heart and of its holiest affections, are often written in the familiar correspondence of absent friends and relatives; and the safe and regular transmission of that correspondence compensates for the deprivation of personal intercourse, and cheers the domestic hearths of tens of thousands of all classes in this country.

It is owing to the urgent necessity for the working of the Post-Office department to be conducted with the utmost regularity, and to the difficulty of persons unconnected with it understanding its curious and complicated machinery, that the government has never allowed any but those who have displayed an extraordinary aptitude for the task to interfere with, or introduce any great innovation into its management. Within the last century and a-half only two strangers to the department have been permitted to materially change the system by which it has been conducted—namely, Mr Palmer and Mr Rowland Hill. The former invented and perfected that scheme for the transmission of correspondence throughout the kingdom, which has been described at the commencement of this article; and the latter introduced a cheap and uniform postage, prepaid by stamps, and charged by weight. Both of

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these distinguished men suggested their improvements at peculiar periods: Mr Palmer when the art of road-making in England had arrived at great perfection, which enabled a complete plan of postal communication throughout the country to be effected; and Mr Hill when education amongst all classes had been extensively diffused, which enabled the government to derive almost as large a revenue by a cheap postage from the many as by an expensive postage from the few.

There have always been men of extraordinary ability who have arisen at particular periods to take advantage of an accomplishment of the past, and link it with some improvement of the present; and who, by not being fettered by official details and minute difficulties, are enabled to perceive instinctively that there cannot possibly be a substantial objection against a simple and grand scheme of obviously vast and universal benefit to the community. The scheme which Mr Hill has grafted on that of Mr Palmer will, with that perfect organisation of every department of the Post-Office, and the military subordination of its 30,000 officials, go far to make the English Post-Office one of the most interesting and perfect establishments in the world, and suitable for a community of as high a state of civilisation as the present generation is likely to witness.

THE YOUTH OF TALLEYRAND.

M. DE TALLEYRAND was born in Paris in 1754. At that period it was the general custom in noble families to send out their infants to be nursed in the provinces. The gay mother, after a brief retirement, resumed her place in the brilliant court circle, seldom finding leisure to cast away a thought on the poor little being to whom she had given birth, and who, consigned to the care of a hired nurse, who lived perhaps many miles distant, was left to vegetate for years.

So it fared with Charles-Maurice, eldest son of the Count de Talleyrand. Exiled from his father's house at the hour of his birth, he was carried to a distant village by a nurse whose trade it was to bring up children 'well or ill, as it happened,' according to the prince's own expression. This nurse was handsomely paid, and regularly gave excellent accounts of the child. Her 'darling little Charlot was the pride of the country with his rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs. He was well fed, well dressed; what more could a baby want?'

'What more indeed?' thought his lady-mother; that is, whenever she had time to think about the matter at all; but this was not often; for court duties and court pleasures absorbed her every faculty, and occupied every moment.

Time rolled on. Another son was born to the Count de Talleyrand; and, like his elder brother, he came into the world strong and healthy, cast in the mould of a vigorous race. He shared the lot of Charles-Maurice, being sent to the village where the latter was growing up ignorant and neglected, without the fear of God or man before his eyes. Till the arrival of the little Archambauld, he had never seen the face of a relative. His mother, occupied with pleasure, his father with ambition, thought not of him. It is singular that while the latter died young, without having obtained the renown he sought, and the former ended a long life in comparative poverty, it was reserved for their neglected child to make Europe ring with his fame, and to amass an enormous fortune.

When Charles-Maurice had entered his eighth year, it happened that his father's youngest brother, the captain of a ship-of-war, and a Knight of Malta, returned from a distant expedition. After greeting the elder members of his family, he inquired for his little nephews, and felt both shocked and surprised at their parents' indifference towards them. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, the roads were difficult and dangerous; but the warm-hearted sailor braved all obstacles, and set out on horseback to visit his little relatives. It was late in the afternoon when he approached the village, and he bethought him of inquiring the way to the house of Nurse Rigaut. Looking round, he saw on the hill a pale, thin child, with long fair hair flowing on his shoulders; he was busy setting a bird-trap on the snow. The captain called him; and as the little fellow approached, the kind sailor saw with pain that he was lame, and leant for support on a small crutch.

'Hollo! my boy; can you tell me where Dame Rigaut lives?'

'Certainly,' said the child smiling. 'I will show you the way on one condition.'

'Come, then, make haste, my lad; I'll pay you handsomely for your guidance.'

'Nonsense,' replied the child reddening: 'my condition is, that you will let me ride on your horse to nurse's door. I don't want your money.'

'Mount, then, my boy,' said the captain, reaching down his hand, and watching with surprise the agility with which the child, cripple as he was, managed to climb on the tall saddle.

Holding his little guide carefully before him, the captain reached the house of Dame Rigaut. He told the child to hold his horse for a moment, and entered the door: nurse came to meet him. What passed between them? Probably nothing very amicable; for the young listener outside could distinguish a sound of weeping—feminine lamentations overborne by loud masculine reprimands. Suddenly the sailor rushed out, seized the shivering boy, raised him, and held him closely embraced with one arm, while with the other he made good use of his whip in keeping off Nurse Rigaut, who wanted to regain possession of her 'darling Charlot.' It was the work of a moment to mount his horse, and with the child before him, to retrace his steps, without permitting the perfidious nurse even to say adieu to her charge. As they rode on, little Charles-Maurice learned that his captor was his uncle: an honest sailor, who, in a transport of indignation against the woman to whose negligence his nephew owed a lifelong lameness, would not have him a moment longer beneath her roof. In his anxiety about the heir of his house, he totally forgot his brother's younger son, who accordingly remained with the nurse.

From the first town where he stopped, he wrote to his brother to announce what he had done; and on arriving in Paris, he learned that the Count de Talleyrand was with the army in Flanders, and that the countess was in attendance on the queen at Versailles. However, she had provided a person to take charge of her son, and place him in the college of Louis-le-Grand. The captain had intended to take him on board his vessel—the St Joseph—and bring him up to the naval profession; but his lameness rendering this impracticable, the kind sailor took leave of his poor deserted little nephew, and set out for Toulon. A few months afterwards his vessel was shipwrecked, and he and all his crew perished. Had Charles-Maurice been a fine stout boy, his history would have terminated here; but Providence reserved the poor lame child for an illustrious destiny.

At college, the boy distinguished himself by his talents and application, carrying off the first prizes, and rising rapidly towards the upper classes. Yet his life was but a sad one; few indulgences, and no vacations passed at home, fell to his lot. His mother rarely visited him, and when she did, she came accompanied by a celebrated surgeon, who examined his lame leg, bandaged it tightly, dragged it, cauterised the nerve, and put the child to such torture, that he dreaded nothing so much as a summons to the parlour to meet his mother.

Years passed on: his father died, and Charles-Maurice found himself Count de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of his family. His brother Archambauld had left the abode of Nurse Rigaut with better fortune than himself; for he had escaped accidents, and his

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limbs were straight and well-formed. On the day that Charles-Maurice had successfully completed his studies at the college of Louis-le-Grand, a pale, stern-looking man, wearing a cassock, summoned him from amongst his comrades, and commanded him to follow him to the clerical seminary of St Sulpice. The sentence was without appeal. He learned from the superior that his family had decided to deprive him of his birthright, and transfer it to his younger brother.

'And wherefore?' asked the youth.

'Because *he* is not a cripple,' was the cruel reply.

The words entered like iron into the victim's soul; they changed his very nature, and made the youth what the Prince de Talleyrand afterwards appeared. In proud and bitter silence he donned the offered cassock; and none may know what passed within, for never, even to his most intimate friends, did he allude to the subject. Now in his youth, as afterwards in mature age, his resolution was taken and acted on immediately. He expressed neither grief nor a desire for the reversal of the decree; he knew this would be vain; but, in appearance at least, submitted patiently to the strict rules of the house. Notwithstanding his lameness, he possessed considerable strength and activity of body; but among his companions his usual weapon of defence was his tongue. Young and old dreaded his caustic, biting sentences, while the influence and power which his master-mind asserted and maintained were quite marvellous. At the seminary he became as distinguished as at the college. There still survive a few old clergymen who can recall the eloquent orations of the young student at the weekly exhibitions at St Sulpice. Some of these compositions have been preserved: they are chiefly remarkable for the artful manner in which the passions of the auditory are enlisted against the adverse side, and their sense of the ludicrous excited at its expense.

At the age of seventeen, M. de Talleyrand quitted the seminary, in order to complete his theological studies at the Sorbonne. The few days which intervened were passed by him at the family residence. Up to that period he had *never spent a night beneath the parental roof*. Well might Rousseau fulminate his burning reproofs against the high-born mothers of that time, whom he designates 'merciless stepmothers.' M. de Talleyrand was so fortunate as to have for his preceptor an excellent man, not many years older than himself. A strong and lasting affection subsisted between them. His 'dear father Langlois' received from him a liberal pension till the end of his days; and up to the year 1828, the period of the good old abbé's death, his antiquated figure, attired in the costume of the preceding century, might have been constantly seen in the prince's splendid reception-rooms, his huge snuff-box and coloured pocket-handkerchief figuring next rich uniforms and brilliant orders. When he spoke, his former pupil listened with respectful deference. Indeed it is not too much to assert, that whatever good was mingled with the character of the astute diplomatist, might fairly be traced to the early instruction of the Abbé Langlois.

The young Abbé de Talleyrand's first appearance in the gay society of Paris was at the hotel of Madame de Brignolé, who was in the habit of receiving the very *élite* of the fashionable world, together with the *lions* of the day. The young man seated himself in a remote corner, so as to observe the passing scene without taking part in it. Soon a modest, retiring-looking man came and placed himself near him. This was Philidor, the celebrated chess-player, who, being a frequent visitor at the house, was able and willing to point out the different distinguished guests to his uninitiated neighbour. D'Alembert, Diderot, and other great men were there, and Philidor was complacently commenting on them, for the young abbé's edification, when their quiet corner was suddenly invaded by two young hussar officers, a captain and lieutenant in a regiment especially favoured by the unhappy Queen Marie-Antoinette, and also noted for the free and impertinent manners of the young men who composed it. The two officers were laughing heartily at some exquisite jest between themselves.

'Come into this corner,' said one, 'and I'll finish the story; the end of it must be reserved for your private ear.'

'The corner is taken,' replied the other: 'I see Philidor there talking to some young raven just fledged, and flown from the seminary.'

'They'll give up their places. I know Philidor's temper: he'll submit, and the abbé will follow his example.' So saying, they approached the two occupiers of the corner, and with the coolest impertinence began to annoy them by their words and gestures. Philidor, whose pacific and timid character was well known, immediately prepared to retreat. He cast an imploring glance at the abbé, complained of the heat of the room, and finally rose and glided away. The Chevalier de Boufflers—one of the officers—took instant possession of the vacant chair, and turning towards the young abbé, stared at him with an insolent expression. The lieutenant took up his position at the other side, and looked at Talleyrand in a manner not less offensive. Not the slightest notice, however, did the young man take of either, until the officer, tired of his *sang-froid*, inquired 'if he did not find the heat oppressive?' and added the advice to 'imitate his friend, and seek cooler air in the antechamber.' Talleyrand, with the utmost politeness, 'thanked the officer for his considerate kindness; but begged to assure him that his own lungs were so very delicate, that he would fear to encounter the cold air.'

The angry blood mounted in the officer's cheek: he was a youth just come from Normandy, and spoke with his native accent in all its purity.

'You look young, my dear abbé,' he said; 'perhaps you have not been at school, and are not aware that you have yet many things to learn: amongst the rest'——

'A thousand pardons!' interrupted the abbé, standing up, looking full at his adversary, and imitating to perfection the Norman accent. 'I assure you I *have* been at school; I learned all my letters, and I know that A B (abbé) is not C D (*céder*, yield); and, moreover, that your É P (*épée*, sword) will not make me O T (*ôter*, go away).' By this time a number of the guests had collected, and received Talleyrand's sally with a peal of hearty laughter. The Chevalier de Boufflers himself applauded; but the discomfited Norman, having no reply ready, took himself off as fast as possible. Madame du Deffand happened to be in the room. She heard the repartee, and expressed a wish to have its author introduced to her. This was done by De Boufflers himself. The illustrious lady, who was blind, invited the young abbé to be seated next her. She passed her venerable hand over his face, in order to examine the features, which she could not see, and then said, 'Go, young man; nature has endowed you with her richest gifts. She has placed it in your power fully to redeem the wrongs of fortune.'

The Abbé de Talleyrand soon became known in the highest literary and political circles; his subsequent career belongs to the eventful history of the period. It is rather singular that he attached his name to the first *popular* journal that ever appeared in France. 'La Feuille Villageoise,' conducted by the Abbé Cerutti, exercised much influence on the first events in the Revolution of 1789. In juxtaposition with articles from the fiery pen of Mirabeau, or bearing the impress of Cerutti's bitterly-ironical genius, the historian of to-day studies still with interest essays exhibiting the calm, steady reasoning of Talleyrand: for example, those on the 'Reform in National Education,' 'On the Abuses of Power,' 'On the Unity of Weights and Measures,' &c. &c. Sieyès and Mirabeau professed a high esteem for the talents of the young Talleyrand. Mirabeau frequently declared that he considered him the only man

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capable of succeeding him in the direction of the moderate party of the time.

Talleyrand died at Paris, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, on the 17th of May 1838. By his will he has strictly prohibited his heirs from publishing his memoirs—which he wrote himself, and which are, it is said, deposited in England — until thirty years shall have expired from the day of his death. Many a state mystery and many a grand secret in diplomacy will no doubt be revealed to the curious public of 1868. Till then, we must content ourselves with a few rambling records of that grand mover of the wires of the political puppet-show—Charles-Maurice Prince de Talleyrand.

TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

'The tokens which every tavern and tippling-house (in the days of late anarchy among us) presumed to stamp and utter for immediate exchange, as they were passable through the neighbourhood, which, though seldom reaching further than the next street or two, may happily, in after-times, come to exercise and busy the learned *critic* what they should signify.' Such, in the words of Evelyn, is the motto prefixed to a recently-published work,* from which many interesting particulars may be gathered relating to the least valuable portion of our copper coinage; a currency which, though of little intrinsic worth, has played no insignificant part in popular finance. The coins or tokens in question represent a period—1648 to 1672—in which transpired some of the most momentous events in our national history; and the 'effigies' stamped on them not unfrequently indicate the political opinions of those by whom they were issued, but mostly a miniature representation of the sign of the house. 'Few persons,' observes Mr Akerman, 'will require to be reminded that every tradesman once had his particular sign, and that, when the houses in streets were not numbered, such a practice was not without its use. A few shops and houses of business may yet be found in London, especially the old-established ones, that have not entirely discarded their signs, and they may still be seen occupying the place of a pane in the window. One or two bankers, too, do not disdain to exhibit their ancient cognizance over the door. Messrs Hoare display the Golden Bottle over the entrance of their elegant new house of business. Childs, the bankers, bore the Marigold, which may still be seen within their office.'

Signs, like everything else, must submit to change; and to quote the words of one whom Captain Smyth would call a 'brackish poet'—

> 'Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
> Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
> Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
> And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now.'

But we are reminded that there are other mutations: who does not remember Rip van Winkle's astonishment on noticing that the comfortable visage of George III. on a swinging sign had, by a touch of painter's craft, been made to do duty as General Washington; and, another instance, where the likeness of that good old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, became the Saracen's Head? Mr Akerman says, 'Everybody knows that the "Satyr and Bacchanals" became in due time the "Satyr and Bag o' Nails," and that the Puritan "God encompasseth Us" was profaned to "The Goat and Compasses!" that the gallant Sir Cloudesley lives in the "Ship and Shovel;" and that the faithful governor of Calais—"Caton Fidèle"—is immortalised in the "Cat and Fiddle!"'

Poets have not disdained to exercise their pens on the subject of signs: the specimen quoted above affords one instance: here is another, written about the beginning of last century:—

> 'I'm amazed at the signs
> As I pass through the town,
> To see the odd mixture—
> A Magpie and Crown;
> The Whale and the Crow;
> The Razor and Hen;
> The Leg and Seven Stars;
> The Axe and the Bottle;
> The Sun and the Lute;
> The Eagle and Child;
> The Shovel and Boot.'

With these preliminary remarks concerning signs, we pass to the subject of tokens or coins. The circulating medium is now so much a matter of course, that we seldom think of the inconveniences to which a different state of things would expose us. In the Saxon days, the chief coin was a penny, stamped in silver, and weighing twenty-four grains, with a very limited supply of halves and quarters. The weight of this coin was liable to be varied at the caprice of rulers; and from the reign of Harold downwards, it was gradually reduced, until the penny became a mere spangle, something like Turkish *paras*, which fly from a dealer's hand under a good puff of wind. In Elizabeth's reign, proposals were made to stamp a penny in baser metal; but for certain reasons—history does not tell us if they were good ones—her virgin majesty resolutely opposed the project. But so small was the supply of halfpence and farthings, that the common people were greatly embarrassed in making small purchases, and subjected to loss; for, as is stated in a petition to parliament of that period, if they bought any article of less value than a penny, they lost the difference for want of small change. The gentry also were as much perplexed for *petty money* to give away as alms to the mendicants who then swarmed over the whole country. Examples still exist of pennies cut into halves and quarters as a remedy for the inconvenience; besides which, a quantity of thin light coins called 'black money' found its way hither from the continent; and a coinage issued by the abbeys filled some of the minor channels of circulation. Leaden dumps, too, passed from hand to hand, and in some places were still current so lately as 1696. Many of our old church books contain entries of sums paid 'for moulds to cast tokens in,' and of payments to 'the plomer for tokens.'

Eventually, a silver coin, value three-farthings, was issued under Elizabeth's authority; but it was so exceedingly small and light, as to be scarcely available for practical purposes. At the same period 'lead, tin, latten, and even leather, were stamped by grocers, vintners, chandlers, and alehouse keepers, in great numbers; and as they were only to be repaid to the same shop from whence they were received, the loss to the poor was most grievous.' The impossibility of longer delaying an improvement led to the stamping of some patterns in copper. It was not, however, until the reign of James (1613) that an attempt was made to supersede the spurious and heterogeneous currency by royal proclamation, which at the same time announced that letters-patent had been granted to Lord Harrington 'to make such a competent quantity of farthing tokens of copper as might be conveniently issued amongst his majesty's subjects within the realms of England and Ireland, and the dominion of Wales. . . . the said farthing tokens to be made exactly and artificially of copper by engines and instruments, having on the one side *two sceptres crossing under one diadem; and on the other side a harp crowned, with the king's title*, JACOBVS DEI GRATIA MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ FRANCIÆ ET HIBERNIÆ REX; such farthing tokens to pass for the value of farthings within the king's realms and dominions, with the liking and consent of his loving subjects.'

* Tradesmen's Tokens, Current in London and its Vicinity between the Years 1648 and 1672. Described from the Originals in the British Museum, and in several Private Collections. By John Yonge Akerman, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

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But it was not easy to break through long-established custom; and many parties were interested in the circulation of the illegitimate coinage, which, however, after the accession of Charles I., was made a penal offence. The coiners of farthings then sold twenty-one shillings' worth for every twenty shillings sterling; but the fabricators of tokens gave twenty-six shillings' worth for the same amount; much in the same way as Brummagem halfpence are schemed into circulation in the present day. The Star Chamber was sometimes called on to interfere in defence of the law. A complaint laid before that court called attention to 'the number of counterfeit pieces in circulation, and to the practice of knavish employers, who paid them for wages to their workmen and labourers in greater quantities than was ever contemplated by government.' 'Workmen,' it was alleged, 'were often paid a whole week's wages in these farthing tokens, by people who bought large quantities at cheap rates, upon which they thus realised considerable profit.' Two proclamations followed in consequence, in 1633 and following year: the first declared 'the counterfeiters of farthing tokens and their abettors, upon conviction, to be liable to a fine of one hundred pounds, to be set in the pillory in Cheapside, and thence whipped through the streets to Bridewell, where they were to be kept to hard work.' And the second declared further, 'that no one should pay above twopence in farthings at one time; and it was to be unlawful to force such farthing tokens, in either great or small quantities, upon workmen, labourers, and other persons of humble vocations.'

Subsequently, in 1635, 1636, as the evils complained of were but little diminished, other proclamations were issued, one of which announced 'a new coinage of these farthings *of copper with a piece of brass in the centre*. . . . a device by which they might be distinguished from all others, and the people protected from fraud.' Mr Akerman here introduces in a note an instance of the waggish humour of the day:—'At this period the red cross on the door of a house was a sign that the Plague, or, as it was then designated, "the Sickness," had seized on the inmates. The eruptions on the bodies of the infected persons were termed *tokens*. The Earl of Arundel, the patentee of these farthings, having locked up the mint-house, some wag wrote on the door, "Lord have mercy upon us, for this house is full of tokens!"'

As may naturally be supposed, the civil commotions which soon afterwards broke out greatly retarded the general circulation of the new farthings, and at the same time favoured the traffic in unlawful coins, causing serious distress; so that, as we read, in 1644 'the doors of the Parliament House were daily besieged by fruitwomen, fishwomen, and others who obtained a livelihood by selling small wares. Some of these poor creatures had, says a pamphlet of the day, as much as ten or twenty shillings in farthing tokens, while many tradesmen had even sixty pounds' worth. . . . . Such was the lamentable state of a part of the English coinage just previous to the death of Charles on the scaffold. Encouraged by the civil distractions, tavern-keepers and tradesmen began to issue their tokens, struck in brass, and bearing their name and calling. Some of the devices and legends are curious enough: some blazon their utterers' loyalty when many were glad to sink politics and save their property from confiscation; and tokens with the *king's head* jingled in the citizen's pocket with the shillings and sixpences of "the Cæsars of England," as witty Fuller styled the Commonwealth. Some bore promises to pay, in sterling coin, on demand: some circulated with the request, "Though I'm but brass, yet let me pass;" while others were inscribed with profane attempts at wit, as the tokens of a provincial tallow-chandler—"TOVCH NOT MINE ANOINTED, AND DO MY PROFITS NO HARM." Several, issued by keepers of coffee-houses, show a half-length figure of a man, or a hand emerging from a cloud holding a coffee-pot, and pouring the contents into a cup. Others exhibit tobacco-pipes as well as coffee-cups, thus showing that the grave citizens of that day could appreciate soothing luxuries as well as the "fast" men who frequent modern divans. One among these tokens bears testimony to the cruel character of a popular recreation then in favour: it represents a man about to throw a stick at a cock, with the legend, WILL. BRANDON AT YE HAVE AT IT ON DOWGATE HILL, HIS HALF PENY. Another bears three ermine spots, with the inscription, ANNE ADKINS FOR NECESSARY CHANG. In fact it would be difficult to mention an object which has not been made use of as a device: thus we find a man dipping candles, the man in the moon, the pope's head, with beehives, helmets, and gridirons innumerable. In this way,' as Mr Akerman writes, 'while the kingdom was divided by faction, every tradesman issued *his halfpenny* or *his farthing token*, till impunity led some to stamp even pledges for a penny. This is the money for which the virtuous Evelyn expresses his contempt, and which he regarded as the spawn of the hydra of rebellion.'

The state of things here indicated has had its parallel in later times: in Paris during the First Revolution; in the United States during the short war with England in 1814; and, as the writer well remembers, in New York in the disastrous year of panic, 1837, 'small change' became so scarce, that hundreds of dealers issued paper-notes for sums varying from six to fifty cents. It was next to impossible to convert these into specie, for most of them, though payable on demand, were only redeemable in 'shoes,' 'dry-goods,' or 'hardware.' On some the inscription ran—'*Good for groceries at* SAMPSON MOORE'S;' or, '*Good for a buster and cold slice.* TOM SWEENY.' The annoyance and loss of time, as well as value, attendant on such perturbations, must, as show-bills say, 'be seen (or felt) to be duly appreciated.'

Mr Akerman gives us, 'by way of rider,' a few notes, which may be said to complete the history of the farthing:—'In the year 1649 patterns were struck in copper, bearing on one side a shield, charged with the cross of England, and the legend, FARTHING TOKENS OF ENGLAND—*Reverse*, a shield charged with the Irish harp, and the legend, FOR NECESSITY OF CHANGE, 1649.' Another was, FOR THE RELEFE OF THE POR; and a third, ENGLAND'S FARTHING; and some mark the period of Cromwell's authority, being inscribed OLIVAR PRO. ENG. SC. IRL.—CHARITIE AND CHANGE; besides others with different devices and legends. 'From this period' (1684), pursues the author, 'the farthings of England have been struck in copper of about the size of those now current; and in the reign of Anne, an attempt was made to render their type classical; but this was not an age for such a consummation. Several patterns were struck at this time, which are remarkable for spiritless design, though the workmanship of some is superior. One of these patterns is of considerable rarity. It has the figure of Britannia holding a spear and an olive branch, with the legend BELLO . ET . PACE in indented letters on a raised border; a most inelegant fancy, revived in our own times on the pennies of George III. The ordinary current farthing of Anne (date 1714) has Britannia seated with the same symbols, and is far less rare than popular tradition has led many to suppose, a specimen being easily procurable of any dealer in coins.'

Mr Akerman, who is already well known by his writing on numismatics, has thus shown how an apparently dreary subject may be made interesting. Without going to the full extent of his enthusiasm in such studies, we agree with him that *tokens* 'are regarded as memorials of utility and interest to the antiquary, the topographer, and the genealogist, who discovers in them many records of customs, persons, and places, all contributing to the sub-current of our history. In these mementos of troublous times, and ill-constructed laws relating to the currency, even the statesman may find matter for serious reflection; and many a now proud

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and titled family may trace an ancestor in some dealer and chapman, whose name and calling are contained within the circumscribed area of a tradesman's token.'

CRIME AND GENIUS.

Some two years and eight months back, a youth, then entered upon his thirteenth year, was placed at the bar of the Justiciary Court at Perth, accused of stealing, or being in company with others who stole, some loaves of bread from a cart on the Perth Road, Dundee. Though young in years, he was, in legal phraseology, old in crime. 'Previous conviction' formed the concluding words of the libel on which he was charged, and the new conviction obtained sealed his fate, almost for time and eternity. At thirteen years of age, for stealing a loaf of bread—such is the merciful state of our criminal law—this child received sentence of seven years' transportation! and no doubt would have been sent to associate, for the most eventful period of human existence, with the polluted and abandoned, had something like a providential occurrence not taken place. It so happened that, after coming back to the prison, waiting to be shipped off to a foreign land, he was attacked with a disease in the elbow joint. Whether his journey to a penal settlement was prevented by this cause, we are not prepared to say; but certain it is, from the day he returned from the Justiciary Court at Perth, he has had to inhabit one of the cells in the criminal jail of Dundee. On visiting his lonely apartment the other day, we found him seated on a small chest, busily employed in mending the binding of books belonging to the library, an occupation, we are given to understand, in which he takes great delight. Around him lay on the floor of his cell several works on mathematics and astronomy, while the walls were covered with a number of maps of various countries in the world. If there was any lack of provision for the stomach, there was no want of food for the mind. After some interesting conversation with the youth, in order to test his powers, the indefatigable teacher in the prison, Mr Lindsay, who accompanied us, requested him to take up the slate, and determine the position of the moon on a given day; which he accomplished in a few seconds. On questioning him as to his early habits, he admitted that he had been from his earliest years a depredator; had attended the Episcopal church along with his stepfather and mother, and occasionally the Sabbath-school; but his mind at the time led him more frequently to seek the company of other boys older and more dexterous in thieving than himself.

Passing to a neighbouring cell along with the teacher, we were introduced to another youth between sixteen and seventeen years of age. He was seated in his narrow abode on a low box, picking old ropes; and though there was wanting the intellectual provision which the other culprit had at command, we soon felt convinced that here also the prison walls had attractions. Our attention was first called to a wooden erection in the corner of the cell; it was rough workmanship, for the only tool that had been engaged in its carving and erection was the fragment of a shoemaker's knife, stuck into a weaver's pirn, which somehow or other had come into his possession, the blade of which was scarcely an inch and a-half in length. On looking into this piece of rough mechanism, we perceived a water-clock in full and regular movement, the whole so adjusted, that the hands on the dial-plate indicated time with considerable accuracy. Several other pieces of mechanism were shown us by the youth, of his own construction, with no other tool, as we were assured all along, than the piece of a shoemaker's knife. The fate of this youth, like the other one, was somewhat hard. He had been condemned to banishment for life for a crime of which, at the bar of the court, he declared his innocence, and from which declaration he has never yet swerved. The offence of which he was accused was a very heinous one indeed—setting fire to a mill, for the sake of plunder, in the month of January last. A reward was offered for the guilty person, and two brothers, along with a *socius criminis*, were the chief witnesses, on whose testimony the charge was proven, and sentence of banishment for life was recorded against two youths, both of whom protested that they were innocent of the offence laid to their charge. One of the two has been sent off to the settlements; but the other, the one noticed above, who perseveres in the maintenance of his innocence, being under age, remains in prison.—*Northern Warder.*

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

When daylight has departed, and earth is hushed to rest,
When little birds are folded safe within the parent nest,
When on the closèd flowers the blessèd night-dews weep,
And stars look down in beauty upon the slumbering deep—

Unseen by mortal eyes, in the stillness of the night,
There are those who wander o'er the earth in robes of airy light;
Sweet messengers of love and hope, they journey to and fro,
And consolation follows in their footsteps as they go.

What are the heart's presentiments of coming joy or pain,
But gently-whispered warnings of that guardian angel train?
The signals of their sympathy, the tokens of their care,
The sighings of their sorrow o'er the woes that flesh must bear.

We hear them in our slumbers, and waking fancy deems
That busy thought was wandering in the fairy land of dreams;
But the low sweet tones we listed were strains that angels sing,
For ministering spirits with our souls were communing.

And when morning breaks above us, and we wake to busy day,
These angels 'go before,' to guide and 'keep us in our way;'
When our feeble footsteps falter, all aweary and alone,
In their arms they gently bear us, 'lest we dash against a stone.'

In our journeyings, in our restings, on the land, or on the sea,
In our solitude and sorrow, in our gatherings and glee,
In the day of degradation, in the hour of joy and pride,
Those pure and watchful ministers are ever by our side.

Oh Thou whom angels worshipped ere Time or wo began,
And whose divine compassion gave their guardianship to man,
Throughout this mortal warfare let them still my champions be,
And in the last stern conflict 'give them charge concerning me!'

Jessy Jones.

GROWTH OF NEW YORK.

New York is increasing with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled, and bids fair soon to be among the first cities in the world. New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and Hoboken, are essentially one city, as much as London, with its conglomeration of towns, is one city. These multitudes, gathered round the magnificent harbour at the mouth of the Hudson, are spreading rapidly on both sides of the East River and of the North River, and within five years, will probably number one million of people. The marts of merchandise are crowded into the lower parts of the Manhattan island, extending one or two miles up the island, and from river to river; while the dwellings of the merchants are rising like spring vegetation, in long lines of princely streets, on the shore of the Jerseys, upon the Long-Island shore—where they receive the name of Brooklyn and Williamsburg—and along the magnificent avenues of Bloomingdale and Harlaem. Greenwich and Chelsea, on the North River side, and Yorkville upon the East River, formerly thriving towns, four or five miles from the city, are already swallowed up by the swelling inundation. But in addition to this horizontal growth, there is a vertical growth, which is very important, though but little thought of. New York is daily rising into the air, as well as spreading along the ground. The roofs are daily torn from the houses and from the stores, and two or three additional storeys added. Thus a new city is being rapidly built upon the top of the old one. Decayed buildings, two or three storeys high, are replaced by massive structures, rising seven or eight storeys into the air.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The great mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration; and in the noblest parts of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 301. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849. Price 1½d.

MURDER-MANIA.

It was formerly the custom, even with profound thinkers, to look upon the rude simplicity of early societies as the natural state of man, from which every advance into refinement was an artificial divergence. Some authors have lamented this state of nature as a lost paradise; and Rousseau, more especially, in a famous paradox, has called upon the world to recognise the vanity of the arts and sciences. The mistake was of the same kind as that which placed the human race merely in the highest class of animals, and caused Monboddo to look sharply out for the remains of those caudal appendages of which we had been robbed by exotic culture. Since then, however, the fact has met not only with philosophical, but general recognition, that man has his own peculiar kingdom in nature; that he is born a progressive being, destined to rise through various stages of improvement to some hitherto undetermined condition; and that savagism is no more his natural state, than the seed or the sapling is the natural state of the full-grown tree.

Although the point we are destined to reach is hidden in the future, we know with some degree of certainty where we now are. We are able to trace the career of moral and social advancement from its earliest stages; and tribes and nations, in every degree of progress hitherto attained, placed under our view by means of the comparative perfection of navigation, serve as living illustrations of the theories of the learned and the traditions of the vulgar. Assisted by such materials, we have come to distinguish between the natural and unnatural—that is, between the law of nature and the law of circumstances; and thus the virtues of the savage are seen to be the vices of the civilised man, and deeds which were formerly regarded as mere transgressions of social rule, are recognised as crimes against the ordinances of God, now brought out in distinct and indelible characters in the awakened heart. This comparatively advanced position is attended by a corresponding refinement in manners. We are more gentle and kindly in our bearing than formerly; the individual belongs more essentially to the community; the rich bear more generously the burthens of the poor, and the strong those of the weak; and in the intercommunion of the sexes there is, throughout almost all classes of society, an air of courtly delicacy, which is the homage of chivalry divested of its ostentation and extravagance.

This is a very amiable-looking picture of the English of the middle of the nineteenth century: but to make it a true one, we must bring out another feature—and one so repulsive, so terrible, so extraordinary, that the reason and imagination are both alike bewildered and aghast. Growing up in the very midst of this kindliness of spirit, fastidious delicacy, and romantic refinement, there is a tendency to crime more wild, more brutal, more abominable, than the darkest ages of the world ever heard of. In former times, a truly 'terrific murder' was the opprobrium of the epoch, and a landmark of history: now, one succeeds another with such rapidity, that the mind becomes deadened to the sense of horror. Wives destroy their husbands by means of the long agonies of days or weeks—watching, in the meantime, like Gouls by their bedside, and gloating on the struggles of their despair; mothers poison their infants when sucking at their breasts; and husbands and wives, conspiring at their firesides to assassinate, prepare the details of the deed a month before, and receive daily the intended victim as a friend and guest till the moment of murder arrives. This horrible taint in the national mind occurs in the midst of social, moral, and religious soundness. It is the attendant of our civilisation, the shadow of our refinement. What is the connection which thus binds together health and disease, life and death? That there *is* a connection of one kind or other—that there is something in the present form of our civilisation which produces or encourages this seeming anomaly—appears to be certain, for the one has never existed without the other.

It has been surmised before now that the tendency to crime is a symptom of mental disease. In our present state of society, with all its advancement, there evidently exist great numbers of individuals with ill-regulated minds, and whose mental imperfections induce a fatal imitative tendency towards evil actions. Add to this, the vast and complicated pressure of paltry necessities and sordid feelings, and we have a tolerably clear reason assigned for the murder-mania which has lately afflicted the country. But there is still something besides: the exciting and abhorrent details of slaughter offered by the public journals must be held far from blameless. No doubt the newspaper press only obeys a demand in presenting these minutiæ of crime to its readers. The details we speak of, however, are not the less mischievous. Unquestionably, the *unsound predisposition* receives a direction and an impulse from the journals; and the atrocities, the horrors, and the sufferings that flaunt so wildly and pertinaciously in the eyes of the public, serve as so many sparks to ignite the latent mine.

That the journals do exercise this influence—that they are, so to speak, accessories before the fact to three-fourths of the more extravagant murders that occur in England—we confidently believe. A curious proof of this exists in the fact, that the crime assumes, from time to time, the character of an epidemic. A murder occurs: the journalist does his work; and the poison he gives forth floats over the country like a pestilence. The rational are shocked, the refined dis-

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gusted, the timid terrified; but the vulgar drink in the details with a hideous delight, and soon a new murder proclaims that these have come in contact with some predisposed mind. The same process is now gone over again, and is followed by the same result: again—again—again; till at length the excitement palls—murder has no longer its zest—horror becomes tame—the journals lose their ghastly influence—and the epidemic is for the time at an end.

That this influence really exists, and works in the manner we have described, is proved by the history of *self*-murder. The predisposed suicide is not merely instigated to the deed by the poisonous details of the journals, but determined in the choice of a locality. Certain places become fashionable haunts for those who have a mind to destroy themselves. Now, for instance, they are attracted to the top of the Monument in London, till the authorities humanely interpose a grating; then they affect a particular corner of Waterloo Bridge, till a preventive force of policemen is stationed on the spot. To suppose, as regards such cases, that men previously sound in intellect are seduced into self-destruction merely by reading the details of a similar deed, is absurd: a taint of insanity must exist, a predisposition, that is developed and directed by narratives only too interesting to a diseased mind. The usual mode in which the journals act is by accustoming the fore-doomed wretch to brood over the deed they describe—by presenting to his morbid imagination the air-drawn dagger till it acquires a character of reality. They sometimes, however, derive collateral aid from the love even of infamous notoriety, which is a passion of vulgar minds. At the moment we write, a more than suspected murderer, of the foulest description, is reported as betraying excessive gratification at the attention he excited while commencing in Jersey, in the custody of the law, that journey which he knew would conduct him to the gallows. A single word uttered in the act of suicide not far from where we write affords another illustration. Everybody knows the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh, from which is obtained one of the most remarkable views even in this paradise of the picturesque. The bridge consists of several arches thrown boldly over a ravine of great depth, such as elsewhere forms a feature only in the wildest Highland scenery. Perched on the cliffs and slopes of the glen, ranges of aristocratic buildings and ornamental gardens contrast with the rudeness of nature; and at the bottom, at some two or three hundred yards' distance, a small temple-like structure rises over St Bernard's Well. On looking down over the dizzy parapet, the floor is seen of almost naked rocks, forming the bed of the scanty Water of Leith; and here, some little while ago, an unhappy man destroyed himself by leaping from the bridge into the abyss. The incident of course excited remark both in the newspapers and in conversation, and the poor wretch became the hero of rumour for a few days. Soon after, a working-man was passing along the bridge in that stage of intoxication which is a true though temporary insanity, and he was observed suddenly to climb upon the parapet. The bystanders, rushing to save him, were only in time to hear him cry, 'For death or *glory!*' The previous tragedy, with all its circumstances of notoriety, appeared to his crazy mind to give a certain *dignity* to its victim; and it was probably with some drunken heroism of feeling he shouted his last words, and springing over the bridge, was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below!

There is a hamlet well known to us, about midway between the town of Enfield in Middlesex and the village of Enfield Highway. It is called Turkey Street; but notwithstanding this odd name, it is one of the finest specimens of rurality we know; and with its abundant foliage, its pebbly stream spanned by wooden bridges, and its park-like neighbourhood, it always used to put us in mind of a village scene in a theatre. It has no traffic, no view but of woods and lawns; and though only a dozen miles from the heart of London, might seem to lie a hundred from any congregation whatever of the human kind. We had little thought, after leaving our tranquil hermitage a few years ago, that we should ever see its name in the newspapers; but the other day we were horrified to find that the Epidemic had been there—that one of the mothers of the hamlet had been seized while hacking with a knife at the throats of her children! Now, is it possible to account for the turn thus taken by the poor woman's insanity, otherwise than by supposing that her diseased mind had received its fatal direction, and been wound up to a paroxysm, by the bloody images with which it had been deluged? The hamlet, it is true, had little direct communication with the world of crime or business; but, alas, it had its public-house, and the public-house its Sunday newspaper!

But it is a difficult and thankless task to make head against tradition. The murderer has motives: therefore, in the popular idea, he is sane. It is never considered that suicides and other monomaniacs have likewise motives. Even when circumstances of the most hideous and revolting extravagance occur, they are set down as aggravating the crime, not as conveying a suspicion of the sanity, in that particular point, of the criminal. Among the recent cases, a man, for the sake of some trifling robbery, slew a mother with her two children and a servant-woman; and in this terrific deed, not satisfied with the blows that dealt death, must have spent many of the moments so precious to his safety in hewing at the dead bodies of the little girls. His counsel, at the trial, though not led to theorise farther, ventured to suggest that this extravagance was a proof of unsound mind; but the judge, surprised and indignant at the heresy, rebuked him with vehemence. His charge had the usual effect with the jury: the frantic criminal was condemned to the gallows; and the populace within and without the court testified their satisfaction with yells of applause!

The complicity of the journals, unluckily, is moral, not legal. But although we cannot prosecute them as accessories before the fact, it would be very easy for those in authority to deprive them of the materials of which, either from sordid motives or trade competition, they make so bad a use. When it is intended, for the purposes of justice, that a particular matter should be kept secret, there is no difficulty in obtaining their silence, if this can only be done by excluding their reporters from the place. They are, in fact, in a great degree at the mercy of the functionaries, and would compete with each other in observing regulations that were determined to be enforced. Instead of any such regulations, however, every facility is afforded them for deluging the country with the fatal trash with which their columns are now full; and even the wax-modeller Tussaud is politely permitted to perpetuate in her exhibition the memory of the horrors of the day, for the benefit of constitutional monomaniacs and of the rising generation. But the authorities will not trouble themselves; and the government, as usual, will stand still, waiting till external pressure supplies its deficiency in internal life and energy. Thus things will go on as they are, till some public-spirited member gets up in his place

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in parliament, and by enlisting on the side of good taste, policy, and humanity, the whole intelligence and respectability of the country, succeeds in wiping away this blot upon the civilisation of the age. L. R.

THE LEGACY.

'I NEVER in my life knew any people so lucky as George Andrews and his wife,' observed Mrs Henderson one evening to her husband in a tone which bordered strongly on complaint.

'What has happened to them now, Sophia?' inquired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings, however, than in his neighbours' fortunes.

'Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of his has died in India, and left him six or seven thousand pounds? Only think of receiving such a legacy from a person one has never seen, and scarcely ever heard of!'

'I am glad to hear it,' replied Mr Henderson. 'One may congratulate him on his accession of wealth without fear of giving rise to painful regrets. Six thousand pounds would not console one for the loss of a very dear friend.'

'Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant to inherit, Philip,' replied the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that it would console *her* for a great deal. 'I wish somebody would leave as much to you: how happy it would make us!'

'I am not so sure of that; such an addition to our income might possibly make us neither happier nor richer than we are at present.'

'Not richer! Why, Philip, you are joking. Would not three hundred a year—and, if properly managed, it would produce that—make us a great deal richer? What an advantage it would be!'

'What do you need, Sophia, that you do not at present possess, that you are so extremely desirous of a larger income?'

'Oh, a dozen things at least: we would put Edward to a first-rate school, and have a capital governess for the others. What a pleasure that would be! I should be no more tied to teaching, as I am now, but should be as independent of the nursery as Mrs Andrews; and then, perhaps, you would indulge me with a week in London; and I am dying to hear an opera? I am sure you could afford that for once in a way.'

'I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a good school, my dear,' said her husband rather gravely; 'though, as to the tuition of the girls, I think you must still be contented to act the part of a mother towards them. And permit me to say, that I trust your desire of going to London is as visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your happiness does not depend on either event, I should imagine; certainly not nearly so much as on the cultivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as you have always hitherto exhibited.'

No more was said on the subject, and Mr Henderson trusted that, as the first excitement of this intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to discontent would likewise die away, and that she would gradually resume the use of her reason and her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, meantime, did not view the affair in the bright colours that dazzled Mrs Henderson. On the contrary, he had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased with this sudden accession of property, but when he came to consider the matter, he experienced a great revulsion of feeling; and he began to doubt whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintance universally denominated him. It was, after all, so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—it would hardly add to his income or increase his credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a something worth talking about, a gift to be grateful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he might have risen a step in the world, and from senior clerk of the extensive firm to which he belonged, he might have been admitted as partner; a change which he ardently desired. Why could not his cousin have made the legacy larger? How provoking that, either from want of interest in his welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped short of a sum which would certainly have procured him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which overspread his brow was not unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing that he was over-wearied with his work, and standing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed that he should beg a short holiday from the office, and spend it with them at the sea-side.

'I cannot afford any such extravagant pleasures,' was his reply, somewhat impatiently, to her suggestion.

'I thought this legacy you have received would have enabled you?' replied she rather timidly—then paused.

'Legacy!' repeated he; 'I am sick of the legacy. After all the congratulations with which I am pestered, as if I had inherited half the Indies, to be owner of only six thousand pounds—it is too bad!'

'Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you: six thousand pounds is a large sum for us, and will make a most comfortable addition to our income. I am sure I feel grateful for it.'

'Grateful—pooh! If Edward Davis wished me to be grateful, he should have left me something worth naming. Upon my word I was ashamed to own this legacy, which has made so much noise, was only six thousand pounds when the eldest Walker asked me about it to-day. How contemptible it must appear to him, who makes more than that clear profit every year!'

'But these things are all by comparison, George; and a sum which would be nothing to your employers may be very important to you. You would not, I am sure, like to *lose* this six thousand again, although you speak of it now so slightingly?'

He did not answer, and she, after waiting a moment, ventured to continue:—'You are tempted to take this gloomy view of matters, George, because you feel more than usually harassed with business. I am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once take my advice, and try if the change of scene and little holiday I propose would not give you renewed strength and vigour for your work.' She spoke in the gentlest and most persuasive accents, but they were lost on a mind which listened only to the whispers of a newly-awakened avarice.

Mr Andrews, after pacing the room for some minutes, seated himself again by his wife, and tried to make her understand the ambitious projects he had formed, and the great promotion he believed he had so narrowly missed. But she was too clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visionary projects, which tended only to disquiet his mind, and prevent his enjoying the blessings which were lawfully his. To his plan of laying by the whole of this addition to their income she did not of course object, if it was to enable her husband at some future time to retire from business; but his wish to become proprietor of the concern to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought of the increased responsibility he desired for himself; and she dreaded lest the sudden passion for accumulation which had now seized him, might lead him farther in the road of covetousness than he at all anticipated. But *his* project was fixed, and he resolved at all events to become possessor of ten thousand pounds, a preliminary step, as he imagined, to his great advancement; and seeing that she must submit, she wisely submitted with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of change of air for herself and children without a murmur.

Mr Andrews and Mr Henderson were clerks in the same concern; but the former, both in station and income, was considerably the senior, and Mrs Henderson had long been accustomed to eye with something approaching to envy the superior comforts and even elegancies which Mrs Andrews enjoyed. Not that there was anything approaching to ostentation in their manner of living; and in truth most of the indulgences which Mrs Hender-

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son commented on or coveted were purchased from the comfortable portion which Mrs Andrews had inherited of her father. It was this which enabled them to send their eldest son to a superior school, and it was from this fund that the excellent governess was paid, who shared with the mother the task of educating a numerous and increasing family. That people already possessed of so much should inherit more, seemed an unnecessary addition, and almost an unfair division of worldly goods, to the jealous apprehension of Mrs Henderson. But had she known the truth, her envy must have subsided into pity. From the possession of that fatal legacy was the wife forced to date a melancholy and most distressing alteration in her husband: his whole nature seemed changed, and every honourable, generous, and even affectionate feeling, appeared smothered in a passion for gain. Quickly to accumulate the desired capital was his thought by day, his dream by night; and to accelerate this object, he tried in every possible way to curtail all expenses not strictly unavoidable. Gradually, but surely, Mrs Andrews found herself deprived of numerous trifles which her delicate health seemed to require: their household was diminished, subscriptions to charities withdrawn, their pleasant and commodious house exchanged for a cheaper abode in a less healthy situation; and when it appeared that it was of too contracted dimensions to receive them all, she was told that she must therefore give up the governess. By degrees the whole expenses of the household were reduced to the sum which was in truth her own, and her husband was not to be prevailed on to extend its limits or allow her to touch his salary. Had honour, honesty, or prudence dictated this proceeding, Mrs Andrews would have submitted without a remonstrance; her zeal in economy would even have exceeded his; but to feel herself and her children deprived of those advantages to which they had been accustomed from birth, only to gratify a fatally-increasing disease of her husband's mind, was bitter. But bitterer far was the loss of his affection and confidence—the painful coldness which had insensibly grown up between them. It was after a few years of such a system that a new prospect was suddenly opened, in an offer of partnership from another and a rival house. The prospect was alluring in every respect, the concern was supposed to be peculiarly flourishing, and the terms in which it was made were as flattering as they were advantageous. Eagerly was the proposal grasped by Mr Andrews, it being superior to his hopes, and much beyond his expectations; and the important step was taken which raised him from servitude to a master's place.

The vacancy this change occasioned was offered to Mr Henderson, and by him thankfully and gratefully accepted; but his wife, though now raised to the situation which she had long coveted, found it by no means replete with all the advantages she had been accustomed to ascribe to it, and she sighed as she reflected how little probable it was that any legacy would ever bestow on them the happiness which she believed Mrs Andrews to enjoy. Satisfied with his own advanced position, her husband paid little regard to her murmurs, for he was now enabled to procure for his children such additional advantages in education as he considered useful or desirable; and he pursued his daily avocations with increased attention and satisfaction, in spite of the restlessness of his wife, whom he vainly tried to inspire with a like contented spirit, by reminding her of the superior advantages they now enjoyed to those with which they commenced life. A single glance into Mrs Andrews' mind would have rendered his arguments a work of supererogation, and done more to convert his wife to his way of thinking than half a year's lecturing.

Being a woman of quick perception of character and great penetration, poor Mrs Andrews could not, from the first, avoid feeling some degree of mistrust for her husband's partners. Lavish in their own expenditure, indeed indulging in an unbounded profusion, they yet took every possible method of flattering and strengthening the very opposite foible of George Andrews; praising his prudence, envying his strength of mind, and protesting that, if circumstances allowed it, they would certainly imitate his foresight. These congratulations he received with a triumphant smile, which seemed to speak at once his own self-approval, and his contempt for his weak-minded companions.

Unwilling as she was to judge any one harshly, the wife could not think favourably of those who thus fostered a weakness, or rather a vice, so completely at variance with his best interests and the happiness of all connected with him. She *feared* the flatterers, though unable to divine their motive; and being now more than ever deprived of her husband's society, she occupied herself solely in directing her household, and giving her children the best education in her power. She imagined that her husband must long ago have realised the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he had asserted would be the extent of his ambition; yet she saw no symptom of relaxation in his avaricious habits, no improvement to herself in her own situation. All was grasping, grinding economy, rendered more bitter by the contrast which her husband's companions exhibited.

But a startling and complete termination was at length put to their trials and sorrows, for it suddenly became known that the two senior partners in the business were fled, taking with them every pound on which they could lay their grasp, and leaving the whole concern in a state of complete ruin. Debts to an enormous amount appeared due on every side, and it was evident that the business had long been on the verge of bankruptcy, which had been only kept off for a brief interval by the capital Andrews had brought them. Of course, though clear of their guilt, he was involved in their ruin, and at one blow the labours of the last six years were destroyed, and the money on which he had set his heart swept away for ever. The legacy, the source alike of pleasure and of pain, was now become as if it had never been; and the vain desires and ardent hopes which had been founded on it had proved vanity of vanities. But it was a happy blow for him: he awoke as from a dream, and with the demolition of his ambitious projects there came other and better plans and feelings. After honestly giving up every farthing he possessed to the creditors, he looked around for employment to provide bread for his family; nor did he seek in vain. A situation was once more offered him in Mr Walker's house, and here he began the world again as at the first.

'Well,' said Mr Henderson to his wife, 'I agree with you in thinking Andrews a very fortunate man. It is true that he has lost the legacy, but he has gained a lesson which he will probably never forget. And when I see him now so quietly pursuing his business, and his wife with a contented, or rather a happy look, I must class him among the most fortunate men of my acquaintance.'

THE ATLAS WORKS.

As the visitor bends his way down Oxford Road in that great industrial hive, Manchester, into which are concentrated more and more astonishing mechanical ingenuities than are to be found in any other place probably in the whole world, the clatter of a hundred hammers heard afar off will inform him that he is approaching the Atlas Works. An immense building, five storeys high, situated at the corner of a street, and extending as far as the eye can penetrate in one direction, and several hundred feet in the other, is discovered to be the source of this deafening uproar; and if the eye is directed upwards, it will catch the title of the place in bold letters—thus, THE ATLAS WORKS. What is the cause of this uproarious din, and what the nature of these extensive works? The Atlas Works are one of the largest locomotive-engine manufactories in the world; and their hundreds of simultaneously-acting hands and hammers keep the whole neighbourhood for some distance around in a state of ceaseless clatter from six in the morning often until late in the evening. Suppose, reader, while you accompany us, that both your ears are filled with a concentration of grinding, clashing, clanking, screeching, and roaring sounds, to which

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the low but thrilling hum of the blast-furnace forms a bass, and you may then in some measure realise the actual condition of this tumultuous but most interesting establishment.

The proper permission being obtained, we were accompanied by a clear-headed workman, to whom the office of *cicerone* to the wonders of this temple of Vulcan was no novelty; and we are bound to add, a more intelligent and interesting companion, high or humble, we have seldom encountered. We were first shown into the 'fitting-up' room, which is on the ground-floor in one of the wings of the building. It is a lofty room, from 150 to 200 feet long, illuminated by a great number of windows. It is divided into three sections by two rows of strong pillars which support the ceiling. The work-benches are arranged along the sides, and the 'fitting-up' takes place in the central division of the room. On entering, we were almost overpowered by the awful noise of the place; the intensity of which, added to the appearance of confusion, of whirling drums, straps, pulleys, lathes, and other engines of terrible appearance, oppressed the senses in a manner which it is not possible to describe. The objects which most attracted our attention were *eleven* large locomotives in all stages of development. Here was one of these iron monsters without its chimney; another without its fireplace; another had a man inside it hammering with all his might; another was having its pistons put in; to another the side plates were being screwed on; another was being set on its legs—wheels, we should say; another was being painted, and receiving its christening, the 'Fire-King,' the 'Blazer,' and such-like; and finally, a huge crane had taken up another in its strong embrace, lifting it bodily upwards, and depositing it on a strong carriage; the gates were thrown open, the team put up to the collar, and the wonderful machine sent to do its civilising, space-annulling work in the busy world outside. Yet once more, large packing-cases at the end of the room were filled with the dismembered bodies of others, with a foreign address, and surmounted by the characteristic, short, and sturdy chimney of these machines. These were for exportation—the locomotives for home use being sent out in the complete state. To those whose avocation or whose pleasure calls them to study the fabrication of the locomotive, an hour spent in this room would do more to their enlightenment than six times the time consumed in the study or in the lecture-room. Every portion of the apparently complicated, but really simple and beautiful mechanism, is seen in every stage of completeness; and a more interesting spectacle can scarcely be witnessed than that of the collocation and combination of a number of different mechanical members, all prepared and finished in other, and oftentimes far-distant, portions of the building. Eight or ten of the massive pillars supporting the ceiling are also powerful cranes, and are generally to be seen dandling sometimes the trunk, sometimes the unwieldy limbs, and sometimes the whole body, of this the most majestic of the iron offspring of the nineteenth century.

Having exhausted the wonders of the fitting-up room, we were led to another of equal size, but less lofty, over it. The noise which continues to assail our ears, and with which, unfortunately, we cannot part company until we depart from the building, here loses its clanking element, and becomes of a higher pitch, something between a grind and a screech. It is hence sufficiently indicative of the turning and filing operations carried on here. The finer portions of the locomotive are here formed. Here we saw whistles in all their stages, up to the perfect instrument, whose unearthly yell startles our green fields all over the country day and night. Here were also different pieces of valve-work, now lying inactive, but soon to take a part in the active duties of engine-life, for which they are preparing. Here also were men busy at work turning, grinding, and finishing the numerous stop-cocks requisite for the machine, the nicety of whose workmanship necessary to endure the enormous pressure to which it is subjected may well excite admiration. The centre of this apartment was not occupied by machines, but by different pieces of the mechanism, all completed and piled up with great accuracy. Here were piles of pistons beautifully smoothed and ground, near them were axles and piston-rods, brass 'bushes,' massive springs, buffers, union-joints, and a variety of other things 'too numerous to mention.' Along the three sides of the room were arranged such an assemblage of small and great lathes, vices, tools, &c. as can scarcely be conceived. The moving power to all these was obtained from shafts, on which a multitude of pulleys were fixed, placed near the ceiling.

After walking round the room, and inspecting the work in every condition, from the raw metal, if we may use the term, up to the finished mechanism, we were conducted into another apartment still higher in the same wing. Here a scene somewhat resembling the last presented itself; only, if possible, it was a trifle more busy, and, by consequence, more uproarious also. The central portion of it was filled with a number of singular machines for drilling, while the sides were, as usual, lined with their full complement of turning apparatus. Two machines in this room call for special notice. One class of them is the drilling, and the other a most ingenious machine called the 'polygon,' from its office in cutting the heads of polygon-screws. The drilling-engine is a very different invention from the ordinary lathe, which is only fit for drilling small work: circumstances here call for the exercise of far more power and accuracy than can be attained in that way. It consists of a tall upright iron frame, at the back and upper part of which are the fast and loose pulleys by which the moving parts are thrown in and out of gear. The fast pulley actuates a set of wheels, which communicate a revolving motion to a spindle placed in a perpendicular manner a little distance above an iron table on which the work to be drilled is placed. At the bottom of this spindle is a socket, into which the drill is fixed. Now, suppose the hole is to be made; by pulling a handle, the strap flies on to the fast pulley, and sets all the wheels in motion, and through them the revolving spindle into which the drill has been placed; the piece of metal is laid flat on the iron shelf, and by a handle or a foot-treadle, the workman causes the spindle to descend, carrying the drill with it, until it touches the metal to be perforated, and continues pulling the handle, and so more and more depressing the drill, until the hole is made right through. The speed and accuracy with which this operation is effected are admirable, and the exertion to the workman is very trifling. The 'polygon' machine is a little more complicated. Its intention is to cut with perfect accuracy the heads of large screws into a polygonal form, so as to give them both neatness of appearance and a hold for the key by which they are screwed or unscrewed. By an ingenious arrangement, it can be made to cut any number of faces on the screw-head that may be desired, and it performs its work with the most strict and unerring fidelity. The machines are generally double, so as to cut two screw-heads at one time. The piece of rough metal being placed in its proper position, is brought by the gradual movements of the machine under the teeth of a rotatory cutter revolving on a horizontal axis, a little conduit drops soft soap and water to lubricate the parts, both move slowly on until the entire face or side has been cut smooth, and then, by an automatic process, the machine throws itself out of gear, and stops until the attendant turns the head so as to present another side to the cutter, and the process is again repeated. There are a variety of ingenious details connected with the motions of the different parts of this machine, but we do not consider them of sufficient general interest to count them worthy of a place here.

We now left this wing of the building, and following our patient conductor, were shown into another and longer part of the establishment. A small room, parti-

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tioned off from the larger one, of which it formed a part, contained another of the beautiful mechanical ingenuities for which this firm has long been conspicuous, invented by Mr Roberts. It is a machine for cutting out cog-wheels. It consisted of a rectangular frame of iron, a central position in which was occupied by a revolving cutting instrument acting upon a piece of circular iron, which it cut into teeth of a certain depth and size. By means of a regulating scale, on which the numbers of teeth in a wheel were provided for up to a very high pitch, it was easy to cut a cog-wheel of wrought-iron of any kind the attendant desired. Most of the pattern-cogs are cut by this machine, from which castings may be multiplied indefinitely. There were two of these beautiful pieces of mechanism in this room; which, we may mention, but few persons are permitted to enter. Re-entering the large room, a more confusing scene than any presents itself in the apparently-innumerable shafts and straps which are seen flying with the utmost swiftness in every direction. In addition to the manufacture of different portions of the locomotive machinery which is carried on here, a large number of power-looms are made also, and are to be seen in all stages of progress: many were, at the period of our visit, ready for use. We were also shown several machines, somewhat on the principle of the 'polygon,' called 'shaping' machines, the object of which was a sort of machine-filing process. The turning-shop is on the floor beneath, and here much time might, if we had it to spare, be profitably spent. A great number of the most powerful and beautiful lathes we have ever beheld are here stationed, and all were in full work, some at great speed, others at the slower rate which is necessary in turning heavy pieces of metal. Many of these lathes were from 15 to 22 feet in length, and they were almost all self-acting. The turner placed his work between the two centres, adjusted his cutting-instrument in the slide apparatus, set the machine in motion, and all he had further to do was to clear away the turnings, and to watch the engine until its allotted task was all faithfully performed. Any of our readers who have ever made a plaything of a lathe, and all who are called to labour at one, are aware of the difficulty of turning a rod two feet in length, and of no great thickness, in consequence of its elasticity causing it to jump out of the centres. What, then, would be their dismay if commanded to turn with perfect accuracy a rod 20 feet long and only 1 inch thick? By manual skill it could not be done. But we may see here machines doing it without an effort; and out of a rough bar of iron of that length and diameter, turning off a polished rod so truly, that when it revolves, its motion cannot be seen, and doing so with the very smallest attention from a man under whose care the strong automate is placed. In this room also were a number of screw-cutting lathes, capable of cutting screws of every size of thread, from an almost hair-like fineness to the coarsest kinds.

We had now done with the more delicate processes connected with this manufacture, and were led to a series of displays of stupendous power, such as, we suppose, could scarcely be witnessed elsewhere. It is but rarely that lathes of such power as those we left in the last room are seen; an idea, then, of the greatness of those we now saw may be formed when the comparison was the giant and the child. At one side, a huge lathe was dealing in a slow but awful manner with a rough but helpless customer, in the shape of a great double crank, shaving off its sides as easily as if it were cutting bread and butter, and with a horrid crunching sound, which made our blood run cold! At another, a driving-wheel, perhaps 6, or even 8 feet in diameter, was being turned, the ground trembling as thick shavings of iron were rent off its massive rim. And another wheel was in the ruthless hands of a giant drilling-machine, which made no sort of difficulty of piercing it through and through the rim for riveting. Surely the giants of ancient fable and of nursery history, who tore up men into little bits, and ate them afterwards, were only infants compared with these iron giants; and we are to see more of the brood before we have parted company!

The next place we entered was the 'grind-shop.' The scene is curious enough. All down the room, on the ground, is a long line of grindstones, of all sorts, and of many different kinds, some very large, and others of ordinary dimensions; but all revolving with great rapidity: and when a number of men are at work repairing tools, what with showers of sparks, and the strangeness of the sight, it forms an exhibition by no means the least attractive. Many of the stones are for polishing brass work, particularly the beautiful brazen cupolas which adorn the top of the locomotive, and which it would be both costly and difficult to polish in the ordinary ways. Altogether, the room struck us as a capital subject for an illustration, there being sufficient mechanism to give life to the picture, and the simplicity thereof interpreting itself at once to the mind of the spectator.

The increasing loudness of the hum of the blast-furnace told us we were now approaching the foundry, which is a separate building; by its side is one of the engine-rooms, whose office it is to drive the fan of the wind-furnace, and to do other duties connected with this department. Entering the foundry, the heat emitted by the furnace, out of whose vent-holes flames of living fire leapt, and now and then molten sparks of iron, and the rushing currents of air in its proximity, made us glad to get deeper into its interior. Here we saw a very interesting process going on—the manufacture of the massive iron wheels which support and drive the locomotive and its tender. We are persuaded that few persons are aware of the different steps concerned in what may appear a very simple operation, and that the general opinion probably is, that the wheel is cast in a mould, turned, and fitted with its bearings: and it is true inferior wheels are thus made. But when the heavy and continual strainings, and these frequently of a concussive nature, which the wheels of the locomotive have to bear, are taken into consideration, it will be manifest to those who know the brittleness and non-elasticity of cast-iron, that wheels so formed would be in continual danger of fracture. To obviate this, and to give the wheel all the rigidity of cast-iron, with all the toughness and accommodative spirit of wrought-iron, the wheel, curious to state, is a compound of both. The boss or central part is of cast-iron, the spokes and rims are of wrought-iron. We believe we can easily make this intelligible; and to do so, shall describe the work as we saw it carried on before our eyes. The proper mould being made in the sand, it is found to consist of a large hollow space in the middle, from which a number of radii diverge; and this is all: there is no provision for a rim. The founder then receives from a bystander a number of pieces of wrought-iron of the exact shape of a T, only that the top of the T is a section of a curve, and not straight, and the bottom or tail is trifurcated and jagged. He then lays the shank of the T-pieces in the hollow radii, in such a manner that the jagged tails project some way into the hollow centre of the mould, while the tops of the T's lying nearly in mutual apposition form a sort of broken rim to the wheel. The melted metal is then conveyed and poured into the central hollow: almost as liquid as water, it flows around, and fills it up, covering at the same time the projecting ends of the T-pieces, which in this simple manner become immovably imbedded in the central boss, rendering the mass of many pieces quite as solid, and far more durable, than if every portion of it had been cast at once in a continuous stream. In consequence of the expansion of the metal during this process, by the heat of the cast-iron, the tops of the T-pieces are notched at each end on both sides, so as to resemble two horizontal V's—thus <>. These notches must next be filled up, and the wheel is therefore conveyed to the smithy, where the pieces are welded in, and where we shall overtake it presently.

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One of the great 'lions' of the Atlas Works was yet to come, the sight of which the stranger will find enough to repay him for the visit if it were the only sight to be seen: this is the punching and clipping-machine rooms. We can never forget the impression produced on our minds by one of these immensely-powerful engines—a tremendous iron guillotine, the descending knife of which dealt as coolly with the thickest iron sheets as a lady's scissors with a piece of cambric. There was no flinching of the ponderous iron arm which held the knife as it came in contact with the stubborn metal, no retardation of its motion while cutting, and no acceleration when liberated: it majestically rose again ready for another slice! At the time we saw it, it was cutting out the T-pieces for the wheels. The engine was performing perhaps about fifteen strokes a minute. As we felt, in imagination at least, the solid ground sink at each descent of that fearful hand and arm, we thought what solidity of construction, what rigidity of material elements, can long resist such a force as that! However, the machine goes on from year to year, doing daily, without a degree of over-exertion, what the unassisted efforts of a thousand men could scarcely accomplish in a week. There were two or three such engines in the building, which cut out the plates for the boilers, the sheets of copper for the fireplace, called technically the 'mid-feather,' and intended to preserve the sides of the furnace from the oxidating effects of the heated air. The punching machines were similar exhibitions of skill and might, and were constructed on nearly similar general principles. A number of thick plates of sheet-iron lay at the side of the building, marked at regular intervals with round white spots in the places proper for the holes. Two or three men guided these under the descending punch, fixed in the huge head of a colossal lever: the punch comes down, and with as much facility as we should poke our fingers through a piece of blotting-paper, thrusts itself through the strong metallic sheet. We had the curiosity to take one of the punched-out pieces home, and it now lies before us, a memorial of an amazing exercise of physical power. Although of no great size, this punched-out piece weighs nearly an ounce and a-half, from which the thickness of the sheet may be judged of.

The planing-room was the next object of our inspection. Some magnificent self-acting iron planing-machines were here at work. One of them was about eight or ten feet broad, and probably twenty feet long. A large piece of metal is placed on the horizontal bed of these machines, the cutting tool is then drawn by the action of machinery across its surface, removing whatever thickness of metal is considered advisable. When it has cut down the length of the piece, the cutting tool is lifted up, and the whole dragged rapidly back, when the tool falls into its place again, and again removes, in long ribbons of great thickness and burning heat, a fresh portion of the metal. When once set in motion, it continues in action, without requiring more than occasional attention, until the whole face exposed to the energies of the tool is planed. In the same place also we witnessed the formation of that massive and prime-moving portion of the locomotive—the double crank. It will surprise many of our readers to learn that this admirable piece of mechanism is forged in one solid piece, looking like a great rod, with a couple of square lumps of iron set on it in different relative positions. This unwieldy mass is taken, centered, and turned, the square lumps being left untouched. It is then taken to yet another iron colossus called a 'chiselling engine:' it is placed upon a flat bed, and the square lumps being placed under a powerful descending chisel urged by machinery, and slicing out great lumps of metal, they at length assume the elbowed appearance proper to a crank, return again to the lathes, and afterwards are finished *secundum artem*. Also in the same place the cylinders of the steam-engines are turned, and bored perfectly true and smooth in the inside. The mechanism which effects this is also automatic, and it is a singular sight to see the deliberate but accurate way in which the machines perform their work.

We now crossed the road to that part of these immense premises where the 'tenders' are made, for this is a distinct branch from the locomotive department; and the renewal of the clatter which greeted us on our first entrance into this wonderful place made us almost regret our curiosity. They were in a large building, in a variety of different conditions—some more, and some less advanced; and numbers of workmen were busy rivetting, screwing, and fitting their parts together, and in various other ways finishing them off, down to the last coat of varnish with which the green backs and sides of some were being made to shine.—To this succeeded the smithy, and here we found the wheels just brought over from the foundry. The Cyclopes might have been terrible fellows in their rough way, but even *they* would look with the concentrated amazement of their single orbs at the mighty men of strength labouring with the sledge-hammer here. The rim of the wheel having been formed out of a piece of iron, which is beat into a circular form around a circular iron table, is heated red-hot, and is then fastened on to the wheel. Holes are then drilled through the rim, and by means of red-hot bolts the loose rim is firmly fixed to the other, so as not to be disturbed by any future amount of work.—The last place was the boiler-house; but as we had had by this time enough of clanking and clattering, we very gladly gave up the pain of seeing that part of locomotive manufacture, being well convinced that it contained no elements of sufficient interest to counteract the climax of noise which is attained in that building. The last thing we were shown was the 'trying-place,' where, when the locomotive is completed, the steam is got up; and its driving-wheels, resting upon a couple of loose pulleys, communicate no motion to the machine, so that the mechanism has free play, and any imperfections can be properly corrected before it leaves the establishment.

A few general remarks must conclude our article. Messrs Sharp, Brothers, are the proprietors of this important and extensive manufactory. They employ from 1200 to 1500 mechanics, at wages ranging from L.1 up to L.5 a week. In 1847, we are informed, they made and sent out *eighty-seven* locomotives; but the average number is six in each month, and orders are now on hand which it will take until 1850 to execute. We were unable to obtain an estimate of the number of tons of iron and copper consumed annually; but from the above data, it will be manifest that it is something very large indeed. The governing principles are necessarily stringent, and are contained in a code of laws or rules forty-five in number, with a scale of fines attached to indicate the penalty of a disregard. At the same time, since these rules are many of them framed for what is the real benefit of the men mutually, since the general treatment of them is generous, the rate of payment high, a spirit of universal satisfaction appears to reign, and a finer or more muscular army of men than these swarthy mechanics, with their strong limbs and firm gait, it would be hard to select. One circumstance must be particularly remarked, since it harmonises much with a wide-spread feeling in which we share—that is, that no money is allowed to be taken by the men who are commissioned to show the wonders of the place. As such money is invariably held sacred to the beer-shop, it has been rightly prohibited; and notices to visitors are placed in different parts of the works, intreating them, if they feel disposed to make a present of money, to devote it to the sick-fund, the box of which is kept in the office; and the result is, that you are politely and civilly treated, without any money-hunting servility, by your working companion, and that the sick-fund is largely assisted by this resource. Altogether, few places of greater interest can be selected than the Atlas Works, particularly in a railway age; and as far as it is proper for man to triumph in the wonders his own hands have accom-

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plished—which, however admirable, endure not a moment's comparison with the least of the works of His hands that made him—the visit will excite triumph and wonder of no ordinary kind.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Among the celebrities which have been swept away by the recent visitation of cholera in Paris, is a lady who, by the happy peculiarity of her position and character, has, during the last half century, enjoyed a European reputation of no unenviable sort.

Adelaïde-Juliette Bernard, the daughter of M. Bernard, administrator of posts, was born at Lyons the 3d December 1777. She was endowed by nature with remarkable beauty and talents, and at the early age of sixteen became the wife of M. Récamier, a banker, who, in a time of general bankruptcy, had the good fortune to acquire immense riches: it was in the year of Terror —1793. She might doubtless have met with a more brilliant partner, but could not have found a more solid guide. He was a man who, by his age and good sense, no less than by his wealth, had acquired importance in the world. He not only loved, but also respected his wife; and by his prudent care, protected her from those impertinent admirers who are wont to flock around the young and beautiful mistress of a Parisian mansion. The purity of heart and purpose which distinguished Madame Récamier at a time of unbounded license were all her own, but to her husband perhaps it was chiefly owing that the whisper of slander was never breathed against her. No sooner were they established in their magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mail, than he had the good taste to surround her with all that was most distinguished and excellent in the Parisian society of that day. Thus she became so habituated to the conversation of superior people, that the idle fooleries of fops and coquettes became utterly distasteful to her. Not, however, that she was insensible to the charm of those pleasures which are suited to the freshness and buoyancy of youth, for she danced with the most refined grace; and her performance of the 'shawl dance,' which was at that time the rage, was so exquisite, as to justify the observation of the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, that 'no one had ever before danced so beautifully with their arms.' The fastidious Madame de Staël also speaks in the same strain in one of her notes to 'Corinne,' saying, 'It was Madame Récamier's dancing which gave me the idea of that art which I have here attempted to depict.'

But it was not Madame Récamier's grace and beauty alone which won for her the hearts of all those who came within the range of her influence. She possessed a very superior mind, which showed itself not in eloquent phrases or in caustic repartees, but in the far rarer faculty of appreciating the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of those who were about her. She never seemed desirous to shine herself, but had the happy art of setting others at ease with themselves, by making them appear to the best advantage. No one knew so well how to seize the bearing of any popular topic, and to draw out the opinion of those who were most capable of speaking about it; no one possessed more of that philosophic and Christian charity which understands how to pardon, because it can estimate alike the strength of temptation and the bitterness of repentance. She had perhaps learned this fulness of compassion after the days of the Terror, when her saloon became thronged with the tyrants as well as sufferers of the Revolution, who seemed to forget alike their wrongs and their cruelties in the softening atmosphere of her presence. There one might see engaged in conversation Joseph Chénier and Matthieu de Montmorency, Roederer and Talleyrand, La Harpe and the Vicomte de Ségur.

'To understand all would be to pity and to pardon all!' Madame Récamier daily put in practice this generous axiom of one of her best friends.

'It was during their *demagogy*,' she was wont to say of the *ci-devant* Jacobins. And she treated them as invalids just recovering from a fever. At a period of political and passionate excitement, the influence of such women is perhaps scarcely less valuable to a community than are the services of able and intelligent men. The Parisian world, just escaped from revolutionary horrors, had begun to long for the gentler excitements of gaiety and pleasure, when Madame Récamier arose upon it as a star of consolation and hope. Even those whose position or prejudices excluded them from her magic circle, were ready to express their admiration of one who knew so well how to restore its tone to society at a moment of such universal disorganisation, and who could conciliate adverse parties at a time when hatred and vengeance still rankled within the hearts of men.

The aged Marquise de Créquy, who had passed her life among princes, writes in the closing volume of her memoirs—'This house of Madame Récamier's is the Hôtel de Luxembourg, or the Hôtel de Créquy of the present time. I am told that this elegant young woman has the most polished and agreeable society at her house, and that she represses as far as possible the sarcastic wittiisms of those who are disposed to ridicule some conceited *parvenus* who have gained access to her circle.' The only subject which was excluded from Madame Récamier's parties was the perilous one of politics. The Marquise de Créquy relates an anecdote illustrative of this prohibition:—'A certain Corsican named Sebastiani, who claimed relationship with Bonaparte, exclaimed aloud one evening at Madame Récamier's, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, "The First Consul has the most superb hands I have ever beheld!"

"Ah, commandant," observed the lady of the house to him, smiling, "let us not talk politics: you know what are our conventions here."'

With such rare attractions, and so many excellencies, it may readily be supposed that Madame Récamier became the object of universal respect and admiration. She was, as a writer of that day observes, 'alike adored by the prince and the artist, the hero and the conscript, the magistrate and the *vaudevilliste*.' No voice was ever raised against her save that of envy. During her earlier life, some of her rivals were wont to aver that she was as silly as she was beautiful. Madame Sophie Gay, a talented friend of hers, having alluded once in a large circle to her quickness of observation, and to the gentle playfulness of her wit, some of the company stared, others smiled sarcastically. M. Benjamin Constant, after observing what passed before him, said, 'I find so much pleasure in seeing her every day, that it has never once entered into my head to listen to her: henceforward I will think about it.' From that day forth this able and intelligent man cultivated her society with the greatest assiduity.

A reputed wit finding himself seated at table one day between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, said in a tone of complacency, as if he meant to flatter them both—'It is the first time in my life that I have had the honour of being seated between wit and beauty.' This pretended compliment was in fact a two-edged epigram; for, when closely examined, it plainly meant that Madame Récamier was a fool, and Madame de Staël a fright. The latter felt the double point, and disconcerted the wit by replying promptly—'And I, for the first time in my life, have had the honour of being called beautiful.' It was impossible to offer a more delicate, and at the same time a more decided compliment to the wit of Madame Récamier.

As for her domestic character, it is thus spoken of by Kotzebue, the caustic German moralist:—'Amid the incessant whirl of Paris, she fulfils all her duties in the most exemplary manner: she may be cited as a model for wives; and when the happiness of her friends is concerned, she devotes herself to them with the most unwearied assiduity. There is no great merit,' he continues, 'in giving money when one is rich, or even in giving liberally; but it is the *mode* of giving which constitutes

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generosity; and in this respect, especially, I have always admired Madame Récamier. I shall never forget one day, when I found her alone with a young girl, who was deaf and dumb, and who for some time past had been supported in the country at her expense. She had procured for her a place in the excellent institution for the deaf and dumb, and was about to bring her herself to the Abbé Sicard. Previous to her removal to the asylum, the poor child had been brought to Madame Récamier's house, and dressed in a nice suit of new clothes. She was at that moment breakfasting on a marble table, placed before a large mirror, in which she had the pleasure of contemplating herself from head to foot in her new and becoming dress. Was there not a refinement of goodness in the enjoyment thus afforded to a being who, having been deprived of two of her senses, only the more intensely used those which were left to her? The emotion of the charming benefactress as she beheld the joy of her *protégée*, the tears which glistened in her fine eyes as she kissed her forehead, the maternal tenderness with which she urged her to eat what she liked, and filled her pockets with many little delicacies which had been left, the inarticulate thanks of the child, expressed by a sort of cry which touched my heart—all that has remained, and ever will remain, deeply engraven on my memory.'

Misfortune reached her amid all the fulness of her prosperity; but it could not cast her down, or ruffle the calmness of her temper. The immense losses sustained by her husband deprived Madame Récamier of her magnificent mansion and numerous retinue; but the crown which had been placed upon her brow by the united voice of love and respect, lost none of its brilliancy in this hour of trial. She who had heretofore delighted in munificence, now devoted herself to deeds of friendship and kindliness. Madame de Staël was one of the first who at this period received the strongest proof of her unselfish attachment. Exiled to Coppet by the inexorable pride of Napoleon, she was dwelling there in a state of loneliness and ennui. But let us hear her speak for herself:*—'While I was in this condition, a letter reaches me from Madame Récamier—from that lovely woman, who had received the homage of all Europe, and yet who never has neglected an unfortunate friend. . . . . I tremble lest she should suffer the same fate as M. de Montmorency. I sent off a courier to meet her, and to intreat that she might not come to Coppet. . . . . She would not yield to my prayer; . . . and it was with many tears I welcomed the arrival of one whom heretofore I had received only with joy. She left me the next day; but the fatal sentence of exile had already gone forth, and she found herself banished from home and from her friends, and passed many months in a little country town, condemned to a life of solitude and monotony. This is what I cost the most brilliant person of her day.'

Having been informed of Madame Récamier's intention, Fouché, the minister of police, warned her not to carry it into execution. He even told her that it was very probable she might not only be exiled, like her friend, but seized upon the threshold of Madame de Staël's residence.

'What matters it to the Emperor,' replied this noble young woman; 'what matters it to him, who is the master of the world, whether I be at Paris or at Coppet? Heroes have often been so weak as to adore my sex: he would be the first who had the weakness to fear it!' And so she resolutely set out, and was, as we have seen, quickly followed by a sentence of proscription.

Fortune, which had recently abandoned her in her native land, came in quest of her on a foreign soil. She who heretofore had only been the queen of grace and beauty, might have won a princely crown, if she would have consented to avail herself of the law of divorce; but the principle of duty by which her whole life had been guided, sufficed to retain her in her modest and untitled position. It is true that on her return to Paris at the Restoration (in 1814), she found that her ancient sceptre had lost none of its magic power; and although her youth and early charms had passed away, and there was less of animation and brilliancy in her character, yet her saloon was more crowded than ever with eminent and remarkable persons. Ambassadors, princes, heroes, sought for an introduction there as soon as they had been presented at court, and sometimes even before.

We might give one or two authentic anecdotes on this head connected with the mightiest sovereigns of Europe, but it may be more interesting to Englishmen to know that our own 'Iron Duke' was so softened into gallantry by the gentle influence of Madame Récamier's society, as to address to her the following note, at the period when the Allies were in Paris:—

'PARIS, *January* 13.

I confess, madam, that I do not much regret that business will prevent me calling on you after dinner, inasmuch as every time I see you I leave you more penetrated with your charms, and less disposed to give my attention to politics. I will call on you, however, to-morrow morning, on my return from the Abbé Sicard's, and hope to meet you at home, notwithstanding the effect which these dangerous visits produce on me. WELLINGTON.'*

As years rolled on, the circles at the Abbaye-aux-Bois became less numerous, but not less distinguished. All that was greatest and best among the old and new *régimes* of France met together in Madame Récamier's saloon. There MM. Guizot and Salvandy paid their respects to M. de Chateaubriand; there the philosophic Cousin and the democratic Tocqueville conversed with the Quixotic champion of Rome, M. de Montalembert; there Mademoiselle Rachael received the honours due to her as the greatest dramatic artist of the day. Now and then some work of charity or beneficence would claim the exercise of Madame Récamier's influence, and a musical or literary fête got up under her auspices was always so popular, and the tickets of admission to it were sought for so eagerly, that on the following day gold flowed in abundantly to the cheerless homes of the indigent or the suffering. Another time it was the début of a poet or a composer who submitted his works to the illustrious tribunal of the Abbaye. It is now scarcely four or five years since some fragments of an opera, entitled 'Cymodocée,' were sung at Madame Récamier's by Viardot-Garcia, Gardoni, &c.; while the aged Châteaubriand, having been led in by his faithful valet Louiset, presided at the entertainment, and applauded by look and gesture this artistic realisation of his ideal and long-cherished heroine.

But the most interesting, if not the most brilliant, soirées at the Abbaye-aux-Bois were those in which the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' (that remarkable piece of autobiography in which Châteaubriand has noted down his inmost thoughts, as well as all the incidents of his life) were read aloud to a select circle of the most eminent literary men and women of the Parisian world. Among them it suffices us to name Augustin Thierry, he who, in his hours of suffering and blindness, has imparted a vivid light to many a darkened page of French history, and has also traced out the early annals of our own country.

'The recital of these noble misfortunes,' writes one of the usual listeners on such occasions, 'gave the statesman food for reflection, made the poet sigh, and drew many a tear from the ladies who were present. One seemed to be swayed, while listening to them, by the

* Ten Years of Exile. By Madame de Staël.

* We are indebted for this note to M. Langlais, who, while pleading recently before the civil tribunal at Paris in behalf of the 'Presse' (in whose columns the editor desires to publish the letters of Benjamin Constant to Madame Récamier), read aloud, from an unpublished volume of Châteaubriand's Memoirs, the duke's note, as a 'specimen of British gallantry.'

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last accents of a prophetic voice, and our deepest emotions were awakened by those confessions of an expiring genius; while at the same time the gentle countenance and sweet smile of the lady of the house transported us to those earlier days of her life when all hearts were captivated by her grace and beauty. We seemed to read in the soft and winning look of Madame Récamier the annals of her innocent and charming coquetry, and in the lofty glance of M. de Châteaubriand the secret of that mighty influence which he had exercised upon the age in which he lived. And now, at the years when we too often become careless about the opinions and enjoyments of others, these remarkable persons, who were united in the closest and happiest bond of friendship, were not only unceasing in their endeavours to please each other, but also, by the amiable spirituality of their conversation, shed a charm around them which rendered their society attractive even to the youngest and gayest of their acquaintance.'

Many years ago Madame Récamier had lost her sight, and yet she always kept herself *au courant* of what was passing in the literary world of Europe. Frequently the noblest ladies at court would be found seated at her feet, and reading aloud to her some popular work of the day. 'I can no longer see, but my friends see for me,' would she say at such times with her own inimitable smile.

She had submitted to one unsuccessful operation by the celebrated oculist M. Blandin. It was expected that a second attempt would be more fortunate; but knowing that it must be attended with some danger, the friend of Châteaubriand hesitated about its performance, being unwilling to abridge his days, not her own: so she resigned herself to the endurance of prolonged blindness, that she might be able the more surely to tend his declining days, and to close his eyes at last. No sooner was Châteaubriand dead, than Madame Récamier placed herself once more in the hands of the operator. M. Tonnelet of Tours removed the cataract, and restored to her some rays of light. Alas! it was but to behold the scenes of tumult and carnage which took place in Paris during the Revolution of February 1848. On the 11th of May, present year, she expired, after a few hours of intense suffering, from an attack of Asiatic cholera. 'Ah, my God! this is a long agony!' were the only words of complaint that escaped her lips.

Men of all parties gathered around her mortal remains as they were being borne to their last resting-place in the church of Les Petits-Pères in Paris. There did many a political enemy meet in peace: the Duc de Noailles and M. David (of Angers); MM. de Montalembert and de Falloux, with MM. Cousin and Villemain; MM. Ampère, de Kératry, de Jussieu, de Lomènie. The church was crowded from the portal to the altar.

Madame Sophie Gay has only been the faithful interpreter of this friendly escort, when she wrote ten days afterwards in the 'Presse:'—'Now is shut up this last French saloon, opened under the Directory, continued in spite of revolutions, misfortunes, and even exile itself! Now is silent that voice so sweet and gentle, which has so often conciliated adverse parties, consoled the afflicted, and preached indulgence to the prosperous! Now is closed for ever this asylum, so long open to superior people of all countries, to the persecuted of all governments, to the victims of all rivalities, to the heroes of all nations! We may judge, from the utter impossibility there would be of creating a similar edifice to-day, of the severe loss which has been suffered by society in the death of Madame Récamier.'

It is somewhat singular that she who all her lifetime was eminently a promoter of peace, has immediately, after her death, become the object of public disputation. The civil tribunal of Paris has recently been employed in hearing the pleading of M. Langlais in behalf of the 'Presse,' in whose columns the editor desires to publish Madame Récamier's correspondence with Benjamin Constant, which had been committed to him by her friend Madame Collet, and to which publication some of her relations are strongly opposed, as they consider it a breach of confidence to insert the letters in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper. It has not yet been decided whether this accomplished lady's letters are to be enjoyed in friendly privacy, or whether they shall be communicated to the world at large. If publicity be their fate, they will doubtless prove a welcome appendix to Châteaubriand's 'Mémoires d'Outre Tombe,' one of whose yet unpublished volumes is, we understand, especially devoted to Madame Récamier.

MEMPHIS AND SAKKARAH.

We started one morning from Cairo to visit these celebrated places. I was already familiar with the ground, but it was quite new to the two friends who accompanied me. The rendezvous was for half-past five; but as we had sat up together till after midnight in a sort of colloquial reverie, no one seriously promised to be punctual. Besides, where was the necessity for haste and eagerness? We had an especial pride in not being tourists, and in not imitating the laborious industry of our countrymen, who are to be seen at certain seasons of the year charging down the narrow streets of Cairo on donkey-back, in rapid transit from one sight to another. Time was before us. If we could not return that day, we could return the next, or the next. True, there were no hotels upon the road, and we might have to burrow in the sand, or creep into a tomb for shelter; but having slept out night after night with a stone for a pillow on the summit of desert ranges, this prospect was anything but terrific.

A couple of donkeys carried our provisions; three or four lads formed our suite. We went by way of Ibrahim Pacha's grounds, through long shady avenues, amidst green plantations, to that straggling but pretty village that stretches along the banks of the Nile, facing the island of Rhoda, as far as the Ghizeh Ferry. It is called Masr el Atikeh, or Old Cairo, and is supposed to represent the site of ancient Babylon—as the above-mentioned tourists, by the by, take care occasionally to tell the world. I remember that we here invested two or three piastres in oranges, and laid in a provision for the whole journey. When we issued from the village—which perhaps ought rather to be called a suburb or a borough, and is by no means a collection of huts, possessing fine mosques and fine houses, with cottages, and gardens, and kiosques—when we issued forth into the open country, and began following the banks of one of the branches of the Nile, we became spectators of a curious scene. A south wind was blowing down the valley, sweeping both the cultivated country and the outlying desert. Clouds of sand filled the air, so that even the Pyramids were sometimes wholly concealed, and sometimes appeared like spectres looming through the charged atmosphere. The ridge of Mokattam, though only a couple of miles at most distant to our left, looked dim and indistinct. It seemed as though that eternal boundary of desolation that hems in the soil of Egypt had been touched by a magic wand, and was dissolving into vapour, and rising aloft on either hand, first to canopy, and then to overwhelm, the cities and the hamlets, the palm-groves and the fields, and to choke up the beneficent river. The sand-storm was felt by us with only mitigated force; but from the parched summits of the embankments, from the surface of the fields, and from the barren islets of the Nile, dense but partial clouds came sweeping along, and now and then filled our throats and eyes with dust. When we came to a place from which we obtained a good view of the course of the river, its appearance presented a curious effect. The waters, still dull and cold in hue beneath the morning sun, were crisped with waves; whilst here and there large banks, or points, or islands of dazzling white sand, were covered, as it were, with a dense driving

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smoke, that hung heavily at first to the ground, and then rose whirling aloft into the air.

We were, I believe, a couple of hours in reaching Toura, where there is a ferry. A great concourse of people were crowded on the bank, some having already traversed, others waiting to go over. A post of soldiers close at hand seemed established for police purposes, and a tent erected on the other side we knew to be what we may call the passport office. Poor Egyptians! they cannot go from one village to another without government permission. Paternal government! It desires to inculcate so deeply the duty of loving one's natal spot, that it punishes sometimes with death the agriculturist who quits it, and the citizen who harbours him.

A scene of fierce wrangling took place between our lads and some ferrymen, at least it had the outward appearance of fierceness; but this is always the preliminary of a bargain. Meanwhile we sat down and waited until matters arranged themselves. It is the best method. Give free play to the eccentricities of the people among whom you sojourn or wander; you only waste time by bringing your own eccentricities in contact with theirs. I do not wonder that Pythagoras profited so much by his travels. He understood the blessings of silence. Some travellers think themselves bound to bully 'the natives' wherever they go, after quitting their own shores. How they manage sometimes not to leave their *disjecta membra* on a foreign land I don't know; but this I do know, that there is no more disagreeable concert than half-a-dozen storming Englishmen and a score of blaspheming Arabs.

Our five donkeys were at length put on board one boat, and we embarked in another. A couple of strokes of the oar disentangled us from the little fleet that lay along shore laden with cotton bags, or burrém, or camels, or asses, or men, or women; and the tall three-cornered sail was loosened to the breeze. It is a rare thing to cross the Nile on a windy day without some accident to the tackle, which brings on a frightful chorus of yells from the crew, a rush of two or three half-naked fellows along the gunwale, and the shipping of some pailfuls of water. Our passage this time was perfectly tranquil, and we had leisure to peruse the aspect of the broad reach on the surface of which we found ourselves. There was little material for description: the river was sparkling, and broke in busy billows around us; the sky, by this time nearly clear of dust, looked bright and serene; over the bare level bank we were quitting rose by degrees a prospect of the great precipices that border the entrance of the Valley of the Wanderings, and stretch southward to the vast cave-quarries of Massara, and northward to Cairo —the citadel of which, with the stupendous minarets of its new mosque, could now be distinguished but faintly, like every other distant object, on account of the heavy dun cloud of sand that was still travelling slowly along. In front, the view was bounded by an interminable palm-wood; but a little way up the river, in our rear, we could see the white walls of some Turkish villas gleaming along the bank from beneath the massive foliage of a sycamore grove.

We landed near the tent I have mentioned, but were scarcely noticed by the officials to whom it belonged. Our character as Europeans protected on this occasion both ourselves and our boys from the inquisition that is usually exercised. We could see the other passengers bringing forward greasy-looking pieces of paper ycleped *teskerehs*, by authority of which they were allowed to go and dispose of a basket of maize-heads or radishes at the market.

Traversing a stretch of sand left bare by the declining waters, and wading through a small swamp, we reached the bank and the palm-groves. Our way lay southward along a winding embankment, raised about ten feet above the low fields. These embankments serve both to regulate the irrigation and as roads. The whole of this part of the country is intersected with them, and it is impossible to proceed in any direction without their aid. They sometimes run along the sides of canals, sometimes extend like great earthen walls in a serpentine line across the open fields, sometimes traverse the palm-groves. Sluice-gates and bridges here and there occur. I remember passing on a former occasion along this same road, and finding a large gang of *fellahs*—some five or six hundred—employed in renovating an old embankment. The population of several villages had been turned out for the purpose. It was a case of forced labour, and consequently was lazily and carelessly done. Men, boys, and some women, worked listlessly with mattock and basket under the eyes of their taskmasters—Arabs like themselves, but executing the orders of the government—armed with swords as ensigns of authority, and whips as encouragements to industry. I noticed that though they might have served a double purpose of utility by taking the earth from the bottom of a shallow canal, left dry by the receding waters, they actually preferred digging deep useless holes here and there in a field covered with young corn!

Though the wind had in a great measure subsided, we were often troubled with whirling gusts laden with sand; and when the country was open, could see numerous little clouds carried swiftly along the surface of the embankments. In the distance, the dismal desert and the pyramids of Abusir, that occasionally showed themselves to the right, were still partially concealed with a haze. Presently, however, we plunged amidst a vast palm-grove, and had no prospect but of blue patches of sky, green patches of sward, and regular rows of column-like trunks, topped with flapping plume-like branches. We halted to lunch a little after noon, and spent some time taking our ease on the grass. Then remounting, we continued, until a reedy pond, covered with wild-ducks, a stone bridge, and some sluice-gates, warned me that we were approaching the site of Memphis (now Mitraheny). Vast mounds rose on all hands among the palm-trees, evidently the remains of a continuous wall built of unburnt bricks. The bricks were of a very large size, seeming about eighteen inches long by seven or eight deep. I believe no discoveries of importance have been made among these mounds.

Presently a little lake presented itself to our view, shining at the bottom of a gentle slope of sward, which was covered ere it sank into the water by huge blocks of stone, the remains of some ancient building. In some places the groves approach close to the margin; in others there were left clear open spaces of green. The sun was bright, the sky was pure; a series of low undulations, with their outlines for the most part concealed by trees, formed the horizon. The mind seemed purposely confined, and incited to admire the tranquil beauties of this spot—fit scene for an Egyptian pastoral; and no one of the party cared to suppress an exclamation of pleasure. It is curious, however, what a change there was in our feelings—how much more tranquil and matter-of-fact became our enjoyment—when we remembered that this was but the lake of a season, a mere remnant of the annual deluge vouchsafed to Egypt, lingering in a hollow accidentally scooped out. There were here no mysterious depths into which the imagination might dive. We could not even feign to believe that that shining surface concealed any of the secrets of the past. As it was the last summer, so was it destined to become the next—a parched expanse of dust and stubble.

We penetrated through a grove, and skirting the lake, soon came to an expanse of beautifully-green sward—the like of which I never saw in Egypt—from which rose a thinly-planted grove of palms. A large hollow near its commencement contains the colossal statue, called that of Sesostris, which we had come to see. It lay on its face, its pensive brow buried in mud, and part of the features concealed by some still lingering water. We could, however, see the beautifully-chiselled

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mouth, with its bare and firmly-compressed lips; and I could not help thinking to what manner of words those lips, if once loosened, would give utterance. I climbed upon the back of this mighty giant, and measured him by stepping from his head to the place where the legs are broken off: I think I remember counting fourteen paces. The outline of a boy is to be seen by the side of the great figure. Various hieroglyphic inscriptions adorn it; but, I suspect, remain silent, in spite of the efforts of the learned to make them speak.

An Arab has constituted himself the guardian of the statue, and knowing the interest felt in it by Europeans, protects it from injury. Some of the tourists have occasionally bestowed a small gratification upon him to encourage him; so that, unless the government take it into their heads to burn the statue for lime, it will probably last a considerable time uninjured. The Arabs call it *Abu-l-Hôn*, and say it is a giant king, turned by God, 'in ancient days and seasons past,' into stone for some great crime. They look upon it as quite natural in a Frank to pay pilgrimages to such relics; for we are universally considered as being on tolerably intimate terms with the Evil One, and therefore likely to feel an interest in the fate of a petrified sinner!

My companions on this my second visit to Memphis were L—— and A——, with the former of whom I had lately made an arduous and perilous journey; the latter was comparatively new in the East, and served admirably to keep alive our somewhat blunted powers of observation, by his keen remarks and almost uneasy curiosity: he was a capital fellow-traveller; and I remember once walking through a street in Alexandria with which I was perfectly acquainted, and having my attention drawn by him to fifty different points of curiosity. L—— observed fewer things; but I seldom knew him come away from any place without being able, after all the rest of us had had our say, to add some fact which he only had noticed, and some explanation or suggestion that we thought we might have made ourselves, but which, nevertheless, we had not made.

Shall I forget to mention my blackguard donkey-boy and squire? Ah! never was there such an abominable winning-looking rascal. Imagine a thin, ragged, quarter silly, three-quarters cunning, ugly, baboonish young fellow, with long bare legs. This you may do; but you will never be able to imagine the *je ne sais quoi*, the expression, the cheerfulness, which made me make quite a favourite, during three months, of this caricature. He was near twenty years of age, but looked at first much younger. They say he was addicted to smoking *hashish*, which accounted for his wretched, miserable appearance. All his earnings went either in this way or in treating his friends, and he never had a para in his possession. On our expeditions he was always ten times more useful than his respectable-looking companions, understanding the ways and wants of infidels with marvellous alacrity; but he was not much liked by anybody but myself, for he was a sadly impudent dog, and pushed his audacity so far as to bestow and fix irrevocably upon me, his patron, the mysterious nickname of 'Uns!' What this meant, neither he nor anybody else could definitely explain. Perhaps the learned may be more successful.

Having satisfied our curiosity at the site of Memphis, we pushed across the fields to the village of Sakkarah. Earlier in the season, when the waters were out, it was necessary to trace back the road to the stone bridge and sluice-gates I have before mentioned, and follow an immense embankment for miles round, amidst lakes, and swamps, and ponds nestling in the groves, or dotting the rich, moist green fields. Our principal anxiety now was to find a place to establish our head-quarters at whilst we explored the environs. Though prepared to lie out in the desert if necessary, we of course preferred the shelter of a roof. On a former occasion we had got the key of the house of a dealer in antiquities named Fernandez, and expected, even without the key, to be admitted for a consideration into a portion of it by the ancient Arab in charge.

The village of Sakkarah is situated on the confines of the cultivated land and the desert, amidst a small palm-grove, ill-protected from the sands by some walls ruined in many places. A very considerable drift had lately taken place, and it had rolled in several places over these little defences, as I have seen it roll over the fortifications of Rosetta. The village is built on a cluster of mounds sufficiently lofty to save it from being immersed during the inundation; for the land around is very low, much lower than near the river itself, and remains marshy and intersected with water-streaks until late in the season. An artist who knows how to choose his point of view might make a good picture of this irregular pile of human dwellings and pigeon-houses, intersected by sundry steep lanes, and surrounded with heaps of rubbish and broken pieces of pottery. A palm-tree here and there grew up, and drooped its pensile branches over the terraced roof of some ambitious abode; for in this place, unlike most Egyptian villages, there were evident marks of a gradation of ranks exhibited in the size and appearance of the houses. This unusual prosperity is attributable to the visits of Europeans and the trade in antiquities.

We went straight to the house of Fernandez, but found it occupied by a Levantine, come out for the sake of his health from Cairo. Knowing nothing of this, we penetrated in triumph into the place, laughing and talking, calling out for old Mohammed, and preparing to install ourselves. A confused buzz of voices from all sides, both threatening and expostulatory, ought, it is true, to have attracted our attention at first; but we were so delighted to reach what we called our head-quarters, that the true state of the case was not understood until the new tenant, dressed in European costume, made his appearance, and looked at us in a half-frightened, half-angry manner. We then made our apologies, and beat a retreat.

'Decidedly, A——,' said I, when we got into the street again, 'we shall have to sleep among the tombs.'

A—— was perfectly ready to submit with a good grace to what was inevitable, but observing a good many houses on every side, did not see that we had hitherto any cause for despair. L—— was of opinion that a cave might be more comfortable than any hut we could expect to have abandoned to us. At anyrate we determined to apply to the Sheik el Beled, and asked to be taken to his divan. We found him burly and big, in his white turban, sitting on a mat on the dusty entrance of a great building furnished with a spacious court. With him were two officers of the pacha's irregular cavalry, respectable Arnaouts, in fact, if the two words can be placed in juxtaposition. I approached, saluted, sat down, and stated our case, believing that 'to hear is to obey' would have been about the equivalent of the answer. My application, however, threw the worthy sheik into an astonishing state of perplexity. He looked at me, then at each of my companions, who by this time were also sitting on the ground, then at the Arnaouts, and then pulled his beard. After much hesitation, the truth came out. To harbouring us three Franks no objection could be made. We belonged to a privileged class, and were liable to no interference. Not so with our attendants. They had no passports authorising them to be out at Sakkarah, and among them, therefore, might be some runaway from another village. They must be off before nightfall, either on their way back to Cairo, or into the desert, in whatever direction, in fact, they chose; but to stop there, on no account could they be allowed.

To explain this annoying circumstance, I must inform the reader that at all times, under the paternal sway of Mohammed Ali, the greatest possible impediments were thrown in the way of the movements of the population; but at this particular juncture a redoublement of vigilance and vexatious interference had taken place. The principle acted upon was in ordinary seasons to keep as

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many men as possible engaged in agricultural labour, and at the same time to pay them so little, or oppress them so heavily with taxes, as to give them a constant tendency to take refuge in the towns, or emigrate altogether from the country. Egypt has for many years suffered from a deficiency of field labour, produced by the immense number of men taken away for the army and for public works, and by the rapid diminution of the people by famine and pestilence, brought about, or aggravated, by misgovernment. In any other country the supply would follow the demand; and where there was want of men, men would go. But no inducement is held out here. The price of labour is unvarying; the taxes are exacted with iron inflexibility, so much from a village, even if the population be decreased. Who will be tempted by the prospect of being able to exist for a few years on the meanest possible diet, under perpetual fear of the stick, and with the knowledge that every man is responsible for the debts of the community to government? If I can't pay, my neighbour must. This is the system. It is no wonder, therefore, that main force is necessary to keep the fellahs attached to the soil. As it is, the cities are full of runaways, whom the police is constantly employed in taking up, and sending back chained and shackled to their villages. I have seen them in strings of fifty at a time thrust on board a large boat, and despatched up the river under good guard.

The increase of vigilance at the particular time of our visit arose partly from the taking of the census, and partly from the absence of the pacha during the illness which ended in the loss of his reason. It was feared that an insurrection might take place if the report got abroad of his death, and it is certain that something of the kind was probable. At anyrate the worthy Sheik el Beled, after allowing us to guess at, rather than expressing, his reasons, positively at first refused to allow our followers to remain in his village. The worthy Arnaouts took our part, represented the favour, and indeed impunity, which Franks enjoyed, and declared that our presence would explain everything, and protect everybody. The sheik, who had the prospect of a bastinado before his eyes, or at anyrate who wanted to heighten the value of his concession, held out for a long time, and explained very forcibly his position. Among other things, he told us that bodies of horse frequently rode up to a village at night, made a cordon round it, kept guard until morning, turned out the people, counted them, and if a single unauthorised stranger was found, seized the sheik, and despatched him to Cairo. A tremendous beating, and two or three years in the galleys, was often the punishment of this offence. The sheik had himself once worked in irons, he told us, for such a peccadillo, and appealed to the Arnaout officers to confirm his statements. They did so, but adhered to the opinion that he ought to harbour us Franks; and added, that if we were turned out into the desert, and came to harm among the Bedouins, the sheik would certainly suffer for his inhospitality.

This consideration, and the prospect of a good *backshish*, at length decided matters in our favour; and the sheik, when once his mind was made up, gave energetic orders to prepare for us the best room in his own house, which seems to have been cleared out purposely. I must not forget to notice that during this interview we were treated with coffee, whilst we supplied pipes and tobacco.

We were taken to a large pile of buildings that looked something like a European farm, though it was built of palm-branches and mud. The court was surrounded with stables and outhouses, over one set of which were two spacious rooms with mud floors—the inner one furnished with windows and shutters, the outer one entirely open to the east. We chose the latter, as more airy and convenient, and soon established ourselves in one corner, where some cushions and carpets were soon provided for us, and a comfortable temporary divan prepared. Our first care was to call for water, and wash the dust off our hands and faces—a luxurious preparation for dinner, which in some of our travels we had not been able to indulge in. Then Ali spread the cloth, and began to display, one after the other, a fine roast goose, some fowls, a leg of mutton, a piece of a ham, &c. with bread and cheese, and oranges, and several bottles of ale!

Just as the serious business of dinner or supper was commencing, a stout native gentleman wearing the pacha's uniform arrived, and established himself in the inner apartment, which, though we had disdained it, was in reality the most honourable. We paid little attention to him, though told he was a medical inspector, and proceeded with our meal, which we seasoned, if not with attic, at least with Egyptian salt.

Eating was scarcely over, and we were reclining in a state of repletion upon our divan, lazily smoking our pipes, through the smoke of which the last subsiding flashes of our wit faintly gleamed, when a gathering and a commotion in the courtyard below announced that some event was about to take place. Presently a number of Arab heads began to peer up through the square hole in the floor by which was the ascent, and at last two or three lads emerged and sat near it. They looked curiously at us, and now and then whispered; but it was evident that we were a kind of *hors d'œuvre*, and that what was going to take place had no original reference to us. At length, just as we had lighted a candle, a long file of decent-looking Arabs, headed by the sheik, ascended, crossed our room, saluted us gravely, and dived into the inner apartment, where we soon heard all the sounds indicative of an interview between two very great men—namely, the inspector and the sheik.

We now felt that a great duty had devolved upon us—that, namely, of sending at least a deputation to pay our respects to our host. I was chosen as the ambassador; and soon the sheik, the doctor, and I, were dipping our fingers in the dish, scraping up balls of rice, and picking out bits of meat. Wooden spoons were, it is true, provided for the rice and the gravy. Twelve or thirteen Arabs sat in lines round the walls looking on whilst the great people ate.

When we had washed our mouths and fingers, the doctor put his hand into his pocket, and produced some small cucumbers and vegetable-marrons, and gave us them as dessert. The capacity of his pockets amused us; for he threw one to every man in the room, as well as to a crowd of boys that occupied the doorway. This proceeding gave rise to a good many native jokes; after which we were catechised by the sheik over our pipes. He was in search of information, and asked us numerous questions about England, especially if it was true that there was a road made under a river as large as the Nile: he had heard of the Thames Tunnel!

Before we went to sleep that night, we were besieged by an immense number of people, offering for sale mummied cats and ibises, and little statues in clay, and wood, and metal; with scarabæi, seals, rings, keys, coins, &c. In the tombs A—— made some curious acquisitions; among other things a huge cat, which he carried about during the rest of our excursion in his arms, as if, said the Arabs, it had been his daughter!

Next morning we began our explorations of this curious neighbourhood, a full account of which would far exceed my present limits. We visited the tomb of Psammitichus, the pyramids of Dashour, and the ibis mummy-pits—all places of exceeding interest. For my own part, however, scarcely anything I saw in all this part of Egypt struck me more than the interior of the pyramid of Sakkarah. This structure has a very peculiar form; and as it rises on its vast pedestal of rocky desert, seems totally distinct in character from all the other pyramids that break the horizon to the north and south. It has five steps only—five vast steps, that together rise to the height of nearly 300 feet. It looks like a citadel with a quintuple wall—five towers of gradually-increasing elevations, one within the other.

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At the north-west corner it is possible to ascend to the summit, which I did on two successive occasions. But it was, as I have said, the interior that most interested me. Few travellers take the trouble to penetrate; and the operation is so difficult, that even the sheik of the place did everything he could to dissuade us from the attempt, even asserting that the well and passages were choked up. We determined, however, to try, and were amply rewarded.

The entrance is at the bottom of a great hole or well, about thirty or forty paces from the northern front. We climbed down one by one, in danger every moment of being overwhelmed with sand and rubbish. An Arab preceded us, and was of great assistance to me on the first occasion. Arrived at the bottom, I had to stand with my face from the pyramid, and gradually kneeling down, to work myself backward into a small hole not a foot in height. A few large stones, which I had loosened in my descent, tumbled down whilst I was in the act, but I luckily escaped from contusions, and was quit with having my mouth and eyes filled with dust. When I was completely in, the Arab took me by the ankles, and I felt myself slowly dragged along a low passage for some distance. At length I passed under a block of stone—the lintel of the doorway—and found space to sit up: I was left alone to my meditations for some minutes, whilst the man who had pulled me in crawled slowly back to fetch the next comer. It was a curious position to find one's self in—on the threshold, as it were, of an underground palace, with unknown halls, and passages, and wells close at hand; so that if I ventured to move, I might be dashed to pieces at once, or be sought for in vain by my affrighted companions. Another idea struck me likewise: I had noticed the beam or block of stone under which I had passed, but was not aware how solidly it was placed. Supposing it were to give way, and sink like a portcullis across the passage, what labour would not be required to remove it, and open again for me the way to light and life!

I was not, however, allowed long time to indulge in these thoughts on either of the occasions on which I entered the pyramid of Sakkarah. I was soon rejoined, and lights having been procured, we commenced descending, taper in hand, preceded and followed by mysterious flitting shadows, along a series of steep winding passages cut in the rock. Other passages branched off here and there, either ascending or descending; but we followed that which seemed to lead farthest down into the bowels of the earth. At length we issued into an open space, evidently a vast apartment; but four or five tapers were quite insufficient at first to give us the slightest idea of its dimensions. Even when at length we clearly saw the four walls, and could make out at various distances overhead the gloomy mouths of passages or retreating alcoves, we found it impossible to distinguish the roof. We seemed at the bottom of a huge steeple-tower thrust down by magic into the earth. At length some old fragments of beams and other combustible matter presented itself, and we lighted a fire. The bright red flame, leaping up, sent strong waves of light aloft along the walls, and presently we saw, or thought we saw, the summit of this mysterious apartment, which is no other than the base of the pyramid; for it is all excavated below the surface of the desert to the depth of a hundred feet.

In the centre of the floor a vast column of granite stops up a well, serving the same purpose as the stopper of a bottle. It was once raised, and a sanctuary with a sarcophagus found beneath. We tried to find some access to this place by descending again down, down into the earth by means of all sorts of passages, some squared, and exhibiting traces of having been faced with alabaster, and adorned with paintings. Our progress along these was difficult, as they were nearly filled with huge loose stones; but we could come to no end in any direction, and returned at length breathless to the great apartment. The fire was still casting a flickering flame, but darkness had again gathered overhead, and we could see nothing but uncertain shadows. After wandering about for some time longer among the interminable labyrinth of passages that met, receded, branched off, and seemed to lead to nothing, we returned bewildered and breathless, but full of a sense of mysterious awe and a vague sentiment of the sublime, that increased in intensity as memory began to exert its operations towards the entrance. The getting out was much more difficult than the getting in; and as we emerged, staggering and bathed in perspiration, from those dismal chambers, and were hauled, half fainting, up the well into the glorious sunshine of Egypt, we must have looked, as we certainly felt, as if we had returned from the infernal regions.

A BRITISH MERCHANT OF THE LAST GENERATION.

[This piece is taken from the 'Morning Chronicle' of June 5, 1809, and we trust will be reprinted, from time to time, for centuries to come.]

The late David Barclay, who died the 30th ult. in his eighty-first year, at Walthamstow, was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay of Urie, author of the celebrated 'Apology for the Quakers.' He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the Revolution. He was at that time as much distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power as a merchant, as he has ever since, in retirement, by his patriotism, philanthropy, and munificence. We cannot form to ourselves, even in imagination, the idea of a character more perfect than that of David Barclay. Graced by nature with a most noble form, all the qualities of his mind and heart corresponded with the grandeur of his exterior; the superiority of his understanding confirmed the impression which the dignity of his demeanour made on all; and though, by the tenets of his religious faith, he abstained from all the honours of public trust, to which he was frequently invited by his fellow-citizens, yet his influence was justly great on all the public questions of the day. His examination at the bar of the House of Commons, and his advice on the subject of the American dispute, were so clear, so intelligent, and so wise, that, though not followed, Lord North publicly acknowledged he had derived more information from him than from all others on the east of Temple-Bar. It was the American Revolution that determined him to wind up his extensive concerns, and to retire, but not as busy men generally retire—to the indulgence of mere personal luxury. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat; he distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways: instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became himself the executor of his own will, and by the most magnificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity, of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men whom he had bred in his mercantile house, and of whose virtuous dispositions he approved. Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay for the means of their first introduction into life, and for the benefits of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage, that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred; and the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, hold out a lively example, and a lesson to others, of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence.

His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species. He was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends; he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay in promoting whatever might meliorate the condition of man. Largely endowed by Providence with the means, he felt it to be his

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duty to set great examples; and when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, 'that they were too ignorant, and too barbarous for freedom,' he resolved, at his own expense, to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined, at the expense of L.10,000, to emancipate the whole gang (as they are termed) of slaves. He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity: he sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades. The members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to show that the black skin enclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! During all this course of well-doing his own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a House of Industry near his own residence, on such solid principles, that though it cost him L.1500 for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well-disposed families of the poor around. We could fill a column with the recital of individual acts of his benevolence, which, though indiscriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of religious distinction.

Mr David Barclay was married twice. He had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, everyway worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq., and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.

We have thought it right to give this short sketch of a most honourable citizen, though he was himself no friend to posthumous blazonry; and we learn that the simple notice of his death, first inserted in the 'Morning Chronicle,' was directed, if not actually dictated, by himself before his departure. Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments: he was composed, cheerful, and resigned: he had not to struggle with life; he rather ceased to live, than felt the pang of death.

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

[The following anecdote from Major Forbes's 'Eleven Years in Ceylon' has been sent to us by a correspondent, as illustrative of a subject treated in some recent Numbers of the Journal, in the papers entitled 'Experiences of a Barrister.']

When within two miles of Nyakoombura, hurrying on to avoid nightfall, and find shelter from a threatening storm of lightning and rain, we came suddenly on a pony, which had been sent on some hours in advance, standing over the lifeless body of my old horse-keeper, which lay stretched at full length on the back, and swimming in blood.

The tempest commenced, and darkness closed on us as we were examining the locality of the catastrophe. We compelled the unwilling attendants to convey the body to the rest-house; and there, after minutely examining the ghastly corpse, we caused it to be interred. There was a mortal wound—a stab—entering above and inside the left collar-bone, and passing (as we found by probing with a small cane) right down through the heart. The deceased was a very short man; and from the nature and position of the wound, my two friends and myself, in the absence of all information, formed an opinion that he had been wilfully murdered by means of a long and very sharp instrument. The mouth of the pony had been rubbed with blood, and also its foot, and then pressed down upon the white jacket worn by the deceased, for the purpose of making it appear that the horse had bitten or kicked the unfortunate man. These circumstances, as well as the direction of the wound, showed design, not accident; and I was well aware that the pony was much attached to the deceased, who usually slept in the stall beside him. For eight days no circumstance transpired that could throw any light on the subject of the supposed murder; but I then obtained proof that a confidential Lascoreen (court messenger), who had charge of my baggage, and also the grass-cutter, had been seen very near, actually at the spot, proceeding apparently amicably in company with the deceased, about the very time when his death must have occurred. I had already taken the statements of this Lascoreen and the grass-cutter, which now turned out to be false; and numerous connecting links in the chain of circumstantial evidence induced me to commit them both for trial for the murder. Before they were sent off, the Lascoreen expressed a wish to make a second statement; and then detailed what afterwards proved to be the truth, although at the time it appeared absurd and incredible.

The Lascoreen's statement was to this effect:—That, contrary to his orders, he had allowed the deceased to purchase some arrack as a present for his acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Nyakoombura, in which place he had formerly lived as servant to the post-holder. The arrack was carried in a long-necked French bottle, tied in a handkerchief, and slung from his wrist: in passing a narrow part of the path, the bottle striking against a rock, was broken in such a manner, that all that remained was the bottom, still containing a little arrack, and attached to it a piece of the glass, like a spike, the whole height of the bottle. This spike had sharp edges, a sharp point, and altogether resembled a Malay crig. The deceased continued to lead the pony with the remains of the bottle still slung on his left arm, until he arrived where there was a hole or step in the road of nearly two feet deep, formed by water in the rainy season flowing along the path, and falling over the root of a tree. On this root the deceased stumbled, and pitching head foremost into the hole, fell on the spike of the bottle. He instantly pulled himself up, fell back, and expired. The Lascoreen proceeded—'Afraid and flurried, and recollecting that, contrary to your orders, I had allowed him to purchase arrack, and that I might thus be blamed for his death, I desired the grass-cutter to deny all knowledge of the manner of the deceased's death—to say that he was some distance before us, and that, on coming up, we found him dead. I then took the broken bottle and handkerchief, and threw them as far as I could into the jungle. After this I became sick, and fainted; and it must have been at this time that the grass-cutter marked the pony's mouth, and placed the animal's hoof over the wound, and upon the jacket of the deceased. I had hardly recovered my recollection when the gentlemen came up.'

At the time of hearing this statement, I was thirty miles from the place, but immediately despatched persons to examine the surrounding jungle; and these returned bringing the long slender brittle weapon unbroken, though it had been thrown to a considerable distance. Rain had fallen in torrents since the event occurred, yet the blood could still be traced in the curved side of the glass, which exactly corresponded to the cut made in the jacket of the deceased at the time he received his death-wound. In this case there were so many minor circumstances which bore strongly against the Lascoreen and grass-cutter, but which were all explained by the discovery of the handkerchief and glass dagger, that, had the latter not been found uninjured (and its preservation may be considered providential), the life of a valuable and long-tried servant would have been in the utmost jeopardy. So much importance did I attach to the conveyance of this extraordinary weapon, that I would not intrust it to any one, and proceeded to Koudy, where I personally delivered it to the judicial commissioner. After a careful examination of the case, the charge hitherto so strongly supported by a chain of evidence was abandoned, and the parties released. This adventure had a considerable effect on my after-conduct as a judge, and also on my opinion as regards the infliction of capital punishment in particular cases.

THE MEMBER FOR BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

His talents fail to win respect. His coxcombry is without grace; his seriousness without conviction. He has an active fancy, surprising command of language, no inconsiderable knowledge, especially of history, powers of massing facts into a symmetrical appearance of generalisation, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and humbug in others. He is a shrewd observer of men and things; but he has neither the eye to see, nor the soul to comprehend, anything much below the surface. There is little depth in him of any kind—thought or feeling: hence the want of vitality in all he does. He cannot paint, for he cannot grasp, a character; his sole power in that line consists in hitting off the obtrusive peculiarities, the juttings out of an individuality. In his books you meet with nothing noble, nothing generous, nothing tender, nothing impassioned. His passion is mere sensuality, as his eloquence is mere diction: the splendour of words, not the lustre of

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thoughts. Imagination, in the large and noble sense, he has none, for his sensibility is sustained by no warmth. Humour he has none, for humour is deep..... D'Israeli conceives himself to be a man of genius; in truth he is only *the prospectus of a genius*. He has magnificent plans, but he writes prefaces instead of books. All the promise which allures in a prospectus arrests attention in him; but he does not perform what he promises. He has aspiration, but no inspiration; ambition, but no creative power. In his poems, in his novels, and in his speeches, you see that he means something great, but has not the force to originate it. As an author, in spite of a certain notoriety and undeniable talents, his value is null. He has written books, and these books have been immensely successful; but they have no place in our literature—they are indubitable failures, or fleeting ephemerides. He has taken many leaps, but has gained no footing. He has written a quarter epic; he has written a tragedy; he has written novels, pamphlets, and a political treatise on the constitution; but all these works are as dead as the last week's newspaper. The most insignificant niche in the temple is denied them. If anybody looks at them, it is not on their account, but on his account. The noise they made has passed away like the vacuous enthusiasm of after-dinner friendships. They have achieved notoriety for their author, oblivion for themselves. —*British Quarterly Review.* [It might have been added, that Mr D'Israeli's worst fault is his consumption of valuable time in harangues which end in nothing. He thus impedes legislation, and stops the business of the country, without effecting a single useful object.]

NOTTINGHAM LACE TRADE.

The rise of this trade at Nottingham was marked by very extraordinary circumstances. It was about seventy years ago that a stocking-weaver tried whether he could apply his frame or loom to make something which could imitate lace, and by slow degrees such imitation became introduced. It was not, however, till thirty years afterwards that Mr Heathcoat, in 1809, obtained a patent for a new and highly-ingenious lace-making machine, which, from certain arrangements of its mechanism, obtained the name of a bobbin frame, and hence the name of bobbin net. Of the envy and strife which drove Mr Heathcoat away from Nottingham, and led him to settle in Devonshire, we will say nothing; it is not a creditable feature; but we cannot pass in silence over the year 1823, when, Mr Heathcoat's patent having expired, all Nottingham went mad—everybody wished to make bobbin net. Listen to what Mr M'Culloch says on this point:—'Numerous individuals, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and others, readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell in proportion as production increased, but the demand was immense; and the Nottingham lace-frame became the organ of general supply, rivalling and supplanting in plain nets the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands.' Hear, too, Dr Ure on the same point:—'It was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling and betake himself to a lace frame, of which he was part proprietor, and realise by working upon it 20s., 30s., nay, even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, the birthplace of this new art, with Loughborough and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius, or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point, bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewildered. Several lost their senses altogether; and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in the old times of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despair, and committed suicide. If the Nottingham lace-makers were now to go mad, it would not be at the golden dreams before them. Competition has had its usual levelling effect, and no more fortunes can be rapidly made in the lace-trade; the consumption is immense, but the workers are numerous, and prices, wages, and profits, have all alike become low.—*The Land We Live In.*

A NEW ZEALAND HOUSEHOLD.

The girls in their best mats, or gaudiest calicoes, and the children '*in puris naturalibus*,' assemble to greet and welcome us, not altogether uninfluenced by the hope of getting a present of a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco. In the interior of the Pa, the Wahines, or matrons, are busy weaving flax-mats, cleaning potatoes or fish, or engaged in the superintendence of a Maori oven, or a huge gipsy-looking cauldron, called a 'go-ashore,' and can only afford to greet a visitor with a whining 'tena koe pakeha,' sighing as if they were very much to be pitied. A mummy-looking roll of mats and blankets propped up against the sunny side of a hut is the outward signification of a chief, who, on our appearance, slightly unrolls himself, allowing to become visible the small heads of two or three children, which the Wahines have handed over to his paternal care while engaged in other occupations. His hair is a mass of shark oil and red ochre, which also covers his body and limbs; but the old fellow is not ashamed of his dishabille, and lustily calls out to us, '*Haere mai taku paksha*'—('Come here, my white man'): '*Omai to ringa ringa*'—('Give me your fist'); and after a hearty shake, he asks confidently, '*Kahore te tupeka maku?*'—('Have you got no tobacco for me?') A decisive '*Kahore*' ('No') settles the question, and destroys all further interest in the conversation; and the old fellow rolls himself and the children once more into the blankets, to doze off again till the dinner is ready, or till there is another chance of getting an '*omai no omai*,' or gift.—*Power's New Zealand.*

HOME.

THERE was a kindly tone that through the glow
Of feverish dreams, heart-sickness and despair,
Came like the echo of an angel's prayer,
And on my world-worn spirit poured the flow
Of the sweet waters of the Long Ago!
There was a vision filled this foreign air
With peace that only childhood's heart can wear.
Oh, strangely linked in happiness or wo
Are all life's changes! Youth's impatient eye
Looks through the mists of golden morning bloom
To the bright hills where rests the glittering sky;
But manhood turns, in sunshine as in gloom,
Back from his triumphs to the spells that lie
In the fond childish words—Mother and Home!

MARY CREETHAM.

MEN FOR SALE.

The following is taken from a New Orleans paper:—'Seventy-five negroes, just arrived, and for sale at the old stand, corner of Moreau and Esplandale Streets, consisting of house-servants, cooks, washers and ironers, and field hands. The subscriber will continue to receive from Maryland and Virginia a constant supply during the whole season. This being the oldest establishment in the city, purchasers would do well to call and examine before purchasing—James T. Blackney, agent for Hope H. Slater.'

SOUND-PIPES FOR A DEAF CONGREGATION.

I have applied the gutta-percha tubing in my chapel with the greatest advantage to the deaf part of my congregation, and others have adopted my plan with equal success. I have a large oval funnel of sheet gutta percha inserted in the book-board in front of the Bible; attached to this is a piece of inch tubing, passing down on the inside of the pulpit and under the floor, like a main gas-pipe; attached to this are branches of smaller tubing, leading to any pew where a deaf person may sit, and at the end of each is an ear-piece. You may thus supply a whole congregation, and enable all to hear without the least difficulty or effort on the part of the preacher.—*Letter from Troubridge in the 'Patriot.'*

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.

By the last report to the House of Commons, it appears that the total amount of pauperism of 1848 was 1,876,541 souls. The habitual pauperism of England thus presents an average of numbers equal to the population of London and its suburbs. The pauperism of the previous year only amounted to 1,471,133 persons. The increase is partially accounted for by the swarms of Irish that have been driven across the Channel by the destitution of the distressed districts.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 302. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE STORY OF ROBERT LINDSAY.

Scotsmen are proverbially inclined to roam abroad in quest of fortune. This is true not less of the humble than of the higher ranks. There are few, probably no families of distinction, who have not members scattered all over the world in situations sought out and obtained by personal effort. Instead of staying at home, to consume a limited patrimony, and worry government for places, they usually take themselves off with a guinea or two in one pocket, and a letter of introduction in another; and it is hard if an uncle, cousin, or more distant relative in some far-off corner of the globe does not receive them, and give them a lift forward. Helping themselves, they of course find others not unwilling to help them. There being, in fact, a universal demand for young men educated and trustworthy, it is not in the least wonderful that these wanderers from the paternal fireside make friends abroad, and live to do something for 'the honour of the family.'

In reading lately the fortunes of a noble house, related by one of its members—Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays'*—we were agreeably reminded of this national peculiarity. 'Lightsome and gay' as the Lindsays have been generally characterised, they have not the less vindicated the prudent carefulness of the Scottish name, and shown to every country what qualities are necessary for young men who wish to elbow their way in the world. The history of the Lindsay we are going to refer to, from the family memoirs, is that of hundreds of young Scotsmen. He had so many brothers and sisters—seven of the former, and three of the latter—that it was absolutely necessary for him to begin early to do something for himself: in plain vernacular, 'he must go and *pouse* his fortune.' Luckily he had an uncle, as every Scotsman has, who was looked to on the occasion. This personage was Mr William Dalrymple, a merchant in Cadiz, who offered a situation in the counting-house to one of the boys. Accordingly, in the year 1768, the hero of our story, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, then at the age of fourteen, proceeded to Spain, and made his début in the world of business as a clerk. He was not very assiduous, it appears, at the desk; but, being a heartsome lad, he bustled about in the shipping department, and by and by, when in the service of his cousin, Mr Duff, exhibited an instance of promptitude and daring which drew from his employer a severe reprimand—together with a couple of dollars to take him to the Opera in the evening. 'The better houses of Cadiz,' says Robert—for we will let him tell the story himself—'have each a tower, from which ships may be seen at a great distance. One morning, having risen early, it then blowing a heavy gale of wind, I looked through the telescope, and observed a ship standing into the bay, with a signal of distress flying, and also carrying the distinguishing flag of Mr Duff's house. I immediately ran down to the mole, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting a boat to venture off to the ship. Upon boarding her, I found that she had lost all her cables and anchors, and in this situation was drifting towards the shore before the wind. I put about, went on shore, and soon returned with all she required, and thus saved the vessel.'

This brilliant lad remained long enough in Spain to wind himself round the heart of Mr Duff; and we interrupt the narrative to say that many years after, when his son, another Robert Lindsay, then a lieutenant in the Guards, was at Cadiz, the old gentleman perused his features with emotion, and said to him, while pressing his hand, 'I loved your dear father as my son; he was a gallant boy—and you shall be my son while here.' The friendship of such a man was no light matter; for Mr Duff was one of those princely characters that have given its lustre to the name of British merchant. He was adored by the natives of the country, who knew him as 'Don Diego.' 'During a residence of forty years and upwards in Spain, he had contracted much of the habits and character of the Spaniard, grafted upon a naturally poetic and enthusiastic temperament: he was chivalrous and generous to a fault, believed the Spaniards to be like himself, and equally to be trusted, hated the French, and loved his own countrymen—and considered and treated all women as ladies, and ladies as princesses.' Mr Duff died at Cadiz when upwards of eighty years of age.

The time at length came, in 1772, when young Lindsay's knowledge of the shipping department was to be applied in exporting himself to India. The first step he took on board the 'Prince of Wales' was one that would tell either for or against a young man, according to the context of his conduct. While the other passengers, who were numerous, were gazing at the appointments of the vessel, he at once went up to the captain and requested that his name might be chalked on his berth—thus securing the best quarters on board: not a bad example of *'cuteness* this. The captain is described as a character. He was a peppery, one-armed Welshman, his other arm having been lost in a duel with one of his passengers, respecting a young lady with whom they had both fallen in love. Luckily there were none of these fair disturbers on board on the present occasion, and they arrived at Calcutta without anything that could be called an adventure. The Lindsays, however, are always meeting with something at least interesting; and on this voyage the 'Prince of Wales' frequently fell in with the 'Rockingham,' bound for China, in which Robert's brother, William, was a midshipman; and so closely did the vessels approach,

* See Journal, No. 294.

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that the lads could see each other through a telescope. William was afterwards drowned; and by the time Robert returned to Europe, only five of his fellow-passengers were alive. This reminded him of the old mate's rough good-by on their arrival:—'Farewell, my lads—you will stow better when homeward-bound!'

At Calcutta Mr Lindsay set to work, after the fashion of his light-spirited race, to amuse himself. He was in the civil service of the Company, and the drudgery was done at that time by native scribes. In 1776 he removed to Dacca, as youngest assistant to the head of the revenue department; where he learnt to hunt wild boars, and astonish his companions by clever and daring exploits. The only thing he saw at Dacca 'worthy of the attention of a stranger' was a piece of ordnance 36 feet long, and made of hammered iron. The natives declared it had fallen from heaven, and when swallowed up by the encroachments of the river, they said it had returned thither. After Mr Lindsay's time, however, it was fished up by Mr Walters, by the aid of European science, and may now be seen at Dacca raised on a platform of brick and mortar. It is curious that our adventurer did not consider the famous muslin manufacture as worthy the attention of a stranger. Even now it has not wholly ceased, the gossamer fabric being still procurable to order, although more as a curiosity than as an article of regular trade, costing L.15 for ten yards.

All Scotsmen abroad look forward to the time when they may come home, buy a property, and finish in a style equal to anything in the best days of 'the family.' It may be a foolish thought this; but anything is better than gravitating downward, and so let us be thankful. Robert Lindsay was as ambitious as any lad who ever crossed the Border. 'Amidst all our sports in India,' says he, 'I never lost sight of the prospect of returning to my native country, and was anxious to be placed in some situation wherein I might derive some benefit from my own industry.' In a letter to his mother, he mentions what his capabilities were for turning such situations to account. 'With regard to my abilities, you are a judge of them—although, taking the run of mankind in general, I think, without flattering myself, I have my share, but not more: I never was born to make a shining figure in the world. I think I enjoy a full proportion of common sense, which, joined to the experience I have had of the world, has taught me to behave in a manner to gain the friendship of all my acquaintances. As to enemies, I have none; at least I flatter myself so.' His ideas, he added, were confused; he wanted fluency of speech; and his memory was bad; but he understood French, Portuguese, Spanish, and Hindostani—and a little more than that, as we shall see. The district of Sylhet, on the eastern side of the Brahmapootra, was under the superintendence of the Dacca Council, which had deputed one of its members, Mr Holland, a man of character and fortune, to proceed thither to arrange the collection of the land revenue. On his return, in a conversation with Lindsay, he regretted that his health had not permitted him 'to complete the work he had so prosperously commenced. "I am sensible," said he, "it will prove an arduous undertaking, and none but a man possessed of a sound constitution, with great energy and determination, is fit for it." I thought for some time, and turning quickly round, I said, "I know the man who will suit you exactly." "And where is he to be found?" said Mr Holland. I answered, "I am the man!" Upon which my friend threw himself back in his chair, and with a loud laugh, replied, "Lindsay, you are the most impudent fellow alive! Our establishment is more than twenty in number, eighteen of whom would jump at the appointment; and here are you, the youngest of the whole, aspiring to it yourself!" "And can you blame me, my friend," said I, "for looking to the top of the tree?" "By no means," said he; "but how can the thing be accomplished?" "The thing is difficult, I allow; but with such a friend as you much may be effected. May I look for your support at a future day should I be proposed by the other members in Council?" "You shall have it," said he. All I then asked was, that he should not retire until I saw a little daylight in the business, and that, in the meanwhile, our conversation should remain a secret. To this he willingly consented.'

This was not a bad move for a beginner; but Lindsay, while waiting for an opportunity to take another step, amused himself with a practical speculation, suggested by his conversation about Sylhet working upon his Cadiz recollections of mercantile business. He saw that the salt trade (a monopoly of the Indian government) was carried on at Sylhet in a way which promised much advantage to those Europeans who knew how to buy; and entering into a confederacy with a native capitalist, he suddenly made his appearance in the market, and purchased salt to the amount of L.20,000. The result put money in his pocket, enabled him to pay off the debts he had contracted at Calcutta, and facilitated his removal from Dacca, by sickening some members of the Council of his interference in matters which they had considered a perquisite of their own. When Mr Holland at length fully made up his mind not to return to Sylhet, our young adventurer began to act in earnest—but not to agitate. He first went quietly to the Resident at Dacca, and made known his wishes. The reply of course was that, as the youngest member of the settlement, he had no chance. Very little, the applicant feared; but if his name *should* be proposed in the Council by somebody else, might he hope that it would meet with the Resident's concurrence? The great man consented with a smile—probably concealing a sneer; and Mr Lindsay had only one more vote to gain in order to secure a majority. This was as easily managed as the rest; and to the extreme surprise of the junior servants of the settlement, who were all his seniors, he set out for Sylhet as Resident.

His journey, or rather inland voyage, was made during the rains, when the river floods the whole of the lower part of Bengal. 'I shall not therefore be disbelieved when I say that, in pointing my boat towards Sylhet, I had recourse to my compass, the same as at sea, and steered a straight course through a lake not less than one hundred miles in extent, occasionally passing through villages built on artificial mounds; but so scanty was the ground, that each house had a cance attached to it.' While performing this voyage, 'I frequently passed through fields of wild rice, forming the most beautiful verdure, so thick, as to exclude the appearance of water: the herbage giving way to the boat as it advanced, and again rising immediately behind it, formed a very novel scene. We were thus encompassed by a sea of green.' He found the town 'an inconsiderable bazaar, or market-place, the houses of the inhabitants being fantastically built, and scattered upon the numerous hills and rising grounds, so buried in wood, as to be scarcely discernible.' Here he commenced his reign ('it not being his business to combat religious prejudices') by going in state to make an offering of five gold mohurs to the tutelar saint of the Mohammedans; but this expenditure was amply returned by the pleasant custom he found in vogue of every visitor making the Resident a present of from one to five rupees.

It will indicate sufficiently the enormous abuses which prevailed at that time in our system of Indian government, if we mention that Mr Lindsay, while holding a situation nearly equivalent in power and dignity to that of a Roman proconsul in Asia, enjoyed a salary of only L.500 a year! With such remuneration, the Company's high officers were of course allowed to scramble as they might for a subsistence and a fortune; and the

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result to the unhappy country was a career of tyranny, venality, and rapacity unexampled in history. Our adventurer, however, who was *himself* a man of honour, though officially connected with a *system* of dishonour, writes with amusing unconsciousness. He borrowed large sums of money, dashed into extensive speculations, and then, when his affairs were in full swing, and his capital all afloat, he received intimation that he was to be superseded by an older officer, a member of the Dacca Council! The blow stunned him: it was utter ruin; his hopes of returning home were at an end; he had no friend to advise with; there was no human being near him who could even speak the English language; and in his loneliness and despair he sat down and wept. But a lightsome Lindsay is never stunned long at one time. He rose from his prostration with a rebound; paid up out of his own funds what remained outstanding of the collection of the revenue; manned and armed a couple of canoes, and pretending to set out for Dacca, pushed on night and day till he reached Calcutta, a distance, by the river, of upwards of 300 miles. 'I had previously prepared a humble remonstrance to the Supreme Board, stating the nature of my appointment, my indefatigable labour and exertions during the last nine months in a turbulent country, and that I had succeeded in realising every farthing of the revenue with which the country was taxed; and, as a reward for my zeal, I complained that I had been unjustly and disgracefully removed by the Dacca Board from my situation. I now made use of every private interest I could raise upon the occasion, and had to acknowledge the able influence of a fair lady, wife of Justice Hyde, who warmly interested herself in my behalf. The consequence was, that an express was sent to the Dacca Council to know (by return of post) the cause of the removal of Mr Lindsay; in reply, they could assign no cause whatever, excepting my being junior in rank to many others. An order was then issued, appointing me Resident and Collector of Sylhet: moreover, independent of Dacca, with instructions to correspond with the presidency direct. This was a signal victory in my favour, and an ample reward for my activity. I re-embarked in my canoe, and returned to Sylhet with so much expedition, that the inhabitants hardly knew I had been absent—travelling 600 miles in an open boat, covered only by an awning.'

The district teemed with those productions by which an Indian fortune could then be made; and sugar, iron, timber, lime, elephants, ivory, honey, gums, and drugs—all waited only the application of capital to make noble returns. Mr Lindsay's ideas expanded. With his limited means he could only crawl as before, and he now longed to run. But the money! The money came; and it came in a way which is not a little curious. The only circulation of the province was in cowries; and in these small shells 250,000 rupees of revenue was collected. Now, as one rupee contains 5120, and one pound 40,960 cowries, it may be supposed that this ponderous circulation required many warehouses to hold it, and a numerous fleet of boats to transport it when collected. The expenses, therefore, and the loss from depredations, were very great; and the Supreme Board at Calcutta listened with much gratification to a proposal that was made by a speculator to purchase the whole collection at Sylhet at a given price, the money to be payable in two years after delivery. This offer was submitted to the Resident, whose report was favourable as to the price, but condemned the time as unreasonable. Mr Lindsay added a modest tender to farm the revenue himself, and pay in six months; and the proposal being accepted, he had now the foundation secure for a large and rapid fortune.

His chief business was in chunam, from a mountain in the Cossyah country, 'composed of the purest alabaster lime, and apparently equal to the supply of the whole world.' Here, being delighted with the climate, he built a villa at a place which is now a well-known sanatarium. 'During the few days of my residence at Pondua [Poonjee, we presume], I had the uncommon gratification of witnessing a caravan arrive from the interior of the mountain, bringing on their shoulders the produce of their hills, consisting of the coarsest silks from the confines of China; fruits of various kinds: but the great staple was iron, of excellent quality. In descending the mountain, the scene had much of stage effect, the tribes descending from rock to rock, as represented in "Oscar and Malvina." In the present instance, the only descent was by steps cut out in the precipice. The burthens were carried by the women in baskets, supported by a belt across the forehead, the men walking by their side, protecting them with their arms. The elderly women in general were ugly in the extreme, and of masculine appearance; their mouths and teeth are as black as ink, from the inordinate use of the betel-leaf mixed with lime. On the other hand, the young girls are both fair and handsome, not being allowed the use of betel-nut until after their marriage. In appearance they resemble very much the Malay. The strength of their arms and limbs, from constant muscular exercise in ascending and descending these mountains, loaded with heavy burthens, far exceeds our idea. I asked one of the girls to allow me to lift her burthen of iron: from its weight, I could not accomplish it. This, I need not say, occasioned a laugh in the line of march to my prejudice.' The lime trade increased to such an extent, as to keep 500 or 600 men in full employment.

The military defence of the station had hitherto been intrusted to a detachment of Sepoys about 100 strong; but the climate disagreed with the men, who died so fast, that the party was withdrawn. Mr Lindsay now proposed to farm the army as well as the revenue; and with the sanction of government, he organized, under his own command, a native militia corps, which he kept up at a much less expense than the former. The whole of India was at this time deeply and justly disaffected, and only waited for a signal to rise simultaneously. It was in the year 1782, when Hastings, by an act of prodigious audacity, placed in the utmost jeopardy the new empire of the English. The rajah of Benares, disputing or delaying the payment of a tribute which had been imposed upon him, the governor-general, instead of sending an army, as usual, to collect it, proceeded to the spot in person, and there—in the holy city of the Hindoos—coolly put the reigning prince under arrest. Mr Lindsay tells us that there was a well-constructed plot for seizing the person of this daring intruder; but there was no plot in the case. The citizens rose suddenly up like one man, massacred at a blow the guards of the royal prisoner, and Hastings very narrowly escaped by flight under cover of the night. The partial insurrections caused by this circumstance extended to Sylhet; and Mr Lindsay had occasion to try the mettle of his troops in actual conflict.

Besides fighting, and the excitement of some attempts to assassinate him, he amused himself with doctoring, including operations with the knife, and with working in wood, iron, ivory, and silver, and building boats, and afterwards vessels of burthen. His canoe-makers and muslin-weavers he turned into ship-builders and canvas-manufacturers; and he actually despatched twenty of his vessels to Madras, at a period of scarcity, with 5000 tons of rice. His next ship was a vessel of 400 tons burthen, and he got her down to the vicinity of the sea; but there the water failed him, and with the fortune of the Vicar of Wakefield's family-piece, the ship was found too large for the river. His expedients, however, were inexhaustible; and he at length found a narrow but deeper stream; and having succeeded in urging her, with all sail set, over a bar of black mud ten leagues in extent, she reached the ocean.

'I find,' says Mr Lindsay, 'I have still one aquatic adventure more to mention, in which a friend happened to have a concern. There chanced, at the close of the shipping concern, to be an overgrown lime-boat, or lighter, lying in the Sylhet river. A certain Captain

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Taylor, evidently not a little mad, had long petitioned me for employment without effect. At last he urged me to put a deck on the lime-boat, and proposed to run her down before the wind to Madras. This I agreed to, upon the condition that the vessel, on her arrival, should be sold as fire-wood. Captain Taylor made out his voyage most successfully; but instead of breaking her up, as proposed, he changed the name of the "Golumpus" to "Prince William," bestowed abundance of yellow ochre on her sides, and advertised her in the public papers, "For Bengal direct: for freight and passage apply to Captain Taylor." My friend John Carstairs had just arrived from England; and reading the advertisement, the only question he asked was, "Who is your owner?" Taylor answered, "The Hon. Robert Lindsay;" and Carstairs embarked next day with a fair wind.

'It blew a gentle breeze, not more than three knots, when the ship broached to. All was soon put to rights; but this having occurred again more than once, "What is the meaning of this, Captain Taylor?" asked my friend. The captain coolly replied, "How can it be otherwise, sir? The vessel has no keel, sir! Her bottom is as flat as a pancake, and she is no better than a dung-barge!" Carstairs, after studying the features of the man, remained silent, trusting to Providence for the result. Most fortunately the weather continued fine, and the wind favourable: the smallest reverse would have sent them all to the bottom.

'I must conclude the history of my ships by quoting a paragraph from one of the last letters I received from my mother in Bengal:—"I understand, my dear Robert, that you are a great ship-builder. Your talents in this line I do not dispute; but I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that you will not come home in one of your own building." And I implicitly followed her advice.'

His various employments he still further diversified with elephant-catching—taking from 150 to 200 of these animals every year for twelve years. In mentioning this subject, he warmly defends the often-impeached honesty of the lower ranks of Hindoos. He sent his elephants by servants of the lowest description to all parts of India. On one occasion 'his servant Manoo, after a twelvemonth's absence, returned all covered with dust, and in appearance most miserable; he unfolded his girdle, and produced a scrap of paper of small dimensions, which proved to be a banker's bill amounting to three or four thousand pounds—his own pay was thirty shillings sterling per month.'

Mr Lindsay was at length superseded in earnest; some of his old enemies of the Dacca Council having risen to the Supreme Board. On this occasion he took the misfortune very coolly; assisted his successor courteously in collecting arrears of revenue, and then proceeded on a visit to Upper India, in the absolute conviction that matters could not go on without him, and that his recall was certain. At Benares he was overtaken by an express confirming this anticipation, and he returned to Sylhet to pass some more time in his useful, ingenious, and persevering labours. He had now made a handsome fortune, 'not by ruining nabobs, but by his own industry;' and the time at length came (although he was only at the age of thirty-three) when he could gratify his ardent longing to return to his own country. 'The year 1787 had now commenced, and I began to feel the effects of the laborious and active life I had led during eighteen years' residence in India. Upon balancing my accounts for the two preceding years, I found that my affairs had been more prosperous than I imagined. I therefore prepared, with a glad heart, to return home.'

Our hero did return home; and what is equally satisfactory, he settled down as a Scotch laird in a manner perfectly befitting 'the honour of the family.' 'The subsequent years of my life,' says he, 'have been devoted to the education of my children and improvement of my estate, in both of which I have been most ably assisted by my best and faithful friend, my wife. It is now near thirty-five years since we were happily united, and during this long period I have enjoyed in her society, and that of our numerous family, as much comfort and happiness as this world can afford.'—L. R.

BLOOD-PRODIGIES.

While in attendance on a case of cholera early in September 1848, Dr Eckard of Berlin was shown a plate of potatoes which, after having been boiled in their skins, had been placed a few days before in a new deal cupboard on the second floor, and now exhibited, besides a thick coat of mouldiness, at places where the skins had become broken, an intense red colour, as if covered with blood. The same colour was also found spotting a piece of bread and some boiled meat that had been placed in the cupboard. Other potatoes were now put into the same cupboard, and with the production of the same effects, but to a lesser extent; and repeated trials exhibited a gradual diminution of the appearance, until at last it ceased entirely.

Portions of the reddened potato were forwarded to the celebrated microscopical observer, Professor Ehrenberg, who has lately read an interesting account to the Berlin Academy of the results of his investigations. He found in October that he was enabled to propagate the red appearance by inoculating with it boiled potatoes, and other articles of food, but especially bread. The redness appeared in three days, and continued capable of reproduction by inoculation until the middle of February of the present year, when it ceased to be so. Examining it by the microscope, the professor found the redness to be due, not, as conjectured by some, to the presence of a vegetable production, but to that of an exceedingly minute animal, which he has termed the 'purple monad,' or *Monas prodigiosa*. The body of the monad is but from the $\frac{1}{36000}$th to the $\frac{1}{48000}$th of a line (twelfth of an inch) in length, and it has a proboscis half as long as its body. In a cubic inch, from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 may exist! The animals have a quick, irregular motion, and do not form chains, like the *Vibrio*. They appear, first of all, as small bright-red points, like so many coloured minute dewdrops. Sometimes they much resemble fishes' roe, and often quickly unite into large patches. On the third day, between the red spots mouldiness appears, the vegetable production *Penicillium glaucum* being rapidly developed. Plants and animals thus struggle for the possession of the substance, the victory remaining with the mouldiness. This monad is not to be confounded with a red fungus which is sometimes found on plants, old bread, &c. and of which Ehrenberg describes several varieties. One of these, the *Oidium aurantiacum*, abounded in Paris in 1843, spoiling large quantities of the bread used in the garrison. A species of alga, the *Protococcus*, gives a very analogous appearance to this monad; and its near relationship to the infusoria has caused a greenish-coloured protococcus to be termed *P. monas*. The red snow is thought to depend upon the presence of this. Professor Ehrenberg observes incidentally that the beautiful sky-blue colour observed in sour milk and cream, and the deep orange colour sometimes seen in these substances, are due to the presence of minute infusoria—the *Vibrio syncyanus* and the *Vibrio synxanthus*.

History presents us with numerous examples of this bloody appearance suddenly presenting itself, and not unfrequently leading to cruel persecutions. It led to the putting to death, during a plague at Rome B. C. 332, of 170 matrons, on an alleged charge of poisoning. According to the Greek and Roman historians, the troops of Alexander were terribly alarmed, while besieging Tyre, at perceiving blood in their food, the besieged being equally terrified at a bloody rain. The

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priest Aristander succeeded in rallying the fallen spirits of the Macedonians by assuring them that, as the blood was found *within* the bread, it betokened the success of their siege operations. Appearances of blood flowing from bread when bitten are recorded as occurring at Tours in 583, at Spires in 1104, at Namur in 1193, at Rochelle in 1163, and at many other places. At Augsburg, in 1199, a person having kept the consecrated wafer in his mouth, brought it at a later period to the priest changed into flesh and blood. Pilgrimages were not unfrequently made to witness bleeding hosts, as that of Doberan in 1201, and that of Belitz near Berlin, which had been sacrilegiously sold by a girl to a Jew. In 1296, the Jews at Rotil near Frankfort having been reported to have caused a host to bleed which they had bought, a fanatical persecution of these people took place, whereby 10,000 were said to have been slaughtered. Several Jews were burned at Güstrow in Mecklenburg for a similar offence. In 1492 a priest, one Peter Döne, residing in Mecklenburg, sold two hosts to a Jew for the purpose of redeeming a pawn; and they having pierced them, abundance of blood flowed out. The priest, now tormented with remorse, confessed the transaction, and betrayed the Jews: twenty of their number were burned on an eminence at Sternberg, since called Judenberg; and at this very Judenberg did the Mecklenburg deputies recently commence their sittings. In 1510 thirty-eight Jews were executed, and then burned, for 'having tormented a consecrated host until the blood came.' The bleeding of the host, produced in consequence of the scepticism of the officiating priest, gave rise to the miracle of Bolsena in 1264, the priest's garment stained with the blood being preserved until quite recent times as a relic. This gave rise to the foundation of the festival of the *Corpus Christi* by Urban IV., although Raphael, painting his celebrated picture in 1512, substitutes Julius II.

In more recent times, this bloody appearance has been observed and described by Sette of Padua in 1819, who, mistaking it for a fungus, termed it *Zoogalactina immetrosa*. Pittarello, a peasant residing at Legnaro near Padua, observed several spots resembling blood on a dish of polenta, which had been kept in a table-drawer in the kitchen. This was thrown away; but another day similar red spots were found on other polenta, and after a while on all articles of food whatever. The greatest curiosity and consternation prevailed. The streets of Padua leading to Legnaro were thronged by anxious crowds hastening to inspect the house, and full of the calamities it foreboded. Many regarded it as a direct judgment of God upon the unhappy peasant for having forestalled corn during the dear years. While the priest sought to satisfy the credulous by various protective ceremonies, Dr Sette having succeeded in transplanting the colour to the residence of his reverence, the opinion that it was emblematical of wickedness was abandoned. The appearance, which had commenced in August, ceased in September, and was reproduced in April by means of a dried portion that had been kept five months. Notwithstanding that from the time he published his dissertation in 1818, showing that mouldiness is not a spontaneous production, but arises from the presence of certain seeds, Professor Ehrenberg has paid the minutest attention to this description of investigation, he has never before seen anything resembling the *Monas prodigiosa*.

Since the above was prepared for the press, another number of the Reports of the Berlin Academy has come to hand, containing some additional remarks by Professor Ehrenberg upon the subject. He says that he continued to reproduce the appearance by inoculation throughout the whole of the winter until the end of January (1849), after which time he totally failed doing so, whatever the substance, or its age, he employed. Prior to this period, portions which he distributed amongst different observers at Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, &c. were easily propagated. Doubts having been raised in the minds of some of these inquirers, whether what they thus produced was not red mouldiness or a fungous substance, the professor occupies a considerable portion of the present paper in showing the differential characters between these and the *Monas prodigiosa*. The learned in the minute productions of the vegetable world are acquainted with several varieties of red mouldiness, a portion of which attack bread, and others cheese or other vegetable substances; and an orange-coloured variety, the *Oideum aurantiacum*, as already mentioned, infested the munition bread of the garrison of Paris in 1843, an account of which by members of the French Academy, with descriptive plates, is to be found in the 'Annales de Chimie' for that year. Several of the smaller algæ have, from their red colour, received from various naturalists the distinctive appellation *sanguinea*; but all are found on examination to vary entirely in characters from the appearance in question. The nearest approaching to it is a species of algæ termed the *protococcus*, one of the varieties of which produces the appearance termed red snow, and which, from its great resemblance to the infusoria, has been termed by Agardh *Protococcus monas*.

The professor furnishes several additional historical citations bearing upon the subject, but we will only refer to one or two of these. We have no doubt that as the possession of a bleeding-host conferred celebrity on a church or cloister, and was often the means of directing pilgrimages to the spot, the priests of the Middle Ages occasionally counterfeited an appearance which originally no doubt astonished them as much as it did their followers. Certain it is that in all the references to that period, the host is the object that furnished the *locale* for the development of the phenomenon. One of the stories cited by Ehrenberg is too good to be passed over. A certain castle in Valencia was beleaguered by the Saracens in 1239, and some of its defenders were disturbed in the very act of taking the sacrament. The priest hastily wrapped up the consecrated host in its linen envelop, and they all hurried to the battlements. The foe repulsed, on returning to the chapel the host and clean linen cloth enveloping it were found sprinkled with blood. Now came the question, to what monastery so precious a relic should be consigned; and the matter was thought weighty enough to invoke a supernatural guidance. A Saracen mule that had been captured, and was an entire stranger to the country, was laden with the holy burthen, and turned loose to go where he listed, the priests following him with tapers. He went straight to the birthplace of the priest who had consecrated the host, and having accomplished his task, forthwith died. Of the other cases mentioned by Ehrenberg, we will only allude to one which occurred in modern times (1821) at a mill situated on the Moselle at Enkirch. From the 22d of August to September 24th certain articles of food, especially meat, oatmeal, and cooked potatoes, after they had stood from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, became covered with bloodlike spots, which coalesced and penetrated their substance. A moss-covered stone in the mill-stream exhibiting some of these, the water of the mill in which the food had been cooked was supposed to be at fault; but careful observation showed this was not the case. In every room of the mill, in its cellars, granaries, and cupboards, even when the keyholes were stopped up, food became thus infected; so that every one left the mill, and nobody would eat bread made of the flour that came from it. A medical inquiry into the matter threw no light upon it, some observers believing the appearance due to a microscopic insect, others to a minute fungus.

A great number of the so-called bleeding hosts gave rise to cruel persecutions of the Jews, as we have already stated; this doubtless serving their oppressors as a very convenient pretext, appealing, as it did, to some of the strongest feelings of their instruments. But, according to a communication made by Dr Eckard, it would seem that a superstitious belief among the Jews may have had something to do with exciting this prejudice. He

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says that the Jews are familiar with these bloodlike appearances on food, and that from the remotest times they have been declared by them to appear at the period known in the Jewish calendar as *Tekuphah*, which signifies 'revolutions of the months.' Landau, in his Rabbinical Dictionary of 1824, art. *Tekuphah*, quotes Fischer as stating it to be a belief among the Jews that on certain months, four times in the year, drops of blood fall on articles of food, whether covered or not; and that the only means of preventing this is the placing a piece of iron on the dish containing it. Aben Esra treats the belief as a mere superstition, founded on no authority in the Rabbinical books. If such a superstition, however, even lingers to the present day, we can easily imagine how influential its operation may have been in inviting persecution during the Middle Ages.

Tradition takes us also to the East, and connects this bloodlike appearance with that of the bloody rains, and with the Mohammedan belief that man was produced from blood that fell from heaven.

THE IDIOT GIRL.

Pierre le Roux's humble habitation was situated on the banks of the Meuse, just where it winds its way through a chasm in the chain of the Ardennes, between tall cliffs composed chiefly of slate, and crowned with forests of dark and gloomy pine. It was a lonely spot, yet had many charms for its inmates, some of whom had never known any other home.

Pierre had been a soldier of the Empire, and was still a young man when his military career was unexpectedly closed by the fall of Napoleon, whom, like most of his companions in arms, he regarded with unbounded veneration. For a while Pierre led an unsettled roving life; but when a few years were past, he married a village girl of that neighbourhood, and fixed himself, as he imagined, for life upon a small farm near the picturesque town of Fermay. Adèle was a guileless, merry-hearted girl, and withal a thrifty manager, so that Pierre had no cause to repent his choice; and never was there a happier countenance than his when, at the close of a long day's toil, he seated himself by the side of the blazing log which glowed upon his hearth, and saw his wife and children gathered around him. During these twilight hours Adèle's hand was ever busy with her distaff, while she listened to her goodman's tales of glory, which he would recite with his snuff-box in hand, modelled after the *Petit Caporal's* cocked-hat, and upon which he usually bestowed an emphatic tap at the most striking parts of his story.

For a time all prospered with Pierre and Adèle. Their crops were good; their children handsome, healthy, and dutiful; and their later years had been blessed with the gift of a lovely boy, much younger than any of his ten brothers and sisters, of whom, as well as of his parents, he was the plaything and the darling. At the evening fireside the little Andrè used to climb up on his father's knee, and listen with such glee to his recital of perilous adventures and daring exploits, that the father would sometimes clap him on the shoulder, saying, with a smile, 'Ah, *petit coquin!* my life on it, thou, too, wilt be a soldier. Yes, thou shalt fight for France—*La belle France! Vive la France!*'—and the boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure on hearing his father's words, although their meaning could be but dimly apprehended by his infant ears.

On these occasions Adèle was wont to shake her head gravely, and say, 'No, no, my child; thou shalt cultivate the soil like thy father, and stay at home and take care of us in our old days;' to which her husband would quickly rejoin, 'Thou dost forget, *ma petite femme*, that I was a soldier first.' And so the discussion ended.

Pierre and Adèle had no near neighbours except a fisherman's family, whose circumstances were poorer than their own, and to whom they were sometimes able to lend a kindly and a helpful hand. Among Louis Bochart's children was one named Annette, whose intellect had during her early infancy been weakened by a violent attack of fever, which also affected her faculty of hearing as well as of speech, so that it was not without difficulty that she contrived to maintain any sort of communication with her fellow-creatures. Annette's countenance was but too plainly marked with the stamp of idiocy; yet it bore a shade of melancholy which left the beholder doubtful how far the inward stream of thought might be flowing on, while its outward manifestation had been checked and destroyed. Her large dark eyes, wandering and restless though they were, bore an expression of gentleness and love which called forth the kindly sympathies of those who knew her; and through her docile obedience, she contrived to lighten her mother's daily burthen by doing many little offices in the household; for Annette was the only daughter among a family of many sons. She delighted also in soothing those who were in trouble, and seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the approach of sorrow or of evil to those she loved; so that before any other eye could detect a rising cloud upon the brow of one who was dear to her, Annette would be seated on a low stool at their side, and by a silent kiss imprinted on their hand, would give assurance of her sympathy and love. Annette was a great favourite at Le Roux's farmhouse, and often of an evening would she glide into the kitchen just as they were assembled round the hearth, and take her seat near the old soldier, or rather near Andrè, by whom she was so fondly beloved, that the little fellow, on observing her entrance, would slide off his father's knee, and climbing up to Annette's lap, would gently lay his little head on her bosom. It was an affecting sight at such moments to behold the idiot girl, heedless of the stirring tales which seemed to interest all others save herself, while her vacant eyes were lighted up with affection as they rested upon her little favourite Andrè.

Thus passed on many days of peaceful yet busy life at the farmhouse of La Mettraye; but at length its tranquil course became troubled by one of those waves of sorrow which roll over the stillest surface of human life.

One evening Pierre came in, looking ruffled, and out of humour. Adèle, unused to see her goodman return home in this sort of mood, inquired of him what was the matter.

'Matter enough to vex all the saints in heaven,' replied he gloomily. 'Some villains have robbed me, on my way home from market, of half the produce of my harvest; and though there were four of them, they were all so well disguised, that I could not get one look at their faces; so there is no chance of getting back a single sou of my property. But where is Andrè?—let him come and cheer up his old father.'

'Andrè! Andrè!' cried out Adèle from the door of her dwelling; 'come in directly. It is too late for you to be rooting about the garden: your father wants you.' But no bounding footsteps were heard upon the pathway; no childish voice responded to her call. The elder brothers hastened to seek for their little darling; but nowhere was he to be found.

'He must be gone to neighbour Bochart's,' said the father: 'you will be sure to find him on Annette's lap.'

'Yes, doubtless,' replied Adèle, whose motherly tenderness gave wings to her feet, albeit her step was no longer so elastic as it had been at the time of her marriage twenty years before. Quickly had she crossed the strip of vineyard which lay between her home and the cottage, and darting through the door, cried out, 'Andrè!—where is Andrè?'

'We have not seen the child to-day,' replied at the same moment Bochart and his wife.

'Not seen him!' cried out Adèle, turning pale, and trembling from head to foot.

'No, indeed, neighbour, we have not.'

'Has Annette seen him?'

The idiot girl, on hearing this question, and seeing Adèle's emotion, started up from the corner where she

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had been crouching near the fire, and gazed wildly around her. She shook her head with a low moan, rushed to the door, and looked out into the twilight, as if she would pierce through the gathering shades with her deep searching glance, and then returned with her hands clasped together in mute despair.

All this passed in a moment's time. Adèle hastened home to tell her husband the dreadful truth; and although for a moment he seemed paralysed with terror, yet he and his sons quickly dispersed along the banks of the river, and up the neighbouring heights, in quest of the missing child. Adèle, too, passed the night in groping about every spot where she thought it possible that her little one might have fallen asleep during his play; and the silent yet prayerful agony of that mother's heart, as she wandered along with a lantern in her hand, who may dare to portray?

Morning came, with its bright and gladdening influences; but sorrowful was the repast around which the inmates of the farmhouse assembled, for no tidings had been received of Andrè, and they met but for a few moments, previous to the renewal of their search. Evening closed, without bringing one gleam of hope to cheer Adèle's sinking spirit. With that restlessness which accompanies undefined hope or fear, she turned her steps towards Bochart's cottage. The first words that greeted her on entering it were those of sorrow. 'My child! my child! Oh, where can my child be?' faintly murmured Bochart's wife, as she sat rocking on her chair with her face buried in her hands.

'What do you mean?' inquired Adèle, perplexed at her words.

'Do you not know that Annette is gone?'

'Gone!'

'Yes, gone; and her poor father, after a long day's search, cannot find her anywhere. Oh, what shall we do without our daughter—our only daughter!'

'And when did you miss her?'

'This morning, on going to her bedside, I found it all smooth and tidy, as her own dear hands had left it yesterday. The poor darling never lay down on it at all; and where she passed the cold, dark night, heaven only knows.'

So saying, the poor woman burst out anew into a torrent of grief. Adèle gazed on her in silence. She was stunned by this unexpected blow. At length, taking Madame Bochart's hand, and pressing it to her bosom, she said in a suppressed voice, 'May God have pity on us both!' After a few moments' delay, she returned to her own sorrowful home. The next day was one of deep and quiet grief both at the farm and at the cottage. It seemed idle to hope that either of the children could have escaped death; and the conclusion formed concerning them was, that in a moment of unguarded play Andrè must have fallen into the river, and Annette, in despair at his loss, have sought death in the same impetuous current which had borne away her little favourite.

Another day had passed on—a day of fruitless search and of bitter sorrow. On the third evening after her loss, poor Adèle had seated herself mechanically in her accustomed corner by the fireside: her hands, usually so busy in blithesome labour, lay folded despairingly on her lap; nor did she even venture to look up, from a dread of beholding the silent agony of her husband's countenance. The door opened, but she stirred not, neither did she lift up her eyes. The common interests of life were dead within her heart—its petty incidents concerned her not. A light step approached her—a soft, warm kiss was imprinted on her cheek. The little Andrè lay with his infant arms clasped around her neck, and Annette, who had borne him, like a guardian angel, to his home, fell prostrate at her feet, overcome by fatigue, hunger, and emotion. Vainly should we attempt to describe the mingled feelings of surprise, joy, and thankfulness which filled the mother's heart at that moment; but after one long, tender embrace, Andrè turned round, and seeing Annette on the floor, and his sisters gathered around her, he leaped to the ground, crying out, 'Annette, my darling Annette, speak to me!—speak to your own little Andrè!'

The child's voice seemed to revive the poor exhausted girl more readily than any of the simple restoratives which had been used for that purpose. She opened her dark eyes, smiled a moment upon him, and then sank for a while to repose. After some rest and refreshment, the inmates of the cottage and the farmhouse gathered around the young wanderers, to make inquiries concerning their three days' eventful history. Where had Andrè been? How did Annette contrive to trace him out? When did they meet? The poor girl's head was too weak and wandering to give much information on the subject. She could only utter a few simple monosyllables; then weep and smile, and embrace those around her. But Andrè, in his childish way, talked of looking for nuts; and spoke about a hollow tree, and being frightened, and Annette wrapping him up in her cloak, and giving him bread out of her pocket. And this was all they could learn on the subject; but their darling was safe. Annette was almost idolised for her devotion to the child, and God devoutly thanked for His great goodness in this deliverance.

Within two years of this event Annette was an orphan; and on the death of her mother, who survived Bochart but a few months, she was received as an inmate at the farm, and became unto Pierre and Adèle as a beloved daughter.

About this time, the farmer, owing to some severe losses, had decided on joining a party of emigrants who were going to settle in Texas. Adèle was loth to leave the land of her fathers, and to live and die on a strange soil, and among strange people. In vain did Pierre represent to her the advantages accruing from emigration. 'Here we are poor,' said he; 'but in yon fine country we shall grow rich with our children.'

'But it will not be France—*notre belle France!*'

'I thought, Adèle, that wherever you had your husband and children'——

'Yes, yes,' said she, stopping his mouth with a kiss; 'wherever my goodman and my children are, *there* will be France to me.'

'Now,' rejoined Pierre, 'you are my *bonne petite femme* again. Let us only set out with merry, cheerful hearts, and we shall get on famously.' So saying, he began to carol one of his old songs, whose burthen was love and glory; then clapping Annette on the shoulder, he added, 'And thou, too, shalt come with us, my girl, and thou shalt have the care of Andrè on board ship.'

A tear stood in Annette's eye; but whether it had its source in the hidden springs of joy or of sorrow, no one knew. That evening she was absent for some time from the farmhouse, and on being sought for, was found weeping on the humble grave beneath which her parents slept. She had shed upon it tears and flowers—the only offerings which the orphan girl had to bestow.

A month later, and the whole family embarked for Texas, and after a prosperous voyage, landed at Galveston, together with a body of 115 other emigrants. It was a motley party; most of them well clothed, and all looking cheerful and happy: but among the various groups which clustered together on the wharf, none were more remarkable than the family party from the old farm of La Mettraye. Pierre, in his green old age, erect and vigorous, was clad in a blouse, with his fur *casquette* on his head, and a stout knotted stick in one hand; while in the other was the well-known snuff-box, out of which he offered a pinch to some strangers standing by, with that ease and courtesy which are so natural to a Frenchman. Adèle, now a middle-aged woman, stood by her husband's side, looking bright and healthy; while their sons and daughters were gathered around them, and the eldest youth carried his father's gun with evident pride, in the consciousness that he, too, was grown to be a man. Nor was the least striking one of this party the gentle Annette, who stood beside Adèle with the hand of the rosy-faced boy clasped within her

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own, *his* eyes wandering about with undisguised curiosity and delight, while *hers* rested fondly and anxiously upon him. It was evident that she regarded him as her peculiar charge. At this time she was a tall, slight girl, whose appearance indicated an extreme attention to cleanliness and neatness of person; and in spite of the wandering vacuity of her glance, there was somewhat in her aspect which rendered her an object of interest even to the casual observer.

The destination of Pierre and his family was a district of Texas named Bexar; and on landing at Galveston, they fondly imagined that their journeyings were over, and that they had reached the site of their intended home. 'Is not this Bexar?' inquired one of the sons. But although they looked disappointed on learning that there were some hundreds of miles of difficult country yet to travel before they could arrive at the promised land, yet the cloud seemed to rest but for a moment upon their cheerful countenances. Soon did the spirit of hope and joy revive within them, and they set off for their new home with that earnest and trustful activity which forms the best pledge of success amid the difficulties of a settler's life.

The emigrants from the banks of the Meuse have now been out three years in Texas. May we not hope that ere now they have formed for themselves there a pleasant as well as a happy home, and that Annette's kind heart finds its full reward in the American wilderness, as it did on the favoured soil of *la belle France!*

LONDON GOSSIP.

Up to the time at which I write, there have been more than *ten thousand* deaths from cholera in the metropolis; and so grave a fact may well excuse—if excuse be necessary—my taking the epidemic as the initial topic of my gossip. I was talking to one of our leading physicians on the subject a few days since, and he declared that 'we know rather less about the cholera now than we did when it was among us eighteen years ago.' Seeing that theory and practice alike fail to control the destroyer, he had some show of reason for what he said; and yet you would hardly believe that remedial measures are more talked about than executed. The Registrar-General has some pointed remarks on the activity displayed, the men and machinery put into motion, to capture a couple of fugitive murderers, in contrast with the indifference displayed towards a visitation next akin to the Plague. It would seem that in our Anglo-Saxon eyes nothing is valuable or precious save 'property' or 'vested interests.'

As you may suppose, speculations as to causes of the pestilence have not been lacking: among others, M. Boubée has read a paper to the Paris Academy of Sciences 'On the Geological Progress of Cholera.' He attempts to show that the disease exhibits itself in greatest intensity and duration on tertiary and alluvial formations, on porous soils, which readily imbibe water, or part with it in hot and dry weather in the form of vapour; while on the older strata, or on rocky non-absorbent lands, it makes no stay, and is comparatively harmless. Admitting this theory to be true, it is difficult to see how the means of prevention are to be applied. Those who contend for aërial or meteorological causes are likely to be nearer the truth. It is well known that our atmosphere has not been in a sound normal condition for two or three years past—the numerous deaths among cattle, and the potato disease, were referrible to it. And this year again, if you will turn to the weekly meteorological reports of the Greenwich Observatory, you will be struck by the deficiency of electricity. This has also been remarked on the continent. M. Quetelet of Brussels, a most careful observer, states that the intensity of electric force in the atmosphere has not been more than half the usual amount since January last. At St Petersburg, as well as at Paris, electric machines have become inactive: in fact, look where we will, we find certain mysterious agencies at work in producing a disease-creating condition of the atmosphere.

Certain it is, that during the greater part of August our big city was wrapped in dense gloom; we scarcely saw the sun; and the lifelessness and oppressiveness of the atmosphere made existence almost burthensome. Perhaps the foolish prejudice which makes people insist on being buried in loathsome house-surrounded churchyards may have something to do with this. Mr Walker, who has devoted much attention to the subject of intramural graveyards, describes a remarkable phenomenon in connection with a burial-ground at Belfast:—'During several years,' he writes, 'I often noticed that a magnet, capable of sustaining fifty pounds with ease in other situations, could not for a moment suspend an iron of ten pounds in the habitations built on the devastating place of interment.'

Now, according to theory, the less of electricity, the less of that atmospheric element discovered by Schönbein, and known as *ozone;* the one appears to be dependent on the other. Ozone possesses greater oxidising powers than any other of the elements with which we are acquainted, and its neutralising properties are of the most potent character. On this point Mr Robert Hunt offers some able remarks:—'An atmosphere,' he observes, 'artificially charged with ozone immediately deprives the most putrid solid or fluid bodies of all disagreeable smell, and sulphuretted hydrogen is instantly decomposed by it. In fact its action upon organic matter is far more energetic than that of chlorine.' Thus, on this theory, the exhalations arising from assemblages of human beings, more noxious than carbonic acid, have not been deprived of their deleterious properties for want of the grand neutraliser ozone. And it will be interesting to note whether the decline of the pestilence and the restoration of the atmosphere to its normal condition will be simultaneous and proportionate. Ozone is given off largely during combustion, and it is a question whether great fires in unhealthy neighbourhoods might not be attended with good effect. Physicists incline to believe that they are now on the right scent; and in the meteorological observations made and recorded daily in so many parts of Britain and in Belgium, they will have valuable data for more extensive investigations of atmospheric phenomena. Leaving this atmospheric curiosity to some future disquisition, I may here say with all truth that the suffering in London from the miasma of churchyards is really self-inflicted. What from apathy, vested interests, and the unwillingness of Londoners to spare time for any public movement, the burial-grounds, in spite of all that has been told and written on the subject, have continued, till within these few days, to be used without limit and without decency. Remedy only lies in the panic now unfortunately prevalent.

Let me now call your attention to a few interesting matters that have come before the French Academy of Sciences. One is 'a new system of locomotion by means of compressed air,' and a notification that electro-magnetic clocks are now successfully used along some of the lines of railway in the neighbourhood of Paris. Then M. Martin de Lignac has described his newly-invented method for preserving milk, so that it may keep during long voyages without deterioration, whereby not only will travellers be benefited, but grazing districts, whose distance from a market prevents the sale of their milk in a fresh state, may hope to create a profitable trade for the preserved article. He says, describing his process, 'I evaporate the milk, first adding four ounces of sugar to the quart, in a large pan heated on a water-bath, at a temperature never exceeding 100 degrees, and stirring it continually with a spatula. The depth of the layer of milk should not exceed half an inch. When it becomes of the consistence of honey, or so that a quart of the original milk is reduced in weight to half a pound, it is to be put into tin cases, and boiled in a bath for ten minutes, and afterwards soldered up. When required for use, it is to be boiled with four times its weight of water.' This preparation, it is almost needless to say, will not suit for tea, boiled milk in that delicate beverage imparting an unpleasant taste. As boiling milk, however, is best for coffee, the preparation will be so far useful. Another discovery in France is that of two new

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esculents: they are the *Psoralea esculenta* and the *Apios tuberosa*, both brought from North America. As reports on these roots have been sent to the heads of the several ministerial departments, we shall probably hear further of them.

The Academy have also held their annual public meeting, in which it is usual to confer honours in a substantial form. A poem on the 'Death of the Archbishop of Paris' obtained a prize: thirteen others, varying from 2500 francs to 500 francs—the Montyon Prizes—were awarded to individuals of both sexes for 'acts of virtue.' The number of female recipients was double that of males, as though the practice of virtue were more prevalent among women than among men. A prize of 300 francs was gained by M. Sudre for his book, 'History of Communism, or Refutation of Socialist Utopias.' The Academy is evidently bent on disabusing the public mind of fallacious doctrines. A gold medal, value 2000 francs, is offered for next year for an *éloge* on Madame de Staël; and 10,000 francs for the best 'dramatic work, in five acts, and in verse, composed by a Frenchman, printed, represented, and published in France—which to literary merit shall unite the merit, not less great, of being beneficial to morals and the progress of reason.' There are several others—literary, virtuous, and artistic—but those I have enumerated are the most noteworthy. One more fact, however, just occurs to me as connected with the Academy—one that would have gladdened the heart of Lord Monboddo could he have heard of it. M. du Couret has communicated an account of an African people *with tails!* They are called Ghilânes, and are said to be at home somewhere beyond Sennaar. Their numbers are about 40,000, and it is perhaps fortunate that they are not more numerous, for they prefer human flesh to any other kind of diet. M. du Couret describes the individual which he saw as 'very intelligent:' his tail was about four inches long! What a chance this news will afford to enterprising showmen!

Many of your readers will be interested to know that the Ordnance Town Survey on the 60-inch scale is satisfactorily progressing. The plans constructed on such large dimensions will prove of great public utility. Twenty-six sheets are already published of the Liverpool survey; those of some other northern towns are complete; and here, in the south, Windsor and Southampton are ready for the engraver. The great survey of London, which is now being put on paper, will comprise 900 sheets, 3 feet by 2 feet; and we are assured that their completeness and accuracy will be such as to render them of great value to all parties engaged in building or other constructive works. There is a fact worth notice in connection with these Ordnance maps and plans; their cheapness is due to science—to the electrotype process, by which the original engraved plates are reproduced in any number.

The president of the Geographical Society gives us to understand that the publication of maps, plans, and charts, is going on in all the civilised countries of the globe, as well as England, with great activity. The spirit of travel, too, seems to have lost none of its energy. Six French gentlemen, about to set out for different parts of America, have applied to scientific societies for instructions in 'how to observe.' Something more than mere adventure is required of travellers now-a-days; philosophy, science, and art, are as greedy for facts from a foreign soil as our factories are for cotton, and hitherto the supply has pretty well kept pace with the demand.

Have you heard of Mr Aaron Palmer's project? This gentleman, a corresponding member of the National Institute at Washington, addressed a communication to the late president (Mr Polk) on 'the unknown countries of the East,' by which he meant those beyond China bordering on the North Pacific Ocean. He states that the great river Amûr has a course of 2280 miles before discharging its waters into the Gulf of Saghalien, which those who take the trouble to look at a map will find within the Qurile Islands on the Sea of Okhotsk. Mr Palmer has an eye to business: he 'considers that there are no insurmountable obstacles to a direct communication being opened between the Pacific and the Baltic, and with the Caspian and Black Seas, by the route of this river and the navigable waters of Siberia.' An introduction by this means to countries so vast, and populations so numerous, presents truly a 'magnificent prospect' for trade, to say nothing of higher interests. And it is not amiss to notice, as a coincident fact, the recent discovery of good and workable coal in Vancouver's Island, the Straits of Magellan, in Borneo, Formosa, and several parts of the coast of India. The future development of trade and navigation depends perhaps more on coal than canvas.

Besides this, we have intelligence of mountains discovered in Central Africa, within two or three degrees of the equator, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow—a fact which, under the circumstances, rather surprises philosophers. Then, again, we hear of a tribe on the western coast of the same country who make use of a written language: extraordinary, if true, and may be turned to good account. And further, Mr Duncan is going again to Dahomey, to endeavour to push his researches in that quarter; another traveller is to make his way (if he can) from Natal to the south of Abyssinia. The East India Company, too, are about to send a party to explore 'the eastern angle of Africa:' a region which once was the 'spice country' of the rest of the world; and there is a rumour of a steamboat exploration of the White Nile. While on the subject of Africa, I may mention that letters have been received from the officers of the 'Reynard' steamer, cruising on the western coast, which 'speak in the highest terms of Mr Grant's apparatus for converting salt-water into fresh. Reynard daily provides 160 gallons more than is wanted of excellent water, and the difficulties attendant on sickness, frequently arising on watering in boats from the shore, are by this invention avoided.' Not only in Africa, but in all other parts of the world, are explorations and surveys going on; and were I to write a simple catalogue of the whole, it would more than fill one of your pages.

We are to have a grand national exhibition of art and manufactures by the Society of Arts in 1851, such as have long been held annually in cities on the continent and in New York. Government, it is said, have promised to lend a suitable building on the occasion; and we may reasonably hope for the same good results as have attended similar *expositions* in other countries. The Society have just issued their prize list for 1850; among them are gold and silver medals for the best specimens of woven fabrics, silks, carpets, &c.; for 'ornamental basket-work;' for cartoons, models of portions of the human figure, and drawings; for improved domestic utensils, wood-carvings, and various other subjects in agriculture, chemistry, and mechanics. As prospectuses may be had gratis, no one who feels any desire to compete need be unacquainted with the regulations; and the hope of a prize may stimulate some to exertion who otherwise would never bestir themselves. Apropos of art and manufactures, a lady at Bristol has lately bequeathed L.4000 to that city towards forming a School of Arts; and a new museum is about to be built at Oxford. Then a means of ventilating rooms and houses has just been patented, which promises great results. It is an application of the inverted syphon; the heated and bad air passes into the short leg, and escapes from the apartment by the long leg. Change of temperature, we are assured, does not alter its action; and if the instrument be generally available, we shall have obtained at last the long-desiderated possibility of breathing pure air within habitations. Talking of patents: I find in a list of those granted in the United States, comprising several hundreds, during a period of four months only, no less than three for 'door latches,' five for 'lamps,' others 'for putting boots and shoes on the last,' 'for teaching children arithmetic,' for 'digging potatoes,' and for one called 'the wife's protector.' What can this last mean? Is it a newly-invented husband?

But I am all at once reminded that I must not engross too much of your space with my gossip, and shall therefore throw my remaining items of news into as brief a miscellaneous paragraph as possible. The submarine electric telegraph is no longer to be 'a coming fact.' Mr

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Brett has contracted to lay one down from Dover to Boulogne and Calais, and have it complete by September 1850. The Cunard line of Atlantic steamers have been pressed into the service of astronomy, to enable the Americans to determine exactly the latitude of Cambridge Observatory, Massachusetts, as compared with that of Greenwich. In accomplishing this, 116 chronometers have been carried backwards and forwards thirty-four times between the two countries. It will gratify the friends of cleanliness to learn that a project is on foot for baths and wash-houses at Chelmsford, and for an Artesian well at Romford. Sir John Barrow, of whom you gave a biographical notice some time ago, is to have a column erected to his memory on the top of a hill in the vicinity of his birthplace at Ulverstone: to which unconnected jottings, I may add that the new 'florin' is creeping slowly into circulation, and is welcomed by sensible people as the first move towards a decimal system; the best hitherto devised for public convenience, and which, it is greatly to be desired, may be ere long applied to weights and measures as well as coins.

Have you heard of Bernhard Cotta's book—'Letters on the Kosmos of Humboldt?' It is an attempt to elucidate and popularise the generalisations of the great master of philosophy, and will therefore be acceptable to the majority of readers. The first part has recently come from the press. Of a less immediately useful character is 'Celtic and Antediluvian Antiquities,' by Monsieur Boucher de Perthes, a learned Frenchman. This gentleman has for a long time believed that fossil human remains would one day be discovered, and insists that wherever fossils of the great mammifera are found, there also minute search will bring to light utensils, weapons, symbols, &c. all of stone—relics of human industry anterior to the Deluge. Persuaded that these remains are of that early date, he finds in them the type of the Dolmen, and other Druidical monuments; but notwithstanding the skill and earnestness with which the book is written, I doubt if the author will succeed in converting geologists and antiquaries to his theory. How different to these before-the-Flood speculations is Mr Buckingham's book, in which, among other subjects, he treats of 'Model Towns!' He proposes to establish a company to raise the necessary funds—L.3,000,000—which sum would be sufficient to build and furnish a town for 10,000 inhabitants; and suggests that the first should be named Victoria, and built on the government lands of the New Forest, opposite the Isle of Wight. Lastly, the 'reading public' hereabouts is comforting itself with the hope of something good from Macaulay, having heard that he is, or was, lately in Ireland collecting materials for the Williamite campaign. Who amongst us does not remember Banim's graphic descriptions of that event in the 'Boyne Water?'

There, whatever you may say of quality, you will hardly complain of quantity; so, for the present, farewell.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY-LIFE.

THE English university-man, who fancies he can form even a general notion of German university-life from his own experience of Oxford or Cambridge, labours under a delusion. At all events we found remarkably little at Heidelberg to suggest reminiscences of Granta. There, to be sure, are professors, students, and lectures, as with us; but the course and circumstances of German instruction differ essentially from what we are accustomed to.

At Heidelberg,* and, it is believed, at all the German universities, college-halls, with their associations, are unknown. Oxford and Cambridge consist principally of private foundations. They have but little connection with the state or the state government—these foundations are self-governing, and possess in themselves the means of providing for meritorious members—they possess and dispose of their fellowships, tutorships, churchlivings, &c. quite independently of state interference. The German universities, on the other hand, are creatures of the state; the authorities are *appointees* of the state government, receive titles from the government, and government situations stand in place of college fellowships. In the English universities, the students may be said to constitute part of a monastic system: they live as is prescribed for them, dine in the hall, and are amenable to a peculiar discipline. At German, as at Scotch universities, the students do pretty much as they like; live where they like; and their range of duties consists almost entirely of attending the lectures of the professors under whom they have enrolled themselves. The German university system, however, greatly excels the Scotch one. Any lad, no matter how ill-prepared by previous study, may attend the university of Edinburgh, provided he pays for his matriculation tickets; on the other hand, the student at Heidelberg, and, I believe, other German universities, must, before matriculating, pass a rather strict examination. It has been reserved for Scotland—chiefly from the necessities of poorly-paid professors—to degrade the education of a university to that of an elementary school; and hence the low state of erudition now so prevalent among us. In England, things are bad enough, but they have not gone this length. The *prizes* in the form of rich livings, not to speak of the rigorous examinations for degrees, will always maintain a tolerably high scholarship in connection with the English universities.

Learning is pursued at the universities of Germany with a hope of rising by professional distinction, or by government employment; for before a man is chosen as a servant by the state, he must show what he has done in the way of college studies. The hopes which are thus inspired, along with the moderate cost of living, induce a large attendance at the German universities. At Heidelberg, for example, a student may get *capital* lodgings for the whole *semester*, or half-yearly term, for seventy guldens, or about L.5, 16s. 8d.—and tolerable ones for about forty guldens, or L.3, 6s. 8d. He may dine gloriously at a *table-d'hôte* for eighteenpence, and scurvily for sixpence. At other universities he may, we understand, live cheaper; for Heidelberg is frequented by many strangers and people of fair means, and is, moreover, a town of that limited extent where everybody may know what everybody does, and where, if one ventures to live very 'cheap and nasty,' he may have to 'blush to find it fame.' But it was usual, if not necessary, for the student to study during part of his course at more than one university. The Vienna student might go possibly to Munich. The policy of Prince Metternich forbade him to visit Heidelberg. The climate of Baden might engender ideas too liberal for the requirements of the subject of so despotic a state as Austria.

Supposing the student to have obtained all his certificates [to have taken a degree, and got himself dubbed Herr Doctor*], he is in a position to offer himself to be examined for a post under the government of his native state. Suppose him successful, he gets a nomination; if not, he falls back on professional exertion.

Hitherto, the only sort of freedom in Germany has been enjoyed by the students. When grown to be men,

* The writer of these remarks has no personal experience of any other German university than Heidelberg. His remarks are intended to apply to the state of things before February 1848.

* The wife of the Herr Doctor becomes Frau Doctorin. The ladies in Germany take titles in this way from their husbands; and we do not know that a lady, on her husband being created Herr Appellationsgerichtsräth, or Mr Councillor of the Court of Appeal, would not be entitled to be addressed in society as Frau Appellationsgerichtsräthin, or Mrs Councilloress of the Court of Appeal.

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they have had to conform to the general deadness of political and social life; but so long as they were at a university, particularly that of Heidelberg, they might rant and sing about liberty to their heart's content. It need hardly be told that German students have taken care to make the most of these indulgences; and this brings us to the paltriest feature of the whole system. We allude to the union of students, or Burschen, into smoking, drinking, fighting-clubs—as if to smoke, drink, and fight, formed any part of a right education, or could serve any good end whatsoever. In Heidelberg, when we were there, the principal clubs were the Prussian, the Westphalian, and the Suabian. The members, however, do not necessarily belong to the states or districts designated by these titles. It has happened that the senior or chief of one of these corps has been a native of Great Britain; and we have been informed that the individual alluded to had attained this dignity of chief of a corps in more than one university. Each corps has its *kneipe*, where the members meet every night to drink beer, and sing, and talk from eight till eleven o'clock. The attendance of members a certain number of times in the week is enforced by fines; but as time must be killed, and as beer-drinking and singing are popular among Germans, no great difficulty is experienced in bringing the members together. After leaving the kneipe—and we rather imagine they are required to do so at eleven o'clock—the Burschen betake themselves occasionally to the streets: how they there amuse themselves may possibly be inferred from one of their songs:—

> 'Farewell, ye streets, straight and crooked,
> I shall make the round of ye no more—
> Make ye resound no more with song,
> No more with noise and clank of spurs!'

It sometimes happens on these occasions that the 'Herr Bursch' allows himself more freedom than accords with the views of the guardians of the public peace. Upon this he becomes liable to be punished by confinement in the students' prison—a room belonging to the university, and at the top of the building. This confinement is not altogether close, as he is allowed to go out in the course of the day, on the understanding that he returns at the appointed time. The members of the different corps are distinguished by caps of peculiar shape and colour; and some of them we have seen bedizened with ribbons like the hats of Italian banditti—the whole of such nonsense only rendering the tamed, sleepy character of grown-up life in Germany the more inconsistent and ridiculous. But there is something more preposterous still—the fighting.

The student, after joining the university, provides himself with a *schläger*—his duelling-sword—and proceeds to take lessons in sword-exercise. After he has become sufficiently expert in the use of his weapon, opportunity is afforded him to exhibit his skill. He will find himself ere long engaged in a duel; and here no personal quarrel with, nor even previous personal knowledge of, his antagonist need be supposed. The Bursche fights by the appointment of the senior of the corps. The members, however, of the corps do not fight with their own men, nor with the members of any corps fraternising with their own. From what we collected, the following custom would appear to prevail:—On some evening during the semester, two or three antagonist corps meet by appointment at one of the kneipes. The evening commences socially with beer-drinking and singing. After some time an interruption occurs—possibly a sort of mock quarrel—and at the settlement a certain number of the men present will find themselves in possession of papers, each inscribed with the name of a member of an antagonist corps; and it is then understood that between these parties respectively duels are to come off on some future occasion or occasions not then settled. We heard lately that a personal friend of ours is just recovering from a 'sehr starken Hieb über das Gesicht' received in a duel: whether this particular encounter took place under the above circumstances we cannot say. At Heidelberg duels take place, or used to take place, in a room outside the town, appropriated to the purpose, on the opposite side of the Neckar, at a place called the Hirschgasse.

The students do not object to admit strangers to these affairs: we, however, never saw one of them. An uninitiated friend of ours was present on one occasion, and, to tell the truth, seemed but little gratified at the face-slashing he witnessed. A surgeon is always in attendance to take care of the wounded: the appointment to this office, though not sought by men of the first rank in the profession, is nevertheless enjoyed by a legitimate member of it. The body of the combatants is, we believe, tolerably protected, the face being left exposed; and it is on the face that wounds are most frequently received, and the scars left by the same most advantageously observed—that is, when these marks of heroism are not somewhat too dearly purchased, as has happened, with the permanent loss of a considerable portion of the nose. It is believed that the fight must last a certain fixed time, unless a tolerably severe wound be received before it is up: in that case the combat at once ceases; the surgeon sews up the wound, and the wounded man retires. He is tended by members of his corps, some of whom take it in turns to sit up with him at nights till he becomes convalescent. The duels are very seldom fatal; but we heard of one instance where a student was wounded in the body, and received some injury in one of his lungs. He was not a very favourable subject, being a man of intemperate habits, and died some time subsequently, not having recovered, as was supposed, the effects of his wound.

Sometimes members of the corps die from other causes: when this is the case, their funeral offers a spectacle which to an Englishman is of no every-day occurrence. A Suabian died while we were in Heidelberg; and we had then an opportunity of witnessing what we will now endeavour to describe. The funeral ceremony commenced about forty-eight hours after his decease. We stationed ourselves at a point of the Hemptstrasse, where the procession was to pass on its way to the cemetery. Presently sounds of music and the flaming of torches in the distance gave notice of its approach. It came slowly on; at the head a band of music, and men bearing torches; then what we will call the hearse; upon this was a large garland of flowers (these flowers are not uncommon at ordinary funerals), and we believe the cap and sword of the deceased; next, a carriage, or perhaps two carriages, containing the clergyman and some other persons; then came the members of the deceased's corps, walking, dressed in black, and wearing black hats; at the end of these some students, the heads of the corps possibly, wearing cocked-hats, with ornaments which looked like feathers, and in long boots, and carrying their swords reversed; then came the other corps in order, wearing their corps caps, and bearing flaming torches; the heads of these corps in uniform, with long boots and swords: and in this order the procession moved forward towards the cemetery, which is some distance from the town. At a point of the road beyond where we stood, the band, and all the corps, except the Suabians, still bearing their flaming torches, turned back, and proceeded by a different street, we think, to a large square in the town—the Museums Platz—where we stationed ourselves. The corps being here assembled with their torches, the band commenced playing, and the corps singing in chorus a funeral song: the song finished, away went torch after torch whizzing through the air, each being aimed towards a point in the square; and about this point they fell and lay in a flaring and smoking heap. After witnessing this, and braving the smoke for some time, the crowd dispersed, and this part of the ceremony was over; all to be repeated on an occasion of a similar kind. The Suabians followed to the cemetery, and several of them returned with a small artificial forget-me-not with green leaves, presented to them as a me-

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mento of their deceased comrade. As mourning for him, the members of his corps put a small cockade on their brimless caps. And here having buried our student, we will leave him to rest in peace.

THE RAILWAYS.

Various inquiries have lately been put to us respecting property in railways, and it seems as if we were expected to afford counsel in matters of purchase and transfer which are out of our ordinary course of investigation. Any man, however, who reads, and keeps his eye on the columns of a newspaper, may be able to speak pretty distinctly on the present aspects of the railway interest. Our advice, summed up almost in a word, would be to all and sundry—'Do not venture a shilling on shares until the whole financial affairs of railways stand revealed to the country by the expositions of a public auditor.' Not that *all* railway managements have been marked by dishonourable acts; but the system, as a system, has been so exceedingly bad, that the public in the meanwhile would do well to pause before giving credit even to those statements which have the external appearance of integrity.

How humiliating to the character of the English the whole details connected with the projection and general management of railways during the last six or eight years! Rascality—a softer word cannot be employed—has been exemplified everywhere: in the conduct of the original projectors; in that of the purchasers of shares, who bought only to cheat; in the manœuvres of engineers and directors; and not less, though more covertly, in the pitiful rapacity of the landed gentry, in requiring to have their opposition to the running of lines through their property—often a mere sham opposition—bought up. But the tricks or follies of directories have been more conspicuously active in ruining public confidence. We need not allude to the vulgar practice of 'gingering the lines'—imparting to the stock a bright upward tendency by some mean device in the share-market. The deceptions, or, as it may be, the stupidities, which have brought unmistakeable damage upon finances otherwise sound, have been the leasing of bad lines by good ones, and the jobberies therewith connected. By this ingenious process of ruination, it has happened that it is better to have shares in a bad or non-paying line, than in one which, left to itself, would yield a handsome profit. The dead have by this means been yoked to the living: all the profits of a sound traffic are absorbed in paying a heavy interest on a lease which yields next to nothing. Yet there are things worse than this. A great company pretends to be on terms of arrangement for leasing a small line; the agreement is made; up go the shares of the small line—a vast number of them being held by the directors of the great line—and then, lo and behold, parliament refuse their sanction to the agreement—before which catastrophe the knowing ones have sold out, and hundreds of well-meaning people, who did not see behind the scenes, are left in the lurch with stock which was to have been guaranteed seven or eight per cent., but which is not guaranteed at all, and not saleable unless at an enormous loss! 'Again,' to adopt the language of a sharebroker's circular, 'a great company leases and purchases another line, the act of parliament is obtained, and all the provisions confirmed by both parties to the agreement. On an investigation, however, into the affairs of the leasing company, it is discovered that the resolution approving of the bill, though promulgated by the newspapers in the usual way, had been, by the carelessness of an official, omitted altogether from the minute-book of the corporation; and as this minute-book is held to be the true "legal evidence" of all the company's acts and deeds, the omission is made the basis of a recommendation to the shareholders to postpone for a period of six years the implement of their solemn obligation; and the sequel of this head in the Report, reminding one of the fable of the fox and the crane, contains a very significant warning to the opposite company, and failing their cheerful acceptance of this offer, the validity of the entire contract will be questioned at law.' Can one read of such things without feeling ashamed of his country?

The end of all this, as a matter of course, has been the loss of public confidence in railway management, much individual suffering, and a depreciation of stock in many instances below what may ultimately prove to be its actual worth. Nor is this depreciation due exclusively to the deceptions we have noticed. In too many cases, with a view to keep up stock in the market, dividends have been paid out of capital instead of profits; that is to say, annual dividends on shares have been paid partly out of money got by fresh calls or by borrowing. Think of interest to shareholders being paid out of borrowed cash—cash procured on debenture to keep the concern afloat! In regard to one company, we perceive that in consequence of the cessation of this practice no interest at all is to be paid for some time, till profits work up the improperly-abstracted money. In railway jargon, this is called 'opening a suspense account.' In glancing over any list of dividends, it will be observed that, from one cause or other, they are, generally speaking, very much down. The rate per cent. of Great Western stock is down from 7 to 4; that of the London and South-Western from 6 to 3½; that of the Midland from 6 to 3; and that of the York and North Midland has sunk from 6 to nothing!

Passing over what may be termed the unpardonable vices of the English railway system, we arrive at another source of error. The country not only attempted to do too much within a limited space, but did that much on a monstrously-extravagant scale. All the railways have been executed in a style of splendour, and at a rate of outlay, most imprudent in the circumstances; and, after all, the country is not yet properly intersected with railways. The lines are for the most part huddled up in clusters at no great distance from each other, while large districts are left without any at all. How much more reasonable and remunerative would it have been to extend, in the very first instance, at least one railway the whole length of Great Britain, with certain main diverging lines into quarters commanding a considerable thoroughfare! How many instances are there of millions being squandered on double lines when single lines would have answered all the purpose—on making dead levels when moderate gradients would not have been objectionable! Look at the palatial grandeur of the Euston Square station: doubtless a fine thing, but useless as regards the facilitation of transit. Railways first, and Doric columns afterwards. Our friends in America have wisely eschewed these indiscretions. According to late accounts, there were already lines of railway upwards of twelve hundred miles long in the United States. These lines were single; the gradients and curves were less delicate than with us; the station-houses were generally plain wooden erections; the bridges were also of timber; and the rate of transit was seldom above fifteen or twenty miles an hour. There is a sort of common sense in this. The doctrine in America is, first give us a single line betwixt places at a great distance from each other, and then improve upon things afterwards, as we are able to afford it. We honour the Americans for their discretion. By adopting a directly contrary policy, we have thrown our financial system into disorder, paralysed trade, and ruined the happiness of thousands of families.

Surely, out of the stupendous blunders with which we are nationally chargeable some good will come! We may be instructed what errors to avoid—what more rational course we should follow. Railways are the highest achievement of science in the way of locomotion; and it is to be deplored that so grand a revelation should have been disgraced and degraded by moral infirmity. To develop and give fair-play to the whole structure, financial and mechanical, there must be instituted at the earliest opportunity a thorough process of public inspection and check. This will restore general confidence, and render railways a subject of regular and unequivocal investment. Robbed of all disguise and uncertainty, people will purchase shares in railways with as much deliberation and security as they would buy any

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piece of property visible to their bodily eyes. When such a degree of confidence has come about, and the money market has been restored to its equilibrium, then will be the time for carrying out the mechanics of railways to their proper extent. A new course of engineering will probably be found available. Single, unexpensive lines, constructed with light rails, and suitable for light carriages and small locomotives travelling at a moderate speed, will be laid down as feeders to the great lines. Few routes, we apprehend, will be without these convenient means of traffic. Proprietors of land, usually the last to move in public improvements, will, in sheer self-defence, be obliged to take the initiative; they will help forward where they formerly retarded, because they will discover that lands unvisited by railways are of far inferior value, as respects agriculture, to those which possess these appliances. A tendency downward in the rent of farms unassisted by railway traffic will be a wonderful quickener to the 'agricultural mind.'

We can only live in hopes of these happy times. Meanwhile, we have the unpleasant duty of setting our house in order: without that, all will come to naught.

ST JOHN'S WOOD.

THE absentee for any length of time from town, who takes up a map of London in the hope of finding a complete plan of its ever-increasing suburbs, will be greatly disappointed. So rapidly are estates parcelled out, and roads run through them, and so quickly do houses line those roads, that, for any purpose of discovery, the chart of one year becomes almost useless the next. That which stood upon the outskirts last season has changed in this to the centre of a system, with an active, busy, restless population, constantly extending its borders in the direction of the country.

This, which is true of every side of England's vast metropolis, is particularly applicable to the north-western frontier. Here the district popularly known as St John's Wood stands conspicuous.

St John's Wood, which, by its name, still shows how far the limits extended of the estate belonging to the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell, has a character exclusively its own. It is, *par excellence*, the region of villas, which are as diversely tenanted as they are dissimilar to each other in construction. The multifarious callings which develop the energies of so many hundreds of thousands in the enormous city, have all their representatives in St John's Wood. It is not inhabited, like many other suburbs, by a particular class, whose avocations are special in a given quarter of the town, but is cosmopolitan: a residence of choice to many, a place of refuge to not a few, who in its mysterious depths enjoy a repose and a respite from intrusion which are vainly sought for by the dweller in the crowded street.

At an almost forgotten period—that is to say, some years before the district was known by the name it now bears—it furnished an abode for the royal exile who, for the second, and probably the last time, has sought an asylum in this country; and 'the oldest inhabitant,' who generally possesses in a high degree the faculty of forgetting the past, can distinctly recall the day when the Duke of Orleans occupied a sort of farm-house on the spot which is now nearly the centre of St John's Wood. The rumour also gains ground that royalty more closely twined with British affections is shortly to become a denizen of the umbrageous retreat; but this, if it ever does come to pass, will be only an adventitious distinction. That which really gives character to St John's Wood arises out of a broader and more general principle—the variety it displays.

Thither repair, to grace its sylvan shades, many a foreign bird of song, warblers in muslin skirts and varnished boots, who, during the heats of the London summer (when the summer *is* what it ought to be), fancy themselves once more amid the leafy groves of their native Italy. St John's Wood the cynosure of all Frenchmen, who, fresh from the parched and dusty alleys of the Champs-Elysées, break out into raptures such as Englishmen never dream of when first their eyes behold this oasis; and a striking instance of the hyperbole of praise in which they indulge was given very recently in the 'Constitutionnel,' in a communication from M. Fiorentino, the musical correspondent of that journal. This gentleman says, *à propos* of St John's Wood: 'Here noise, smoke, and fog are unknown. An iron railing, artistically manufactured, surrounds these charming abodes, rather for the sake of ornament than defence..... You enter by small paths of soft and fine gravel, bordered by shrubs, and enclosed with a quick-set hedge or a low brick wall. A grass-plot of dark-green extends before the windows of the drawing-room, and rejoices the eye with its emerald tints. You can hardly believe with what religious care the English cultivate the smallest blade of grass, the most insignificant plant, and the commonest flower. It is the love, the worship of property carried to superstition—nay, to fanaticism. In St John's Wood, where the country is suddenly transformed into a multitude of the most enchanting houses, it was discovered, in laying out the new streets, that *a certain tree* broke the symmetry of the arrangements, and pushed itself arrogantly forward into the very midst of the pavement. In France, the tree would have been uprooted before sunset; here, however, all the landlords of the district dispute its possession, and *it is watered by subscription*: it is respected and tended with the same veneration that the ancient Druids paid to their sacred grove.'

It is a pity to disturb this pleasing little romance; but with regard to the watering by subscription, we fear that applies only to the high roads on which Mr Dark's water-carts are employed; nor do we quite believe, we are sorry to say, in the Druidical veneration which M. Fiorentino would ascribe to the tree-fanciers in St John's Wood. There are many of the inhabitants who recollect when long avenues of elms were standing in different parts of the wood; and this sacred tree—we should like to see it—must, we suspect, be like the last rose of summer—left standing alone.

In the bosky dells of St John—whose boskiness is contained within four walls—reside lawyers, artists, and bankers, men of pleasure, men of substance, and men of straw, the aristocracy of Regent Street, of Charing-Cross, and the Strand, lords of the Stock Exchange and the Docks, Christian and Hebrew, half-pay officers, professors of languages, government officials, and more than one of the anonymous potentates of the press. There, comfortable divines, comfortably housed, get up highly-decorated churches, which lack nothing but steeples to make them perfect models of ecclesiastical vanity; there rises many a mansion, now Gothic, now Elizabethan, now luxuriantly florid in style, now classically cold and severe, where the ingenious youth of both sexes are trained up in the way they should—or should not—go; there, at every frequent intersection, are seen the ruby and emerald beacons of rival surgeons, gleaming like fire-flies amongst the leaves—or, liker still, to humming-birds—even to their elongated bills. Occasionally, higher walls than are usually met with, and more elaborately garnished with broken bottles—the citizen's *chevaux de frise*—together with a denser foliage, revealing only the roof of some carefully-secluded abode, indicate that gentlemen of fortune, who are haunted by strange fancies, such as believing themselves to be made of *gutta percha*, and capable of being stretched to any extent—having claims upon the throne—being the Duke of Wellington and Jenny Lind at the same time—and such-like vagaries, are there under the friendliest surveillance. In the snugly-barred-up cages, with carefully-contrived wickets and close gratings, dwell seclusionists of another kind, who pay ready money (rarely are they guilty of such a weakness) to the compilers of Red-Books and Court-Guides to keep their names *out* instead of putting them *in*, and whose servants answer strangers only through the trap. Her-

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mits they are, disgusted with the ways of the world, and particularly with that way which leads to the breeches pocket under the guidance of the law. Yet another class, and the list closes, which might be swelled to an almost indefinite length: the plausible and adventurous, who recognise Pistol's oyster in the world, but open and eat it rather by persuasion than force; smiles and subtilty their favourite weapons. To this number belong the specious tribe who are mysteriously familiar with high personages—whose interest is great at the Treasury, the Horse-Guards, and the India-House—who earn 'a thousand thanks' from advertising-victims in the 'Times,' dispose of commissions 'under the rose,' and sell cadetships in a corner—with a pleasant vista before them, and an edifice not unlike the Queen's Bench in the distance. And, bolder still in the practice of victimising, are hidden in nameless tenements, in roads yet unnamed, some who go down to the great waters of London, and live upon the chances of the day at the expense of the unwary tradesman, the credulous hotel-keeper, the too-confiding casual acquaintance; their prospect being even more extensive than that of the merely specious, and reaching across the ocean to the far-off shores of Australia.

In a word—from the gentleman of the swell mob, who wears false curls pinned into his hat, and who, for obvious reasons, lives everywhere but in a *cul-de-sac*, to the man of first-rate position, whose respectability is guaranteed by his shining bald head and portly figure, and whose loud-voiced discourse all the day is of how he lives, and where he lives; between these extremes, and compassing within them every grade of society—for there is a numerous population of the very lowest occupying a large section—the district of Portland Town, St John's Wood, is peopled. But besides the general character of the suburb, there are one or two features which are special to it: Lords' Cricket-Ground is one, and Frank Redmond's Swiss Tavern is another. The former is known to every cricket-player in the kingdom; the latter to every pigeon-fancier, or sportsman, of whatever denomination.

When the Duchess de Berry was at Dieppe one summer—now many years since—the English residents there gave her royal highness a *fête*, the chief attraction of which was a cricket-match *à l'Anglaise*. The duchess enjoyed the refreshments prepared in the principal marquee, where she was stationed to view the game; but the game itself was beyond her comprehension or that of any of her suite; and just as it was almost over, she sent an aide-de-camp to ask 'at messieurs' when it was their intention to begin. 'Car, vous dire la vérité,' said the envoy; 'son altesse royale commence horriblement à s'ennuyer.' We cannot tell what a foreigner's notion of the sport may be, even at 'Lords';' but for ourselves, there are few sights more exhilarating than a match on that level sward—say between 'the gentlemen' and 'the players,' or 'the married' and 'the single,' or 'Kent' against 'all England'—with the turf in good order, the sun not too bright, a light breeze blowing from the west, and the vast enclosure lined on three sides by hundreds—sometimes thousands—of eager spectators, watching with intense interest every phase of the game, and giving expression to the most uproarious applause at every good hit or fatally-delivered ball. The advantage which cricket possesses over the generality of games is, that it suffices for itself. There are as many chances attendant upon the result of a cricket-match as upon a horse-race or a game at billiards; but that which is a necessary adjunct to every other description of sport is almost entirely wanting here. Some few bets there may be amongst the clubmen and a few others; but no 'ring' is formed for the purpose; the 'odds' are not in everybody's mouth; and the issue is not watched with the same feverish anxiety that attends a contest where men's opinions are backed by heavy sums. The quickness, the intelligence, the activity of the players, form the principal objects of attraction; and the man who makes a good hit, a clever stop, a bold catch, or who delivers a fatal ball, is as loudly applauded by the spectators as were the knights in the olden tournaments, without any reference to party considerations. Success, then, to cricket everywhere, and more especially at Lords', the head-quarters of the game!

To those who delight in 'the pomp and circumstance' of mimic war, the barracks in St John's Wood, with its well-appointed battalion of Guards, offer a perpetual source of amusement; while the presence of the troops, as they defile daily through the principal thoroughfares on their way to mount guard at St James's, to the sound of martial music, adds greatly to the liveliness of the locality. Very pleasant also is it when the summer's evening draws in, and the roar and tumult of London are only indicated by a sound that resembles the murmuring of the far-off sea, to hear the clear notes of the military bugles awaking the echoes with their long-drawn melancholy strains, or to listen to the last cadence of the loyal air, which, uniting his heavenly and his earthly ruler in the same prayer, reminds the true soldier of his duty to both. When that sound has ceased, all is silent for the night; but as soon as morning begins to dawn, a countless host of birds of song render the district once more worthy of its name; and the early riser, fresh with the hope of another day, recalls with pleasure the hour when he first became a denizen of St John's Wood.

A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country-people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to Rennes on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Potier de la Germondaie, who was in such high repute, that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his house in Rue St Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. M. Potier de la Germondaie signed to him to be seated, then taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

'Why, Mr Lawyer,' said the farmer, twirling his hat, 'I have heard so much about you, that, as I have come to Rennes, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you.'

'I thank you for your confidence, my friend: you wish to bring an action, perhaps?'

'An action! oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any one.'

'Then is it a settlement—a division of property?'

'Excuse me, Mr Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we all draw from the same well, as they say.'

'Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?'

'Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell!'

'Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?' said the lawyer in surprise.

'Why, I have already told you, Mr Lawyer,' replied Bernard. 'I want your *advice*—for payment of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity.'

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

'Pierre Bernard,' replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

'Your age?'

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'Thirty years, or very near it.'

'Your vocation?'

'My vocation! Oh, that means what I do? I am a farmer.'

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

'Is it finished already? Well and good. What is the price of that advice, Mr Lawyer?'

'Three francs!'

Bernard paid the money, and took his leave, delighted that he had taken advantage of his opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock: the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest himself the remainder of the day. In the meantime the hay had been two days cut, and was completely saved. One of the working-men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

'What, this evening?' exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come in to meet her husband. 'It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow without any inconvenience.' The man objected that the weather might change: that the horses were all ready, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter, and that night would set in before their work could be completed. Bernard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he suddenly recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

'Wait a minute,' he exclaimed; 'I have an advice—and a famous one too—that I paid three francs for: it ought to tell us what to do. Here, Theresa, see what it says: you can read written hand better than I.' The woman took the paper, and read this line—

'NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY!'

'That's it!' exclaimed Bernard, struck with a sudden ray of light. 'Come, be quick; get the carts, and away; boys, girls, all to the hayfield!'

His wife ventured a few more objections, but he declared that he had not bought a three-franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighbouring farmers were completely destroyed: Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of this first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became, by his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier de la Germondaie, to whom he ever afterwards carried a couple of his finest fowls every year as a token of gratitude.

INDELIBLE WRITING-INK.

[We give the following in the form in which we received it from Bristol; and the more readily that we hear we were in error in applying the word 'indelible' to the ink prepared by Professor Trail. The use of that ink has been abandoned by the National Bank of Scotland, and various chemical substances have been found to act successfully against it:]—

IN No. 295 of your valuable periodical I noticed a paper entitled 'A Word on Ink,' in which you deplore the want of a good writing fluid, capable of resisting the action of mould or damp, and that of the reagents usually resorted to by fraudulent persons for the purposes of forgery. Although the public generally may not be acquainted with the fact, still chemists have for years been in the habit of employing in their laboratories an ink which not only possesses all the requisites you specify, but also many others of not less importance. The one to which I refer is that invented by my friend, Charles Thornton Coathupe, Esq. of Wraxall House, near Bristol, who has described its composition and mode of preparation in the sixth number of the first volume of the 'Chemist' for June 1840. As the receipt may possibly prove of service to some of your numerous readers, I have taken the liberty of forwarding it to you; it is as follows:—

R.	Shell-lac, ...	2 ounces.
	Borax, ...	1 ounce.
	Distilled, or rain water,	18 ounces.

Boil the whole in a closely-covered tin vessel, stirring it occasionally with a glass rod, or a small stick, until the mixture has become homogeneous. Filter, when cold, through a single sheet of blotting-paper. Mix the filtered solution (which will be about 19 fluid ounces) with 1 ounce of mucilage of gum acacia (prepared by dissolving 1 ounce of gum in 2 ounces of water), and add pulverised indigo and lampblack *ad libitum*. Boil the whole again in the covered vessel, and stir the fluid well, to effect the complete solution and admixture of the mucilage of gum acacia. Stir it occasionally while it is cooling; and after it has remained undisturbed for about two or three hours, that the excess of indigo and lampblack may subside, bottle it for use.*

The fluid thus prepared is admirably adapted for writing upon parchment, and, in fact, ought always to be employed for legal and other important documents, as, when dry, the erasure of the writing by chemical means almost amounts to an impossibility. It is not only incapable of being acted upon by oxalic acid, the diluted hydrochloric acid, and chlorine—the usual substances employed by forgers—but it is also left untouched after the long-continued action of water, alcohol, spirits of turpentine, the diluted sulphuric and nitric acids, and *liquor potassæ*. I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

THORNTON J. HERAPATH.

P.S.—The cost of preparing one gallon of the above-described ink, according to Mr Coathupe, does not exceed four shillings. T. J. H.

* As much of the colouring matter will even then be held in suspension, it will be prudent to agitate the bottle that contains this ink previous to its employment.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

We notice that a society is in progress of organisation having for its object the removal of all taxes on knowledge—an object next in importance to that of the removal of taxes on food. The taxes referred to are of course the direct taxes—such as the duty on foreign books, the duty on paper, the advertisement duty, the stamp duty, and, in the case of newspapers, the caution money. All these act as restrictions on the spread of intelligence and information in the country, and would be abolished at once by a government which looked only to the true welfare of the people. There is little hope, however, that anything of the kind will be done without agitation. It seems to have become a principle with our 'governing families' to move only in obedience to pressure from without. For twenty years or more no great step has been taken forward except on compulsion. Abolition of slavery, repeal of corn laws, emancipation of Catholics, reform of the House of Commons, reduction of the stamp duty—all have been passed out of doors. Parliament has become a mere court of registration: government has almost given up its legislative function. This is a new feature in the history of our 'glorious constitution.' But since the powers that be will have it so—since they *will* adopt the 'watch-and-wait' policy—they must be dealt with on their own conditions. If they ask for agitation, let them have it. It is a curious fact that the taxes on knowledge are felt more deeply, resented more profoundly, by the intelligent part of the working-classes than by those the next remove above them in a social sense. The reduction of the stamp duty was carried by an association of *artisans*—and many of the earnest men who conducted that agitation to a successful issue are now banded and banding together for the still larger and more difficult work referred to. To give an idea of the magnitude of the obstacles before them, we may state that they propose to invade the Chancellor of Exchequer's strong box, and reclaim more than a million and a quarter sterling of the annual black mail which he and his agents levy on knowledge! Last year the tax on foreign books yielded about L.7650—the duty on paper about L.745,800—that on advertisements, L.153,000—and the stamps on papers and

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journals, L.360,270—altogether, L.1,266,720. In their attempt to get these taxes, or any portion of them, repealed, the association ought to be able to count upon the sympathy of every one interested in the education and gradual elevation of the people—be his political opinions what they may. Literature of some kind the masses have, and will have, in spite of all regulations: and if these impediments do not permit them to get at the higher, healthier kind, who can blame them for banqueting on such garbage as they can obtain? Hard-workers need mental stimulants: the newspaper would satisfy that need. The defence of Rome and the heroism of the Hungarians would be found more exciting than the most profligate story. But the halfpenny press cannot publish news: the government allows it to print only the most gross and tawdry licentiousness.—*Athenæum.*

THE POTTERS' EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

The Potters' Society is now in possession of three large estates in Western America. The first estate, comprising 1600 acres, is now peopled: it is named Pottersville. The second estate, comprising 2000 acres, and named Emancipation, is in the course of peopling. It is on the south bank of the Fox River, and is said to comprise a succession of 'oak openings,' and to be rich in minerals. The third estate, comprising the large quantity of 12,000 acres, is situated on the north bank of the Fox River, and runs parallel with Emancipation. Two hundred families are now located on the last purchase, and it would appear that the colonists are well satisfied with their change of country. The society appears to be in a progressive and prosperous state.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE INDUSTRIAL SPIRIT.

What is it that profoundly separates ancient from modern civilisation? Two things—Christianity and the industrial spirit. Whatever is peculiar to modern times owes its existence to one of those two agents. Of course we do not deny that ancient society also had its industrial element; but the industrial element plays a part in modern Europe which has no counterpart in the ancient world. And here we do not refer to our mechanical superiority merely, to the obvious marvels of our industry. We refer to the *rise of the industrial classes into power;* to the *transformation* which they have effected in society, converting it from a state in which the *military* spirit was dominant, into a state in which the *industrial* spirit is dominant. Some traces of the ancient feeling still remain, and sneers at *trade* occasionally curl the lips of those who give themselves aristocratic airs. The notion of a gentleman is still essentially feudal: it is that of a man who does not labour, but for whom others labour. This feeling will not soon die out. Meanwhile, the fact of the whole spirit of society having ceased to be military, is indisputable. Labour of head or hand has come to be the necessity of gentlemen as of villeins. The warlike spirit has yielded to the pacific spirit. The much-ridiculed 'Peace Congress' is admitted, even by those who laugh at it, to be only somewhat *premature;* its object is desirable, though Europe may not be prepared to carry it out. But the existence of such a scheme is significant. Utopias, even in their extravagance, reveal the tendency of an age. Such a project as that of universal peace, which only excites a smile at its prematurity, would have seemed to our ancestors a buffoonery more extravagant than anything engendered by the combined genius of Pulci, Rabelais, and Swift.—*British Quarterly Review.*

MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA) THIEVES' ASSOCIATION.

While attending the supreme court in the capacity of juror, Mr F. Pittman was pounced upon by a member of the Melbourne Thieves' Association, who coolly eased him of his pocket-book, though within the sacred precincts of the temple of justice. Knowing the contents were utterly worthless to any one but himself, Mr Pittman thought he stood a chance of getting the stolen article back through the medium of an advertisement, and he accordingly inserted the following:—'To the Secretary of the Melbourne Thieves' Association. Perhaps you will request the member who picked my pocket of a green leathern book, whilst attending the supreme court as a juror on Friday, the 16th instant, to return the same to me after the committee have examined the contents, and find it of no value to the society. F. Pittman, Wharf.' Next day Mr Pittman received by an unknown hand his missing pocket-book, accompanied by the subjoined note, which is rather a curiosity in its way:—'Sir, I am directed by the Committee of the Thieves' Association to return you your pocket-book, as, on examining its contents, we find them to be of little value to us. We are the more induced to do so from the handsome manner in which you were pleased to make our association known to the public, and to prove the truth of the old adage, "there is still honour amongst thieves." I have the honour to be, sir, &c. H—— S——, *Hon. Sec. P. S.*—Please acknowledge the receipt of this in the newspapers.'

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Nor in the sunshine, not by noisy day
Travel the magic coursers of the mind;
But when kind Sleep hath failed her wreath to bind
Of night-blown poppies round the head, their way
Take they, those steeds whose common name is—THOUGHT!
Then do they traverse climes they could not find,
Save when the Earth had donned her mantle gray,
And then they visit scenes and haunts remote
From visible life! Oh rare the powers that waken
Into a bold relief such things as scarce
We care to think upon save in the night!
The mind creates rich fields from wastes forsaken,
Fills with rude health the sickly funeral hearse,
And from surrounding darkness ushers light!

HOW TO NURSE OLD AGE.

The vital powers have drooped, and the enfeebled functions have sunk into a state resembling that of infancy; their imperfect action requires assistance, and, if duly afforded, they will go through a process of renewal for a time in imitation of the early development of the same process in childhood. But the pristine juices which aided that development are gone; the nutriment, therefore, of old age must possess those stimulating qualities which in the child were needless. An old man's milk must be wine; his pap must be succulent soups; and his diet must be rich and tender meats. The fires that sustained a young constitution are fled, and their place must be supplied by warm clothing; the soft couch and luxurious seat which would have too early promoted the physical capacities, are now essential to prolong their stay, and prevent them from becoming utterly extinct. The bracing cold bath must be exchanged for one of tepid temperature, that it may penetrate a system now being closed up, and those indulgences which would have weakened powers when immature, must likewise be had in subjection in their decay. Air, too, is as necessary now as then; but violent exercise would prove as dangerous as when the powers were immature: the arms of the nurse, or the little riding-chair, should therefore be replaced by an easy carriage; the body strengthened by frequent frictions of the skin; and the loss of natural moisture supplied by scented ointments and sweet unctions. The shocks of the nerves, the sudden inclemencies of weather, and all the other accidents which his mother so dreaded when he was a child, must now be equally guarded against by the nurse of his senility; and the same tranquillity and innocent pastimes which alternated the days of his early existence, must be resorted to for the purpose of warding off undue excitement from the hours of his second childhood. With treatment like this, an old man will live to the full end of his natural term. His mind, unobscured, will pour forth all the treasures of memory, and what he lacks in wisdom, will be supplied by the lessons of experience.—*The Science of Life.*

A WISE DISTINCTION.

When the Earl B—— was brought before Lord Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him, 'How many legs has a sheep?' 'Does your lordship mean,' answered B——, 'a live sheep or a dead one?' 'Is it not the same thing?' said the chancellor. 'No, my lord,' said Lord B——, 'there is much difference: a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders.'

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 303. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1849. Price 1½d.

CHEAPNESS.

Cheapness, by universal confession, does not consist merely in lowness of price; for a thing may have a low price put upon it, but, being of bad or indifferent quality, it may not be worth even that sum, or would be dear at any. Every one understands this principle, but every one does not act upon it. Where desires are ever pressing beyond resources, there always will be a temptation to take inferior articles at low prices, if they only can be made to have a plausible appearance. The wise and the liberal alone both know that a low-priced article is not necessarily cheap, and systematically spend their money on things which stand at high or at fair prices.

It is, on the other hand, a great mistake to suppose that lowness of price necessarily implies inferiority of quality. There is a cheapness which arises from abundance, from glutted markets, from excessive competition of labour, and from facilities of production; this kind of cheapness is compatible with the highest possible quality. Let us set aside the undesirable cheapness which springs from deranged conditions in the fields of labour and capital, and there remains a kind which is very opposite in character; that is, exceedingly desirable; namely, the cheapness resulting from either the bounty of Providence, or from improvements effected by human ingenuity, or developed in our social relations. Here the stigma which some unreflectingly attach to the whole idea of cheapness vanishes, and we see results of the greatest importance to society.

The effect of an abundant harvest in promoting the welfare of a community is readily seen and admitted. There would be no greater difficulty in seeing similar effects from everything which tends to enable us to obtain two yards of cloth or two books for the same money which purchased one before—or, what is the same thing, enables us to get one of each of superior quality to what was formerly obtainable—were it not for the local and personal inconveniences which sometimes arise, or are complained of as arising, from these changes. The one benefit appears as the free gift of Providence; the other seems to come at the expense of some portion of our fellow-creatures. It is, however, the law of nature that the interests of the few must give way to those of the many. We may deplore the particular cases, but we cannot resist the operation of the principle. When we have learned to give a more enlightened submission to such laws, the cheapening of an article by improved modes of manufacture will appear to every one as a precisely kindred fact to the reaping of a good instead of a medium or bad harvest. And we shall sympathise as heartily in the gaiety produced in the mind of a country girl when, for the first time, she can, by its increasing cheapness, attain the glory of a gown formerly beyond her means, as we do with the artisan's children when July suns make their rations a little more liberal, or allow of milk being added to pottage.

The actual course of things for many years in our country has been to cheapen numberless articles, and thus to enlarge to an immense extent the possibilities of enjoyment to all men. By the employment of machinery, the dresses of one grade of society in former days are sent down to those below; by railways, the poor man's journeys are accomplished as easily in all respects as the rich man's were thirty years since. That luxury, a book—truly the greatest of all, and often the most important purchase which a man can make—is now comparatively within the reach of all. It were vain, as well as tedious, to attempt to enumerate the articles which are now much cheaper than they were thirty years ago, or the new enjoyments which have thus been made attainable. But the sum of results certainly is, that life everywhere is, or may be, a superior thing to what it ever was before. God has made his world a fairer and more fertile field for his creatures through the means of those creatures themselves.

It may be questioned if, in such circumstances, the term cheapness is applicable. It is entirely a relative term: a thing is held to be cheap in comparison with some former price, or with some other article, or with the cost employed in the production of the article itself. When, however, the price of an article is lowered merely because less means are now required for its production, and other articles are reduced in proportion, the relation on which the term depends is destroyed, and however much more attainable than formerly, it is no longer properly cheap. For example, the literary matter conveyed in the present sheet is not strictly cheap, because it can as easily be furnished to the public for the sum demanded for it as the matter of any higher-priced sheet of former times. The comparative smallness of its price is owing to the ingenuity which constructed the paper-making and printing-machines, the improved social relations which allow of articles being diffused at little cost over an extensive country, and the increased national intelligence which has widened the circle of readers. We evidently have not here cheapness in the ordinary acceptation of the word: we have merely one of the advantages arising from a highly-civilised and exquisitely well-regulated state of society. For this reason the term cheap, as applied to a book or journal, is becoming a misnomer. If these are sold simply at the rate which improved means of production render possible, they may be said to be priced according to the standard in the case: they are a rule, not an exception. It only remains possible for other works to be, in comparison with this new standard, dear.

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The bounty of God in giving good gifts is always seen to go before the aptitude of men to make a good use of them, or to be sensible of their value. His providence has been continually giving greater and greater cheapness, and thus placing it in the power of his creatures to lead more and more happy lives. They are everywhere seen to take advantage tardily and partially of His goodness. Even in our comparatively enlightened country, the benefits of cheapened production are not universally acknowledged. It appears to many as if it were laudable policy to put a hindrance on the process by which the Father of all mercies seeks to increase the general joy of his children. Amongst a vast multitude these benefits are but in a small degree turned to their just and true use. Vanity and depraved appetite misapply the bounty which, under rationality and pure tastes, might make the humblest homes blossom as the rose. Hence the very character of the principle which we aim at elucidating is rendered additionally obscure.

It cannot, however, continue so always. Barbarism can only have its day, and light must ever succeed darkness. The true character of cheapness, as a dispensation of heavenly generosity in favour of humanity, will in time be fully seen, and universally admitted. Every arrangement by which this can be advanced will be hailed with joy and gratitude by man. With a correct sense of the principle, his practice will improve; and when every saving which increased cheapness admits of is turned systematically, as it ought to be, to the attainment of some fresh addition to the beauty and the sanctity of life, his condition upon earth will be a spectacle which at present can only be faintly imagined.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the second year of my connection with the Northern Circuit, when even *junior* briefs were much less numerous than acceptable, I was agreeably surprised, as I sat musing on the evening of my arrival in the ancient city of York upon the capricious mode in which those powerful personages the attorneys distributed their valuable favours, by the entrance of one of the most eminent of the race practising in that part of the country, and the forthwith tender of a bulky brief in the Crown Court, on which, as my glance instinctively fell on the interesting figures, I perceived that the large fee, in criminal cases, of fifty guineas was marked. The local newspapers, from which I had occasionally seen extracts, had been for some time busy with the case; and I knew it therefore to be, relatively to the condition in life of the principal person implicated, an important one. Rumour had assigned the conduct of the defence to an eminent leader on the circuit—since, one of our ablest judges; and on looking more closely at the brief, I perceived that that gentleman's name had been crossed out, and mine substituted. The fee also—a much less agreeable alteration—had been, I saw, considerably reduced; in accordance, doubtless, with the attorney's appreciation of the difference of value between a silk and a stuff gown.

'You are not, sir, I believe, retained for the prosecution in the crown against Everett?' said Mr Sharpe in his brief, business manner.

'I am not, Mr Sharpe.'

'In that case, I beg to tender you the leading-brief for the defence. It was intended, as you perceive, to place it in the hands of our great *nisi prius* leader, but he will be so completely occupied in that court, that he has been compelled to decline it. He mentioned you; and from what I have myself seen of you in several cases, I have no doubt my unfortunate client will have ample justice done him. Mr Kingston will be with you.'

I thanked Mr Sharpe for his compliment, and accepted his brief. As the commission would be opened on the following morning, I at once applied myself to a perusal of the bulky paper, aided as I read by the verbal explanations and commentaries of Mr Sharpe. Our conference lasted several hours; and it was arranged that another should be held early the next morning at Mr Sharpe's office, at which Mr Kingston would assist.

Dark, intricate, compassed with fearful mystery, was the case so suddenly submitted to my guidance; and the few faint gleams of light derived from the attorney's research, prescience, and sagacity, served but to render dimly visible a still profounder and blacker abyss of crime than that disclosed by the evidence for the crown. Young as I then was in the profession, no marvel that I felt oppressed by the weight of the responsibility cast upon me; or that, when wearied with thinking, and dizzy with profitless conjecture, I threw myself into bed, perplexing images and shapes of guilt and terror pursued me through my troubled sleep! Happily the next day was not that of trial; for I awoke with a throbbing pulse and burning brain, and should have been but poorly prepared for a struggle involving the issues of life and death. Extremely sensitive, as, under the circumstances, I must necessarily have been, to the arduous nature of the grave duties so unexpectedly devolved upon me, the following *résumé* of the chief incidents of the case, as confided to me by Mr Sharpe, will, I think, fully account to the reader for the nervous irritability under which I for the moment laboured:—

Mr Frederick Everett, the prisoner about to be arraigned before a jury of his countrymen for the frightful crime of murder, had, with his father, Captain Antony Everett, resided for several years past at Woodlands Manor-House, the seat of Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh, a rich, elderly maiden lady, aunt to the first, and sister by marriage to the last-named gentleman. A generous, pious, high-minded person Mrs Fitzhugh was represented to have been, but extremely sensitive withal on the score of 'family.' The Fitzhughs of Yorkshire, she was wont to boast, 'came in with the Conqueror;' and any branch of the glorious tree then firmly planted in the soil of England that degraded itself by an alliance with wealth, beauty, or worth, dwelling without the pale of her narrow prejudices, was inexorably cut off from her affections, and, as far as she was able, from her memory. One—the principal of these offenders—had been Mary Fitzhugh, her young, fair, gentle, and only sister. In utter disdain and slight of the dignity of ancestry, she had chosen to unite herself to a gentleman of the name of Mordaunt, who, though possessed of great talents, an unspotted name, and, for his age, high rank in the civil service of the East India Company, had—inexpiable misfortune—a trader for his grandfather! This crime against her 'house' Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh resolved never to forgive; and she steadily returned, unopened, the frequent letters addressed to her by her sister, who pined in her distant Indian home for a renewal of the old sisterly love which had watched over and gladdened her life from infancy to womanhood. A long silence—a silence of many years—succeeded; broken at last by the sad announcement that the unforgiven one had long since found an early grave in a foreign land. The letter which brought the intelligence bore the London postmark, and was written by Captain Everett; to whom, it was stated, Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh's sister, early widowed, had been united in second nuptials, and by

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whom she had borne a son, Frederick Everett, now nearly twenty years of age. The long-pent-up affection of Mrs Fitzhugh for her once idolised sister burst forth at this announcement of her death with uncontrollable violence; and, as some atonement for her past sinful obduracy, she immediately invited the husband and son of her long-lost Mary to Woodlands Manor-House, to be henceforth, she said, she hoped their home. Soon after their arrival, Mrs Fitzhugh made a will—the family property was entirely at her disposal—revoking a former one, which bequeathed the whole of the real and personal property to a distant relative whom she had never seen, and by which all was devised to her nephew, who was immediately proclaimed sole heir to the Fitzhugh estates, yielding a yearly rental of at least L.12,000. Nay, so thoroughly was she softened towards the memory of her deceased sister, that the will—of which, as I have stated, no secret was made—provided, in the event of Frederick dying childless, that the property should pass to his father, Mary Fitzhugh's second husband.

No two persons could be more unlike than were the father and son—mentally, morally, physically. Frederick Everett was a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, of amiable, caressing manners, gentlest disposition, and ardent poetic temperament. His father, on the contrary, was a dark-featured, cold, haughty, repulsive man, ever apparently wrapped up in selfish and moody reveries. Between him and his son there appeared to exist but little of cordial intercourse, although the highly-sensitive and religious tone of mind of Frederick Everett caused him to treat his parent with unvarying deference and respect.

The poetic temperament of Frederick Everett brought him at last, as poetic temperaments are apt to do, into trouble. Youth, beauty, innocence, and grace, united in the person of Lucy Carrington—the only child of Mr Stephen Carrington, a respectable retired merchant of moderate means, residing within a few miles of Woodlands Manor-House—crossed his path; and spite of his shield of many quarterings, he was vanquished in an instant, and almost without resistance. The at least tacit consent and approval of Mr Carrington and his fair daughter secured, Mr Everett, junior—hasty, headstrong lover that he was—immediately disclosed his matrimonial projects to his father and aunt. Captain Everett received the announcement with a sarcastic smile, coldly remarking, that if Mrs Fitzhugh was satisfied, *he* had no objection to offer. But, alas! no sooner did her nephew, with much periphrastic eloquence, impart his passion for the daughter of a *mere* merchant to his aunt, than a vehement torrent of indignant rebuke broke from her lips. She would die rather than consent to so degrading a *mésalliance*; and should he persist in yielding to such gross infatuation, she would not only disinherit, but banish him her house, and cast him forth a beggar on the world. Language like this, one can easily understand, provoked language from the indignant young man which in less heated moments he would have disdained to utter; and the aunt and nephew parted in fierce anger, and after mutual denunciation of each other—he as a disobedient ingrate, she as an imperious, ungenerous tyrant. The quarrel was with some difficulty patched up by Captain Everett; and with the exception of the change which took place in the disappointed lover's demeanour—from light-hearted gaiety to gloom and sullenness—things, after a few days, went on pretty nearly as before.

The sudden rupture of the hopes Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh had reposed in her nephew as the restorer of the glories of her ancient 'house,' tarnished by Mary Fitzhugh's marriage, affected dangerously, it soon appeared, that lady's already failing health. A fortnight after the quarrel with her nephew, she became alarmingly ill. Unusual and baffling symptoms showed themselves; and after suffering during eight days from alternate acute pain, and heavy, unconquerable drowsiness, she expired in her nephew's arms. This sudden and fatal illness of his relative appeared to reawaken all Frederick Everett's tenderness and affection for her. He was incessant in his close attendance in the sick-chamber, permitting no one else to administer to his aunt either aliment or medicine. On this latter point, indeed, he insisted, with strange fierceness, taking the medicine with his own hand from the man who brought it; and after administering the prescribed quantity, carefully locking up the remainder in a cabinet in his bedroom.

On the morning of the day that Mrs Fitzhugh died, her ordinary medical attendant, Mr Smith, terrified and perplexed by the urgency of the symptoms exhibited by his patient, called in the aid of a locally-eminent physician, Dr Archer, or Archford—the name is not very distinctly written in my memoranda of these occurrences; but we will call him Archer—who at once changed the treatment till then pursued, and ordered powerful emetics to be administered, without, however, as we have seen, producing any saving or sensible effect. The grief of Frederick Everett, when all hope was over, was unbounded. He threw himself, in a paroxysm of remorse or frenzy, upon the bed, accusing himself of having murdered her, with other strange and incoherent expressions, upon which an intimation soon afterwards made by Dr Archer threw startling light. That gentleman, conjointly with Mr Smith, requested an immediate interview with Captain Everett, and Mr Hardyman, the deceased lady's land-steward and solicitor, who happened to be in the house at the time. The request was of course complied with, and Dr Archer at once bluntly stated that, in his opinion, *poison* had been administered to the deceased lady, though of what precise kind he was somewhat at a loss to conjecture—opium essentially, he thought, though certainly not in any of its ordinary preparations—one of the alkaloids probably which chemical science had recently discovered. Be this as it may, a *post-mortem* examination of the body would clear up all doubts, and should take place as speedily as possible. Captain Everett at once acceded to Dr Archer's proposal, at the same time observing that he was quite sure the result would entirely disprove that gentleman's assumption. Mr Hardyman also fully concurred in the necessity of a rigid investigation; and the *post-mortem* examination should, it was arranged, take place early on the following morning.

'I have another and very painful duty to perform,' continued Dr Archer, addressing Captain Everett. 'I find that your son, Mr Frederick Everett, alone administered medicine and aliment to Mrs Fitzhugh during her illness. Strange, possibly wholly frenzied expressions, but which sounded vastly like cries of remorse, irrepressible by a person unused to crime, escaped him in my hearing just after the close of the final scene; and—— But perhaps, Captain Everett, you had better retire: this is scarcely a subject'——

'Go on, sir,' said the captain, over whose countenance a strange expression—to use Dr Archer's own words—had *flashed*; 'go on: I am better now.'

'We all know,' resumed Dr Archer, 'how greatly Mr Frederick Everett gains in wealth by his aunt's death; and that her decease, moreover, will enable him to conclude the marriage to which she was so determinedly opposed. I think, therefore, that, under all the circumstances, we shall be fully justified in placing the young gentleman under such—I will not say custody, but *surveillance*, as will prevent him either from leaving the house, should he imagine himself suspected, or of destroying any evidence which may possibly exist of his guilt, if indeed he be guilty.'

'I entirely agree with you, Dr Archer,' exclaimed Mr Hardyman, who had listened with much excitement to the doctor's narrative; 'and will, upon my own responsibility, take the necessary steps for effecting the object you have in view.'

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Everett, rising from his chair, 'you will of course do your duty; but I can take no part, nor offer any counsel, in such a case: I must

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leave you to your own devices.' He then left the apartment.

He had been gone but a few minutes, when Frederick Everett, still in a state of terrible excitement, entered the room, strode fiercely up to Dr Archer, and demanded how he dared propose, as the butler had just informed him he had done, a dissection of his aunt's body.

'I will not permit it,' continued the agitated young man: 'I am master here, and I say it shall not be done. What new horror would you evoke? Is it not enough that one of the kindest, best of God's creatures, has perished, but *another* sacrifice must—— What do I say? Enough that I will not permit it. I have seen similar cases—very similar cases in—in India!'

The gentlemen so strangely addressed had exchanged significant glances during the delivery of this incoherent speech; and, quite confirmed in their previous impression, Mr Hardyman, as their spokesman, interrupted the speaker, to inform him that *he* was the suspected assassin of his aunt! The accusing sentences had hardly passed the solicitor's lips, when the furious young man sprang towards him with the bound of a tiger, and at one blow prostrated him on the floor. He was immediately seized by the two medical gentlemen, and help having been summoned, he was with much difficulty secured, and placed in strict confinement, to await the result of the next day's inquiry.

The examination of the body disclosed the terrible fact, that the deceased lady had perished by *acetate of morphine;* thus verifying the sagacious guess of Dr Archer. A minute search was immediately made throughout Mr Frederick Everett's apartments, and behind one of the drawers of a cabinet in his bedroom —at the back of the shelf or partition upon which the drawer rested, and of course completely hidden by the drawer itself when in its place—was found a flat tin flask, fluted on the outside, and closed with a screw stopper: it was loosely enveloped in a sheet of brown paper, directed '—— Everett, Esq., Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire;' and upon close examination, a small quantity of white powder, which proved to be *acetate of morphine*, was found in the flask. Suspicion of young Everett's guilt now became conviction; and, as if to confirm beyond all doubt the soundness of the chain of circumstantial evidence in which he was immeshed, the butler, John Darby, an aged and trusty servant of the late Mrs Fitzhugh, made on the next day the following deposition before the magistrates:—

'He had taken in, two days before his late mistress was seized with her fatal illness, a small brown paper parcel which had been brought by coach from London, and for which 2s. 10d. carriage was charged and paid. The paper found in Mr Frederick Everett's cabinet was, he could positively swear, from the date and figures marked on it, and the handwriting, the paper wrapper of that parcel. He had given it to young Mr Everett, who happened to be in the library at the time. About five minutes afterwards, he had occasion to return to the library, to inform him that some fishing-tackle he had ordered was sent home. The door was ajar; and Mr Frederick did not at first perceive his entrance, as he was standing with his back to the door. The paper parcel he, the butler, had just before delivered was lying open on the table, and Mr Everett held in one hand a flat tin flask—the witness had no doubt the same found in the cabinet—and in the other a note, which he was reading. He, the witness, coughed, to attract Mr Everett's attention, who hurriedly turned round, clapped down the flask and the note, shuffling them under the paper wrapper, as if to conceal them, and then, in a very confused manner, and his face as red as flame, asked witness what he wanted there? Witness thought this behaviour very strange at the time; but the incident soon passed from his mind, and he had thought no more of it till the finding of the paper and flask as described by the other witnesses.'

Mr Frederick Everett, who had manifested the strangest impassibility, a calmness as of despair, throughout the inquiry, which perplexed and disheartened Mr Sharpe, whose services had been retained by Captain Everett, allowed even this mischievous evidence to pass without a word of comment or explanation; and he was, as a matter of course, fully committed for the wilful murder of his relative. The chain of circumstantial evidence, motive included, was, it was felt, complete—not a link was wanting.

These were the chief incidents disclosed to me by Mr Sharpe during our long and painful consultation. Of the precise nature of the terrible suspicions which haunted and disturbed me, I shall only in this place say that neither Mr Sharpe, nor, consequently, myself, would in all probability have guessed or glanced at them, but for the persistent assertions of Miss Carrington, that her lover was madly sacrificing himself from some chimerical motive of honour or duty.

'You do not know, Mr Sharpe, as I do,' she would frequently exclaim with tearful vehemence, 'the generous, childlike simplicity, the chivalric enthusiasm, of his character, his utter abnegation of self, and readiness on all occasions to sacrifice his own ease, his own wishes, to forward the happiness of others; and, above all, his fantastic notions of honour—duty, if you will—which would, I feel assured, prompt him to incur any peril, death itself, to shield from danger any one who had claims upon him either of blood or of affection. You know to whom my suspicions point; and how dreadful to think that one so young, so brave, so pious, and so true, should be sacrificed for such a monster as I believe that man to be!'

To all these passionate expostulations the attorney could only reply that vague suspicions were not judicial proofs; and that if Mr Frederick Everett would persist in his obstinate reserve, a fatal result was inevitable. But Mr Sharpe readily consented to gratify the wishes of Mr Carrington and his daughter on one point: he returned the money, not a very large sum, which Captain Everett had sent him, and agreed that Mr Carrington should supply the funds necessary for the defence of the prisoner.

Our consultation the next day at Mr Sharpe's was a sad and hopeless one. Nowhere did a gleam of cheerful light break in. The case was overwhelmingly complete against the prisoner. The vague suspicions we entertained pointed to a crime so monstrous, so incredible, that we felt it could not be so much as hinted at upon such, legally considered, slight grounds. The prisoner was said to be an eloquent speaker, and I undertook to draw up the outline of a defence, impugning, with all the dialectic skill I was master of, the conclusiveness of the evidence for the crown. To this, and a host of testimony to character which we proposed to call, rested our faint hopes of 'a good deliverance!'

Business was over, and we were taking a glass of wine with Mr Sharpe, when his chief clerk entered to say that Sergeant Edwards, an old soldier—who had spoken to them some time before relative to a large claim which he asserted he had against Captain Everett, arising out of a legacy bequeathed to him in India, and the best mode of assuring its payment by an annuity, as proposed by the captain—had now called to say that the terms were at last finally arranged, and that he wished to know when Mr Sharpe would be at leisure to draw up the bond. 'He need not fear for his money!' exclaimed Sharpe tartly; 'the captain will, I fear, be rich enough before another week has passed over our heads. Tell him to call to-morrow evening; I will see him after I return from court.' A few minutes afterwards, I and Mr Kingston took our leave.

The Crown Court was thronged to suffocation on the following morning, and the excitement of the auditory appeared to be of the intensest kind. Miss Carrington, closely veiled, sat beside her father on one of the side-benches. A true bill against the prisoner had been found on the previous afternoon; and the trial, it had been arranged, to suit the convenience of counsel, should

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be first proceeded with. The court was presided over by Mr Justice Grose; and Mr Gurney—afterwards Mr Baron Gurney—with another gentleman appeared for the prosecution. As soon as the judge had taken his seat, the prisoner was ordered to be brought in, and a hush of expectation pervaded the assembly. In a few minutes he made his appearance in the dock. His aspect—calm, mournful, and full of patient resignation—spoke strongly to the feelings of the audience, and a low murmur of sympathy ran through the court. He bowed respectfully to the bench, and then his sad, proud eye wandered round the auditory, till it rested on the form of Lucy Carrington, who, overcome by sudden emotion, had hidden her weeping face in her father's bosom. Strong feeling, which he with difficulty mastered, shook his frame, and blanched to a still deeper pallor his fine intellectual countenance. He slowly withdrew his gaze from the agitating spectacle, and his troubled glance meeting that of Mr Sharpe, seemed to ask why proceedings, which *could* only have one termination, were delayed. He had not long to wait. The jury were sworn, and Mr Gurney rose to address them for the crown. Clear, terse, logical, powerful without the slightest pretence to what is called eloquence, his speech produced a tremendous impression upon all who heard it; and few persons mentally withheld their assent to his assertion, as he concluded what was evidently a painful task, 'that should he produce evidence substantiating the statement he had made, the man who could then refuse to believe in the prisoner's guilt, would equally refuse credence to actions witnessed by his own bodily eyes.'

The different witnesses were then called, and testified to the various facts I have before related. Vainly did Mr Kingston and I exert ourselves to invalidate the irresistible proofs of guilt so dispassionately detailed. 'It is useless,' whispered Mr Sharpe, as I sat down after the cross-examination of the aged butler. 'You have done all that could be done; but he is a doomed man, spite of his innocence, of which I feel, every moment that I look at him, the more and more convinced. God help us, we are poor, fallible creatures, with all our scientific machinery for getting at truth!'

The case for the crown was over, and the prisoner was told that now was the time for him to address the jury in answer to the charge preferred against him. He bowed courteously to the intimation, and drawing a paper from his pocket, spoke, after a few preliminary words of course, nearly as follows:—

'I hold in my hand a very acute and eloquent address prepared for me by one of the able and zealous gentlemen who appear to-day as my counsel, and which, but for the iniquitous law which prohibits the advocate of a presumed felon, but possibly quite innocent person, from addressing the jury, upon whose verdict his client's fate depends, would no doubt have formed the subject-matter of an appeal to you not to yield credence to the apparently irrefragable testimony arrayed against me. The substance of this defence you must have gathered from the tenor of the cross-examinations; but so little effect did it produce, I saw, in that form, however ably done, and so satisfied am I that though it were rendered with an angel's eloquence, it would prove utterly impotent to shake the strong conclusions of my guilt, which you, short-sighted, fallible mortals—short-sighted and fallible *because* mortal!—I mean no disrespect—must have drawn from the body of evidence you have heard, that I will not weary you or myself by reading it. I will only observe that it points especially to the *over*-proof, so to speak, arrayed against me—to the folly of supposing that an intentional murderer would ostentatiously persist in administering the fatal potion to the victim with his own hands, carefully excluding all others from a chance of incurring suspicion. There are other points, but this is by far the most powerful one; and as I cannot believe *that* will induce you to return a verdict rescuing me from what the foolish world, judging from appearances, will call a shameful death, but which I, knowing my own heart, feel to be sanctified by the highest motives which can influence man—it would be merely waste of time to repeat them. From the first moment, gentlemen, that this accusation was preferred against me, I felt that I had done with this world; and, young as I am, but for one beloved being whose presence lighted up and irradiated this else cold and barren earth, I should, with little reluctance, have accepted this gift of an apparently severe, but perhaps merciful fate. This life, gentlemen,' he continued after a short pause, 'it has been well said, is but a battle and a march. I have been struck down early in the combat; but of what moment is that, if it be found by Him who witnesses the world-unnoticed deeds of *all* his soldiers, that I have earned the victor's crown? Let it be your consolation, gentlemen, if hereafter you should discover that you have sent me to an undeserved death, that you at least will not have hurried a soul spotted with the awful crime of murder before its Maker. And oh,' he exclaimed in conclusion, with solemn earnestness, 'may *all* who have the guilt of blood upon them hasten, whilst life is still granted them, to cleanse themselves by repentance of that foul sin, so that not only the sacrifice of one poor life, but that most holy and tremendous one offered in the world's consummate hour, may not for them have been made in vain! My lord and gentlemen, I have no more to say. You will doubtless do your duty: I *have* done mine.'

I was about, a few minutes after the conclusion of this strange and unexpected address, to call our witnesses to character, when, to the surprise of the whole court, and the consternation of the prisoner, Miss Carrington started up, threw aside her veil, and addressing the judge, demanded to be heard.

Queenly, graceful, and of touching loveliness did she look in her vehemence of sorrow—radiant as sunlight in her days of joy she must have been—as she stood up, affection-prompted, regardless of self, of the world, to make one last effort to save her affianced husband.

'What would you say, young lady?' said Mr Justice Grose kindly. 'If you have anything to testify in favour of the prisoner, you had better communicate with his counsel.'

'Not that—not that,' she hurriedly replied, as if fearful that her strength would fail before she had enunciated her purpose. 'Put, my lord, put Frederick—the prisoner, I mean—on his oath. Bid him declare, as he shall answer at the bar of Almighty God, who is the murderer for whom he is about to madly sacrifice himself, and you will then find'——

'Your request is an absurd one,' interrupted the judge with some asperity. 'I have no power to question a prisoner.'

'Then,' shrieked the unfortunate lady, sinking back fainting and helpless in her father's arms, 'he is lost—lost!'

She was immediately carried out of court; and as soon as the sensation caused by so extraordinary and painful an incident had subsided, the trial proceeded. A cloud of witnesses to character were called; the judge summed up; the jury deliberated for a few minutes; and a verdict of 'guilty' was returned. Sentence to die on the day after the next followed, and all was over!

Yes; all was, we deemed, over; but happily a decree, reversing that of Mr Justice Grose, had gone forth in Heaven. I was sitting at home about an hour after the court had closed, painfully musing on the events of the day, when the door of the apartment suddenly flew open, and in rushed Mr Sharpe in a state of great excitement, accompanied by Sergeant Edwards, whom the reader will remember had called the previous day at that gentleman's house. In a few minutes I was in possession of the following important information, elicited by Mr Sharpe from the half-willing, half-reluctant sergeant, whom he had found waiting for him at his office:—

In the first place, Captain Everett was *not* the father of the prisoner! The young man was the son of Mary

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Fitzhugh by her *first* marriage; and his name, consequently, was Mordaunt, not Everett. His mother had survived her second marriage barely six months. Everett, calculating doubtless upon the great pecuniary advantages which would be likely to result to himself as the reputed father of the heir to a splendid English estate, should the quarrel with Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh—as he nothing doubted—be ultimately made up, had brought his deceased wife's infant son up as his own. This was the secret of Edwards and his wife; and to purchase their silence, Captain Everett had agreed to give the bond for an annuity which Mr Sharpe was to draw up. The story of the legacy was a mere pretence. When Edwards was in Yorkshire before, Everett pacified him for the time with a sum of money, and a promise to do more for him as soon as his reputed son came into the property. He then hurried the *ci-devant* sergeant back to London: and at the last interview he had with him, gave him a note addressed to a person living in one of the streets—I forget which—leading out of the Haymarket, together with a five-pound note, which he was to pay the person to whom the letter was addressed for some very rare and valuable powder, which the captain wanted for scientific purposes, and which Edwards was to forward by coach to Woodlands Manor-House. Edwards obeyed his instructions, and delivered the message to the queer bushy-bearded foreigner to whom it was addressed, who told him that, if he brought him the sum of money mentioned in the note on the following day, he should have the article required. He also bade him bring a well-stoppered bottle to put it in. As the bottle was to be sent by coach, Edwards purchased a tin flask, as affording a better security against breakage; and having obtained the powder, packed it nicely up, and told his niece, who was staying with him at the time, to direct it, as he was in a hurry to go out, to Squire Everett, Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire, and then take it to the booking-office. He thought, of course, though he said *Squire* in a jocular way, that she would have directed it *Captain* Everett, as she knew him well; but it seemed she had not. Edwards had returned to Yorkshire only two days since, to get his annuity settled, and fortunately was present in court at the trial of Frederick Mordaunt, *alias* Everett, and at once recognised the tin flask as the one he had purchased and forwarded to Woodlands, where it must in due course have arrived on the day stated by the butler. Terrified and bewildered at the consequences of what he had done, or helped to do, Edwards hastened to Mr Sharpe, who, by dint of exhortations, threats, and promises, judiciously blended, induced him to make a clean breast of it.

As much astounded as elated by this unlooked-for information, it was some minutes before I could sufficiently concentrate my thoughts upon the proper course to be pursued. I was not, however, long in deciding. Leaving Mr Sharpe to draw up an affidavit of the facts disclosed by Edwards, and to take especial care of that worthy, I hastened off to the jail, in order to obtain a thorough elucidation of all the mysteries connected with the affair before I waited upon Mr Justice Grose.

The revulsion of feeling in the prisoner's mind when he learned that the man for whom he had so recklessly sacrificed himself was not only *not* his father, but a cold-blooded villain, who, according to the testimony of Sergeant Edwards, had embittered, perhaps shortened, his mother's last hours, was immediate and excessive. 'I should have taken Lucy's advice!' he bitterly exclaimed, as he strode to and fro his cell; 'have told the truth at all hazards, and have left the rest to God.' His explanation of the incidents that had so puzzled us all was as simple as satisfactory. He had always, from his earliest days, stood much in awe of his father, who in the, to young Mordaunt, sacred character of parent, exercised an irresistible control over him; and when the butler entered the library, he believed for an instant it was his father who had surprised him in the act of reading his correspondence; an act which, however unintentional, would, he knew, excite Captain Everett's fiercest wrath. Hence arose the dismay and confusion which the butler had described. He resealed the parcel, and placed it in his reputed father's dressing-room; and thought little more of the matter, till, on entering his aunt's bedroom on the first evening of her illness, he beheld Everett pour a small portion of white powder from the tin flask into the bottle containing his aunt's medicine. The terrible truth at once flashed upon him. A fierce altercation immediately ensued in the father's dressing-room, whither Frederick followed him. Everett persisted that the powder was a celebrated Eastern medicament, which would save, if anything could, his aunt's life. The young man was not of course deceived by this shallow falsehood, and from that moment administered the medicine to the patient with his own hands, and kept the bottles which contained it locked up in his cabinet. 'Fool that I was!' he exclaimed in conclusion, 'to trust to such a paltry precaution to defeat that accomplished master of wile and fraud! On the very morning of my aunt's death, I surprised him shutting and locking one of my cabinet drawers. So dumbfounded was I with horror and dismay at the sight, that he left the room by a side-door without observing me. You have now the key to my conduct. I loathed to look upon the murderer; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than attempt to save my own life by the sacrifice of a father's—how guilty soever he might be.'

Furnished with this explanation, and the affidavit of Edwards, I waited upon the judge, and obtained not only a respite for the prisoner, but a warrant for the arrest of Captain Everett.

It was a busy evening. Edwards was despatched to London in the friendly custody of an intelligent officer, to secure the person of the foreign-looking vendor of subtle poisons; and Mr Sharpe, with two constables, set off in a postchaise for Woodlands Manor-House. It was late when they arrived there, and the servants informed them that Captain Everett had already retired. They of course insisted upon seeing him; and he presently appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and haughtily demanded their business with him at such an hour. The answer smote him as with a thunderbolt, and he staggered backwards, till arrested by the wall of the apartment, and then sank feebly, nervelessly, into a chair. Eagerly, after a pause, he questioned the intruders upon the nature of the evidence against him. Mr Sharpe briefly replied that Edwards was in custody, and had revealed everything.

'Is it indeed so?' rejoined Everett, seeming to derive resolution and fortitude from the very extremity of despair. 'Then the game is unquestionably lost. It was, however, boldly and skilfully played, and I am not a man to whimper over a fatal turn of the dice. In a few minutes, gentlemen,' he added, 'I shall have changed my dress, and be ready to accompany you.'

'We cannot lose sight of you for an instant,' replied Mr Sharpe. 'One of the officers must accompany you.'

'Be it so: I shall not detain either him or you long.'

Captain Everett, followed by the officer, passed into his dressing-room. He pulled off his gown; and pointing to a coat suspended on a peg at the further extremity of the apartment, requested the constable to reach it for him. The man hastened to comply with his wish. Swiftly, Everett opened a dressing-case which stood on a table near him: the officer heard the sharp clicking of a pistol-lock, and turned swiftly round. Too late! A loud report rang through the house; the room was filled with smoke; and the wretched assassin and suicide lay extended on the floor a mangled corpse!

It would be useless to minutely recapitulate the final winding-up of this eventful drama. Suffice it to record, that the previously-recited facts were judicially established, and that Mr Frederick Mordaunt was, after a slight delay, restored to freedom and a splendid position in society. After the lapse of a decent interval, he espoused Lucy Carrington. The union proved, I believe,

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a very happy one; and they were blessed, I know, with a somewhat numerous progeny. Their eldest son represents in this present parliament one of the English boroughs, and is by no means an undistinguished member of the Commons House.

FAMILIAR ENTOMOLOGY.

THE BEETLE FAMILY.

The beetles are a highly-important family. They are spread all over the globe. Even Greenland and Iceland, with their inhospitable climates, acknowledge their existence. Coming into noonday effulgence at the tropics, the smaller branches of the family shine with a less conspicuous brilliancy in the cooler climate of the temperate regions. Wherever they are, they are beautiful creatures; and were it only for their exquisite tints, not to mention their extraordinary form, they deserve a conspicuous position in our home series. There is therefore much to be said about the beetles; more, probably, than any one who is a stranger to this interesting family will be disposed to admit at first sight.

Beetles belong to the natural family of *Coleoptera*—a term expressive of a peculiarity by which the order is distinguished; the two superior wings being hard, stiff, and horny in structure, often splendidly burnished, but altogether unsuited for the purposes of flight, and serving principally as *sheaths* and coverings for the delicate pair of real wings, which are placed beneath. These are thin membranes, finely veined, yet possessing considerable strength, and shining with a beautiful iridescence. When not in use, they are folded up, and carefully disposed beneath the horny wings, or *elytra*. A sort of envelop of a similar corneous character to that of the wings, and containing the peculiar chemical principle *chitine*, covers the entire body of the insect, acting as a protection against external violence, and as a firm attachment to the muscles, thus resembling the osseous system of animals. If we were to consider the structure of a beetle anatomically, we should recognise in it three portions, which are very distinctly defined. These are the head, thorax, and abdomen. To speak of each shortly, and in order:—The head, somewhat triangular in shape, is furnished with two eyes, two antennæ, and a mouth, which consists of several parts. The antennæ are frequently of the most curious aspect: some are long, and threadlike; some are like a string of beads; some have strangely-shaped knobs on their ends; some are toothed; and the unhappy cockchafer, the immemorial victim of juvenile cruelty, is rendered remarkable by a pair of antennæ which are like a couple of fringed fans. The mouth is a very formidable part of the beetle anatomy. Without entering into detail, the following are its essential portions: the upper-lip, the mandibles, the under-jaws, and the under-lip and chin. We shall particularise only the jaws, which lend so much that is terrible to the aspect of this family. The upper-jaws, technically called 'mandibles,' from their function of chewing, are represented by two very powerful horny instruments placed on each side of the mouth. They are the masticating apparatus of the insect. A formidable variety of the mandibles occurs in the 'stag-beetle,' whose larvæ some believe to have formed one of the most exquisite of the dishes which loaded the tables of epicurean Rome. The mandibles in this insect present a lively resemblance to the horns of a stag; whence the beetle's name. But those of a foreign species are still more singular: they have all the appearance of a pair of curved saws, the teeth very sharp, strong, and irregular. The use to which they are applied by the insect in the case in question is curious. It is an inhabitant of the dense forests of Brasil, and is called by the inhabitants the *Mouche scieur de long*, in consequence of a very extraordinary act it is said to perform. Closing these powerful saws upon the projecting twig of a tree, the insect-sawyer begins to work—in what manner will it be supposed? By flying round and round until the twig is cut through, thus performing the work of a very ingenious kind of circular saw! Another unusual form of the mandibles is where they exceed in length the whole body of the insect. In the act of mastication, or in lacerating their food, the mandibles move in the contrary direction to the manducatory motions in carnivorous animals, their line of action being in the horizontal direction—somewhat, in fact, like a pair of scissors. The under-jaws, or *maxillæ*, also move horizontally, and vary much in size and form. Their principal use is subsidiary to the mandibles in the prehension, laceration, and mastication of food. It has been supposed that the hairs with which they are provided act as sieves, so as to permit only the liquid and very fine portions of the food to enter the stomach. It is considered unnecessary to add further to the anatomy of these insects, the above being sufficient to indicate its most prominent features; minuter information being readily acquired in the many excellent text-books on entomology.

Such is the insect in its perfect state. The larvæ of the beetle family are soft, fleshy creatures, composed of a number of segments: including the head, generally about thirteen. They are chiefly interesting as conducting us to the consideration of some of the habits of this family: soft and fleshy though they are, without doubt, yet they comprise some of the most fierce and terrible slaughterers of any tribe. Some of these larvæ are truly formidable to the insect community. Those of the tiger-beetle are to the full as voracious and sanguinary as their name implies—digging long holes in the sand, where they lie in ambush with wide-expanded jaws, ready to crush to death any unsuspecting insect-passenger, and without the smallest compunction snapping up relatives as well as born enemies. It has amused some sentimental writers to paint the horrors of the rooms, caves, and cells in which the Bluebeards of the earth have deposited their victims; but these must all yield to the narrow, dismal, dark den in which these ferocious larvæ pursue their bloodthirsty propensities; where the crush of the terrible forceps, the scuffle of the struggling insects, and the tumbling down of clouds of earth, form a scene of conflict as horrible as the most rabid horror-painter could desire. Some, again, pursue their deadly occupation beneath the peaceful waters of our rivers and pools. Those of the *Dytiscus*, or 'divers,' may be particularly mentioned: hanging head downwards in the water, and breathing by an appendage at their tails, they seize their prey by means of a pair of powerful mandibles, and content themselves with sucking out the juices of the victims. Some of the larvæ of the *Calosoma* are murderers by the gross; getting, unfortunately for the inhabitants, into the nests of caterpillars, the most awful havoc ensues. Heaps upon heaps fall down slain, the destroyer becoming so glutted with his banquet as to be unable to stir an inch; in which condition he very commonly is surprised by some relative, to whom he immediately falls a victim—the just reward of his excesses. Where—as in the case of the common cockchafer—the larvæ are not insectivorous, they commit terrible devastation upon the roots of the grasses. These they sometimes so completely eat away, that the turf can be rolled off just as if it had been cut with a spade. The larvæ of the cockchafer do incredible mischief by this means.

The larvæ state draws to its close: it has to prepare for its change; but it has previously undergone several times the interesting and extraordinary process called 'moulting.' Well did Swammerdam declare this process to be a 'specimen of nature's miracles;' adding, that not only, like serpents, do the larvæ cast off their outer skin, but the throat, and a part of the stomach and intestines; and even some hundreds of the minute pulmonary pipes

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pervading the body cast theirs also. After this process, the larva becomes very weak and sickly: it then becomes a pupa: the most familiar instance is that of the cockchafer. It is soon to be on the wing. The perfect insect is born about the beginning of the fourth year from the period of its deposition as an egg, generally in January or February, in a little cavity underneath the turf. Let us quote Goldsmith's animated description of the further process:—'About the latter end of May these insects, having lived for four years under ground, burst from the earth when the first mild evening invites them abroad. They are at that time seen rising from their long imprisonment, from living only upon roots, and imbibing only the moisture of the earth, to visit the mildness of the summer air, to choose the sweetest vegetables for their banquet, and to drink the dew of the evening. Wherever the attentive observer then walks abroad, he will see them bursting up before him like ghosts in a theatre.' When thus emerged, they dash about in all directions, hitting themselves against every object, as if really blind, which the common proverb, 'blind as a beetle,' would make them to be. It is a legitimate part of Everyday Entomology to plead for the persecuted. It has lifted up its protest before against insect cruelties; therefore let the miserable cockchafer be pitied now. Let the crooked pin and string, its instruments of torture, vanish from schoolboy fingers; and if the unhappy creature must needs be destroyed, being done quickly, it will be well done. One could almost wish that the popular legend of Sweden, or at least the spirit of it, were current in our less gentle island—the belief that a meritorious act is done if one of these poor May-bugs is set on its legs.

Now let us cast off the restrictions of formal entomology, and wander at our will in search of the curious among the miscellanies of the natural history of this family. It is hard to know where to commence when so much that is singular is to be described. Certainly, of all remarkably-formed insects, the beetle family can boast of being the most extraordinary. Of these creatures, let us first notice the largest size; the huge beetle with the great name *Goliathus magnus*, a West African species. This enormous insect, the very giant of entomology, is as beautiful as it is huge, although, withal, of a very spectral and demoniac aspect. Its thorax is beautifully ribboned, and its wing-covers are of a dusky purple. It belongs to a species which, Mr Macleay says, belts the globe. Fortunately for the other inhabitants, however, the rest are not such giants of Gath as the specimen in question. Another such is the Hercules beetle, a terrible personage, with an enormously long and proportionably strong black horn, while he glitters behind with wing-covers of the most resplendent sea-green. Its body is a shining black: it is found in the Antilles. Another curiosity of form is the *Ateuchus sacer*, interesting also from its mythological associations. This beetle is commonly known as the *Scarabæus*. It is a solemn, dingy-coloured, black-looking creature, glittering with a highly-burnished metallic lustre. It was worshipped by the Egyptians, consecrated to the sun, and, as is well known to the learned in Egyptian sculpture and antiquities, it is frequently represented upon their tombs and in their hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was held in such veneration also, as to be enclosed in the coffins of the dead, and its worship formed an important part of the idolatry of the people. The best general conception of these singularities of form is derived from the following account, the very charm of the style of which marks it to be drawn from Messrs Kirby and Spence's delightful work:—'Some resemble so many pigmy Atlases bearing on their backs a microcosm, and presenting to the eye of the beholder no inapt imitation of the rugged surface of the earth—now horrid with misshapen rocks, ridges, and precipices; now swelling into hills and mountains; and now sinking into valleys, glens, and caves.'

As to their appendages, some have been already enumerated; but as the great stag-beetle is an inhabitant of Great Britain, and one of its most curious ones, it deserves commemoration for its great horns, so to speak. This beetle occasionally is said to measure three inches in extreme length; its body is of a dark-brown colour, while its horns are red. Those who would search for it, must look in the months of June or July on ancient oaks or rotting willow-trees. It is a fierce creature, will pinch very hard, and is a desperate fighter. We are ignorant with what truth it is related that occasionally several heads of these creatures are found together, the trunks and abdomens being nowhere to be seen! What has become of them? The heads are all alive and active: the remainder of the bodies, therefore, must have once existed. It is supposed they have had a dreadful mutual conflict, and have destroyed one another all but their heads! Acquainted as we are with the ferocities of insect warfare, we cannot say there is anything incredible in this statement, but should be glad to see it confirmed. Mr Westwood, in the 'Entomological Magazine,' states that he tamed a stag-beetle, and that it was very fond of amusing itself by tossing a ball of cotton about with its horns!

Nothing but the palette can express the beauties of the beetle family. Even the dried cabinets of entomologists convey only a broken ray or two of their loveliness in the living state. We are altogether at a loss for a comparison in attempting to picture them to the eyes of the reader. Such liquid, living, lustrous colours are possessed by no earthly things besides. The splendours of the kaleidoscope, or its kindred invention the 'chromatrope,' are outdone by a single beetle. Here are flying rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, diamonds, opals, and what more? Kempfer, in his 'History of Japan,' speaks of a species of beetle kept by ladies as a curiosity on account of its extreme beauty.

The fire-flies themselves are true coleopterous insects. It is related by Mouffet, that when Sir T. Cavendish landed in the West Indies, as evening drew on, the party were much alarmed by the appearance of lights in the woods in all directions. Alarm was instantly taken; it was thought to be a party of Spaniards advancing to the attack by torchlight, and all rapidly fled to their ships. The attacking party turned out to be only a number of fire-flies! Their technical name is the *Elater noctilucus*. They are used as artificial lights by the Indians on their fishing and hunting excursions: a single insect emits sufficient light to enable print to be read. In the Havana they have been pressed into the service of the fair, and form the most brilliant evening ornaments of the head-dress, confined in gauze. We must select two members of this family as conferring essential benefits upon man. The first of these is the invaluable insect the Spanish blistering-fly, *Cantharis vesicatoria*. The appearance of this insect is well known. It abounds in parts of Spain, is gathered by beating the bushes, and is killed with vinegar fumes, after which it is dried and exported. The other is the indefatigable beetle called by the Americans the 'Tumble-dung' beetle, technically, the *Geotrupes stercorarius*. It belongs to the *Scarabæi*, and was with the other member of its family venerated in Egypt. Mr Catesby, an intelligent traveller in Carolina, gives a curious account of its habits. It is remarkably strong; it deposits its eggs in any excrementitious matter which the negligence of man allows to lie on the ground; it then rolls up pellets of this material, prepares a hole for its reception, and by indefatigable labour, by means of the tip of its abdomen and hind-legs, pushes the pellet, when sufficiently dry, into the hole. Mr Catesby calls it an admirable scavenger; and avers that these little insects, not larger than a cockchafer, by their incessant labours will keep a whole village clean! Akin to this singular feat is that of the 'burying beetles' mentioned in an article on 'Natural Sanitary Agencies' in a previous number of this Journal. The curious artillery of the Bombardier beetle, and other singularities connected with this family, have before appeared.

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Let us say, in conclusion, that the 'death-watch,' as our superstitious friends call it, is merely the tap of a beetle; and that beetles attack our bacon, meat, timber, offal, biscuits, and farm products. Want of space forbids our proceeding, as it is felt that already the article is over-long for one subject. How imperfectly, however, does it justify the title! But some shelter may be taken under the fact, that the number of European species alone is estimated at 3760, and the total number is said to approximate to thirty thousand!

A NEW EMIGRATION FIELD.

THE letters received by the editors of a long-established periodical, circulating throughout all classes of the people, form a very clear index to the governing ideas of the time. From sources of information of this kind we ourselves can always tell what are the great thoughts stirring at the moment in the public mind. Indeed it is both curious and interesting to notice the sympathy which arises between a constant literary visitor and its readers. The Journal acts as a conductor from mind to mind; it establishes a kind of mesmeric *rapport* between the parties; and when circumstances of exigence arise—when men arrive at some turning in the road of life, where a single step in a new direction may determine their fortune for ever—they seek refuge in their perplexity where they have been accustomed to find instruction, and implore advice from one who may be really an abstraction, but whom their hearts have personified as a counsellor and friend.

We are not sure that this has ever taken place to such an extent as in the case of these humble pages; and we are quite sure that no other journal has ever taken such pains, while discharging a trust, to avoid a responsibility. This, we know, is far from being agreeable to our readers. Unable to determine for themselves, they would fain throw the *onus* somewhere else. They would implicitly follow advice if they could only obtain it from a quarter where they had been accustomed to repose confidence; and if disappointment was the result, they would find consolation in being able to cast the blame upon another. It is not of the blame, however, we are afraid, but we shrink from the moral burthen which the exercise of such an influence would lay upon our minds. We prefer enabling our clients to determine in important matters for themselves; and this we do by putting them in possession of the facts on which our own opinion, if we ventured to give it, would be founded.

The subject which at this moment has the strongest hold on the spirit of the community is—emigration; and on that subject even he who dares not advise, must still feel it to be his duty to warn. Society in this country has reached a point where some change *must* take place. Every trade, every profession, is overcrowded. That is the true cause of most of the evils, both moral and physical, of which the present generation complain; and even the purblind patriots and mawkish sentimentalists who attribute 'starvation wages' to the tyranny of capital, are beginning to shrink from the questionings of common sense. Capital buys labour, just as labour buys bread—as cheaply as it can; and the price of both articles must depend upon the supply. Labour of all kinds, intellectual as well as mechanical, is superabundant in England; and so long as that continues to be the case, so long will endure the strongly-marked difference between the position of the capitalist and that of the worker of every description—a difference which every now and then excites such a storm of ignorant indignation. Workers of more than ordinary talent, or more than ordinary adaptation for their peculiar employment, will still command the market; but the multitude must obey it. Of these the average in usefulness must be satisfied with a bare subsistence, while those under the average will range from 'starvation wages' down to actual destitution. Such is the dispensation under which we live—such are the economical conditions of our present social system; and all those schemes of amelioration which do not directly apply to them are a mere waste of mind.

These ideas are not only old in a certain class of books, but they begin to be felt, like an instinct, by all classes of the people; and the remedy that commonly presents itself is simply the removal of supernumerary hands to a new field. Whether this will really stop the morbid tendency is an open question; but in point of fact it is a question which persons who deliberate on emigration neither know nor care anything about. They do not contemplate abandoning their old home to make room for those who remain, but to seek a better one for themselves; and on avowedly selfish and personal grounds they put the anxious question, 'Whether to go, and whither?' Government has a different duty—namely, to see that the emigration is beneficial both to the adventurers themselves and to the country they leave. But how often does it perform this duty? How often does it comprehend it? It is waste of time to reason on the nature of government in the abstract. Practically, at least in this country, it is a non-intelligent machine, moving by external agency, and standing still when that is withdrawn. It encourages or discourages emigration, not from motives of national, but of party interest; it plants a colony when circumstances render the step compulsory; and it leaves the pioneers of its empire to their fate till the nation cries shame! The governing rule of its colonial policy is momentary expedience; and the wild contradictions into which it is thus betrayed exhibit not only a remarkable deficiency in statesmanship, but infer an utter want of public virtue.

This, then, is a fit subject for warning. Warning will do no harm either to the people or the government. It will excite inquiry; it will call reason into play; and it will enable intending emigrants to cast themselves upon their fortune with open eyes. As an illustration of what we mean, we shall now mention a topic of the day of great interest and importance—no less than the proposed opening of a new emigration field.

On the north-east of the Cape of Good Hope there is a territory about the size of Scotland, marked out for a separate country by well-defined boundaries, consisting of mountains, rivers, and the ocean. The climate, we are told, is the most salubrious in the world. 'Uniformly mild, subject to no extremes of temperature, with all the equability, and none of the atmospherical moisture, of New Zealand, it is nearly as abundantly watered, of far richer soil, and within half the distance of Europe. Its productions, indeed, of coffee, rice, cotton, indigo, sugar, aniseed, indicate a somewhat warmer temperature than the former; but it is conceded on all hands that the heat is never excessive, or calculated to render field-labour very oppressive. Pulmonary and scrofulous diseases are quickly cured by a residence in the district, and ague is entirely unknown. The soil is capable of producing most of the vegetable treasures of the tropics, and all those of the temperate zone in abundance, and of the finest quality, particularly the cereals which flourish best in Egypt. Grass is so thick and luxuriant, that it fattens cattle rapidly, and grows up to the horse's shoulder. In the numerous clefts of the mountain streams and gullies fine timber is to be had. It produces cotton of the best quality, and its cultivation is accompanied with unrivalled success. In short, it seems to combine every advantage of New Zealand and Australasia, with much greater proximity to England. The government surveyor-general becomes perfectly eloquent in describing its character and excellencies. The successive governors of the Cape are equally emphatic in their praises; public companies, both in England and Germany, endorse these favourable opinions; and, to sum up all, merchants have largely ventured their money in establishing settlers in its most eligible localities, and promoting its culture of cotton.'*

* From a useful and extremely well-written shilling pamphlet by Mr Sidney Smith, entitled 'Whether to Go, and Whither? or, the Cape and the Great South Land.'

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In this paradise 'a fat ox costs L.2, 10s.; working bullocks and milch cows from L.2 to L.4; horses, L.10; sheep, 6s.; and provisions are at all times remarkably abundant and cheap.' It is only ten days' sail from Mauritius, which could readily absorb its agricultural produce; and the neighbouring sea-banks afford an extensive and promising field for cod-fishing. Thus the country is adapted in a very remarkable degree both for land and marine enterprise; and, to make all complete, it is supposed that the bowels of the earth teem with that material now indispensable to high civilisation—coal.

Why, then, is Natal a wilderness, with so much to attract the capital and industry of Europe? So far from being a discovery of the present moment, it has already been settled by the Dutch boers, those warlike farmers of the Cape, who, retreating in wrath and indignation before the irresistible power of the English, carried their families, and flocks, and herds across the frontiers. Here they found themselves in a far superior location both as regards climate and production, and their agricultural tastes and knowledge would have led them to adopt it as their permanent home, but that the hated supremacy of the English reached them even there. It was vain to struggle. Robust and herculean of frame, ignorant, proud, daring, and high-fed as they were, still they could not withstand the tactics of Europe: they were beaten from point to point; and when the conflict became hopeless, they once more began their march of emigration, and once more retreated across the frontiers. Such are the neighbours, then, of Natal; they hang upon its boundaries, like a thunder-cloud charged with the elements of destruction.

But the English were not the only enemies of the gallant Dutch in Natal. This rich territory is surrounded by the tribes of the African wilderness, against whom, just as against the wild beasts of the country, they waged a constant and deadly war, and who carried off their property, and burned their dwellings, as often as opportunity occurred. When the Dutch at length abandoned the unequal contest, the ground was taken possession of by a new class of emigrants. The savages of the interior, flying from the tyranny of their native chiefs, took refuge within the deserted circle; and these Koolah and Kaffir refugees are now supposed to amount to 200,000. So much the better, it will be said, for here we have the rudiments of a labouring population; and this would be true in the case of a strong colony, with ample means of military defence against both external and internal force. But if the mistake should be committed of throwing a handful of Europeans into the arena, to grapple at once with Dutch, savages, and wild beasts, what will be the result? 'The Colonial Commissioners report that "the universal character of the natives is at once superstitious and warlike; their estimate of the value of human life is very low; war and bloodshed are engagements with which their circumstances have rendered them familiar from their childhood, and from which they can be restrained only by the strong arm of power; their passions are easily inflamed, while, from their servile obedience to despotic rulers, they show ready obedience to constituted authority." Sir Peregrine Maitland, indeed, states that "they are generally of a docile character;" but the significant fact, that Sir Harry Smith has ordered the removal of the coloured population from intermixture with the white occupants of the land, "so that a distinct line may be established between the different races of her majesty's subjects," is a pretty clear indication of his sense of the danger of employing savage labour, and of permitting the proximity of the natives to the settlers.'

Now, from all this it will be perceived that if Natal is to be settled, it can only be so by means of a colony on a respectable scale as to numbers and force; but at this moment the whole strength of England in a country as large as Scotland is *two thousand!* Mr Smith goes into some calculations as to the cheapness of sending out our military pensioners and workhouse drones; but with that subject we desire to have nothing to do, further than expressing our disapprobation of pauper colonies in general, and of this one in particular, where there are already 200,000 labourers who must be either servants or outlaws. We do not urge the government to colonise in any way; but we demand to know on what principle of policy or humanity it invites, seduces, and entraps its countrymen—*before* efficient colonisation has taken place—into emigrating to such a field? Here is a specimen of the allurements to which we allude, and which are now flaunted in every widely-circulated newspaper:—'Persons of moderate means, or small farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers, if approved of by her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, can obtain a steerage passage, with provisions and *twenty acres of land*, for the sum of L.10; or an intermediate passage, with the same quantity of land, for the sum of L.19; cabin passage, L.35.' Another advertisement, in allusion to this, assures us that the golden offer is by no means illusory—nay, that we have nothing to do but accept it, and be off in a trice. 'The government forms for passing emigrants to Natal are very simple, and cause neither trouble nor delay: these, with circulars containing a map, and extracts from official and other documents on the climate, soil, and capabilities of Natal, and all other information desired, will be furnished to intending emigrants *free of expense* on application either personally or by letter.'

This, we submit, is a very pointed illustration of our strictures on the character of government as a non-intelligent machine. A fine wilderness falls into its hands at a time when the spirit of foreign enterprise is astir among the people; and planting in that wilderness a nominal colony, it opens the sluices of emigration. What more could we expect? A colony first, then emigration—that is the natural sequence; and with almost a free passage, a snug farm for nothing, and black fellows to cultivate it for a mere song, what more could we desire? Government being a material automaton, wound up and set going by external agency, having no moral sense, and no eyes for the future, cannot be supposed to consider anything but these obvious points. It does not perceive, and does not care, that the pathfinders of its new domain, as poor almost as the savages they employed, after passing the life of a wild beast, rending and being rended, would degenerate into a barbarism as profound as that by which they were surrounded.

But although we consider it worse than injudicious to invite miscellaneous emigration, and more especially the emigration of the very poor to such a country, Natal appears to be a good field for commercial experiment carried on by united bodies. The Manchester Commercial Association has already brought home samples of cotton worth from 4½d. to 6d. per pound; and a paper of that town remarks that the 'capabilities of Port Natal for the growth of cotton and other agricultural produce, without the expenditure of a heavy amount of capital and labour, may be judged of from the fact, that Mr Peel had several hundred acres (we believe we might say thousands) of virgin land, through which the plough could be run without removing the stump; and the whole is but thinly wooded.' This company relies upon the labour of those German boers who have remained within the colony, amounting to 4000; but another company announced depends more upon the Zoolahs. At anyrate, the cotton soils are near the sea, the true country of Europeans; and there being little jungle to clear, the experiment can receive a fair trial.

This applies, however, only to wealthy capitalists, who can take care of themselves. Our warning is for the poor, to whom L.10 and their outfit form a prodigious speculation—for the small shopkeeper, and saving hard-working servant, whose L.19 and a little parcel of merchandise would be their all—and for the reduced gentleman, who would be glad to purchase an estate on

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which he could kill his own mutton, together with the means of getting out to it in comfort and gentility, for L.35—to these persons we would recommend to look for information from other quarters as well as the advertisers; and, above all, they would do well to shut their eyes to any prestige that may seem to them to accompany the sanction of government. The touch of government is fatal to emigrants; and when a colony thrives, it is not by the assistance of government, but in spite of it. Labourers, as we have shown, are not wanted in Natal; and to convey property thither, in the present state of our information, would be madness. Those who *are* wanted are the pioneers and path-finders, whose ruined huts and solitary graves serve as landmarks to guide in after-years the gradual march of civilisation!

FRENCH PEDLARS IN ITALY.

There is in Northern Italy a peculiar branch of trade carried on almost exclusively through the instrumentality of Frenchmen. These individuals, chiefly from Languedoc and Provence, repair at a particular season of the year to Genoa, sometimes with a small capital, but much oftener without. They find, however, no difficulty in obtaining credit. In the first place, those who have been long known, and established their character for honesty, readily become security for the newcomers; and if this were not the case, still the incipient pedlars belong to a class of men so remarkable for punctuality and uprightness in their dealings, that even the most suspicious merchants would think they ran no risk in trusting them. Our prejudices may at first perhaps render us a little incredulous; but the fact nevertheless is, that French people engaged in trade are generally well-principled; at least they have been fortunate enough to achieve an honourable reputation, and in whatever foreign country they settle, are looked upon as perfectly safe in all matters of business. The shopkeepers of Bahia, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and other cities of South America, are nearly all French, who, through their honesty and good conduct, generally realise small fortunes, with which they in most cases return to spend their latter days in their own country, their attachment to home being stronger than that of any other European nation.

Genoa is the principal resort of the French pedlars who have taken the place of princely merchants, and help to keep alive the remnant of a commerce which once accumulated opulence in the city, and extended its ramifications over half the world. When you walk through it, melancholy seizes you at every turn. Streets and palaces without inhabitants, warehouses without goods, a customhouse where almost no duties are paid, and a mole which has now too frequently no ships to shelter from the weather. Such is Genoa! But wherever men are congregated, they must discover some means of earning a livelihood. Pomp and grandeur have no other basis than industry, as the owners of the immense fortunes once found in Genoa have proved to their cost. They went on spending, supposing their revenues would last for ever. But time by degrees brought them to the end of their treasures, and the descendants of grandees with pompous titles, and of merchants, each of whom possessed a little navy of his own, now in many cases subsist by supplying goods to French pedlars, who have intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance.

We have been unable to ascertain the number of persons engaged in carrying on this obscure department of the trade of Genoa: they must, however, be numerous. When preparing to start on their toilsome and not unperilous enterprise, they go to the warehouse of the merchant with whom they deal always in pairs, with capacious knapsacks on their backs. As might be expected, they bestow much care on the selection of their goods, which necessarily consist of small articles, or things that will pack close—such as handkerchiefs, shawls, dresses, cheap lace, ribbons, reels of cotton, needles, &c. To these they add a quantity of Genoese silver jewellery, remarkable for its tastefulness and elegance.

Did these men possess the art of communicating their experience to the world, no travels would perhaps be so interesting as theirs. They pass over, two in company, from Genoa to the north of Corsica, where they part company—the one taking the eastern, the other the western side of the island, agreeing to meet on a given day at the port whence they embarked for Sardinia. They then traverse together this boisterous channel, and on reaching the larger island, separate again, fixing for their rendezvous on another port, whence they usually sail for the coast of Spain, unless they have in the meanwhile disposed of the whole of their goods.

It might at first be supposed that the contents of two knapsacks would not enable men to proceed thus far. Nor do they always, or even perhaps generally. But sometimes it happens that our Corsican and Sardinian villages are not in the humour to buy, or have no money, or have just made their purchases of other pedlars. In this case the wandering merchant must trudge on to the next village or hamlet, to meet perhaps the same ill-luck there. By these means a small stock goes a great way. Besides, as progress is made in civilisation, and villages grow up, through trade or otherwise, into towns, the shop takes the place of the pedlar's pack, and people grow ashamed of owing their finery to the enterprise of wanderers so humble.

Of course it is, as a rule, desirable that civilisation, with all its processes, should replace barbarism. But it may be doubted whether, in many parts of Southern Europe, society has yet arrived at that stage in which it ought to dispense with pedlars. It is, however, a mere question of economy. The rent of shops, and the wages of an establishment, greatly, when trade is dull, augment the price of commodities, because the weight of such charges falls upon a few customers. When the demand is brisk, when money changes hands rapidly, when people throng to shops in crowds, it is possible to be content with a smaller profit, and society becomes a gainer perhaps for the suppression of nomadic traders.

Frenchmen, even in their own country, are accustomed, when in poor circumstances, to subsist on a very homely and economical diet. Bread, a few onions, and a sip of sour wine, they almost regard as luxuries. The same habit and theory of living follow them into other countries, especially when, like our pedlars, their sole object is to save money, to provide for the comforts of their old age, or, if practicable, to enable them to marry in middle life, and undertake the responsibilities of a family. Of one luxury the pedlar is careful not to deprive himself—we mean of a little provision of cigars—which he carries about with him, carefully wrapt in a bit of oil-skin, to protect them from the weather; and on the bleak, rocky mountains of Corsica and Sardinia, smoking is indeed a luxury. In civilised countries, in large cities, in capacious, comfortable, well-ventilated apartments, it may be a mere piece of extravagance to expend money on Havanas. It would seem to be otherwise in the cases under consideration. The pedlar, on quitting his humble *cabaret*, or still more comfortless cottage, in the chill damp morning, his teeth chattering, his whole frame half-shrunk by the night's cold, experiences an agreeable elevation of spirits the moment he takes out his flint and steel, and kindles his cigar. It serves him also as a companion: as he puffs away, he fancies himself in friendly society, especially when the smoke wreathes lovingly around him in some sheltered nook or hollow in the way. Ease and opulence know nothing of such pleasures: everything with them is comfort and regularity; but the wild wayfarer, with all his earthly possessions on his back, who carries at the

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same time his purse and his life in his hands—who has to face the storms of winter and the heats of summer—who is always lonely, often sad, sometimes oppressed, dejected, and miserable—derives gratification from small, and, it may be, equivocal pleasures, if smoking indeed be one of these.

Sometimes the track of the pedlar lies through districts so desolate, that he can find at night no habitation, however humble, in which to take shelter, but must betake himself to some cavern or hollow among the rocks. Here his flint and steel come into requisition. He gathers dry leaves and bits of decayed wood, and kindles himself a fire, close to which he lies down, and enjoys the semblance at least of a summer dwelling; by the light of it also he eats his humble supper—a little bread, hard and dry crust of cheese, or a piece of antiquated sausage, with, it may be, an onion or two, or a clove of garlic. Water from the neighbouring well or stream quenches his thirst; and then he betakes himself to sleep on the hard rock, with the infinite air breathing around him, and the stars raining their influences upon his head from the sky.

It may be matter of wonder that the property these men carry about with them—which, though not great, must still be a temptation to dishonesty—would not constantly expose them to the assaults of robbers. The explanation perhaps is, that the state of society which requires pedlars nourishes those prejudices and feelings that operate as their protection. There is in Corsica and Sardinia, and indeed in all other countries similarly circumstanced, a sort of superstition attached to the pedlar's character, which prevents even very desperate persons from attempting his life. He makes his appearance among them trustingly and fearlessly—for pedlars never carry arms—and wherever he comes, excites mirth and gaiety in young and old. He adorns the persons of their wives and daughters, makes their children look gay, and diffuses an air of cheerfulness and contentment through a whole village. Experience of kindness from others makes him gentle and kind in his turn. He is polished by rubbing against the world, and learns at the same time resolution and modesty. Full of stories and anecdotes of adventures of hair-breadth escapes, he has a perpetual fund of entertainment; and the cottage in which he passes the night is generally crowded with as many neighbours as it will hold, who sit in a circle around him, to listen to his narratives.

Occasionally, though not often, the pedlar condescends to become the messenger of love, and bears from hamlet to hamlet tender epistles which he himself perhaps has indited at the request of lover or mistress. At times he assumes the character of umpire and peacemaker, terminates quarrels, crushes the germs of lawsuits, and by a timely present of no great value, makes up matches, and diffuses happiness through a whole class.

Once in Sardinia, at a village high up in the mountains, a pedlar, whom we afterwards met in Genoa, arrived about Christmas during very severe weather. A farmer, whose daughter was about to be married, kindly invited him to make some stay at his house. The pedlar accepted the invitation, and remained eight or ten days, kept a prisoner, as it were, by the hospitality of his host and a perpetual succession of snow-storms. He was present at the wedding, and at the merry-making given by the family in the evening, where he noticed among the guests a young man of rather handsome appearance, who attracted much attention by the gloomy fierceness of his manner. Towards most persons he preserved a sullen silence; but he relaxed with the pedlar, laughed, and talked a great deal; inquired what route he meant to take, and how long it was likely to be before he would be among them again.

In due time the pedlar quitted the farmhouse, and proceeded on his way. The country just there was very thinly inhabited, the woods frequent, and of considerable extent, and here and there were caverns of various dimensions. In one of these the pedlar one snowy night found himself compelled to take refuge. He had had the precaution to take some food with him; and the cold being piercing, he collected a quantity of wood, kindled a fire, and sat down to enjoy his supper beside it. He had not taken many mouthfuls before he observed a man enter the cavern covered with snow, which he shook from him as he advanced. There was an immediate recognition: it was no other than the farmer's wedding-guest! He accosted the pedlar with a strange constrained civility—saying he was come to sup, and spend the night with him.

'You are welcome,' said the Frenchman with as much self-command as he could assume.

'Perhaps, however,' replied the Sardinian, 'I shall not continue to be so when I shall have explained my errand?'

'We shall see: explain yourself.'

'Listen, then.'

'I listen: proceed. But allow me first to offer you a little supper. Here, pray take a slice of German sausage and a little of this wine, which I have luckily brought along with me. Taste it: it is very good.'

'No,' answered the Sardinian: 'I will neither eat nor drink with you until I find whether it will be necessary to kill you or not!'

'Kill me?'

'Yes, you; unless you accede to the request I am about to make. Listen: I am in love with a girl whose father will not give her to me unless I can prove myself to be in possession of one hundred dollars. Now I wish you to lend me that sum, which I will faithfully repay to you: not at any stated time, observe, for I may be unfortunate; but I swear to you here on this dagger that I will repay it sooner or later.' And he held up the glittering weapon in the light of the flames, ready to press it to his lips should the pedlar accede to his request.

The Frenchman naturally felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for, from the savage aspect of his guest, he did not doubt he had reason to dread the worst.

The Sardinian continued: 'Should you be so foolish as to refuse me, I shall kill you, take all your property, marry, and make use of it. But because I am an honest man, I wish you in that case to tell me who is your nearest of kin in France, since it will be my most earnest endeavour to repay him the money as soon as Providence shall have put it in my power.'

Here he paused, to observe what effect his words had produced on the pedlar, who for some time was too much terrified to reply.

'Well,' resumed the guest, 'you are undecided? It is just what I expected: it is very natural. However, I will stay all night with you, that you may have time for reflection; because I would rather not kill you if I could help it. Still, I have made up my mind to be married next week, and I would kill fifty pedlars rather than postpone the ceremony.'

'Under these circumstances,' replied the Frenchman, 'I must lend you the money, since I have no choice.'

'You resolve wisely: you have no choice. One observation more, however, I must make, and then we will sit down comfortably to supper. It is this: when you next come to our village, you will of course see me and my wife, and you will take up your residence with us in preference to any other person's. You will say nothing, however, of the present transaction, neither to her nor to any one else. You will not seem afraid of me, as indeed you need not be, but will be merry, and reckon confidently of being repaid the sum with which you now accommodate me.'

All this the pedlar promised.

'Now,' exclaimed the young man, 'give me your hand: we are friends: let us sit down to supper. Afterwards you can reckon me out the money; we will keep up a good fire, and chat by it all night; and in the morning we will separate, each to pursue his own way.'

In the morning, as they were about to bid each other

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adieu, the Sardinian took out his dagger, and cutting off one of the buttons from his coat, handed it to the Frenchman, saying, 'Take that, and keep it till I restore you your money. Observe it is of silver, and has been handed down in my family for many generations. I would not part with it for all you possess; and when I intend to repay you the hundred dollars, this is the course I shall pursue: I will say I have lost my button, and will offer a hundred dollars to any one who shall find and bring it to me. You will present yourself: you will produce the button; and I, as in honour bound, will give you the sum agreed on. Do we part friends?'

The pedlar, who, notwithstanding his loss, could not but be amused by the strange character and ideas of the Sardinian, gave him his hand, and they parted friends.

Next year he passed the same way again, and sure enough found his friend married to a very pretty woman, who had already brought him a son. He seemed very happy; but coming up to the Frenchman, he said, 'Now I have lost a button: I am not yet rich enough to buy one to replace it: I may be more lucky next year.'

The pedlar understood; and after having been made very welcome at his house, went his way.

A second and a third year he returned, and every time found a young son or daughter added to the family. At length—pleased with his reception, with the constant hospitality shown him, with the pleasant wife and cheerful increasing family—he took the Sardinian aside, and presenting him with his button: 'Allow me to restore you this article of yours, which I have found.'

'No, no,' replied his host; 'keep it another year: by that time I shall be able to redeem it, and at the same time to spend a very merry evening with you. Come this way next winter, and you shall see.'

The months rolled round: the pedlar, regular as the season, came again; and the Sardinian invited him to supper. All the children had been sent to bed, and he and his wife only remained with their guest.

'Agatha,' said he to her, 'do you know that it is to your friend here that you are indebted for a husband?'

His wife looked surprised.

'I beg your pardon, dear Agatha,' said he; 'that is not what I ought to have said. I mean I am indebted to him for a wife, as it was he who supplied me with the hundred dollars, without which your father would have refused you to me.'

'Oh how heartily I thank you!' exclaimed the wife; 'for he is a good husband and a good father.'

'But I robbed him,' said the husband. He then related the whole circumstance, remarking at the conclusion, 'I intrust my secret to you, Agatha, because my honour is as dear to you as my life. Here, friend,' exclaimed he, placing a little bag on the table, 'here are your hundred dollars; so now restore me my button, which you have doubtlessly kept carefully.'

'Yes, here it is!' exclaimed the Frenchman, taking it from his purse; 'and now we are even, except that I owe you much, very much, for the constant hospitality you have shown me.'

'Nay,' replied the husband; 'it is to you that I am indebted for my wife and children: you have been in some sort a father to us all; and therefore, so long as I have a house over my head, pray consider it yours.'

Pedlars are sometimes generous. Taking up the bag of dollars, and turning to the wife, the Frenchman said, 'Allow me, madam, to present this to your youngest child as a birthday present. I am in a condition to afford it. I have made much money in your country, and intend next year to marry, and retire to Provence, my native land.'

The present was accepted; but the farmer, not to be outdone in generosity, forced on him next morning a handsome horse of considerably greater value. The same pedlar had been engaged in many other little adventures, which he used to relate with that ease and naïveté so characteristic of the French. We fell in with him just as he was about returning to Provence, where we daresay he still enjoys the property which he amassed with so much toil, honesty, and perseverance. The English merchants who supply this class of men are less prudent and economical, and commonly spend their whole gains in what is technically called 'making an appearance.' They, moreover, marry Italian women, settle at Genoa, and soon lose all desire to return to England. Thus deprived of the chief spur to economy, they contract indolent habits, and devote themselves to amusement and pleasure; and while the men whose knapsacks they supply rise to independence, and often even to opulence, contract debts and embarrassments, and terminate their lives in poverty. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. But it is the rule, we fear, in Northern Italy, where, through a superior agency, a much larger amount of British goods might be annually distributed, especially if our manufacturers could study the taste of the people, and supply them with the colours and patterns most agreeable to them. On the coast of Spain the operations of the French knapsack-men are encountered and checked by smugglers from Gibraltar. Still, in both cases, the goods are chiefly English; so that, as a people, it is immaterial to us through which of these channels they find their way into the Spanish market.

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

After being pent up the whole winter in the great cotton metropolis of Scotland, where sunlight seems frequently to suffer an eclipse, and the loaded atmosphere is inhaled with difficulty, with what buoyancy of spirit does the citizen make his first trip of the season by steamer, and behold, after the long interval, his beloved Clyde flowing as peacefully as ever; its blue waters sparkling in the sun, and all nature looking fresh and happy! It is a mental as well as corporeal recreation, and combines the excellencies of both.

The trips down the Clyde from Glasgow are numerous and varied; the whole scenery of the river and its contiguous lochs being highly picturesque and striking. The excursion by steam to Bute is a great favourite, but the trip that may be made to the island of Arran, which lies immediately beyond Bute, excels it in point of geological and general interest. Arran may be said to form in itself an epitome of the Scottish Highlands, not only in their beautiful and picturesque, but in their grand and sublime features. A specimen is to be found here of everything for which the scenery of our country is renowned, whether in the form of mountain, rock, glen, or lonely lake. There are vales, too, of pastoral beauty, deep-wooded dells, and quiet nooks; and surrounding the whole are the waters of the magnificent firth, tumbling upon shores of every description, from the bed of silvery sand to the bulwark of rocky cliff.

In approaching in the steamer the blue mountains of Arran, their rugged peaks softened by distance, or lost in the clouds, an undefined feeling steals over the traveller, who fancies himself leaving the territories subdued by man, and about to enter the undisputed domain of nature. A stern grandeur characterises the scene before him; the associations of the city melt away from his mind; and he finds himself, unconsciously of the process, in a world of dreams. But the effect of Arran, be it said, is owing in some degree to adventitious circumstances. The noble proprietor, with more taste than philanthropy, is determined that it shall remain a show only to the few. He refuses to let his ground on building leases, or to construct, or permit to be constructed, a convenient landing-place; and in the finely-situated village of Brodick there is but little accommodation for the ordinary visitors of the salt water. Sometimes, it is true, a rush is made in despite of difficulties, and a holiday at Glasgow sends its swarms to the stern and lonely island. But this has not the dreaded effect

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of vulgarising the place. There is no house-room, and no food, and happily no drink, for one-third of the unbidden guests; and they locate themselves, gipsy fashion, in the surrounding woods and glens, and, wrapped in their plaids and cloaks, pass the night under the trees.

The passage between Cumbrae and Brodick is frequently rough and unpleasant, a heavy sea running in the wide channel; but all inconveniences are forgotten as you approach the beautiful bay, with Goatfell for its gigantic watch-tower. It is probable that at some ante-historic epoch the sea penetrated to the base of the mountains; but there is now much cultivated land, which finely contrasts with the barren grandeur of the background. A residence of the Hamilton family, which has recently been enlarged and improved, is superbly situated on the rising ground to the right; and in front, and to the left, but concealed from view, is the little row of cottages forming the village of Brodick, in most of which a bed is fitted up for the accommodation of visitors who cannot find room in the inn. On the other side of the bay, called Invercloy, there are a few more comfortable houses for letting to summer visitors.

On a fine clear autumn morning, after enjoying a delightful bath in the pleasant waters of the bay, and despatching a breakfast of somewhat alarming magnitude, we prepared for the ascent of Goatfell. Striking up the road which leads behind the inn of Brodick, and passing through a wood, we soon found ourselves, as it were, in the presence-chamber of the monarch of the island. One feels as if he were now alone in the presence of Goatfell; for the village is lost to view, and the wood half encircles the gradually-ascending ground which leads to the base of the mountain. Even the tyro in geology has here an opportunity of observing phenomena of great interest, and on a scale of such magnitude as makes observation easy, and the impression distinct and lasting. The ground we were now treading might appear to an inexperienced eye as forming the lower part of the mighty mass of Goatfell; but in reality it is not so: it belongs to formations altogether different, and which, strange to say, are older than Goatfell itself.

Nearest the wood the Old Red Sandstone forms the surface strata; and higher up, the slate, which underlies the sandstone, rises above it, and comes into immediate contact with the mass of granite of which Goatfell is composed. These phenomena may be best observed in the bed of the torrent which descends the hill, and which we were led to examine at the recommendation of Mr Ramsay in his excellent Guide-Book, which we had in our hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, we do not begin to ascend Goatfell till we reach the granite formation, which is first observed in the neighbourhood of a small milldam at the base of the cone. Several points of contact between the granite and slate may here be noticed; and though we should probably never have discovered them but for Mr Ramsay's directions, we cannot describe the intense delight with which, after diligent search, we gazed on these beautiful phenomena. One of them, and the most easy of discovery, occurs on the west side of the torrent or stream alluded to, and a few yards below the wall of the milldam. A vein of granite, not unlike a stripe of yellow paint, is seen traversing the slate, and may be traced more or less distinctly for several yards. The granite, of course, when it penetrated the slate, must have been in a state of fusion, and the intense heat caused those contortions in the stratified rock which are still plainly visible. Phenomena of the same kind appear a little to the left of the dam, near the top of the descent into Glen Rosa; veins of granite being there also seen crossing some slate rocks, which appear at short intervals peeping above the soil. Considerably farther down the descent into Glen Rosa, a large rock may be observed, which appears partly composed of slate and partly of granite. Geologists hold, we believe unanimously, that the granitic range, of which Goatfell is a prominent feature, emerged from the abyss long subsequent to the deposition of the stratified formations, such as sandstone and slate. These strata recline against the body of the mountain, just in the position they would have assumed had it protruded itself through while they were yet lying horizontally. Another strong proof of the comparatively recent origin of Goatfell is to be found in the fact, that while at the present day the sand of the seashore is in great measure composed of particles of granite, and while the whole district is impregnated with such particles, no semblance of granite is to be found in those puddingstones or conglomerates which abound throughout what is now the granitic region. The irresistible conclusion is, that when these conglomerates were formed, the granite still lay in the depths of the globe.

It may be imagined that with such objects of interest, which, so far as personal observation went, were absolutely new to us, our progress up the mountain was none of the most expeditious; and we observed several parties whose single object was to perform the feat of making the ascent, keeping far to the right of our favourite milldam, as being the more direct road up the mountain. We now began to skirt its base, in order to gain the right shoulder, and to follow the usual track. The weather was splendid; a magnificent view was to reward our toil; there were parties in advance of us, and some in the rear: we were to be in the midst of a crowd on the top of Goatfell. The thought disturbed the harmony and the repose of our ideas; but after all, man is a social animal, and we reconciled ourselves to intercourse with our kind. Near the top the ascent becomes steep and rugged: you leap from one mass of rock to another; you gasp for breath; and although, perchance, a teetotaller on the earth, you suspect the orthodoxy of the doctrine at the height of 3000 feet. A gentleman whom you have never before seen fortunately carries a flask; he obligingly offers you a sip; you taste, and are invigorated. The effect proves evanescent, but the summit is near. One effort more: you succeed; but instead of standing on the top of Goatfell to enjoy the glorious prospect, you lay yourself flat on your back. But the view from the summit amply compensates for any trifling fatigue. On one side stand the neighbouring mountains, with their rugged and precipitous sides, inspiring a feeling of awe; while, by simply turning round, this emotion is dispelled, and a scene of beauty, such as probably you have never before seen, is spread out beneath you. Much of course depends on the weather; but as we saw it, the magnificent Firth of Clyde was reposing in glassy stillness under a bright and cloudless sky, and the islands resting on its bosom we could have fancied the abodes of the blessed. Beyond the firth the eye may be carried to the broad Atlantic; but we could only distinguish in that direction a range of hills belonging to the Western Islands.

The descent of Goatfell, though accomplished in a short time, requires some little dexterity. We saw a gentleman who, in the dread of being left behind by the steamer, descended with such headlong speed, that if he had missed his footing, he would in all probability have been severely injured, if not killed outright. At an ordinary speed there is no danger whatever.

When we regained the base of the mountain, instead of returning by the morning's route, we turned to the right, and descended into Glen Rosa. We traced with much interest the slate and the granite, and would no doubt have made many original discoveries, if Mr Ramsay had not unluckily been before us. We take our revenge by stating boldly that we did not always succeed in discovering the geological phenomena mentioned by him. We searched a wood, for instance, for upwards of an hour in quest of an old quarry, but without finding it, though we afterwards discovered the appearance we were in search of in one of the stones forming the enclosure of the wood. Glen Rosa is a beautiful valley, lonely and peaceful enough to make

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you forget, as you pluck its blooming heather, or stretch yourself on its grassy knolls, the great world you have left with all its toils and cares.

We now wended our way out of the valley, and returning to Brodick, took the steamer for Lamlash, every nerve of our body tingling with pleasurable excitement, arising from physical exertion and intellectual enjoyment. Lamlash Bay, though affording a secure shelter for vessels, is inferior in grandeur to that of Brodick; for there the Goatfell range is wanting, and the Holy Isle scarcely supplies the want. Next day was the Sabbath, and instead of remaining at Lamlash, we chose rather to take our place among the worshippers at Brodick, induced partly by the fineness of the weather, and partly because we understood that the Communion was to be celebrated at the latter place. The walk from Lamlash to Brodick is one of extraordinary beauty, and we enjoyed it to the full. After ascending a hill, you see, on looking back, the Holy Isle, like a towering rampart defending the noble bay that lies at your feet from the tempests that rage without, against which it often affords a secure retreat to hundreds of distressed vessels. Resuming your journey, you pass through a tract bearing a few patches of very imperfect cultivation. The sloping ground on the left becomes gradually covered with shrubbery, and is intersected by a winding stream; but the scene receives its character from the magnificent range of Goatfell, which, in solemn and lonely grandeur, is now seen shooting its rugged peaks into the sky. The wonted solitude of the way was interrupted by many 'going up to the feast;' and from circumstances arising out of the Disruption of the Scottish church, the Word was preached that day beneath the open canopy of heaven, and the festival celebrated under a few boards which formed the roof of a sawpit.

On Monday morning we prepared to follow out the plan of operations which we had previously determined on. Its leading features were—to make the tour of the east side of the island, keeping along the shore as far as Loch Ranza, and then to proceed down the west coast by Dugarry and Blackwater Foot, returning home from the latter place across the island. This plan we were prevented from carrying wholly into effect, although the compulsory variation proved as agreeable as the original design. An unceremonious steamboat-bell hurried us from breakfast, which we had scarcely tasted; and in rather an unsatisfactory humour we proceeded on board. The captain, with a little coaxing, agreed to land us at Corrie, a hamlet about four miles north of Brodick; and as we were rowed ashore, we made the acquaintance of a most intelligent man, the lessee of the limestone quarry in the immediate neighbourhood. This quarry consists of beds of lime and shale alternately: it abounds in fossils; and an inspection of it with an intelligent guide cannot fail to prove instructive to the young geologist. We were obligingly presented with some specimens of the fossils—we believe the *Producta Scotica*. After leaving Corrie, we found the walk along the shore extremely beautiful: on the one hand there was a range of picturesque cliffs, richly wooded, and at one time evidently washed by the sea; and on the other several immense granite boulders, which at some remote period must have been detached from the hills above. At Sannox, about a mile beyond Corrie, we diverged into the celebrated glen, where, instead of the beauty and softness of Glen Rosa, we gazed on terrible mountains and precipices, and felt the littleness of man in the presence of these stupendous works of Deity. Glen Sannox is a ravine of considerable magnitude, rendered still more so in appearance by the clouds that usually rest on the mountain ridges at its further extremity. The darkness, almost blackness, of its prevailing hue—its great depth, and the uncertainty of its outline, lost in perpetual mists and shadows—impress a character of mysterious grandeur upon the picture, such as is rarely met with even in the wildest scenery of the north. Here the cry of the eagle is not unfrequently heard in a domain which seems peculiarly his own; and a glimpse of the red-deer is still sometimes caught, as he looks down the glen from its Alpine barriers, and snuffing for a moment the breath of approaching civilisation, turns away in terror, and plunges into the wilds beyond.

Sulphate of barytes is found in Glen Sannox, and is at present wrought, a mill being erected near the pit for the manufacture. The manager, whose dwelling-house is also here, obligingly explained to us the process, and showed us some magnificent specimens of the mineral, which is white in colour, and very heavy, and is extensively used in the composition of paint. But this is a dreary place to live in; the gusts which sometimes sweep down the glen are terrific, and the soil hardly acknowledges the labour of man. Glen Sannox, however, in imitation of the civilised world, has its railway, serving as a 'grand junction line' between the pit and the mill.

Leaving the glen, we crossed the Sannox Water, having a long journey before us. There is no shore-road from hence to Loch Ranza, the highway taking a much shorter cut across the country; and we were given to understand that our proposed route, though not absolutely perilous, was at least full of difficulty, and seldom ventured on by strangers. The idea, however, of doing what casual visitants to Arran rarely do, as well as of seeing several objects of interest, determined us to persevere in threading our way through the intricacies of a confused and rocky shore. We were not long in discovering what our valued guide had taught us to look for—the 'anticlinal axis:' a term of formidable sound, but meaning simply the point where the strata, which had been dipping in a southerly direction, but continually decreasing the angle, become horizontal. This horizontal position the strata maintain for some little distance along the coast, till at length they begin gradually to dip towards the north. The Old Red Sandstone—a formation greatly indebted for its notoriety to Mr Hugh Miller—here runs along the coast, swelling gradually into considerable hills. We found the shore free from stones of any magnitude, and easily traversed, though a very different scene awaited us as we presently came in sight of what are commonly called 'the Fallen Rocks.' Here prodigious fragments of rock, in all imaginable positions, cover the whole shore, and form a sort of barrier to nearly the summit of the hill. An immense overhanging portion of the hill appears at some unknown period to have given way, and to have been precipitated in these huge masses on the shore. The effect is impressive; and it seems singular that, of the many strangers who visit Glen Sannox, only a very few have seen the Fallen Rocks, not more than two miles distant.

Our familiar friend, the Old Red Sandstone, now deserted us, and we had more difficulty in deciphering the succeeding formations. The geologist, however, detects the beds of the carboniferous series, intermingled with numerous trap dikes. Rain now began to fall heavily, and we felt the less disposition to loiter by the way, as we expected soon to reach the veins of the salt-pans and the old coal-pits. We at length found several of the latter, filled with water; but we had no opportunity of examining the seams of coal which were at one time wrought (but very unprofitably) in connection with the salt-pans in the immediate vicinity. The shore is here considerably elevated, and the ruins stand on a grassy plot, the more inviting after the rugged road we had just been traversing. These ruins, without either antiquity, or architectural beauty, or associations of any kind to boast of, are nevertheless felt to be interesting. They remind us that a spot where the genius of solitude now seems to have taken up his abode, was once the scene of busy industry, and resounded no doubt with the sounds of joy and love. On reaching a quarry about a mile farther north, we found a temporary shed erected to serve as dwellings for the men; the stone they were

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quarrying was the New Red Sandstone, and the blocks were lying ready for shipment. The appearance of two travellers in this solitary place was probably so unusual, that one of the men, addressing us, expressed very civilly his concern that we had not known that there was a good road to Loch Ranza across the country, 'by taking which we should have avoided all the difficulties of the shore.' We could hardly persuade him that, with the knowledge of both routes, we had given the shore a preference. We speedily reached what is called the Cock of Arran, a large rock on the shore, and which is seen at a considerable distance at sea. Passing it, we began to encounter the roughest part of our journey. We had reached the Scriden, a repetition of the Fallen Rocks, but on a far more extensive scale. The entire side of the hill seems to have been broken up, and certainly the masses of rock, which strew the whole shore and the slope of the hill, form a scene of most admired confusion. We were told that, except at low-water, we could not pass the Scriden unless by partly ascending the hill. By the aid of a little ingenuity, however, and some friendly sheep-tracks, we managed to thread our way through the mazes of rock, till we emerged again on the open shore. The evening was now drawing on, and being both tired and hungry, we made the best of our way to our journey's end. At about two miles beyond the Scriden we began to round Newton Point, and to our great satisfaction came at length in sight of the sweet and quiet Loch Ranza. It seems probable, in respect of Loch Ranza, as well as of Brodick Bay, that the sea at some remote period penetrated to the base of the mountains. It is now displaced to a great extent by alluvial soil, the process of whose formation does not yet seem complete. A stream from the mountains pursues a serpentine course through the vale, which is terminated by an old castle standing on the beach, and overlooking the calm waters of the loch. Besides the inn, there is a church, in which, however, service is but seldom performed; and a few cottages, the wants of whose inhabitants are probably bounded by their native hills. The hill forming the background of Loch Ranza is famous among geologists as affording an example of the junction of granite and slate.

Immediately after our arrival, the rain began to descend in torrents; and we were kept prisoners in the inn for the greater part of the following day, and were at last obliged to forego our intention of proceeding down the west coast. We therefore returned to Brodick by the high road, remarking, in passing, some magnificent specimens of conglomerate before reaching North Sannox.

Next day, the weather having cleared up, we proceeded to Lamlash, determined to make up for our disappointment; and taking there the high road leading in a westerly direction, we walked to Burrican Farm, nearly six miles distant; and thence striking direct across the open country, we steered for Blackwater Foot, on the south-west of the island. Having arrived without adventure, we set off for Drummedoon Point, a promontory about a mile north of the Blackwater. Drummedoon is of basaltic formation, the rocks imperfectly columnar, and presenting from the sea a picturesque appearance; although, from our position being immediately under the cliffs, the effect was no doubt lessened. Proceeding northward along the shore, we soon reached the celebrated caves, the largest of which, called King's Cove, has a legendary history reaching back to the time of Fingal, of whom, it seems, there are still sculptured traces on the walls. In later times, the cave is said to have occasionally sheltered Robert Bruce. We had no sooner entered it than a thunder-storm began to rage; and during the elemental conflict we remained in this abode of the heroes of the past. The caves in the neighbourhood were no doubt formed by the action of the sea on the sandstone during long ages; but the tide does not now reach them. The pitchstone veins are a few hundred yards north of King's Cove. The stone is dark-green, and easily fractured; and the veins seem to rise from the sea, and to lose themselves in the neighbouring cliffs. A vein of pitchstone, more acceptable to the generality of tourists, may be seen crossing the old road between Lamlash and Brodick, not very far from its junction with the new. Having satisfied our curiosity, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense Arran mist, which means fog and thick drizzling rain combined. We now mounted King's Hill, and struck direct across the country for Shedog, whence we found our way back to Brodick.

This is no doubt a meagre account of what was in reality a very interesting tour; but it at least catalogues the chief points of interest presented by the island, and may be the means of directing to the scene some better-qualified pilgrims of nature. The peculiarity of the island, as we have hinted, is, that it combines within a comparatively trifling circle, and in an easily-accessible quarter, an example of each of the natural features, from the grandest to the loveliest, for which the scenery of Scotland is famous. Besides this, it presents, in a striking and intelligible form, an epitome of the physical history of the globe, and is thus an admirable practical school for the student of geology.

THE DEAD.

'Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that time had given!'

Forget not the dead who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life and the low-whispered prayer?
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no *remembrances* there.
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us:
Forget not the dead—oh, forget not the dead!

Boston, U. S. A. James T. Fields.

THE BANKER'S PARLOUR.

In the morning the banker looks into his 'cash-book,' and observes the amount with which he 'locked up' the preceding night. He then looks at the 'diary,' which contains his receipts and payments for that day as far as he is then advised. He then opens the letters, and notices the remittances they contain, and the payments he is instructed to make. He will learn from these items whether he 'wants money,' or has 'money to spare.' If he wants money, he will 'take in' any loans that may be falling due that day; or he may 'call in' any loans he may have out on demand; or he may go farther, and borrow money for a few days on stock or exchequer bills. Should he have money to spare, he will, peradventure, discount brokers' bills, or lodge money on demand with the bill-brokers, or lend it for fixed periods on stock or exchequer bills. There are some bill-brokers who usually make their rounds every morning, first calling on the parties who supply them with bills, and then calling on the bankers who supply them with money. The stock-brokers, too, will call after 'the market is open,' to inform the banker how 'things are going' on the Stock Exchange, what operations are taking place, and whether money is abundant or scarce 'in the house;' also what rumours are afloat that are likely to affect the price of funds. It is thus that a banker regulates his investments, and finds employment for his surplus funds.—*Gilbert's Treatise on Banking.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 304. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849. Price 1½d.

EXPERIENCE.

Life is often described as an uncertain and weary pilgrimage—a dim, bewildering road, whereon a man wanders more or less under the guidance of chance, meeting occasionally with adventures. The similitude is in many respects appropriate. At our entrance into life, its purposes, contingencies, and ulterior results are imperfectly discerned and apprehended, even as the material and social aspects of a country as yet unvisited are but vaguely and inadequately prefigured in the consciousness by such descriptions and reports as we may have read, or gathered in conversation from previous adventurers. The existing experience of mankind is of comparatively small advantage to any one who is as yet without experience of his own, inasmuch as its uses are unintelligible till the want of it has been demonstrated, and, under one or another shape, personally felt, and perceived to be desirable. Thus it is that so few young persons benefit by the advices of their seniors, even when those are really sound, and practically available. Life, indeed, is a new experiment to every one who is born into the world. No man can become the fac-simile of his father or his schoolmaster. The problem of his existence, as we have elsewhere asserted, is to a very considerable extent *original*; every man is a new variation of the nature which he individually personifies.

This fact appears to be demonstrated by the inveterate propensity of each to deviate more or less from the forms and methods of procedure which he finds established. Well contemplated, perhaps this very tendency might disclose itself as the predetermining impulse of human progress. Prone as men are to imitation, no one ever proposes to reduce himself to an exact copy of any of his predecessors or contemporaries. A close examination of his tendencies might enable us to perceive that, even in imitating, he is disposed to introduce novelties of his own, and inclines always to reproduce his model in a modified and unexampled shape. The son who succeeds, or enters into co-operation with, his father in any kind of enterprise, rarely or never is contented to abide strictly by the rules and formalities of practice which the father instituted, and found to be in all respects satisfactory and effectual; accidentally, or by deliberate intent, he strikes out modes of doing business which the other nowise contemplated. To the senior it will most likely appear that the junior is apt to go too fast, or to run insecurely in questionable directions; while, in the opinion of the junior, the senior is a lumbering 'slow coach,' which nullifies and overbalances, through tardiness and joltings, whatever advantages of safety and sure transit it may gain by means of circumspection and precaution. In like manner, in all departments, the apparent incompatibility of the old with the new—the untried and experimental with the steadfastly-established—is a well-known and readily-comprehended circumstance; a circumstance, indeed, which is sometimes lamentable in results, but which, nevertheless, we conceive to be naturally explained by the notion of progressive originality previously indicated.

One of the consequences of this ever-prevailing tendency is, as we have hinted, the signal insufficiency of other people's experience to further us with much effect in our personal course of life. What avails it that venerable and far-experienced persons continually affirm, with greatest emphasis, that what is called the 'world,' for instance, is altogether treacherous and unstable, and not to be depended on?—the multitude of dupes and disappointed men and women is not a whit diminished. The little boy who remonstrated with his mother because she refused to allow him to go to the play, under pretence that she herself had 'seen the folly of it,' spoke precisely the universal sentiment, and unquenchable propensity of mankind, when he replied that he, too, desired, more than anything, 'to see the folly of it.' The young man listens gravely to old men's counsels, but nevertheless profits little by them when he comes into actual contact with the difficulties or temptations against which he had been forewarned, because of his inability, in the first instance, to conceive himself in the circumstances predicated, and further, because of a latent, dimly-felt conviction of the inapplicability of the sage advices to his own concerns. As the daylight is of no avail in seeing till the eye has become accustomed to it, so neither does it appear that other men's experiences can be turned to much account before we have attained to some experience of our own. Hence, in spite of the testimony of countless persons of accredited practical knowledge touching the vanity of certain kinds of pleasure—the folly of ambition, the infelicities of lofty station, and the like—there are never wanting inexperienced people who pursue these things with as much avidity as though they had been utterly untried, confidently expecting to realise, by means of them, the highest gratifications. The number of recorded failures never daunts the new aspirant. He advances full of hope, and with the utmost assurances of success, counting little of all obstructions which are reported to beset the path of his endeavours, and addressing himself complacently to the accomplishment of the Impossible. It seems necessary that he should learn 'the folly of it' for himself, before he can be dissuaded from its further prosecution. How many of the best years of human life are wasted in merely ascertaining how we really ought to live! Nay, there are many who never become acquainted with even this, persons on whom experience is entirely thrown away.

Overlooking these, and restricting the consideration

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to such as really draw advantage from their own experiences, it may yet be well to ask, Whence comes it that so little of the experience of the forefathers descends upon the children? How is it that, in the words of poet Tennyson—

> 'Others' follies teach us not,
> Nor much their wisdom teaches;
> But most, of sterling worth, is what
> Our own experience preaches!'

The present writer will not undertake to say definitively how it is, but, as a rude suggestion, submits that it may possibly lie here: All men being, as we say, original, a new course is inevitable to every man who is to succeed in adequately unfolding his true character. He cannot be an incarnate imitation, and therefore is continually impelled to experiment on his own account, and to try whatever possibilities may lie within himself, and thus, through action, speculation, and manifold successive modes of personal development, produce finally that realisation of humanity which exists already as an idea in his specific attributes. Thus it is that the best exemplars can really aid him little, and are of next to no avail, except in as far as they may guide him towards a more perfect understanding of his own personality, and by showing him what things have been hitherto achieved, and what are actually unattainable, lead him thereby to a clearer apprehension of what is possible to human nature. Any attempt to transfer the exact experience of another to his own consciousness must prove utterly abortive, and even if it were successful, would be to the prejudice of his individual integrity. He must in all cases take himself, as people entering into wedlock agree to take each other, 'for better for worse,' exactly as he is, and nowise hope to change his nature, otherwise than as he may be enabled to improve it by diligent and wholesome culture. So only can he attain to the dignity and blessedness of a right activity; so only successfully fulfil the special purpose for which he was called into existence.

Now the tendency we are here considering appears to foreshadow, for most part in deep unconsciousness, some fundamental necessity for relying upon the faculties and capabilities of the personal nature. A man's inherent disposition to slight the hard-bought experiences and conclusions of his predecessors, alike in action and in speculation, and to advance with headlong impetuosity to try whether he cannot really extract, out of a similar set of circumstances or contemplations, results somewhat more satisfactory and significant—such a disposition seems to indicate a certain natural requirement which cannot otherwise be answered. It cannot spring out of any obstinate inclination to close his eyes or his reason to the truth; for we find that, in some men at least, there is a readiness to profit by what is true, whenever it is sufficiently demonstrated by an actual experience of their own. It must belong to a deeper law—some inward requisition, some tyrannous demand of the constitution—for such a cultivation as is promoted by the *act of acquiring experience*. Not otherwise, surely, would men incessantly distrust the realised endeavours of their fellow-men; not otherwise would they tend continually to reproduce the very follies and shortcomings which others have already found to be inevitable, from such and such particular courses and experiments of conduct. It may be said, indeed, that the authenticated experiences of men are not theoretically distrusted by the generality, however much their practices may seem to overlook them: men will often recognise the perfect truth of the demonstration, and yet shape their actions in total disregard of the principles whose validity they acknowledge. This, unhappily, cannot be disputed: but admitting this, we have yet to ascertain why any man should manifest an innate disinclination to accept the just conclusions which others have discovered, instead of straightway employing them to the advantage of his own affairs. Why should he not receive the conclusions which have been established as a foundation for himself, and build higher thereupon? Why must each man painfully construct, on a foundation of his own, some new fabric out of the old materials? It lies, doubtless, in the necessity which there is in every man for building. *All his serviceable knowledge is derived through his own activity;* his very failures and his follies are an apprenticeship to truth; he learns by them what no precepts could so effectually teach him — the generic unprofitableness and destructive tendencies of vice, the beauty and the majesty of virtue. But is there not, it may be asked, a danger of prolonging the apprenticeship? Undoubtedly there is; and yet it is commonly admitted that experience is, upon the whole, the most successful teacher, though apt to take considerable, and often enormous fees. Men, under most circumstances, do really learn something by experience, if by nothing else; or, if they fail to do so, they are not likely to acquire anything to greatly profit them under any other teaching. Anyway, it is incontestable that a certain culture of the character is derived through the process of acquiring experience. The effort 'to prove all things,' which a wise man enforced as a bounden and indispensable duty, does unquestionably enhance the vigour of the faculties, and qualifies them for the readier and more certain apprehension of the truth. The implicit admission of other men's conclusions tends, on the contrary, to foster a passive imbecility, and to detract from the proper growth and free expansion of our own essential powers. Every man is born to gather fruits for his own behoof from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and by the new discernment thus obtained, shape out the possibilities of his life. Neither by action nor by thought can any one supersede the need of thought or action in another. All the treasury of renowned experiences is insufficient to equip the unpractised character with the wisdom and requisite ability for the right accomplishment of his destiny here in time. By action and passion, by conquest and defeat, through the range of sufferance and endeavour, he must advance in his own strength—valiantly achieve the indispensable dominion over his own weaknesses and lusts, and rule the empire of his inclinations in the supremacy of his own might. The possessions or attainments of another, in whatsoever way appropriated, can nowise yield him such rich results as spontaneously accrue from an independent acquisition of his own. In this sense, more especially than any, a man must be the daring architect of his own fortunes. His own experience, whatsoever he has learnt, or is in the way of learning, as the outcome of his failures and successes, is the main thing which he has really to rely upon for the day that is passing over him, or for any day thereafter.

Of what advantage, then, are the accumulated experiences of the foregone generations, the heroic doings and endurances of faithful men, who have fallen dead in the conflict with evil and calamity? The advantage remains first of all with them; but also in a secondary, and still considerable degree, with us, and all survivors and successors. But the benefit is not derivable in the

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way of immediate imitation; not in regarding past achievements as actions which, being once accomplished, can be made to serve ourselves, without the need of further action. The new generation must also learn its possibilities. The man of to-day has a character of his own to represent, institutions and modes of living to devise, suitable to the altered circumstances of the world, just as the geological transformations are accompanied by successive and original developments of sensitive existence. The past is a noble and beneficent possession; in it are planted deeply the roots of the perennial tree of human life: the flowering and fruitful manifestations of the hour as they appear in social forms, or the shape of manly culture, are all substantially sprung from the accumulated vigour of the past, each season or particular era yielding its contribution of new and expansive influences. The present is united indissolubly with all the days that went before. The net result of other men's activity is never really lost. But let us understand in what way it can truly serve us. Very evidently the instinct of humanity inclines to try over again every problem of existence; each inexperienced novice, in the face of the multiplied experience of forerunners, venturing on the very courses which have been seen to lead to naught; gathering thereby, nevertheless, the fixed assurance of the fact, and after manifold disasters and perplexities, finding at length, in some few instances at least, a true and effectual path whereon to walk, and attain to a measure of well-being. What is the rightful inference for man and for society? Is it not that each must attain to an independent and appropriate experience? — that every man must learn his limits, every society its peculiar needs? There is no progress, individually or socially, until the progressive agent has attained to some adequate comprehension of what is befitting to his nature. He can learn only by trial, by the visible success of the right action, by visible failure of the wrong, through progressive elevation and degradation, throughout the entire circuit of his capabilities. All things conspire to prosper the right action: all things are in conspiracy to frustrate and overturn the wrong. Wait only the result, and the true endeavour will appear uppermost, 'shaped to some perfect end.' It is needless to regret the loss of years which we have spent in working folly; if they are gone, we can never again reconquer them from the relentless grasp of Time. The folly was possibly indispensable to the growth of after-wisdom. Man, as we said, learns little save by action or by suffering. In the light of a hard personal experience many a thing will gradually appear clear. We have surveyed the land, sustained vexations and weariness enough in the vain pastime of exploring it in quest of pleasant places; let us here begin to work. Having gained a little experience of our own, we are now perhaps in a condition to avail ourselves, to some extent, of the experiences of others, which we could not formerly appreciate. Out of that so disregarded store of wise conclusions we may now, being once aware of their undoubted genuineness, draw here and there a matter for one's own occasions. We had to test by experiment whether they were genuine or not, before we could become acquainted with their worth. Doubtless we lost abundant time in doing so, but we have thereby at least acquired an experter faculty for using them. Having attained to a more intimate conception of the precise conditions under which we were preordained to live, and to a sounder estimate of the capabilities that are in us, we may at length succeed in working out some satisfactory sort of life. Thus man, after a round of error, comes homeward to the truth. Undoubtedly he may lose himself in the confusions of the journey; but there is at least a way by which he can return. Society, too, has its 'wild oats' to sow—its vain philosophies and profitless economies, of which also it will do well to take good heed, lest they grow to mere thistles and offensive jungle. The opening days and years of every successive era is a kind of social youthtime, wherein society more or less repeats the follies which are incident to all incipient developments; but here also, after a sufficiency of harsh experiences, there comes a better understanding of the wants and possibilities of the time; and the admirable teachings of preceding ages are then to some extent accepted, and the new phœnix-born society springs visibly into being. Perilous, not the less, is the process of renovation, wherein the new reality has to take its shape out of ashes and decay. It may even chance, as more than once has happened, that in that wondrous world-regeneration through the agony of change, instead of new resplendent life, there may be absolute destruction. It all depends upon the uses which we make of our experience. The life or death of the very soul—whether of a man or of society—is entirely contingent upon the manner in which it profits, or fails to profit, by experience.

FIRST QUARRELS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I AM one of the many from whom Heaven has seen fit to take away the individual interests of life, that, perchance, they might become universal. Sometimes I could almost liken myself to a mirror, which receives on its silent, solitary breast the fleeting images that pass it by, and so takes them, for the time being, as companions to its own void heart, while it makes of them life-pictures to be reflected abroad. These passing interests I create for myself continually. They seem, too, to meet me voluntarily on every side, not merely in society, but in chance rencounters along the waysides of life. I rarely journey five miles from my home without discovering, or, if you will, *manufacturing*, some pleasant and useful passage in human life, which makes me feel one with my fellow-creatures, as though the world stretched out lovingly its hand to the solitary one, and called her 'Sister!'

The other day I took my way homeward. Reader, I may as well tell the truth, that I am a little, old maid, living in London, and *working* hard that I may live at all; also that, in order to add a small mite to my slender modicum of health, I had abided for a brief space at that paradise of Cockneys—Southend. A very respectable paradise it is too, with its lovely green lanes extending close to the shore of what is all but the sea; its pleasant cliffs feathered with rich underwood, which the tide almost kisses at high-water; making the whole neighbourhood as pretty a compound of seaside and rural scenery as the lovers of both would wish. When my 'fairie barque' (the London steamboat Dryad, please, reader) wafted me from thence, I felt a slight pain at my heart. One suffers many such on quitting earth's pleasant nooks. 'I ought to have got used to "good-by" by this time,' thought I to myself, half patiently, half sadly, and began to divert my attention by noticing the various groups on deck. I always do so on principle, and it is hard if I do not find some 'bit' of human nature to study, or some form of outward beauty in man, woman, or child to fall in love with. Travelling alone (as I ever do travel—what should I fear, with my quiet face and my forty years?), I had plenty of opportunity to look around, and soon my eye fell on two persons, meet subjects to awaken interest.

They were a young couple who sat opposite to me—so close, that I could hear every word above a whisper. But whispering with them seemed pleasantest, at least for a long time. I should have taken them for lovers, save for a certain air of cheerful unreserve which lovers never have, and an occasional undisguised 'my dear' falling from both their lips. At last, keeping a watch over the girl's left hand, I saw it ungloved, and thereon the wedding-ring! It rested with a sort of new importance, as though the hand were unused to its weight. Unconsciously she played and fidgeted with its shining circlet, and then recollected herself with a smile and blush. It was quite clear my new pets were a bridegroom and bride.

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Here, then, was a page in human life open before me: I tried to read it line by line, romancing where I could not read. Full opportunity I had, for they took no notice of me: they saw nothing in the world but their own two selves. Happy blindness! I believe much in physiognomy, so I amused myself with deciphering theirs. The girl's face was strikingly pretty. There was the high brow, showing little talent, but much sense; the candid, loving, and yet half-wicked dark eyes; the straight nose, and short curled upper lip; but there the face changed, as faces sometimes do, from beauty into positive ugliness. The lower lip was full—pouting—showing that it *could* look both sulky and sensual; and the chin retreated—in fact, positively 'ran away!' I said to myself, 'If the under half of the character matches the under half of the face, the young husband there will find a few more difficulties with the wife he has married than with the "lassie" he wooed.' So I turned to his countenance, and speculated thereon. It was decidedly handsome—Greek in its outline; in expression so sweet, as to be almost feeble: at least so I thought at first when he was smiling, as he ever did when he looked at her. But in a few minutes of silence I saw the mouth settle into firm horizontal lines, indicating that with its gentleness was united that resolute will and clear decision without which no man can be the worthy head of a household—respected, loved, and obeyed. For in all households *one* must rule; and wo be to that family wherein its proper head is either a petty tyrant, or, through his own weakness, a dethroned and contemned slave!

Therefore, when I noticed the pretty, wilful ways, and sometimes half-silly remarks of the bride, I felt that this young, thoughtless creature might yet have cause to thank Heaven that she had married a man who knew to rule as well as to cherish her.

Until now, I had not speculated on their station or calling: it was enough for me that they belonged to the wide family of humanity. But as my musings wandered idly on into their future life, I took this also into consideration. Both had a certain grace and ease in mien and speech, though, through the wife's tones, I distinguished the vague drawl which infects most classes of Londoners. But the husband looked and spoke like a gentleman. I felt sure he was such, even though he might stand behind a counter. A third individual broke their tête-à-tête—a middle-aged Cockney, *père de famille*, —evidently some beach acquaintance made at Southend. His chance question produced an answer to my inward wondering.

'Oh,' said the bride, 'we could only stay at Southend a few days, because of my'—— She paused a moment, and then changed the word *husband* into 'Mr Goodriche. He cannot be longer away from business.'

The young bridegroom, then, was 'in business'—one of those worthy, labouring bees who furnish the community with honey. I thought how hard he must have toiled by counter or in shop to have gained so early in life a home and a wife. I respected him accordingly.

My 'interesting couple' began a lively chat with their new companion: at least the wife did. She put forth all her smiles, all that battery of fascination with which she had probably before her marriage won her spurs on the field of conquest, and been dubbed 'a most shocking flirt.' And in the shadow that gathered over the quiet husband's face, I saw the reflection of that which must often have bitterly troubled the peace of the still more retiring lover. True, the girl was doing nothing wrong—her new friend was old enough to have been her father, so no jealousy could be aroused; but still she was taking her attention and conversation from her husband to give it to a perfect stranger. She would not have done so had he been only her lover still. Alas! that women should take so much pains to win love, and so little to keep it!

Each minute the young husband spoke less, and his countenance grew darker. She only laughed, and chattered the more. Foolish—foolish one! There came on a heavy shower, and there was a rush below. 'Come with us to the further end; I will find a place for you,' kindly said the blithe young wife, turning back to the little old maid. I thanked her, but declined. For the world, I would not have prevented the chance that, in the solitude of a crowd, some word or look might pass between husband and wife to take away his gloom. Yet when I left the cabin, I saw her sitting—bonnetless, and laughing with a childish gaiety—between her silent, grave husband and the disagreeable old man.

I went to my quiet place at the stern of the boat, and turned away so that I could see only the turbid river and the dull gray sky. It was as complete solitude as though I had been on Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific. I pondered over life and its mysteries, as one does who is used to loneliness—who is accustomed to dwell, as it were, on a mountain top, seeing the world and its inhabitants move below like puppets in a show. And herein does fate half atone for ties riven, and ties never formed—that in such a life one learns to forget self; and all individual joys and griefs, loves and hatreds, are swallowed up in universal sympathies.

I pondered much on the two young creatures I had left below; and, woman-like, I thought chiefly of the woman. She seemed to me like a child toying with a precious jewel, little knowing what a fearful thing it is to throw away love, or to play lightly, mockingly, with those feelings on which must rest the joy or wo of two human souls for a lifetime. And passing from this individual case, I thought solemnly, almost painfully, of the strange mysteries of human life, which seem often to bestow the priceless boon of love where it is unvalued and cast away. Unconsciously I repeated the well-known words, 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.' But my soul answered meekly, 'Only on earth, and life is not long—not long!'

And turning once more to the group of my fellow-voyagers, I saw the two in whom I took such an interest. They were standing together a little apart, leaning on the vessel's side. He was talking to her, not angrily, but gravely—earnestly. In the expression of his face I scarce recognised the man who had borne smilingly all her idle jests, sportive contradictions, and caprices an hour ago. She tried them again for a few minutes: but in vain. Then she hung her head, and pouted. Soon quick, wilful answers came. I heard them not; but I was sure of the fact from her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as she disengaged her arm from his. Man's patience is never eternal, not even in the honeymoon; he spoke to her firmly, while his face darkened into positive anger, and then there was a sullen silence between them.

The time passed, and still they remained in the same position together; but oh what a sea of sullen anger was between them! Neither saw the other's face; but I saw both. He stood gazing up into the leaden clouds, his mouth firmly set, and yet twitching every now and then with suppressed feeling. Was it, perchance, the bitter disappointment, almost agony, of the man who has with pain and toil built for himself a household hearth, and finds it trodden into ruins by the very idol whom he hoped to place there for ever! A foolish girl! wishing to try your power, and keep the honoured husband a tyrannised lover still. Do you think what it is you do! When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees you *as you are!*

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness. But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river. There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he sud-

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denly drew her away, though formally, and without any sign of wishing for reconciliation. But this one slight act showed the thoughtfulness, the love—oh, if she had only answered it by one kind look, one word of atonement! But no; there she stood—immovable. Neither would yield. I would have given the world could I have whispered in the wife's ear, 'For the love of Heaven—for the love of him—for the peace of your whole life, be the first to say, forgive me! Right or wrong, never mind. Whichever have erred, it is your place—as weakest and most loving—to yield first. Oh, did you but know the joy, the blessedness of creeping close to your husband's wounded, perchance angry heart, and saying—Take me in there again; let us not be divided more! And he would take you, ay, at once; and love you the more for the forbearance which never even asked of his pride the concession that he was also wrong!'

Perhaps this long speech was partly written in his eyes; for when, by chance, they met the young wife's, she turned away, colouring crimson: and at that moment up came the enemy once more, in the shape of the intrusive elderly gentleman; but the husband's lecture, whatever it was, had its effect in the girl's demeanour. She drew back with a quiet womanly reserve, strongly contrasted with her former coquettish forwardness, and left 'Mr Goodriche' in possession of the field. And I liked the husband ten times better for the gentlemanly dignity with which he shook off all trace of ill-humour, and conversed with the intruder. The boyish lover seemed changed into the firm, self-dependent man. And when the wife timidly crept up, and put her arm through his, he turned round and smiled upon her. Oh how gladly, yet how shyly, she answered the slight token of peace! And I said to myself, 'That man will have a just, and firm, yet tender sway: he will make a first-rate head of a family!'

I saw little more of them until near the journey's end. They were then sitting in the half-empty cabin alone together; for to my delight, and perhaps theirs, the obnoxious individual of middle age had landed at Blackwall. Very quiet they seemed: all the exuberant happiness which at first had found vent in almost childish frolic was passed away. The girl no longer laughed and jested with her young husband; but she drew close to his side, her head bending toward his shoulder, as though, but for the presence of a stranger, it would fain droop there, heavy with its weight of penitence and love. Yet as I watched the restless look in her eyes, and the faint shadow that still lingered on the young man's face, I thought how much had been perilled, and how happy—ay, ten times happier—would both have felt had the first quarrel never been!

In the confusion of departure I lost my young friends, as I thought, for ever; but on penetrating the mysterious depths of an omnibus, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me—'So you are again our fellow-passenger to——!'

But I will not say where, lest the young couple should 'speer' for me, and demand why I dared to 'put them in print.' And yet they would scarce be wroth did they know the many chords they touched, and the warm interests they awakened in a poor withered heart which has so few.

It was the dreariest of wet nights in London—Heaven knows how dreary that is!—but they did not seem to feel it at all. They were quite happy—quite gay. I wondered whether for them was prepared the deepest bliss of earth—the first 'coming home;' and I felt almost sure of it when the husband called out to the conductor, 'Set us down at ——;' naming a quiet, unobtrusive, new-built square. He said it with the half-conscious importance of one who gives a new address, thinking the world must notice what is of so much interest to himself; and then the young people looked at one another, and smiled.

I said to the wife—drawing the bow at a venture—'What a miserable night!—Is it not pleasant coming home!'

She looked first at her husband, and then turned to me, her whole face beaming and glowing with happiness, 'Oh, it is—it is!'

They bade me good-night, and disappeared. I leant back in my dark corner, my heart very full: it had just strength to give them a silent blessing, and no more. I remembered only that I had been young once, and that I was now an old maid of forty years.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICATORS.

BIRDS.

In most countries the procedures of birds and other animals have been frequently considered as indicative of changes of weather, or of the character of coming seasons; and a learned German naturalist, Professor Brehm, has recently communicated to Oken's 'Isis' an interesting paper upon the subject. He directs attention chiefly to the actions of birds—these animals, both from their delicate organisation and migratory habits, seeming especially susceptible to changes of weather and of season.

When inclement weather is impending, many birds, such as crows, chaffinches, yellow hammers, &c. &c. collect in large or small flocks, and deport themselves contrary to their wont. The crows are perched with drooping wings and dull aspect, seeming to have lost all their habitual vivacity. The smaller birds are, however, extremely restless, flying here and there, remaining nowhere long, and becoming unusually shy, so that even those of them that are not generally very circumspect in their procedures are now shot with difficulty. The German bird-catchers at these times close their nets in despair, declaring that they can do no good, as 'the weather has got into the birds' heads.' The seabirds, on the approach of storms, seek the coasts, especially holes in the cliffs, and sometimes even fall on the decks of vessels.

It is also just before a storm that the song-birds send forth their loudest and most beautiful strains, the entire bird-world exhibiting a state of unusual excitement, as if bent upon expressing the intensity of its enjoyment of the existing weather prior to the coming change. Several birds, too, utter peculiar cries on the approach of rain; and the common cock crows away more vigorously than ever, especially in the night. It is generally said that the hens with cock's plumage (that is, hens who have ceased to lay eggs have feathers resembling the males, and can crow like them) only crow when fine weather is about to change. Certain birds, too, indicate an approaching thaw in winter. The crows, jackdaws, and magpies become calmer, and all the crow-tribes look plumed and pleased. The juniper-thrushes and blackbirds lose much of their shyness, and are hence much more easily taken.

In assisting to predict the nature of the coming season, the exact observation of the breeding-time of birds is very instrumental. If pairing takes place very early, we may with certainty predict a fine and early spring. Several birds, as the starlings, may breed twice in the same year. When this occurs early in April, we may expect a fine May; for the numerous insects necessary for the nourishment of the young are not met with in a cold and rainy May: in this case the eggs are not laid until the end of April or beginning of May, so that the bringing up of the young takes place in June, when nourishment will hardly be wanting. In this last case there is but one breeding. Sometimes the pairing of domestic birds takes place remarkably early. Thus Dr Brehm observed it in respect to pigeons and ducks in 1848 as early as January, and even saw young pigeons in that month. He immediately concluded a very mild winter would result, which proved to be the case. Again, the late breeding of birds announces a mild autumn. The house-swallow has been observed breeding during harvest-time, and the quail at the beginning of September; but so warm was the season on these occasions, that the young were not only sufficiently nourished, but strong enough to accompany the parents in their migratory flight. The same has been observed in some wild species of pigeon, as the *Columba*

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palumbus and *Œnas*, the latter having been found breeding in September in a very warm year. On many occasions partridges have been found breeding in August, so that their young were very small in September; but the weather on such occasions has always proved so fine, that they were easily bred, while during the very inclement June and July of 1845 thousands perished. The spring of the year 1846 is well worthy of attention. Hares and rabbits bore young remarkably early. The first *Motacilla alba* was seen as early as the 16th February, and redstarts on the 2d March; nay, the white storks and starlings wintered even in the northern parts of Germany. They were seen both at Wittenberg and at Wolkenberg. The crows, magpies, and partridges were observed pairing in January; and seeing the beautiful weather, every one expected a very early breeding season. This did not occur, however; for in the middle of April many crows, magpies, jackdaws, and other early nest-building birds, had either laid no eggs at all, or very few of them. They had, therefore, a presentiment of the bitter cold April which was to ensue, and showed how much more securely they had been directed by this than many of the inhabitants of the localities, who, having commenced the culture of their gardens and fields during the warm winter and early spring, sustained great damage by the subsequent cold.

But not only is it important to note the time of breeding, but the places wherein the eggs are deposited. Many of the waterfowl are so limited in their choice of situation, that they can make but little change; and the consequence is, that on the occurrence of great inundations, as that of June 1845, thousands of their eggs are destroyed. Other birds, however, have more choice in the selection of their nesting-places, and are guided much by their presentiments of the weather. Among these, in the author's vicinity at Renthendorf, he has observed the kingfisher and the plover. The first of these birds, in the spring-time, when the coming rains would render the deeper brooks too turbid for it to discern and catch the little fish for its young, frequents the clearer ponds much nearer the source. This was especially the case in 1816, 1817, and 1835, in which years large quantities of rain fell in May and June. As respects the plovers, they usually do not form their nests in the vicinity of Renthendorf, this lying too high and dry for their purposes. In April 1843, however, several pair fixed their residence on a farm situated on a hill; and the spring and summer of that year proved extremely wet. Again, in April 1845, the author was apprised that the same occurrence had taken place, and he at once prophesied a wet season; and so abundant did the floods prove, that, had the plovers' eggs been deposited in their usual places, they must all have been destroyed. The hilly places they had chosen proved, in such a season, sufficiently moist for their purposes. Similar conclusions may be drawn from the procedures of the landrails (*Orex pratensis*). If these birds, on their arrival, take up their abodes in or near large fens, then may we be certain a dry summer will follow; for then will the marshes become so much dried up, that the birds will be able to find dry and grassy places sufficient for their support and security. If neither a very wet nor very dry summer is impending, then they resort to meadows producing the *carex*, which, growing very high, answers all their purposes. But if, in the spring, they resort to neither such meadows nor to marshy districts, but repair to fields in which peas, clover, barley, &c. are grown, then may we be certain of a wet summer. A great variety of waterfowl frequent the large collections of water at Ahlsdorf near Herzberg; and if they remain there to breed, it is certain that the season will not prove a very dry one, so that the marshes will not be dried up. In other years, however, although these are still full of water, the whole of the birds quit the vicinity; and it is then always found that the summer proves a very dry one, and that the marshes become dried up. The celebrated Naumann relates a similar fact:—A gray goose had bred in a large pond of water, and had succeeded in bringing up her young; when one night the whole family disappeared, and were found in a much smaller pond. The summer proved exceedingly hot, and the large pond which the goose (here certainly no goose) had quitted when full of water, became entirely dried up, whereas the one she had migrated to continued to retain its water. In the same manner Dr Brehm has remarked that when the sandmarten (*Hirundo riparia*) quits the banks she has been accustomed to for water surrounded with steeper banks, floods may be certainly reckoned upon.

The manner of breeding also furnishes its indications. Thus in the scarce years (expressively called in German 'hunger-years') 1816 and 1817, many of the insectivorous birds laid far fewer eggs than ordinary. In the nest of a *Muscicapa grisola* two eggs only were found; and the cold and rainy weather which followed would have prevented the nourishment of a greater number of young. Dr Brehm, in 1843, observed within a small space seven pair of tower-hawks, which kept together, and were very lively, but, with the exception of two pair, bred not. The nests of these two pair were observed. In the one the little ones died of hunger while quite young; the others were fed by their parents with the greatest difficulty for a longer period, but were at last found dead under the nest. It proved fortunate for the other five pair that they had not bred also; for so scarce did their food become in 1843, that even the old birds could hardly sustain their own lives. It was different in the spring of 1845, for then the whole of these hawks bred; for although there were enormous rains, yet as the temperature of the air was high, an abundance of insect food offered itself for the young; and founding his opinion upon the greater number breeding, Dr Brehm had foretold that the temperature of 1845 would prove far higher than that of 1843.

Finally, the migration of birds is of importance in the point of view we are now considering. It is evidently not the present want of food that impels them to flight —for that may exist in abundance when they leave us —but an instinctive apprehension of coming scarcity. The time of departure, however, undergoes great changes, the observation of which is important in prognosticating the weather. Is the autumnal flight insignificant?—that is, the number of birds quitting our shores less than usual, and these seeming in no haste to quit—we may be then certain that neither an early nor severe winter is in prospect; but if the contrary is the case—if the birds desert us soon, and take with them strangers who in other years do not accompany them—then cold weather is surely in store for us. This was seen remarkably in Germany in the years 1844 and 1845. In the autumn of the first of these years all Germany was overspread with such numbers of the different species of the nuthatch (*Nucifraga*), that the like had not been seen for half a century. Other birds, such as the *Lestris parasitica* and *Tinnca meyeri*, had not been seen for thirty years. Somewhat later came the coloured jays, various species of the rush and wild-ducks, and other aquatic birds. The attentive ornithologist could only conclude from such a migration that a severe winter was at hand; and so it proved. Next year the case was altered. The nuthatch and jays appeared not to migrate; the starlings were still observed at Renthendorf at the end of November: these, as well as the white storks, frequenting the banks of the Elbe and the Mulde during all the winter. Under these circumstances, to have expected a cold winter would have been ridiculous; and none such came. The appearance of various individual birds quite early in 1848 would have led to the conclusion that a very early spring was at hand; but the arrest of their arrival in March, and their tardy nest-building, foretold the uncongenial weather that occurred in April. An unusual duration of the stay of northern birds in southern regions is always a very unwelcome sign, as portending a late spring. Thousands of the *Fringilla montifringilla* remained in Central Germany as

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late as April in 1816, in which unfortunate year bad weather continued even until June. Popular credulity often attributes the production of unfavourable weather to the presence of unusual varieties of birds; and the naturalist, while scouting so foolish an idea, is well able, when these have appeared in large numbers, or continued for a long time, to explain its origin.

A few words may be added on the actions of other animals. Every housewife knows the restlessness which cats and young animals frequently betray on the approach of wet; and the shepherd will tell you, when flies and fleas prove more than usually tormenting to man and animals in the forenoon, that the afternoon will not pass without rain. The hunter knows that when the roe betakes herself early to the wood, she does so to keep her form dry against approaching rain. If the marmot buries himself early, so must we expect an early winter. A close observation of insect life would teach us much about the weather. If the bees kill their drones early, we may count upon a bad autumn; while, if they allow them to live longer than usual, then will fine summer weather long continue. If great numbers of wasps build on the ground, or in underwood, a dry summer may be expected; while, if they build under roofs, or other places affording shelter from the rain, there is every probability of a damp, if even not of a very rainy summer. Worms burrowing very deeply into the ground in autumn show that a cold winter and sharp frost will follow; while, if they lie just under the surface, we may be certain of a degree of cold that will not penetrate deeply.

Dr Brehm concludes his paper by requesting the co-operation of zoologists, especially those residing near the coasts, and possessed of opportunities of watching the procedures of waterfowl. He believes that by collecting and publishing the observations of numerous naturalists, results may be arrived at of the highest importance to the gardener, the farmer, and the vine-grower.

Many of the observations contained in the paper we have now abridged have been also made by others in our own country; but their acceptance by so distinguished a naturalist as Dr Brehm invests them with a higher authority than we had been accustomed to attach to them.

COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

I LOVE the quiet, solitary life passed in their country-houses by the old-fashioned inhabitants of Lower Russia. I fancy now that I can see the mansion, surrounded by a gallery, supported on slender columns of dark wood, thus affording a sheltered promenade on the outside. Behind, and at each side of the house, stretched long rows of mulberry, cherry, and plum-trees; in front was a green, smooth lawn, shadowed by some fine old beech-trees. Two narrow paths led, one to the kitchen, the other to the sitting-rooms; and in a clear pool of water near the gate swam a snowy goose, with her soft, yellow offspring. Along the hedge were suspended long strings of dried apples and pears, interminglied with mats and carpets put out in the air; and a cart, loaded with melons, stood at the barn door.

All these objects have a charm for me: they recall the memory of a kind old couple, whom it was the delight of my childhood to visit. Athanasius Ivanovitch Tovstogoub was the name of the husband, and Pulcheria Ivanovna Tovstogoubitska of the wife. The former was a tall man of sixty years, with a smiling, benevolent countenance, and he constantly wore a camlet pelisse lined with sheepskin. Pulcheria seldom laughed, but the expression of her face was soft and kind; and she took the utmost pleasure in welcoming her guests, and pressing them to partake of her good cheer. They had never had a child, so that their mutual affection was completely centered in each other.

The apartments in their house were small and low, and each was heated by an immense stove; for Athanasius and Pulcheria loved warmth, and kept the fire-places constantly replenished with straw, which in Lower Russia is used instead of wood. The walls of the principal room were decorated with a variety of old paintings and engravings, and amongst them a portrait of Peter III., and another representing the Duchess de la Valliére. The floors were all of baked clay, but so smooth, and kept so scrupulously clean, that I always preferred them to boards. Pulcheria's own room was filled with old odd-looking chests and boxes, while the walls were covered with bags of flower-seeds, dried cucumbers, and other vegetables. She was a great manager, and loved to lay up a variety of useless garments, and superannuated articles of furniture. The chairs were of dark massive wood, with high backs and narrow seats, neither stuffed nor varnished; the tables were small and square; and the carpet woven in a pattern of birds and flowers, not always easily distinguishable from each other. The servants' hall was filled with women and girls dressed in coarse striped gowns. Their mistress gave them needle-work to do, and fruits to pick and prepare for drying; but half their time was passed in dozing by the fire.

Athanasius Ivanovitch troubled himself very little about his affairs, save that he used to walk about his fields, and look idly at the operations of his reapers and mowers. All the weight of the domestic administration, therefore, rested on Pulcheria Ivanovna; and her duties principally consisted in opening and shutting her store-rooms, curing, drying, or salting all sorts of meat, fruit, and vegetables. During the summer a large fire was kept perpetually lighted beneath an apple-tree in the garden: over it an iron tripod supported a deep stove-pan, in which were cooked incessantly preserves, jellies, and *pastilas*—a sweetmeat composed of sugar and honey. Under another tree a man-servant was busy distilling brandy from peach and mulberry leaves and cherry kernels. In short, such a quantity of good things were annually prepared, that the store-rooms and cellars would scarcely have sufficed to contain them, had it not happened that the greater portion of these provisions was secretly devoured by the domestics. The steward, in league with the *starosta* (chief of the serfs), robbed their mistress without mercy. They used to cut down the fine old oaks, and dispose of them at the neighbouring fairs. One day Pulcheria Ivanovna expressed a wish to inspect her woods. Accordingly a *droschki*, enveloped in enormous leathern aprons, was brought out; and the old coachman moved his lips, and produced a series of discordant sounds, in order to inspirit his old horses. The machine began to move, and in so doing, emitted such a screaming noise, that the whole neighbourhood became cognisant of the fact, that the lady was leaving her mansion for a drive. Pulcheria Ivanovna failed not to perceive the extermination of her ancient oaks.

'How is it, Nitchipor,' she said to her steward, who accompanied her, 'that the oaks, like your own hairs, have become so few and scattered?'

'Few and scattered?' replied the steward: 'they have all disappeared! Lightning has struck down some, the worms have eaten others; in short, they are gone, madam—all gone!'

Pulcheria Ivanovna returned home, quite satisfied with this reply, and gave orders to her people to look well after the Spanish cherry-trees and large winter pear-trees. Her worthy ministers, the steward and the *starosta*, discovered that it was quite useless to store up all the flour in their master's granary, and that he must be content with half. Yet despite the wholesale peculation carried on by every member of the household—from the lady's-maid, who fingered the choice preserves, to the pigs, who swallowed incredible heaps of apples and plums—despite also the liberal presents made to friends and visitors—the grounds were so vast and fertile, and produced everything in such abundance, that the diminution

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of their stores was never perceived by Athanasius or Pulcheria.

The old couple were fond of good living. They rose early, and had their coffee; then Athanasius strolled out about his grounds, and conversed with his steward, who, old fox that he was, knew well how to flatter his master into the belief that everything went on right. When Athanasius went in, he would say, 'Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't you think 'tis time to eat something?'

'I don't know what you can eat now, Athanasius Ivanovitch, except the little pork patties, or those seasoned with poppy seeds, or else a dish of salted mushrooms.'

'Let us have the mushrooms and the patties too, my heart.'

An hour before dinner, Athanasius usually drank a portion of brandy from an ancient silver cup, seasoning it with a few small dried fish. At noon they dined. Besides the dishes and sauce-boats, the table was usually covered with a number of little jars, hermetically sealed, in order that the aroma of their highly-seasoned contents might not escape. The conversation generally turned on the business of the hour.

'I think this flummery is a little burnt. What do you think of it, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'No, Athanasius Ivanovitch. Pour some more melted butter over it, and some mushroom sauce, and then you won't think it burnt.'

After dinner, the old man usually slept for an hour; afterwards his wife would bring in a cut water-melon, saying, 'Will you taste this beautiful melon, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'Ah, Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't depend on its red colour,' said her husband, helping himself, however, to a huge slice: 'there are some fine rosy-looking melons that are good for nothing.'

The melon, however, soon disappeared. Then Athanasius Ivanovitch ate some pears, and went to take a turn in the garden with his wife. When they returned to the house, the good lady occupied herself with her household affairs, while her husband, seated in an easy-chair, looked idly on, watching the constant opening and shutting of the store-room, and the servants bringing sieves and baskets backwards and forwards. After a time, he would say, 'What shall we eat, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'Would you like some gooseberry puffs?'

'Very much.'

'Perhaps you'd prefer a little *kissel?*'*

'Let us try both.'

Before supper, Athanasius Ivanovitch generally ate a few other trifles. At nine o'clock supper was served. Then they retired for the night, and the busy household became still. Their room was so hot, that few persons could have supported its temperature; but Athanasius, in order to be warmer still, had his bed made on the top of a stove, the heat of which, however, sometimes became so great, that he was forced to rise in the middle of the night, and walk about the room, groaning occasionally.

'Why do you groan?' Pulcheria would ask.

'Because I feel my stomach uneasy.'

'Would you like to eat something, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'I daresay it would do me good, Pulcheria Ivanovna: what would you recommend?'

'Curds and whey, or some dried pears.'

'Well, let us have them;' and a servant, only half-awake, was sent to rummage the larder.

Then Athanasius, after eating a good plateful, would say, 'I feel much better now;' and returning to bed, he would sleep tranquilly till morning.

These good people appeared to most advantage when they received guests. Then they seemed but to live for the comfort of their friends. The best of everything that their house could produce was offered with the utmost cordiality; and there was nothing affected in this display of hospitality: you saw in their countenances the pleasure they felt when their dainties were duly accepted. Never was any visitor allowed to depart on the day of his arrival: he must always remain to sleep.

'You must not think of going,' Athanasius would say: 'who knows but that robbers may attack you.'

'Yes,' would add Pulcheria; 'and then the night is dark, and the road bad, and your coachman, besides, being a weak little man, is half-asleep in the kitchen by this time.' So the visitor was forced to remain, and spend a pleasant, tranquil evening. I fancy now that I can see the figure of Athanasius Ivanovitch bent forward in his arm-chair, listening with his perpetual placid smile to his friend's discourse. The visitor, who himself seldom left his country-house, hazarded a number of political conjectures—related in a mysterious tone how the French and English had secretly combined to send Bonaparte again to Russia; or else he discussed the war which was then convulsing Europe.

Then Athanasius, affecting not to see Pulcheria, would say, 'I intend myself to go to the wars: why should not I be a soldier?'

'Just hear him,' cried Pulcheria: 'don't mind a word he says. How could he, in his old age, set out for the wars. Why, the first soldier he met would kill him.'

'Not at all,' replied Athanasius; '*I* would kill *him*.'

'Listen to him!' resumed Pulcheria. 'How could *he* go to the wars? His pistols and his sword are lying in the lumber-room covered with rust. If you only saw them! They would surely explode and cut his face: my poor old man would be disfigured for the rest of his days!'

'Well,' retorted Athanasius, 'I'll buy new arms: I'll get a sabre and a Cossack lance.'

'What folly you talk!' cried Pulcheria Ivanovna. 'I know well you are jesting; but such jokes always make me feel uncomfortable.' And Athanasius Ivanovitch, satisfied with having frightened his wife a little, smiled, and was silent.

It was pleasant to hear Pulcheria pressing a guest to breakfast.

'Here,' she would say, taking the stopper out of a bottle, 'is brandy made with mint, an excellent thing for a pain in the back. And here is some more made with centery, most efficacious against singing in the ears or pimples on the face. Here is another bottle flavoured with peach kernels: just try a small glassful. If you happen, when rising in the morning, to strike your forehead against the sharp corner of the bedpost, so that a swelling is produced, you have only to take a little of this before dinner, and the mark will soon disappear!'

Then she would conduct her guest to a table covered with a number of small plates.

'Here are mushrooms stewed with pepper, and some others done with gillyflower water. These are preserved walnuts. I learned a peculiar mode of doing them from a Turkish woman, at the time when there were Turkish prisoners in the country. Here is a preserve which I learned to make from Father Ivan. You take a small barrel, and put in first a layer of oak-leaves, then pepper and saltpetre, then mushrooms, and cover them over with the flowers of the *nitchouinster*.* Here are cheese patties, and some others made of cabbage and black corn, which Athanasius Ivanovitch likes very much.'

I loved to visit these good people, although I generally returned with a fit of indigestion. Certainly the air of Lower Russia aids the functions of the stomach, else its hospitable inhabitants would soon find themselves in their coffins.

At length a change came over this peaceful household: the health of Pulcheria Ivanovna began to decline. Gradually she grew weaker and thinner; and one day she said to her husband, 'Athanasius Ivanovitch, when

* A sort of fruit-jelly.

* An odoriferous plant which grows on the steppes.

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I die, will you have me dressed in my gray spotted robe? Don't waste my red striped satin one, but have it made into a dressing-gown for yourself: it will be very handsome for you to receive visitors in.'

'How you talk, Pulcheria Ivanovna. God only knows when death will come to any of us; and here you frighten me with such words!'

'My heart, I feel that I must soon die; but don't grieve too much. I am old, and you are old yourself: we shall soon meet again in a better world.'

Athanasius Ivanovitch sobbed like a child.

'Don't cry, my husband: don't make God angry by resisting his will. All I regret in dying is, that I know not to whom I can intrust you. Who will take care of you when I am gone? Who will love you as I do?' And calling her own confidential servant, she said to her, 'Listen, Tavdoka: when I am dead, you must take care of your master as if he were the apple of your eye or your own only child. Mind that his favourite dishes are prepared in the way he likes, and that his clothes and linen are clean and well-aired. Watch him continually, Tavdoka, and God will reward you. You are old yourself, and must soon go to your account; don't, then, have the sin on your soul of neglecting your master for a moment.'

Poor old woman! notwithstanding her increasing weakness, she regulated all her domestic affairs, so that her husband should not suffer from her loss. Soon afterwards she was confined to her bed, and her appetite totally failed. Athanasius Ivanovitch never left her side.

'Won't you try to eat something, Pulcheria Ivanovna?' he repeated incessantly.

But his wife could not reply. At length her lips moved, as if she tried in vain to speak, and with one sigh her spirit departed.

Athanasius Ivanovitch was stunned. He wept not, but stared at the dead with dull, fixed eyes. They placed Pulcheria on a table, dressed her in the robe she had chosen, crossed her arms on her breast, and placed a lighted taper between the stiffened fingers. He watched the whole operation with an air of insensibility. A crowd of people assembled on the day of the interment. In front of the house were ranged long tables, covered with *kontia*,* baked meats, pasties, and flasks of brandy. The guests conversed, wept, looked at the dead, spoke of her good qualities, and watched Athanasius Ivanovitch. He walked to and fro among his friends with an air of stupefaction, not noticing any one. At length the procession was formed; the body was raised on its open bier; and the crowd moved after it, following the priests, wearing gold-embroidered robes. On arriving at the cemetery, the corpse was laid down near the grave prepared for it, and Athanasius Ivanovitch was invited to approach, and give his wife a last embrace. He obeyed mechanically: tears flowed from his eyes, but he felt them not. Then the coffin was lowered; the priest threw the first shovelful of clay on it; the attendant choristers began to chant the *vetchnaia pamiat* (eternal memory) in a low monotonous tone. In a few moments the grave was filled up, and sods placed over it. Then advanced Athanasius Ivanovitch: he first looked round with a bewildered air, then at the tomb, and said, 'Why have you buried her? —why'—— But he did not finish the sentence.

But when he returned to the house, when he saw Pulcheria Ivanovna's room empty, and even the arm-chair she used to occupy removed, he sobbed bitterly, and the tears flowed like rivers from his darkened eyes.

Five years had elapsed since the death of Pulcheria Ivanovna, when, happening to be in the neighbourhood of his demesne, I went to visit Athanasius Ivanovitch. The old place showed evident marks of neglect and decay; the paling round the court was broken down, the trees and shrubs were overgrown and straggling—even the old dogs looked starved and miserable. The master of the house came out to meet me; he was bent nearly double, but the habitual smile was on his drawn lips. I followed him within doors, and we sat down to table; but the repast, though sufficiently abundant, was not prepared with the same care as formerly. A servant fastened a napkin beneath his master's chin, to prevent his soiling his dress while eating. I tried to amuse him by recounting different anecdotes; and apparently he listened, but I saw that his thoughts were far away. Once he threw down a decanter, while trying to help himself to wild-fowl; and his attendant was obliged to guide his hand towards his mouth. A plate of little cakes called *muichkis* was brought in, and his lip trembled, and his eyes filled as he said, 'These were the cakes that—that—my late'——and bursting into tears, he let the plate fall from his hand. A few days after, Athanasius Ivanovitch was walking in his garden; he paced the alleys feebly and slowly, his head, as usual, bent down. Suddenly he stopped, and said to his attendant, 'Did you hear that voice?'

'No, sir, I heard nothing.'

'Pulcheria Ivanovna called me.' And possessed by this idea, that he had been summoned by his dead wife, the old man gradually pined away. Faithful to the end, his last words were, 'Lay me beside Pulcheria Ivanovna.' His wish was fulfilled, and now the old couple sleep peacefully side by side.

Their lands became the property of a young spendthrift, who took no pains to preserve the old mansion; and the last time I visited the spot, a few roofless walls and straggling fruit-trees were all that remained to mark where had stood the once hospitable dwelling of Athanasius Ivanovitch and Pulcheria Ivanovna.

* A sweetmeat composed of rice, sugar, and raisins, and especially used at funeral feasts.

THE LIVERPOOL OBSERVATORY.

It was upon a May morning in the present year (1849), when the sun was shedding upon the ground his cheering rays, and the dews of night were dissolving into an unseen, though material existence, that we left the verdant fields and richly-wooded hedgerows of our English home to pay a visit to modern Tyre—

'Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.'

Our business required that we should spend a week in that bustling town. The first thing we did, and we recommend it to all who visit towns of such gigantic size, was to acquire the geographical relations of the place, and the bearings of the leading streets, leaving the minor ones imperceptibly to root themselves in the memory. We mingled with the rich and the gay in fashionable resorts, and we dived into the squalid abodes of poverty, wretchedness, and wickedness. We trod the miles of docks, and surveyed with no little interest those ships which, ere long, would be careering on the waves: now were they gathered together, and closely packed; then would they be widely separated, as they scattered themselves over the ocean world.

It was at the southern end of a fine parade that we found the building which we now purpose to describe. Upon the pier-head, between the Waterloo and Prince's Docks, occupying a place which commands a full view of the river, the Liverpool Observatory is erected. This is a noble building, of new red sandstone, worthy the corporation of the second seaport in the empire. We had heard of its superb equatorial, recently constructed, and we panted for the enjoyment of beholding it: we had been told that the observer was 'no ordinary man'—one of those hard-working men of science rarely met with—and we longed to make his acquaintance. Provided with an introduction, with which a member of the council had kindly presented us, we found ready access, and the astronomer led us through the building.

The first apartment into which we were shown was the chronometer-room; and there, conveniently arranged, was a large number of those time-keepers, the regulation of which forms one of the most onerous and important

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duties of the director of the Observatory, and for which the building was chiefly constructed. Since our visit, we have learnt that a searching examination is now being made, by the comparison of chronometers brought from America by the mail steamers, with the view of determining, with the greatest possible exactness, the longitude of certain parts of the United States. In this apartment there is a good astronomical clock, and a hot-air case, for exposing chronometers to the various temperatures of our globe, and ascertaining thereby their corrections on that account. In this room there are also contained a remarkably fine standard barometer, and a Rutherford's register thermometer.

In the adjoining apartment, which is the transit-room, there is a fine telescope by Troughton and Simms, five feet focal length, and four inches aperture, with the other means required for making meridian observations. When the last report was printed (a few months ago), the director of the Observatory mentioned that the astronomical clock had been checked 965 times in a period of five years, or once in about every forty-six hours, by this transit instrument—no small testimony to the zeal of Mr Hartnup. In connection with these meridional observations, Greenwich time is published to the shipping by means of a ball somewhat similar to that used at the Royal Observatory on the Thames.

The rest of the meteorological instruments are contained in the transit-room, conveniently placed for observation, and carefully protected, by their position and latticework, from those external influences which might tend to produce erroneous results. The indications of moisture in the atmosphere are taken by the simple dry and wet-bulb hygrometer. These, with the amount of rain which has fallen in a given time, the direction and force of the wind, the character of clouds floating in the air, and all other meteorological observations, are recorded daily at two o'clock, Gottingen mean solar time—'one of the hours fixed upon for recording such observations in all public meteorological and magnetic observatories.' These, after reduction, are forwarded to the Registrar-General; and the astronomical observations to the Royal Astronomical Society.

We now arrived at the great room under the revolving dome, where the equatorial telescope is fixed. This superb instrument is one twelve feet focal length, and eight and a-half inches aperture. The object-glass is by Merz of Munich, a celebrated maker; and the graduated circles are four feet in diameter. The micrometers, graduations, and the more delicate mountings, are by Troughton and Simms, the famous opticians in London; and the heavy parts of the mounting are by Maudesley and Field, engineers. The clockwork, which communicates a constant and regular hourly motion to this ponderous instrument, is moved by hydraulic power—one of the most interesting features in the mounting of this telescope. The whole instrument, which cost, we believe, somewhere about two thousand pounds, was constructed under the direction of the astronomer-royal; and by the happy combination of the skill of the astronomical instrument-maker and the engineer, a telescope has been produced which, in the words of Mr Hartnup, it is 'no exaggeration to say, is not to be equalled in the whole world for strength and firmness,' two of the most essential requirements in equatorials.

With such a noble instrument, the observer is unweariedly turning it to good account—not as a sky-sweeper, but for the means of perfecting the measurements of the observed and theoretical positions of the stars; and we scarcely know a more laborious occupation, particularly as the observations are all reduced or freed from errors arising from circumstances over which we have no control. The result has hitherto been most satisfactory, as regards establishing for the instrument extreme accuracy even in *very oblique* positions; and these are such as try an equatorial. Delicate observations were made upon Encke's and Petersen's two comets; and in viewing two which were recently visible—one in the constellation Bootes, the other in Crater—such was their exact resemblance to one another, that it was impossible to distinguish them in the field of the telescope except by their position. The Observatory contains, besides, a computing-room, and apartments for the director's residence.

We left, delighted and instructed. Liverpool possesses a telescope of which she may be proud; and she has been most fortunate in securing the services of a director so able and indefatigable. Commanding as her position is through the extent of her commerce, she is destined to occupy no mean place in the world of science. The observatory described is the property of the corporation; but it is not the only one which opens its windows in the dead of night to the contemplation of those glorious bodies which bespangle the azure vault. Separated from it by the breadth of the town is another observatory, the private property of William Lasscell, Esq. Through the mechanical ingenuity and scientific knowledge of this gentleman, he is possessed of a reflector of extraordinary magnitude; and already has he raised for himself imperishable fame in the discovery of a satellite of Neptune, and another attendant upon Saturn.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MORE ABOUT CHICORY.

THE information we published on the subject of the supposed adulteration of coffee with chicory was derived chiefly from one of the most extensive dealers in the kingdom; and it is with surprise, therefore, that we now receive a communication from another extensive dealer, assuring us that our theory is totally wrong.

Mixing chicory with coffee, he tells us, from the beginning of the practice up to the present time, is all a trick of the trade, and deteriorates the quality just in proportion to the quantity of chicory. There is no such thing used on the continent with a view to improve the quality of coffee, but solely to lessen the price. Our correspondent, a dealer in coffee for more than a quarter of a century, having paid much attention to the subject, and having had opportunities of seeing how the best coffee is made all over the continent, assures us that the whole secret consists in *roasting high*. The rule is, to roast as high as possible without burning; and the higher roasting which the bean will stand, the better will be the coffee. When the beans are too ripe, the fine pale-green colour has vanished, and they are sooner burnt; and likewise, when unequal in size, one portion will burn before the other is highly enough roasted. To make the beverage good, a large quantity of ground-coffee must be used, and the pot must never by any means be allowed to boil. Abundance of sugar he considers likewise necessary; and this is certainly consistent with the practice on the continent, where many large pieces of snowy crystals are put into a single cup of coffee, that looks like brandy, and tastes as strong.

To test his theory, our correspondent demands merely that an experiment be tried with a single handful of *good* beans. Let them, by some means or other, be roasted to the verge—but not beyond it—of burning; and he pledges himself that the strength and *gout* which are intended to be conveyed by the chicory will be found in the coffee itself. Thus the qualities of the aromatic berry will be retained in all their perfection, without being deteriorated by the admixture of a plant which has confessedly no analogous virtues. The roasting-machine is of course the grand point. Those in common use, to which the air is freely admitted, burn the berry before it is thoroughly done; and to avoid this, the custom in our country is, to leave it half raw. Our correspondent does not describe the apparatus he recommends; but in France we cannot pass through a street without seeing one or more at work. There it is a small, close, circular barrel made of iron, and revolving over a fire in the open air. A door, which can be opened at pleasure, enables the operator to watch the progress of the roasting, and at the same time gives the whole quarter the benefit of the rich aroma. This is the breakfast smoke of the French: and pleasant it is,

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when strolling through a country town, to witness, with more senses than one, this preparation for the morning meal.

Coffee is roasted in France by those who understand and can appreciate the luxury, just before the beverage is to be made; but at anyrate this is always done on at least the same day. In England, on the contrary, our ground-coffee is hawked about the country in tinfoil packages for months, and, for aught we know, for years! This is an absurdity; for although the powder may retain its *smell* for a long time, its *flavour* is very evanescent. Our correspondent admits that chicory makes a harmless beverage for those who like it; and as it assuredly brings out both the body and flavour of the coffee, we would not abandon it without due consideration; the only real error consists in imposing chicory at the price of coffee. Our correspondent at anyrate cannot deny that where there is no opportunity for highly roasting, the use of chicory may be a good substitute; although, on the other hand, if the desired effect can really be obtained without the admixture of a foreign body, it is a great point gained.

VENO BENO.

There is a substance advertised as adding powerfully to the strength and flavour of tea, which promises to come gradually into the repute of chicory in coffee. This substance is called *veno beno*, and is described as the 'leaf of a tree;' but we are informed (whether correctly or not, we cannot tell) that it is the leaf of a climbing-plant well known in the farther East by its name of *paun*. We know nothing about the effect of the adulteration ourselves; but with a consumption of thirty or forty million pounds of tea in the year, the veno beno—supposing it to be paun—if it comes even into comparatively moderate use in this country, may have a sensible effect upon the commerce of the Indian Archipelago.

The paun is one of the pepperworts; and though a native of the Archipelago, and the adjacent parts of the continent, has become naturalised in India. There the better kind of it, called *costa*, receives very careful treatment, being grown under a thin covering of reeds, sprinkled frequently with water; while in the Archipelago, the slender plant (there named *siree*) is allowed to climb the palms at its own will, rejoicing in the sea-breezes, and in the moisture of an eternal spring. It is described by Lindley as producing intoxicating effects, stimulating powerfully the salivary glands and digestive organs, and diminishing the perspiration of the skin. To this we may add, that in India it is prescribed by the native doctors as a tonic, to be taken immediately after dinner in cases of weak digestion. Having a pungent aroma, and being of a warm stimulating nature, something like our mint, and other herbs of the kind, it is also given in conjunction with pills and other medicines. The leaf is likewise placed not unfrequently, after being warmed at the fire, on the head of a newly-born infant, for the purpose of giving it *shape*, and absorbing the superfluous humours of its brain!

The paun, however, is better known as forming a part—some think the most important part—of the Oriental luxury, *betel*, so called from the nut which is the most solid ingredient. The betel-nut is the fruit of *Areca cachuca*, and is said to possess a narcotic or intoxicating power, although the probability is, that this power resides rather in the paun leaf in which it is wrapped. The other ingredients are gambier—extracted from the *Uncaria gambir*, to give sweetness and astringency—and slaked lime, which brings out a bright colouring-matter from the leaf, and transfers it to the lips of the consumer. This is an important point in the ceremony of chewing betel. The lips of both sexes are constantly daubed with the sanguine juice; and a Malay lover compares the mouth of his mistress to a break in the side of a ripe pomegranate! The opulent add to the ingredients already named such spices as cinnamon, cloves, aniseed, coriander, &c., and a few a portion of tobacco, to increase the stimulus. Habit renders the betel still more a necessary than a luxury. The Asiatic nations would rather forego meat and drink than this savoury mouthful, which occasions a gentle excitement to those accustomed to it, and to novices stupefaction. Blume considers the practice to be favourable to health in the damp regions where it prevails, and where the natives live upon a spare, and frequently miserable diet. Even the paun they are obliged to economise; a dose two or three times a day, generally after a meal; being all the poorer classes can obtain, although a couple of leaves are enough for what may be termed the quid. The wealthy chew it at all hours and seasons; and it is among the articles introduced—such as attar of roses and other perfumes—as a signal for a guest to take his leave, after partaking of the hospitality of a Hindoo gentleman.

Paun being an article of universal consumption, it may be seen, in great parcels, displayed in the bazaars, more especially on market-days. It is kept in moist leaves, and the whole covered with folds of the plantain leaf; and the purchaser buys it in little packets of from twelve to sixteen leaves, according to size, and to the plentifulness or otherwise of the crop, which is greatly affected by drought. The confectioner having bought his paun, makes it up, with the other materials for betel-chewing, in little cones resembling the paper in which our grocer vends his pennyworths of sugar. These are fastened neatly with a thorn, and displayed on trays.

The betel-box, it may be supposed, is a very important article both of ornament and use. It is made either of earthenware, stained and painted, or of various metals, according to the means of the individual; and a Hindoo or Malay lady would as soon want her mirror as her paun-ku-buttah. In the middle of the box a large compartment holds the leaf, wrapped in a bit of wet muslin; and on one side a long division contains an instrument resembling our nut-cracker, to cut the betel-nut. This is highly ornamented, being usually surmounted with eagles, lions, or snakes' heads. Other portions are devoted to the different ingredients; and one has a pot of lime, with a small spatula. It will be curious if the paun, in which the belles of the farther East take such a pride, as well as pleasure, should come into common use in this country, as a means of adding strength, flavour, and exhilaration to *the* beverage, *par excellence*, of our English women!

While treating of Oriental productions, we may mention that we are assured that the 'ervolenta,' or 'revolenta Arabica,' sold in this country for about 3s. a pound, is nothing more than the meal of a kind of pulse very common in Bengal, and which might be imported for as many pence. We mention this, as the article forms a wholesome, and, when well prepared, a very savoury article of food. Our informer states that the Indian name is *moong-ke-dal*; but we have searched the common botanical authorities in vain for any such plant.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, travelled with Sir Walter Scott in the Blucher Coach from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits:—'We had performed half the journey,' writes our informant, 'when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming, "Oh, my friend G——, I have forgotten you till this moment!" A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a postchaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick, and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then, much to my regret, he changed his route, and returned to the Scottish capital.

'The following month I was again called to Edin-

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burgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—— apostrophised by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honour to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:—He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory (a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories) until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr G—— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night.'

The kindliness of Sir Walter's nature procured him friends—his literary genius only admirers, although certainly the warmest admirers ever author possessed. Admiration, however, was sometimes in his case not freely bestowed, and perhaps not consciously felt. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, the 'Mighty Minstrel' called on the late Mrs Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. 'The old lady opened on me thus,' to use his own words—"Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees? Oh dear me, dear me! I canna believe't yet; but for a' that, I ken I ha'e seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, oh she's a bonny, weel-behaved lassie yon; but Jeannie Deans I like the best!"

'There,' said the pleased baronet, 'call ye that a common compliment?'

FRENCH POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The ears of the public have lately been so filled with French Fourierism, Communism, and Socialism, with the projects and plans of Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and their associates, each offering, if he is permitted, to rule the whole world, at a moment's notice, without the possibility of going wrong, that we begin to forget that there is in France, as elsewhere, some common-sense literature on social economy. It is perhaps pretty well known that Thiers, Faucher, Bastiat, Chevalier, and others, came manfully forward in defence of freedom, and against the tyrannous interference of Socialism, even when it was in that high and palmy state to which so strange a series of incidents had for a moment raised it. These works are strictly controversial, and are limited to demonstrations of the futility of those artificial arrangements which a presumptuous school devised for superseding the effect of the natural impulses with which men are, to wise purposes, imbued. But besides these works, necessarily addressed to those who are in danger of being led astray by the artificial glitter of Communism, there are fortunately other works dispassionately directed to an investigation of those social evils, the existence of which has given the Socialists and Communists the audience and sympathy they have heretofore obtained, as well as to the practicability of ameliorating them, without incurring the awful risk of taking existing society to pieces, and reconstructing it on the plan of some one who, like Louis Blanc, professes himself to be an architect competent to the task. We have now before us a set of tracts, issued by the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, or, as it may better be termed in our idiom, of moral and political knowledge. They are neat, well-printed pamphlets; and in their price, which is only forty centimes, or about fourpence each, do credit to the taste and zeal of the Academy.

A person brought up under the social system of this country, is apt to see its total difference from that of France more in the views of the reasonable and conscientious men of that country, than in the rhapsodies of their charlatans, or the projects of their enthusiasts. It would be unsafe to measure the practical sense of the two countries by comparing Owen and Louis Blanc—indeed we have a lurking suspicion that, were there such a trial, the little French dictator might turn out the more practical man of the two, as he certainly has been the more efficaciously mischievous. But when we see the reasonable, calm-minded men of France, we can calculate on more secure data the extent to which our country differs from theirs in the method of fighting with social evils.

It is impossible to overlook, in the calmest and gentlest of the reforms proposed to the French, the predominance of those rapid despotic military operations to which—whether it be a King, an Emperor, a Committee of Public Safety, a Directory, a Consulate, a Provisional Government, or a President—they have always been accustomed. We have a monarchy and a central government in this country, and we know the value of the arrangement. We see the central system in each department organising and economising, settling the differences between local authorities, and checking abuses, but seldom coming into actual conflict with the citizen. In France, the central power, if it find him doing wrong, immediately seizes him, as it were, by the throat, and puts him in the right way. We have a sufficiency of complex laws connected with the press, all directed to this end, that when an offence is committed—whether it be against the state, or an individual through means of the press—the person who commits the offence may be found and punished. In France they take a shorter way, and put the press under the control of the police. When there is a probability of disturbance, we bring out our constables, special or stipendiary, all carefully sworn in, and our military must act under the direct instructions of civil magistrates, otherwise they are as punishable for attacking a mob as the mob is for attacking an inoffensive citizen. In France, the bayonet and the cannon are at once set in motion, however republican may be the government; and a general would as soon think of consulting a magistrate before a battle, as a dictator or president of the Republic would think of taking the advice of such a person when there is a revolt in Paris.

This kind of prompt, sharp practice is derived from the method of military operations to which it seems absolutely necessary; but the people of this country cannot understand, and probably would not be got to submit to it in matters for which the more lazy, but more satisfactory, mechanism of our constitution is sufficient. Hence propositions by the most cautious of the French social reformers, which are simple enough to themselves, seem harsh and despotic to us. We have just been reading one of the series of French tracts to which we have referred—'An Essay on the Working-Classes,' by M. Blanqui, a gentleman who must not be confounded with another of the same name. He makes very sensible and moderate remarks on Communism and Socialism. He tells his readers that no human genius will be able, by the organisation of labour, to increase its fruitfulness, or the demand for its produce; and that all the promises of continuous work and pay through such an instrumentality are fallacious promises to divide a fund that cannot exist. He draws a just distinction between the projects based on an exterminating war against capital, for the purpose of substituting organisation for it, and the views of those more fair and reasonable speculators who only call on the working-classes to unite their efforts, by partnership and otherwise, and show the force of union. But at the same time he shows that too much is expected of such associations of the working-classes; and to those who say it will put an end to the evils of competition by which people undersell and ruin each other, he shows that the very vitality of such associations will consist in the keenness of their competition, and their success in thus

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commanding the market. Nor does he seem less sound when he proclaims that all restrictions and protections are inimical to the working-classes as a body; that their true and sure dependence is in the market price of their labour and the value of its produce; and 'that the restrictive system is one of the most direct causes of the exaggeration of competition, of the close accumulation of workmen in the towns, and of the pauperism by which they are alternately depressed and excited to turbulence;' and yet when he comes to practicable measures for relief, M. Blanqui shows that he is not one of a practical race. In this country we look upon the progress of great cities as an inevitable fact. Instead of trying to stop the accumulation of human beings, we set up schoolmasters, clergy, and police, to organise them; and we are now busily forwarding sanitary improvements, which scientific men say will make the town as healthy as the country. M. Blanqui, on the other hand, tells us that the only means of checking the gradual degradation of the French people by their agglomeration in unhealthy masses in the cities, is to direct the whole efforts of the state to the perfection of agriculture, to combine manufacturing and agricultural labour, and to gradually shift (*éconduire*) the chief manufactures out of the great towns, that they may be established in the country. As a counterpart, he proposes the prohibition of new works within towns of a certain size, or in the centre of a certain area of population.

M. Blanqui finds the abuse of tobacco a great degenerator of the working-people. You may know, he says, those who use it in excess by their besotted aspect, and the fixed stare of their fishy eyes. What is his remedy? 'The use of tobacco,' he says, 'ought to be rigorously interdicted to women and young people.' We presume the authority of the gendarmerie would be the only one by which this interdict could be accomplished; and while they are at it, it is difficult to see why their prohibition should not extend to the whole population. This was the quick and simple means by which the Chinese government thought to put down the use of opium; but it was not effective. If our working-classes sometimes form false notions of the effectiveness with which government can interpose in their behalf, those of France, even when they are not Socialists or Communists, have always a disposition to look still more for such exterior aid—to trust still less in themselves. A working-man of Lyons is referred to by M. Blanqui as remarkable for his discretion and sagacity. He proposed a plan by which governments, instead of taking contracts for public works, should incorporate bodies of workmen for their accomplishment, making the pay the security for the works being performed. Thus, as we have already a force of soldiers and sailors, and a certain number of workmen attached to the government docks and other public works, at the command of the government, there would be a vast additional body of army tailors and shoemakers, of shipwrights for building vessels, and of paper-makers for supplying the Stationery Office. The power which such a system would throw into the hands of a government—the intriguing, the injustice, the oppression it would necessarily create—would be inconceivable. The French must learn to manage matters for themselves. 'Doubtless,' says M. Chevalier in his pamphlet on the labour question, 'some day France will not yield to Scotland, where an honest workman can obtain, with the guarantee of a friend, a credit open to his honour, in order that he too may become a master workman in his turn.' This is written with reference to our system of cash-credits, the excellent services of which, however, have not fallen so much in the way of the working-classes as the French economist seems to suppose. When he contemplates its extension to France, he may perhaps be surprised to find that it owes its existence entirely to the common-sense ingenuity of individuals, and that it never was embodied in the *projet de loi* of any influential statesman.

Such are specimens of the fallacies into which even the best of the French political economists have fallen: they see great evils in the aggregation of people in towns, in intemperance, and other matters, and their remedy is—*force!* In this respect they are scarcely in advance of our James I., who, terrified with the increase of London, proposed to stop the entrance into, and settlement of strangers in, the metropolis. In Great Britain we have seen the folly of all such plans—perhaps with the single exception of trying to make people sober by violent attacks on the sellers of spirits, under colour of law. Without disparaging the value of a good police, it is undeniable that mankind are not to be improved in things moral by act of parliament—not to be dragooned or tortured into good behaviour. The humbler classes—sinking lower and lower, and cherishing in their ignorance and degradation all sorts of prejudices, fallacies, and erroneous methods of action—are clearly improvable only as the classes above them have been improved—by education, by a taste for reading, and by the self-respect and moral and religious impressions which a sound education can alone properly inspire.

POETICAL REVEALINGS.*

The world has rarely any mercy on its new poets. They spring up like daisies on the highway, only to be trodden under foot. We cannot understand that the man with whom we walk or dine, whose hand we clasp, whose faults and peculiarities we laugh at, should suddenly appear, through the magic transformation of print, as—a poet. We will not believe that the name which has been to us such a common familiar sound, should ever be ranked among those combinations of letters which fame has exalted into immortality. To us the appellation is still as ordinary as the man himself; until years have perfected the yet immature genius, and the common name becomes a watchword, the unnoticed household friend starts up as one of the great poets of the world.

For this reason—remembering that the grandest oak of the forest was a young acorn once—we have a great propensity for hunting out stray poets—new poets—young seedlings who have only put forth a few leaves—or trees of riper growth, who have lingered year after year in an obscurity so dense, that possibly one-half the world is scarcely conscious of their existence. There are many poets such as these, some of whom, through misfortune or imperfect powers, may never lift their heads so high as to be distinguished above the multitude of petty rhymers. Yet they have the true life in them after all: and perhaps, if critics and readers would not so blindly follow the general cry, but exercise independence, kindliness, and honest judgment, there would not be so wide a line of demarcation between the much-lauded poet-idols of a past age—many of them mere wood and stone—and the living and breathing minstrels of our day. Good ordinary men, who see your friend's soul only in its work-a-day dress, how do you know that there is not in him a spark of living fire? And you, sorely-tried critics, who cast from your burthened desk whole heaps of worthless trash, take care that you do not likewise pass over some new unknown name which may make the world ring yet.

Reader, wilt thou arm thyself with kindly appreciation, patience, and charity, and go with us on the chivalrous achievement of seeking out poets?

We will not date our search very far back, but will choose, *par hazard*, among the many volumes of poetry, or rather rhyme, that have issued from the press during the past year. 'Each minute turns a new one.' The two writers on whom we thus light are types of two orders of poets: one long struggling against the feeble, imperfect, and unpopular utterance of that which is

* Revelations of Life. By John Edmund Reade. London: Parker.

Harebell Chimes. By A. J. Symington. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

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his soul—the other putting forth his powers only sufficiently to indicate the undeveloped strength which it evidently possesses.

The author of 'Revelations of Life' has published several works of poetry and prose; yet we dare say that nine out of ten of general readers are unacquainted with the name of John Edmund Reade. Even we ourselves know little of his former productions; but his present one is a little volume full of the truest poetry—the poetry of thought.

The great characteristic of Mr Reade's style is its intense earnestness. The motto on the title-page is the key to the whole book—'*Vitam impendere vero.*' In every page the author puts forward truths and opinions which are evidently the workings of a strong, ardent mind, throughout the various phases of a life. That this life has neither been short nor unmarked with change, its 'revelations' undeniably show. But there are in this volume few traces of human passion or emotion; Mr Reade arrays his muse in the grave, severe garb of philosophy, and his poems are throughout far too didactic ever to become popular. Those readers who shake their heads drearily over Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' will probably do the same over Mr Reade's principal poem, 'The Fatalist,' which is conceived in a similar style. This resemblance in the mere mechanical outline of his plan can scarcely expose the author to a charge of plagiarism. The model and imitator stand certainly on an equality. Mr Reade's poem is a record and an unfolding of three lives—not of outward, but inner lives—those of the Enthusiast, the Fatalist, and the Fanatic. These human souls are laid bare, with all their temptations, yearnings, and aspirations. The poet depicts the struggle through darkness unto light—as only a poet can—one who feels, echoed in his own heart, every pulse that throbs in the wide heart of humanity. The martyred Titan who stole fire from heaven is but a type of genius, the creator—which must itself suffer reflectedly the pangs of all mankind.

So much for the idea—the soul of the poem. Its bodily dress hampers it considerably. Mr Reade's style is laboured, and frequently marred with obscurities that degenerate into affectations. Strange words—certainly not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, and manufactured quite contrary to the genius of our English tongue—sometimes startle the eye. At times the rugged severity of the blank verse becomes positively inharmonious; but, on the other hand, it is altogether free from the overladen prettinesses in which common poets veil their paucity of ideas. There are some charming word-pictures scattered throughout, of which here is one:—

'Above the luminiferous ether spread
On the horizon-line the far-off waves—
Glittering in light, bannered with glorious clouds,
On coming, like some multitudinous host,
Foam-crested, rolling on blue, flashing lines—
Broke in reverberating thunders! I
Knelt down and heard the mighty coming—filled
With inspiration of the priests of old,
The reverential awe of the great deep!
I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power
In-rushing on my soul. I stood before
Nature, and felt her heaving life: I heard
The innermost pulses throbbing at her heart.
. . . . . I beheld
The Spirit of Joy cleave through the rushing waves:
I heard them shouting through their rocky halls
Innumerable laughters, as they came
From their long wanderings rejoicing home.'

And another:—

'From the gorge's lowest depths
Ascending midway upwards, pluming woods
In leaflest magnificence arose:
Patrician ranks of poplar, pine, and oak—
A solemn senate! bearded dignities,
Blanched by gray autumn with sear hues of age.
Azure mists floated o'er them, veiling depths
Of foliage indistinct: sun-glinting tints
Shed lights thereon, or dimpled shadows, fading
Into far distance. From the filmy air
A green vale slowly opened to the eye,
Child-like unfolded from its mother's breast,
While a note told its life and quiet joy,
The live brook murmuring there a plaintive tone:
Orchestral voices of the Dart—afar
On pilgrimaging to his ocean shrine:
So still the air, each note was audible,
Making the silence felt in that low sound.'

Here and there a passage comes indicating the true poet, who in a few lines or words can express that power, even as the great artist's genius shines out in three strokes on the canvas. We take these passages at random:—

'Great heaven in its majestic march moved o'er:
Stars, hidden with their crowns of light, behind
Cloud-congregations solemnly rolled on:
Eternal motion and eternal rest.'

——'The form of beauty
She walked in fane-like, lit with holy fire.'

'In our denial Thou art most revealed:
Ideal harmonies and discords ours;
Unsettled motions of one life-hymn raising
Ocean-like voices, unisoned by thee.'

'In whose deep eyes a deeper thought laid buried.'

And here is a very garland of flowers:—

——'There the rose
Languidly her dew-dripping cheek declined;
Her name a blessing, sanctified by love
And child-remembrances: the marigold
Opened her beauty, sunlike, to the sun,
O'ervelling when he sets, to be looked on
By no inferior eye. There, radiate, shone,
Through cloudiest green, the star-like jessamine:
Irises, drooping in the luxury
Of a fine sorrow, their blue orbs half closed:
The azalia leaned against the soft gray wall:
There paled the delicate anemone,
Turning away her sweet head from the wind:
And there the humbler wallflower shed a breath
That realised Elysium.
. . . . . I have gazed on them
With eyes suffused—these chaplets on earth's brow,
God-crowned, when she stood up to be made
Angel-like, reverent, with folded wings!'

Of Mr Reade's minor poems, the two entitled 'Lines written on Doulting Sheepslate,' and 'Final Lines on Doulting,' are the best. Perhaps the secret of this will be found in the saying, 'What comes from the heart goes to the heart.' Here the individual reality of the man raises the poet into an intensity which constitutes real power:—

'I might have lived alone in solitude:
A passionless animal—a savage; rude
As the brutes round me, knowing ill nor good:

And, swine-like, thus have perished in my den.
No! rather action's stormiest life again,
Feeling my heart-pulse throbbing among men—

Foiled, baffled, overthrown: yet, though in vain,
Contesting; spurning sloth's inglorious chain,
For virtue's strife, *self-dignifying pain.*

The storm has passed away: the human tree,
Shaken, but fixed, again looks tranquilly
In the unruffled stream of memory.'

These lines comprise the spirit of the whole volume. It is the chronicle of a soul. Whether its author possesses the highest order of genius, so as to attain either the doubtful tribute of present fame, or the more sure guerdon of a poet's immortality, Mr Reade's after-works alone can decide. But even failing that eminence, he has put forth the life that is in him with power, truth, and beauty. Surely this is a mission fulfilled, an existence not thrown away?

Our next author is the very opposite of Mr John Edmund Reade; and yet A. J. Symington, to whose unpretending volume we now pass on, gives promise of being a poet too. We say *gives* promise, because these 'Harebell Chimes' contain rather the indications of genius than its realisation. In the first place, the title savours of an affectation, which at once declares the extreme youth of the writer. He has not yet passed through that enchanted region of sentimental romance when the outward forms of the beautiful are mistaken for the deep truth that lies beneath them. He looks

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on poetry as a juvenile colourist regards the brilliant, graceful folds which envelop his model: ere long, he will see that the clearly-defined human form, with its strong life thrilling in every nerve and muscle, is more lovely than all these meretricious adornments. Dazzled with a redundance of poetic images, enchanted with the possession of rhythmical facility, a young writer does not at first find out that thoughts, not language, make the poet. It is because we have in this volume, through much feeble-strained commonplace, a current of original ideas, that we augur the future success of Mr Symington. For instance, a poem within a poem — 'The Dream' — contains a thought exquisite of its kind, though worked out so imperfectly, that its beauty is almost entirely lost.

A lover and his beloved are wandering together:—

'I gazed on Rosabelle,
Pure and angel fair,
The wind stirred not a single tress
Of her glossy silken hair,
When wicked spirit came to me
Whispering to my soul—
"Lo, what angel loveliness,
Pure delight, and honied bliss!
Can Heaven itself be more than this?
Heaven, tell me if it be?"

Thus with glozing plausible
My listening ear the tempter stole,
And o'er my senses hung
Spell of darkness, while I sung,
"Rosabelle—Rosabelle!
In this shady spot,
By clear, cooling crystal well,
Hearing woodland music float,
Past and future all forgot,
With thee I would ever dwell:
THOU art Heaven, sweet Rosabelle!"

Thus I sung, when, well-a-day!
The ladye, young and fair to see,
All trembling waxèd wan;
Copious flood of briny tears
Adown her pale face ran:
Lily, dew-besprent seemed she,
Oh, piteously she looked on me!
Then gazing on the skies
With fixèd eyes,
She moved her lips, as if to pray,
And swooned away.
* * * *
A thickening mist, diffusing, spread
O'er vale and mountain high,
With a dreary gloom it hung
In the darkling sky.
The sickening flowers aweary droop,
Pining for the golden sun:
Velvet-soft leaves shrivel up,
Falling every one.
The flowers, all dead, alas!
Soon were buried 'neath a mass
Of forest leaves, that lay
Withering on the grass.
The very brook now flowed
With languid scanty stream,
Nor voice of any bird was heard
Save the famished vulture's scream.'

The lover watched in dull despair by the dead form of Rosabelle throughout the night. But when

'Sunrise seemed to herald in
A tranquil day,
Memnon-like, my stony heart,
Touched, began to pray.'

The prayer awakens the dead, and the earth's charms are renewed with the love that first made it beautiful. But the dream warns the lover that

—'Were any one
To love the golden sun,
Twinkling star, or lowly flower,
Brook or bower,
Skylark sweetly carolling,
OR ANY EARTHLY THING
FOR ITSELF ALONE,
Its beauty soon would fade away,
Yielding to decay.'

Now here is a charming poetic myth, one that Shelley would have gloried in, except for the great mystery that it unfolds — a truth beyond even him — that all love must fail when the human comes between us and the divine. And this beautiful idea, which would make a grand poem, is clothed in language that rarely rises above smooth prettiness. But the there power of conception implies the undeveloped capability of execution. The poem in which this 'Dream' is inserted — 'A Summer Ramble' — contains some passages where the thought and the forms of expression are equally good. Witness the following:—

'The universe, said Amy, everywhere
Is full of spirit-meanings; only we,
Too gross, too worldly, seldom dream of them:
Yet who examines deeply, aye perceives
A perfect harmony—a unity
Pervading all things. . . . . That the arts
Of music, sculpture, painture, poesy,
Are but exponents of the inner soul,
And various mediums to translate *one* thought.
Here is a little, clear pellucid pool,
Where water lies upon the mossy grass,
Thin covering it, as glass a picture. He
Who chooses proper light can gaze far down
Into the deep-blue sky, and plainly see
Sun, moon, or stars, with every leaf and spray
Of tall o'er-arching tree that intervenes,
There clearly mirrored. Others, looking down,
See *only* grass. And so with the ideal:
Yet when the worlds are dimmed and passed away,
Then the ideal shall be the only real.'

Mr Symington has, in common with all young enthusiasts in rhyme, a great love for revelling in the visible forms of nature. Descriptive landscape poetry, wherein no deeper thought lies brooding, has always a charm for those writers who stand at the entrance of life. The unwinding of all the tortuous links of human passion and human feeling belongs more to the maturer poet. Some of Mr Symington's pictures are exquisite transcripts of nature. Here are two twilight scenes, which show how much of the true poet-artist's feeling he possesses:—

'On thymy slope reclining all alone
By murmuring stream amid the golden broom,
I watched the sun, a globe of crimson fire,
Sink slowly in the west: with glow intense
Shot through each orifice, the castle seemed
As it were lit up by a thousand lamps.
Trees on the summit of the hill displayed
Their feathery tops against the amber sky;
While silently the gentle roseate eve
In hazy glimmer blushing, hid herself
From gaze of stars.

The moon is hid, and yet it is not dark;
For, from the horizon in the ruddy west
Beyond Orion, glowing round the verge,
A welling light burns slowly to the north:
The roseate amber blush suffused on high,
Far as the zenith, fades among the stars.'

In this writer, too, are the same indications of genius that we remarked in Mr Reade; namely, the power of giving expression to a beautiful thought in a few words. As, for instance—

'Day shows us earth; night—heaven!'

'The keen stars brightening in the passing wind.'

'Joy wantons in the sun:
Grief is his constant shadow.'

'The sun comes forth in dazzling glorious sheen,
Smiting the stormy ridges of the mist,
Which, *mouldering away in golden dust,*
Are calmed to rippling light.'

These extracts are sufficient to show that Mr Symington's mind contains the materials of a fine poet: the statue is within the marble, but it is only half formed. Careless rhymes, and equally careless rhythm, leaning more to prettiness and melody than terse purity of style, and many affectations of language — these are our young poet's faults. But he is a poet, nevertheless: there is the right metal in him, if he will only work it out. And in all he writes, one can trace the *man* shining through the author: furnishing indications of a nature alive not merely to the beautiful, but also to the good. Such qualities are the root, and the best nourishment of genius.

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We will take leave of Mr Symington with a lyric—one of his best—which is quite a fireside picture:—

'STANZAS ON —— ——

Rare to find friend true and faithful,
Whom no paltry gold can buy;
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:
Such a friend have I.
Gentle-hearted, unassuming,
Dowered with mental vision clear;
Highly valued is the counsel
Of a friend so dear.

After weary hours of business,
You might see him, snug at home,
Poring over new-cut volume,
Or an ancient tome:
Dancing now a little urchin
On his knee—an only boy,
Whose light prattle, quips, and laughter,
Are his parents' joy.

Should I drop in of an evening—
No one there but our two selves—
Commune we with bards and sages,
Ranged upon the shelves.
Now romances, in black-letter,
Blazoned gold, with armèd knights;
Chaucer, with old quaint initials,
Or the "Arabian Nights."

Many a device and curious volume
Scattered o'er the table lies:
Dipping here and there into them,
How an evening flies!
Charles Lamb, we cannot want him;
Genial Hunt, he must appear;
Shelley, Keats, and wondrous Coleridge,
Aye are lying near.

Busts of mighty ones gaze on us,
Here, a statuette of Scott;
Picture there, of Ben's "Alchymist,"
Furnace glowing hot.
Round, book-spirits seem to hover
In a charmèd atmosphere,
Bringing distant climes and ages
In bright vision near.

Hark! "Gong" calls to mind the present—
Hands are pressed—I homeward wend:
'Neath the starry orbs, in silence,
Thinking of my friend.
Rare to find one true and faithful,
Whom no paltry gold can buy;
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:
Such a friend have I.'

VALUE OF GAME.

We are inclined to believe that the real value of game in this country is not in general fully understood. It is usually looked upon as kept chiefly for amusement, and its commercial importance is little thought of. Yet its direct value, as a marketable commodity, is very considerable; and its indirect value, as enhancing landed property, is so great, that it is not easy to form a just estimate of it. The prices of ordinary game are pretty well known in Scotland; in England they are still higher, and there is always a ready demand. The value of a brace of grouse is, on an average, 6s. in England; pheasants, 6s.; partridges, 3s.; hares, 2s. each; woodcocks, from 6s. to 10s. a pair. The average value of a Highland red deer is not less than L.5. So much for the direct value of game; and when we consider its importance indirectly, we are first led to think of the Highland moors which it has rendered so profitable. For the following facts on this portion of the subject we are indebted to an able letter on the game-laws by Lord Malmesbury. A vast number of moors are now let for L.400 or L.500 a year, which formerly brought nothing to the proprietor, as they are unfit even for sheep. Large tracts, which formerly let as sheep-farms, are now converted into deer-forests, and pay at least one-third, and even one-half, more than they did formerly. Five hundred deer may be kept on a space of ground that will feed 1200 sheep. Valuing the sheep at the average price of 18s. each, these would be worth L.1080; but the deer would realise nearly double that sum—namely, L.2000; for the average price of stags in summer and hinds in winter is fully L.4. From a long-standing knowledge of the Highland moors, Lord Malmesbury is of opinion that they are yearly advancing in price, and becoming a more important kind of property. He saw a list last year of 106 moors let for shootings, the rent of which could not be averaged at less than L.300, which makes a total of L.31,800. There were twice as many more let at an average of L.100, and a third portion unlet, whose value may be fairly stated at L.17,000, the whole making together a rental of L.70,000 on the Highland shootings. He adds that this may be looked upon as a clear gain, as far as respects the grouse-moors, and an increase of two-fifths on deer-ground, called 'forest.'—*Journal of Agriculture.*

EFFECTS OF MESMERISM ON A BEAR.

A gentleman residing at Oxford had in his possession a young Syrian bear from Mount Lebanus, about a year old. This bear was generally good-humoured, playful, and tractable. One morning the bear, from the attentions of some visitors, became savage and irritable; and the owner, in despair, tied him up in his usual abode, and went away to attend to his guests. In a few minutes he was hastily recalled to see his bear. He found him rolling about on his haunches, faintly moving his paws, and gradually sinking into a state of quiescence and repose. Above him stood a gentleman, well known in the mesmeric world, making the usual passes with his hands. The poor bear, though evidently unwilling to yield to this new influence, gradually sunk to the ground, closed his eyes, became motionless and insensible to all means used to rouse him. He remained in this state for some minutes, when he awoke, as it were, from a deep sleep, shook himself, and tottered about the court, as though labouring under the effects of a strong narcotic. He exhibited evident signs of drowsiness for some hours afterwards. This interesting scene took place in the presence of many distinguished members of the British Association when last held in the university of Oxford.—*F. T. Buckland.*

A HINT FOR AUTHORS.

Willis, who was once a typo, thinks that all authors should serve a year in a newspaper office. There is no such effectual analysis of style as the process of type-setting. As he takes up letter by letter of a long or complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of where the sentence might have been shortened to save his labour. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognises a careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon acquires a habit of putting an admiring value on clearness and brevity. We have said nothing of the art of nice punctuation, which is also acquired in a printing-office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne is by effervescing. Journeymen printers are necessarily well instructed and intelligent men. It is a part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a 'query' against any passage in a new book which he does not clearly comprehend. Authors who know what is valuable, profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point that would have ruined a literary reputation, if left uncorrected for the reviewers to handle, has been noiselessly put right by a proof-reader's unobtrusive 'qu?'—*American paper.*

READING AND THINKING.

Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In an early number of the Journal will appear the first of a series of articles descriptive of a tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, by Mr Robert Chambers.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 305. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1849. Price 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

VOYAGE TO COPENHAGEN.

Ever since the end of a very pleasant excursion in Rhineland and Switzerland in 1848, I had set apart the summer of the present year for a more extended tour, which should embrace the principal German cities and Italy. When the time came, however, those parts of the continent were in such a volcanic state, that unless I had had a decided taste for walking over hot cinders and lava ('*incedere per ignes*'), there was no chance of getting along with any degree of comfort. In these circumstances, I turned my thoughts to a part of Europe which is not perhaps possessed of so many attractions, but which at least had the merit of being sufficiently cool for the foot of the English traveller—namely, the group of countries which rank under the general appellative of Scandinavia. In England these countries are generally regarded as only too cool—which is not altogether true either—and they are accordingly little visited. But here, again, lay a reconciling consideration; for, if neglected, they were just so much the more *recherchés* to the person who should make his way into them. I also reflected on the singular social condition of Norway as a curious study for such a wanderer as myself: it would, I thought, be deeply interesting to try and ascertain if a democratic constitution, and the absence of a law of primogeniture, really did render that country the paradise which it appears to be in the pages of Samuel Laing. Then there were some curious geological and archæological studies to be pursued in Scandinavia. One large lump of it is supposed to be playing a sort of game of see-saw, to the great inconvenience of mariners in the adjacent seas; while another, though now steady, appears to have at some former period been engaged in the same strange procedure. According to some philosophers, there had been a time when a sheet of ice had passed athwart the whole country, rubbing away every asperity from its craggy surface, excepting only the peaks of the highest mountains. Its wild fiords were still as curious for their natural phenomena as for the lonely grandeur of their aspect. And the remains of the early inhabitants of these remote regions, whether in the form of literature, or that of their arms, personal ornaments, and domestic utensils, were, I knew, a treasure of the richest kind to any one taking the least interest in the past history of his species.

Having, for these reasons, determined on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, I left Edinburgh in the latter part of June. The readiest course for one proposing such a tour is, in general, either by the steamers which leave London, Hull, and Leith for Hamburg, or those which proceed from the two first of these ports to Copenhagen. At the time of my proposed journey, the Elbe was under blockade by the Danish navy, in consequence of the Sleswig-Holstein war. Copenhagen was therefore the only access. It is much to be regretted that there is no steamer direct from England to any port of Sweden and Norway. There was one to Gottenburg a few years ago; it was discontinued because it did not pay. According to Swedish report, an endeavour to revive it has been obstructed by a demand of the English government that only English steamers shall be employed; apparently a most unreasonable demand, and one not characteristic of the present policy. It would surely be much to be lamented if anything so advantageous to the two countries as a direct intercourse be really prevented by such petty difficulties. Let us hope that not another summer shall elapse without the revival of the Gottenburg steamer.

A railway train conducted me from Edinburgh to Hull in the interval between breakfast and supper, allowing me three hours of pause at York, which I employed in a visit to the Minster. The consequences of the second conflagration of this superb building are now repaired, and the edifice is probably in a state of completeness, both as to building and decoration, which it never knew in Catholic times. I was led to reflect how strange it was that so much zeal had been expended in the reconstruction of this theatre of an extinct drama—for the Gothic church of the middle ages was strictly a theatre in which to present daily to mankind, under suitably impressive circumstances, the spectacle of a divine sacrifice which had been made for them. Under modern Christianity, this object exists no longer. The ancient church, accordingly, when too large to be rendered into an ordinary place of worship—as is the case with the English cathedrals—becomes, over and above the corner devoted to the reading of a liturgy, a mere antiquarian curiosity. It is strange that what was done in the twelfth century under the impulse of a powerful religious feeling, can now be done, and done more promptly and quickly, under a feeling almost purely romantic. We must of course rejoice that so beautiful a building as York Minster has been redeemed from the ruin into which it was accidentally thrown, and once more made worthy of the homage of the highest taste. Yet we cannot well forget that such works amongst us can only be something similative or imitative—what the Eglintoune tournament was to real chivalry. The paroxysm of public feeling in which such noble structures originated was a true thing, and one of the finest true things of its era. It is past—it can never be reproduced. The feelings and energies which took that direction are now expended on totally different objects. It is from a different and secondary source that Gothic renovations proceed.

At this time there were in Hull 8000 people out of employment, in consequence of the interruption to the

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Hamburg trade, and it was said that much misery existed in the town. One would have expected, in such circumstances, that any little job to one of the hangers-on of the streets would have been keenly relished, and the remuneration, if decent in amount, thankfully received. Nevertheless, when I handed a shilling to two men who had, at one turn of three minutes, carried my few packages from the cab on the quay into the vessel, it was contemptuously rejected, and only accepted after it became clear that I would not accede to their demand of half-a-crown. What would a foreigner, in such circumstances, have thought of the state of things which had been described to him as appertaining to Hull? He could scarcely have resisted a supposition that bad times in England are something better than the best times on the continent.

Usually, the passport grievance does not commence till one has set his foot on a foreign soil. On this occasion it began before I left the harbour. At the earnest solicitation of the owners of the steamer, I went to the Danish consul to have my passport *visé*, for the sake of establishing that I had come from a district unaffected by cholera. For this a fee of five shillings was exacted from myself and some other passengers. It was hoped, by such means, that no interruption would occur in the landing of passengers at Copenhagen, and the subsequent proceeding of the vessel to St Petersburg. It will be found that in this object we were disappointed, and that the exaction was to us virtually an act of spoliation. When will states be above the meanness of imposing these petty taxes on travellers, whom one might suppose they would see it to be for their interest to encourage, by every possible act of civility and generosity, to visit their lands?

On rising early next morning, I found the vessel ploughing its way out of the Humber, with the new works of Great Grimsby on the right. This is designed as a new port for the east of England, in connection with certain lines of railway. It is to enclose a hundred and thirty-five acres of the sea-beach, and within this space there will be an entrance basin, accessible at all times to every kind of vessel, besides large docks, piers, and wharfs. The scheme is a magnificent example of English enterprise, and promises to be attended with success. In this event, Hull must fall into a secondary place among British ports. If I am rightly informed—but I only speak upon report—those privileges which have hitherto appeared as her strength will have had no small concern in bringing about the result.

A sea-voyage seems as if it could never be a comfortable thing. The sickness from the motion of the vessel is the first and greatest drawback; but the lesser evils of straitened accommodations, imperfect ventilation, the odious smell inherent in the vessel, and the monotony of the daily life, are scarcely less felt. Prostrated under a sense of nausea, afraid to rise, and afraid or unable to eat, unable to exert the mind in reading or discourse, one sinks down into a state of mere stupid endurance, almost the most hapless in which one can well be in the course of ordinary existence.

After suffering thus for four-and-twenty hours, I ventured upon deck, and, finding the weather not unpleasant, walked about for an hour or two. Here the want of objects on which to exert the mind beset me, and I became surprised at the interest which the slightest change of circumstances or sights occasioned. We eagerly scanned the dim horizon for vessels, and reckoned them up with the greatest care. We marked every variation in the direction of the wind, and in the ship's course. But all was insufficient to give an agreeable stimulus to the craving mind, and passiveness always appeared, after all, as the best resource. Seeing two vessels at a distance, sailing different ways under one wind, I amused myself by comparing them to two speculative philosophers driving to opposite conclusions from one set of facts.

On the third morning there were some symptoms of our coming near the land, though it was still beyond the ken of vision. One of these symptoms was a couple of small boats. Finding afterwards that we sailed seven hours, or as much as seventy miles, without approaching the land, I wondered that two small boats should be met so far out at sea. Supposing they were fishing-boats, it was the more surprising that it was on a Sunday morning, though this, a passenger explained, might be from an anxiety to make as much as possible of the short season during which fishing can be carried on in these seas. As we approached the opening of the Sound, vessels became more frequent, and at length one happy passenger was able to announce that he saw the 'loom of the land.' It was, as expected, a portion of the north of Jutland, a low tract of sandy downs, presenting scarcely an object for many miles besides a lighthouse and a solitary country church. We soon passed the Skaw Point, amidst a crowd of vessels of all sizes, calling for almost as much care in steering as is necessary in conducting a drosky through the Strand. Then the young moon appeared setting in a cloudless summer sky, and it became delightful to walk along the elevated deck, watching her slow descent into the gleaming wave, interchanging a word of remark now and then with a companion, and mentally speculating on the new scenes which must meet our eyes under the next sun. We were all by this time fully restored to our usual healthy sensations, and each meal, as it came upon the board, was heartily done justice to.

I was awakened next morning at five with the intelligence that we were just about to pass through the Sound. I ascended to the deck in a provisional dress, and soon saw that assemblage of objects which has been made so generally familiar by means of pictures—a low point, fronted with mounds bristling with cannon, and an old pinnacled palace starting up from within a few yards of the water's edge, while the narrow sea in front bears a crowd of vessels of all sizes. We had now an opportunity of examining the coast on either hand, but found nothing worthy of special observation, beyond the smiling character imparted to the landscape by pleasant woods, cottages, and gardens, such as one sees on the coast of England. Behind Elsinore, however, there is a lofty bank, of which I shall afterwards take some notice.

After passing a few miles of the low coast of Sealand—for such is the name of this insulated part of the kingdom of Denmark—we were told that the vessel was near Copenhagen, which, however, shows itself in this direction only by a few traces of steeples and dockyards, with a screen of green mounds serving as batteries in front. We were quickly brought to a pause in the mouth of the harbour. Every passenger had prepared for immediate landing. The offer of breakfast by the steward was treated disdainfully, as visions of the *Hôtel Royal* rose before us. The captain had gone ashore with our passports, and his return with permission for our landing was instantly expected; when a rumour began to spread that we were to be detained a couple of days in quarantine. It proved to be too true, the government having received intelligence of the revival of cholera in London, which had determined it to subject all vessels coming from England to a quarantine which should interpose five full days between their leaving port and their landing passengers and goods in Denmark. Then all was dismay, though at first we could scarcely perceive or believe in the extent of our misfortune. The magical five-shillings affidavit of the consul at Hull was reverted to. We had paid our money for being certified clear of infection, and clear of infection we must be: otherwise, what were we to think of that transaction? Our chafing was of course unavailing. The Danish government is unusually tenacious and pedantic about quarantine regulations, to which it sapiently attributes the remarkable fact, that Denmark has never yet had a visit of the Asiatic scourge. There was no chance that it would relent on the present occasion. Slowly, and with a bad

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grace, did we address ourselves to the formerly-despised breakfast. Our friend the steward no doubt viewed the case in a light peculiar to himself.

Two days were spent in perfect inaction, and consequently with much tedium and dissatisfaction. For my part there is something which makes me placid under such troubles. It is perhaps a negative satisfaction in considering that I cannot be blamed for *this* evil, as I must be for most others which befall me. I grieved to think that there must be two days of tame, unvaried life, before I could step into the new city before me; but meanwhile the circumstances were not positively uncomfortable in any great degree; the company was not marred by any bad element in itself; there were books to read and memoranda to arrange: finally, it could not be helped. I therefore submitted with tolerable cheerfulness.

After all, we were comparatively well dealt with, for we heard of many persons who were obliged to lie for longer periods in quarantine, and to spend their time of durance at a station arranged for the purpose on a part of the coast a few miles off, where life was very much that of a prison. Persons coming from Germany would have to stay there five days. If I am not mistaken, travellers from England by the continental route had at this time to pass a previous quarantine at Hamburg, so that a journey to Denmark by that route could not occupy less than a fortnight. I have since heard of a Scottish merchant having lost a vessel on the south coast of Sweden, and going out there, by way of Copenhagen, to see after his property. From the exigencies of business at home, he had only twelve days in all to give to the excursion. On reaching Copenhagen, he would not be allowed to land till that time had nearly expired, and he would consequently be obliged to return to Scotland without accomplishing his object.

By way of a favour, a party of our passengers (in which I was included) was allowed to go in a boat to bathe at a place in front of one of the batteries, an emissary of the quarantine station hovering near us as a watch, lest we should break rules. Two boys, returning from an English school to St Petersburg for the holidays, were full of frolic. We soon had a riotous scene of ducking and splashing, accompanied by shouts of (I must say) very foolish merriment, and thus would probably help in no small degree to confirm our guard in an impression which is said to be very prevalent in Denmark regarding the English—that they are all a little mad. A companion remarked to me, that certainly men will condescend in some circumstances to a surprising degree of puerility, or rather childishness of conduct: here, for instance, said he, there is scarcely the least difference to be observed between the conduct of the schoolboys and their seniors. Take away the pressure of our ordinary immediate circumstances, and how all our usual habits are dissolved! But this is a theme as trite as it is tempting, and I must cut it short. A lunch after the bath was attended by jocularity nearly as outrageous, and we did not return to the ship till near the dinner hour.

Our company was small, but it was sufficiently various. There were two specimens of the idle English gentleman, if such a term may be applied to the character. They were men in the prime of life, unmarried, handsome, moustached, with an air of high society, yet perfectly affable, and even agreeable, in their intercourse with their fellow-travellers. I hesitate in applying the term idle to these men, as they appear to be far from exemplifying true inactivity. They speak of having travelled and sported in many parts of the world. One is as familiar with the granitic wilds of Finland as with Donegal and Inverness. He spends whole summers of wild hardy life in the deserts near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, shooting bears and hunting deer, lost to wheaten bread and every luxury for weeks at a time. His frame is sinewy and firmly knit; his habits in eating and drinking are as simple as possible. The other gentleman has been with his ship through every sea in the East and West. He has left England at the height of the gay season, to perform a journey of four months, commencing with Copenhagen, St Petersburg, and Stockholm, to terminate on the coasts of the Levant. Another of our party is a New Englander, with an air of quiet confidence as remarkable as that of the Englishmen, yet of a totally different character. He is a little of a humorist, and not at all offensive. A fourth is an elderly Lincolnshire farmer, homely, simple, good-natured, full of quaint remark, and not unwilling to be smiled at by his companions on account of his little peculiarities of manners and discourse. We have also a young English student, evidently not of the university caste, delicate in figure, of gentle manners, and possessed of considerable intelligence. Of females we have few, only one being of the genus *lady*, the sister of our bear-hunting friend; the rest are more practical in their character. One is a mother with a charge of young children, whom she is sadly ill-qualified for regulating or keeping in order. Incessantly these juveniles are chattering about something, or else crying and squalling. The mother goes about with a broken-hearted air, and a voice worn down to its lowest and saddest tones, either taking her children's querulousness resignedly, or chiding them crossly for what is chiefly her own blame. To attend even thus imperfectly to the group of little ones, takes the whole time and energy of this poor mother, and of an equally broken-spirited maid; for never does a minute pass when there is not something to be done for them, either in the way of attending to their personal necessities, or preventing them from clapperclawing each other, and saving them from the effects of their own recklessness. The thought occurred to me twenty times a day—verily the *storge* is a most marvellous endowment of the mother's heart, enabling her, as it does, to submit placidly to what every other person would feel to be intolerable misery.

We received a great alarm on the second day of our enforced leisure. A party had gone off in a boat to row about and bathe, without the attendance of a quarantine officer. No harm was meant, but it was imprudent. By and by it was whispered that word had come that, owing to this breach of regulations, we should all be detained a week longer, or else have to pay a heavy fine—perhaps both. This was dire intelligence to our good-natured captain, and not less so to a mercantile person, who had sixteen first-class English horses on board, which he was taking out on speculation to Russia. These animals had to stand in cribs on deck during the whole voyage from Hull to St Petersburg. While the vessel was sailing, it was comparatively well with them, for the motion gave them a certain amount of exercise: but the unexpected stoppage of two days told sorely upon them: it was already remarked that their legs were beginning to swell. The owner declared that a week more of inaction would utterly ruin them. While we were gloomily speculating on all the evils we had to dread, the peccant boat-party returned, and relieved us so far, by declaring that they had scrupulously abstained from approaching the shore or any other vessel. They immediately despatched an assurance to this effect to the quarantine station. Notwithstanding a defying tone on the part of some of the defaulters, we passed the evening in a state of serious apprehension, no one knowing what extent of penalty might be imposed by an authority notoriously ruled by any considerations rather than those of rationality. It was thought, on the strength of former instances, not impossible that each of the grown gentlemen of the party might have to pay twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. One more confident than the rest offered four sovereigns to another as an insurance to cover his own risk, or, as an alternative, proposed to undertake that gentleman's risk for three; and the latter arrangement was actually entered into. Early next morning, when we were all on the *qui vive* to learn our fate, a boat came up, and the magical term so well understood in England, 'All right,' soon spread a general smile over the company.

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The authorities, by an amazing stretch of generosity and common sense, had agreed to overlook the delinquency, on condition that certain expenses should be paid, amounting to something less than two pounds. The passengers for Copenhagen were therefore permitted to land immediately with their luggage, and the vessel was allowed to commence discharge of cargo, preparatory to proceeding to St Petersburg. R. C.

THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

A SWISS TALE.

THE early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard day's toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his arm-chair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready? Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a compagnon' (journeyman), said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants?'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the Compagnon's Inn at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamour was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be?'

'Daniel?'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter?'

'Neither of these to-night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the Compagnon."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:—

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had begun to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for their food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage; the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the labourers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Swissland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a compagnon carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy, the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its golden fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with people for whom the middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labour or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts, and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss compagnon has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of his northern sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform colour of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mother's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God, for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where I used to play so joyfully! ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have laboured so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu, Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, "Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy."'

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced, he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely to and fro as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognised Rodolphe, his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco-smoke behind him. Poor compagnon! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he

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was, moreover, Gertrude's father. 'Ha,' said he, 'if Rodolphe so soon forgets the faces of his friends, my old master will recollect me;' and so saying, he approached him respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired whether he could obtain work for him. The old man looked at him a while before replying; and Herman's heart beat so quickly, that he could scarce conceal his feelings. 'Come to me to-morrow,' at last said the old man; 'I will then examine your certificates: work is not scarce for good hands;' and turning towards his men, resumed his occupations. 'What!' exclaimed the poor compagnon to himself as he turned away, 'am I so changed that my features are not recognised by my old master? What if Gertrude herself—— But no, that is impossible! She who could distinguish me in a crowd a hundred paces off, will surely know her Herman again, in spite of his sunburnt face: besides, if her eyes failed her, her heart would prompt her of my presence!' So thinking, he rapidly traversed the little town. There was the old lime-tree, with the rustic seat beneath it; there the fountain, where many women were washing; and there stood the neat little cottage, upon which the young man's eyes now became rivetted. The blue curtain and pots of carnations were there, as they ever had been; and oh, joy, there sat a young woman spinning! Herman's heart bounded with joy; he rushed forward, and then stopped opposite the window, a few steps only separating him from Gertrude. He remained immovable, so powerful were his emotions, and admired the ripening of her charms which had taken place during his absence: no longer the slender girl of fifteen, but a young woman in all the fulness of her beauty; her whole appearance denoting strength, health, and freshness. 'How beautiful she is!' exclaimed Herman in a low voice. Gertrude did not catch the words, but the voice struck her ear; and seeing a traveller but poorly clad with his eyes fixed on her, said to herself with a sigh, 'Poor fellow, he looks in want;' and throwing him a coin with Heaven's blessing, she shut the window, and disappeared. Alas! the sun of the south has too long shone on the face of the compagnon; his best friends know him not, and his beloved regards him as a stranger! Had she remained at the window, Gertrude must have remarked the expression of the poignant grief Herman endured; and her heart would have divined, that under those toilworn clothes and sunburnt face was concealed him for whose advent she had so often prayed. After long remaining on the same spot, as if his feet were rivetted to the ground, the compagnon tore himself away, and turned towards his home. But how changed in appearance! That buoyant step which, a few moments before, had trod the ground so lightly, was now slow and heavy; excessive fatigue overcame him. The weight of the bag he carried—not felt before—now seemed excessive; his head hung down on his chest, his hopes seemed blasted, and that native land which, a few hours since, he saluted with such joy, now seemed indifferent to him. In vain did the old lime-tree, with its majestic foliage, meet his eyes; in vain did the antique fountain, with its grotesque figures, that should have called to his mind so many childish recollections, stand before him. He saw nothing; his wounded heart felt nothing but sorrow. However, he still advanced towards his home, and a few steps only separated him from the old churchyard wall, near which he had passed so many happy days of boyhood, when he saw an aged woman come tottering down the steps of the portico of the church, supported by a stick. It was his mother returning from offering her daily prayer for his return. 'Oh, how altered is she!' he sorrowfully exclaimed: 'how can I hope her feeble eyes should know her child, when mine can scarcely recognise her timeworn frame!' But no sooner had she approached him, and raised her head, than she fell into his arms, sobbing through her tears, 'My son, my beloved son!' Herman pressed her closely to his breast, and falteringly exclaimed, 'My mother, thou at least hast not forgotten me. Years of absence, the scorching sun, and toilsome labour, conceal me not from you!'

Yes, if the sun of the south had rendered the face of the compagnon a stranger to his dearest friends and his beloved, but one look sufficed to make his mother exclaim, 'My son—my Herman! God be praised that he has restored him to me!'

The narrator here seemed to have concluded his story, and remained lost in the emotion he had depicted. Such a conclusion, however, did not satisfy his listeners.

'But what became of the compagnon?' they demanded.

'Oh,' said the father, recollecting himself, 'he went home with his mother, and said to her, "Here, mother, take what I have earned, and live happily the rest of your days with your child," and to the last breath the old woman blessed the return of her only son.' So saying, he sorrowfully cast his eyes towards the corner of the room where hung a distaff, surmounted by a crown of everlasting flowers. The children followed their father's eyes, and long maintained a respectful silence.

'So,' Frank at last suddenly exclaimed, 'Gertrude did not love the beautiful things he brought for her?'

'Why did she shut the window then?' said another child.

'Perhaps,' added Catherine, 'she opened it again?'

'Yes, my Catherine,' said the carpenter smiling, 'she did open it again: and it was with the compagnon and his Gertrude that their old mother passed her days, blessing them both until she left this world for a better.' At this moment his wife Gertrude, still in the prime of life, entered with their homely supper.

THE ALBATROSS.

Of all the interesting objects which present themselves to the eye of the voyager in the southern hemisphere, the albatross is among the most noteworthy. Apart from its relieving the monotony of the watery expanse, this bird, by its extraordinary characteristics, seldom fails of exciting a lively degree of astonishment in the spectator—for what can be thought of a bird which apparently requires neither rest nor sleep? It is perhaps owing to this peculiarity that sailors and others have regarded the albatross with mingled feelings of awe and wonder: its presence was an omen, but rather of good than evil. The weary crew of Bartholomew Diaz doubtless looked on the swift air-cleaving creature as an appropriate scout from the Cape of Storms, while Vasco de Gama may have hailed it as the herald of his hope and success. Coleridge has very happily availed himself of these different aspects in his 'Ancient Mariner,' where he makes the aged seaman, with 'long gray beard and glittering eye,' relate how, from out the dismal mists—

> 'At length did cross an albatross,
> Thorough the fog it came;
> As if it had been a Christian soul,
> We hailed it in God's name.
>
> It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
> And round and round it flew;
> * * * *
> And a good south wind sprung up behind,
> The albatross did follow,
> And every day, for food or play,
> Came to the mariner's hollo!'

And then the disasters which ensued when

> ——' With his cross-bow
> He shot the albatross.'

Whatever delight might be experienced in contemplating the bird under the mysterious point of view suggested by the poet, would be rather heightened than diminished by a knowledge of its real natural character; and this we may obtain from that valuable and highly-meritorious work, 'The Birds of Australia,' by Mr Gould. According to this enterprising naturalist—

'The *Diomedea exulans* (wandering albatross) is by far the largest and most powerful species of its tribe; and,

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from its great strength and ferocious disposition, is held in terror by every other bird with which it is surrounded. It is even said that it will fearlessly attack and tear out the eyes of a drowning man, a feat, from what I have observed of it, I can readily imagine it would attempt. It is most abundant between the 30th and 60th degrees of south latitude, and appears to be equally numerous in all parts of the ocean bounded by those degrees; and I feel assured that it is confined to no one part, but is constantly engaged in making a circuit of the globe in that particular zone allotted by nature for its habitation. The open sea is in fact its natural home; and this it never leaves, except for the purpose of breeding, when it usually resorts to rocky islands the most difficult of access.

'The powers of flight of the wandering albatross are much greater than those of any other bird that has come under my observation. Although, during calm or moderate weather, it sometimes rests on the surface of the water, it is almost constantly on the wing, and is equally at ease while passing over the glassy surface during the stillest calm, or sweeping, with arrow-like swiftness, before the most furious gale; and the way in which it just tops the raging billows, and sweeps between the gulfy waves, has a hundred times called forth my wonder and admiration. Although a vessel running before the wind frequently sails more than 200 miles in the twenty-four hours, and that for days together, still the albatross has not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the ship, but also performs circles of many miles in extent, returning again to hunt up the wake of the vessel for any substances thrown overboard.

'Like the other species of the genus, it is nocturnal as well as diurnal, and no bird with which I am acquainted takes so little repose. It appears to be perpetually on the wing, scanning the surface of the ocean for molluscs and medusæ, and the other marine animals that constitute its food. So frequently does the boldness of this species cost it its life, that hundreds are annually killed, without, however, its numbers being apparently in any degree lessened. It readily seizes a hook baited with fat of any kind; and if a boat be lowered, its attention is immediately attracted, and while flying round, it is easily shot.' It is not surprising that a poetical imagination should have been excited by such a subject, and Coleridge is not the only bard who has shaped it into verse. Another writes—

> 'Now upon Australian seas,
> Wafted by the tropic breeze,
> We salute the southern cross,
> Watch the wondrous albatross—
> Circling round in orbits vast,
> Pausing now above the mast,
> Laving now his snowy breast
> Where the billows sleeping rest.
>
> Now he skims the surface o'er,
> Rising, falling evermore:
> Floating high on stillest wing,
> Now he seems a guardian thing,
> Now a messenger of wrath,
> Cleaving swift his airy path;
> Bearing o'er the liquid plain
> Warning of the hurricane.'

Mr Gould's description of the *Diomedea melanophrys*, black-eyebrowed albatross, exhibits other characteristics:—'Of all the species,' he observes, 'with which I am acquainted, this is the most fearless of man, and it often approaches many yards nearer the vessel than any other. I have even observed it approach so near, that the tips of its pinions were not more than two arms' length from the tafferel. It is very easily captured with a hook and line; and as this operation gives not the least pain to the bird, the point of the hook merely taking hold in the horny and insensible tip of the bill, I frequently amused myself in capturing it in this way, and after detaining it sufficiently long to afford me an opportunity for investigating any particular point respecting which I wished to satisfy myself, setting it at liberty again. I also caught numerous examples, marked, and gave them their liberty, in order to ascertain whether the individuals which were flying round the ship at nightfall were the same that were similarly engaged at daylight in the morning, after a night's run of 120 miles, and which, in nearly every instance, proved to be the case.'

Angling for albatrosses is no modern art, as appears from the narrative of Sir Richard Hawkins' voyage to the South Sea in 1593, in which it is pretty certain that these birds are spoken of. 'Certaine great fowles,' says the narrator, 'as bigge as swannes, soared about us, and the winde calming, setled themselves in the sea, and fed upon the sweepings of our ship; which I perceiving, and desirous to see of them, because they seemed farre greater than in truth they were, I caused a hooke and line to be brought me, and with a piece of pilchard I bated the hooke, and a foot from it tied a piece of corke, that it might not sinke deepe, and threw it into the sea, which, our ship driving with the sea, in a little time was a good space from us, and one of the fowles beeing hungry, presently seized upon it, and the hooke in his upper beake. It is like to a faulcon's bill, but that the point is more crooked, in that manner, as by no meanes hee could cleere himselfe, except that the line brake, or the hooke righted: plucking him towards the ship, with the waving of his wings he eased the weight of his body, and being brought to the sterne of our ship, two of our company went downe by the ladder of the poope, and seized on his neck and wings; but such were the blows he gave them with his pinnions, as both left their hand-fast, beeing beaten blacke and blue; we cast a snare about his necke, and so triced him into the ship. By the same manner of fishing we caught so many of them, as refreshed and recreated all my people for that day. Their bodies were great, but of little fleash and tender; in taste answerable to the food whereon they feed. They were of two colours—some white, some gray; they had three joyntes in each wing; and from the pointe of one wing to the pointe of the other, both stretched out, was above two fathoms.'

Similar instances are recorded, though not in language quaint and tedious as the above, in Cook's Voyages. The great circumnavigator's crew were glad to regale themselves on albatross roast and boiled, after having been many weeks at sea, and confined to salt food. Sir James Ross, too, after stating that when off the Aguilhas bank, 'the gigantic albatross was seen in great numbers, and many of them taken by means of a fishing-line,' remarks—'these birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region.'

Most marvellous accounts have been given of the spread of wing of the albatross, rivalling the wonderful roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' Mr Gould took pains to verify the facts. The largest specimen seen by him measured 10 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of the outspread wings, and weighed 17 pounds. But Dr M'Cormick, surgeon of the 'Erebus,' in the Antarctic exploring voyage met with one weighing 20 pounds, and 12 feet stretch of wing. The Auckland Islands, about to become the head-quarters of our southern whale-fishery, are a much-frequented breeding-place for the birds; the others as yet known to naturalists are the Campbell Island—some lonely rocks off the southernmost extremity of Van Diemen's Land—and the islands of Tristan d'Acunha. While at the Aucklands, Dr M'Cormick made himself acquainted with what may be called the bird's domestic habits:—'The albatross,' he writes, 'during the period of incubation, is frequently found asleep with its head under its wings: its beautiful white head and neck appearing above the grass, betray its situation at a considerable distance off. On the approach of an intruder, it resolutely defends its egg, refusing to quit the nest until forced off, when it slowly waddles away in an awkward manner to a short distance, without attempting to take wing. Its greatest enemy is a fierce species of *Lestris*, always on the watch

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for the albatross quitting its nest, when the rapacious pirate instantly pounces down and devours the egg. So well is the poor bird aware of the propensity of its foe, that it snaps the mandibles of its beak violently together whenever it observes the lestris flying overhead.'

Mr Earle, whose observations were made on the almost inaccessible heights of Tristan d'Acunha, remarks:—'The huge albatross here appeared to dread no interloper or enemy, for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. They lay but one egg, on the ground, where they make a kind of nest by scraping the earth around it: the young is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached, they snapped their beaks with a very quick motion, making a great noise: this, and the throwing up of the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence which they seem to possess.' It was at one time believed that the head of the female became of a scarlet colour while she was sitting, and afterwards resumed its original hue. Be this as it may, the male is very attentive to her during the time she keeps the nest, and is constantly on the wing in search of food, which, as before observed, consists of small marine animals, mucilaginous zoophytes, and the spawn of fish. When opportunity offers, however, they attack more solid fare. Commander Rempthorne relates, that while on a voyage in 1836, in search of the lost crew of the 'Charles Eaton,' he fell in with the half-putrid carcase of a whale, surrounded by a host of fishes and birds, albatrosses among the latter; 'and so occupied were they, that even the approach of our boat did not disturb them, or put them to flight: many albatrosses allowed us to attack them with our oars and the boat-hooks, and several were consequently knocked down and killed.' The egg of the albatross is about 4 inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end: although good to eat, the albumen or white does not solidify in the boiling. The penguin is said to take possession of the nests when vacated. The albatross is a constant attendant on fishing parties, and if in low condition from scarcity of food or other causes, soon regains its flesh and fat, so voraciously does it devour. It is no uncommon occurrence for one of these birds to take a fish of several pounds' weight into its mouth, and having swallowed one extremity, to wait, like the boa-constrictor, digesting and gulping until the whole is consumed. Towards the end of June, in anticipation of the fishing season, albatrosses arrive in thousands on the coasts of Kamtchatka, and are captured in great numbers, for food and other purposes, by the natives. With the hollow bones of the wing they make pipe-stems, sheaths, needle-cases, and combs, the latter being used in the preparation of flax: they also make use of the inflated intestines as floats for their nets.

Notwithstanding its large size, the albatross does not appear to be a quarrelsome bird; and when attacked by its enemy the skua gull, it endeavours to save itself by flight. Captain Cook once saw a contest between two of these gulls and an albatross; the sole object of the latter appeared to be to defend its breast and the softer portions of its body from the fierce assaults of its antagonists: loss of liberty, however, is said to irritate the bird greatly. Its voice, according to Sourrini, resembles that of the pelican, with a cry approaching the bray of an ass. This author further observes with regard to the flight of the albatross:—'The manner of these birds' flying is very astonishing; the beating of their wings is perceived only at the moment of taking wing, and often they make use at the same time of their feet, which, being webbed, enable them to rise by striking the water. This impulse once given, they have no longer need to beat their wings; they keep them widely extended, and seek their prey, balancing themselves alternately from right to left, skimming with rapid flight the surface of the sea. This balancing serves doubtless to accelerate their course, but it would seem scarcely sufficient to support them in the air. Perhaps an imperceptible fluttering of their feathers is the principal cause of this extraordinary movement. In this respect they would require to have muscles especially adapted, and for this reason I consider that the anatomy of these birds merits the greatest attention.'

By the Germans the albatross is named 'der wandernde schiffsvogel' (the wandering ship-bird); the Dutch term it 'Jean de Jenten;' English sailors, looking to its bulky appearance, call it 'the Cape sheep;' and with them also the sooty albatross is 'the Quaker-bird.' There are seven species particularised by naturalists: the technical description, however, of the *Diomedea exulans*, given by Mr Gould, will apply in general terms to the whole. 'The wandering albatross,' he observes, 'varies much in colour at different ages: very old birds are entirely white, with the exception of the pinions, which are black; and they are to be met with in every stage, from pure white, white freckled, and barred with dark-brown, to dark chocolate-brown approaching to black, the latter colouring being always accompanied by a white face, which in some specimens is washed with buff; beneath the true feathers they are abundantly supplied with a fine white down; the bill is delicate pinky-white, inclining to yellow at the tip; irides very dark-brown; eyelash bare, fleshy, and of a pale-green; legs, feet, and webs, pinky-white. The young are at first clothed in a pure white down, which gives place to the dark-brown colouring.' The 'cautious albatross,' as its name indicates, is very shy, seldom approaches the land, and is not easily captured: the yellow-billed species, when in pursuit of its prey, will dive and swim for several yards under water.

Mr Bennet, in his 'Wanderings,' has some interesting passages on the subject of the albatross. 'It is pleasing,' he writes, 'to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly excited by some invisible power, for there is scarcely any movement of the wings seen after the first and frequent impulses are given, when the creature elevates itself in the air; rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own, and then descending, sweeps the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were "monarch of all it surveyed." It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose. . . . When seizing on an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water, while devouring their food; then they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against the wind, seeming the "gayest of the gay" in the midst of the howling and foaming waves.' In another passage, the author makes some further remarks as to this bird's powers of flight. 'I remarked,' he says, 'that the albatross would lower himself even to the water's edge, and elevate himself again without any apparent impulse; nor could I observe any percussion of the wings when the flight was directed against the wind, but then, of course, its progress was tardy. Many, however, have differed with me in considering that the birds never fly "dead against the wind," but in that manner which sailors term "close to the wind," and thus make progress, aided by, when seemingly flying against, the wind. This bird is evidently aided by its long wings, as well as tail, in directing its flight; it is never seen to soar to any great height, and is often observed to change its course by turning the wings and body in a lateral direction, and oftentimes, when raising itself, to bend the last joint of the wings downwards.'

From our extracts it is evident that for those who possess the 'art of seeing,' a voyage across the wide ocean is not necessarily a scene of monotonous weariness: there is food for instruction and inspiration everywhere; and here, with some further lines from the

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poem already quoted, we may appropriately bring our article to a close:—

'Oh thou wild and wondrous bird,
Viewing thee, my thought is stirred.
Round and round the world thou goest,
Ocean solitudes thou knowest—
Into trackless wastes hast flown,
Which no eye save thine hath known:
Ever tireless—day or night;
Calm or tempest—ceaseless flight.

Albatross, I envy thee
Oft thy soaring pinions free;
For we deem the realms of air
Too ethereal for care.
Gladness as of endless springs
Seems to me is born with wings.
Thou canst rise and see the sun,
When his course to us is done:
A moral here may us engross,
Thou the teacher—albatross!'

THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

The Elysée National, which has been appropriated as the residence of Louis Napoleon, is an edifice which has gone through many changes of masters. Situated in the Rue Fauxbourg St Honoré, with a façade behind towards the far-famed Champs-Elysées, it enjoys one of the most agreeable localities in Paris. Externally it makes no great appearance, being shut in by a lofty wall in front; but in internal arrangements the house is elegant, with suites of grand apartments, common to the palaces of France. The builder and first proprietor of the Elysée was the wealthy Count d'Evreux, in the era of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this it became crown property, but for no long time.

One day, in the year 1748, Madame de Pompadour entered Louis XV.'s apartments, complaining of a dreadful headache. The king had made her a marchioness and a lady-in-waiting; he had laden her with honours and wealth. But this did not satisfy her, for unworthy favourites are never content: they were the revolutionists of those days.

'Is anything the matter with you, madame?' inquired the king anxiously, observing her downcast looks.

'Alas! I have no hôtel!' replied Madame de Pompadour.

'Is that all?' exclaimed the sovereign; and the same day the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased for her: it need hardly be added, at the king's cost. A little while after, Madame de Pompadour was again severely incommoded by a distracting headache. Like questions from the monarch, and new complaints from the favourite.

'My hôtel is but a citizen's dwelling in comparison with Choisy and Trianon. Its interior is so antique and formal! I really seem to exist among the ghosts of a past century. In short, I am dying there of languor and ennui.

'Live, fair lady! and let your abode be the temple of fashion.'

This was quite enough for La Pompadour, who, being a connoisseur in painting, sent next day for Boucher and Vanloo, and installed them in the Hôtel d'Evreux. The ceilings and panels were quickly peopled with rosy Cupids playing amid shepherds and shepherdesses: the gilt cornices were wreathed in flowers. The talents of the architect, L'Assurance, were also put into requisition, and the building greatly enlarged. Once more the king's purse was obliged to meet all the consequent demands for these improvements. L'Assurance, being his controller, took care to exercise no control whatever over the whims of the favourite. From thenceforth Madame de Pompadour held her court at the Hôtel d'Evreux. Courtly equipages began to crowd around it: balls and *petits-soupers* enlivened its halls.

On one occasion the queen of the place assumed the part of an actress, and after rehearsing her part with the Dukes de Chartres and Duras, and Madames de Brancas and d'Estrades, in her own saloon, they all set off in great style, and performed a little piece in the king's cabinet of medals. Another day, Crébillon, Voltaire, and all those *beaux-esprits* who sported on the brink of a volcano, were gathered around the marquise, to whom they addressed epigrams and madrigals. Voltaire, whose paw of velvet concealed a tearing claw, combined the madrigal and the epigram in the following verses:—

Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes;
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis.
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

Madame de Pompadour felt only the velvet; but the king felt the claw; and Voltaire became an exile, and lost his office of gentleman of the bedchamber. From that day forth the cat-like genius of Voltaire scratched those whom he had hitherto caressed: so easy is the transition from a flatterer to a foe!

But who is this other original who appears at the Hôtel d'Evreux? He is young and handsome, or at least he appears to be so, for his age is a problem. He pretends to have existed during the days of the *Fronde*, which would make him a centenarian. His friends declare that he has found the Philosopher's Stone; that he can renew his youth when he pleases; that he can read the past, the present, and the future. The fact is, that his origin is unknown; and so is his fortune. His wealth seems to be unbounded and exhaustless: his prodigality is carried to excess: he speaks every language, understands every science, cultivates every art: his wit is so lively, his eloquence so full of captivation, that he is able to make falsehood assume the air of truth: his whole life is, in fact, but a fable in action. Some people regard him as a demi-god, some take him for a devil; one affirms that he is a sorcerer, another that he is a magnetiser. It may easily be conceived that he becomes an idol in the frivolous and wonder-loving court of Louis XV.; nor is it less to be expected that La Pompadour should attract him to her magic circle. There he creates as great a sensation as at Versailles. One day the king comes purposely for the sake of having a private conversation with him. He interrogates him closely, hoping to win from him his secret: but all in vain. The Proteus escapes through a thousand windings, and charms Louis XV. without betraying himself to him. This wonderful, this inexplicable man, was the famous Count de St Germain.

Another day the favourite expresses her suspicion that the diamonds he wears are all false. Just at that moment he enters her saloon, sparkling from head to foot. His lace ruffles are fastened with rubies; his fingers are covered with rings; his shoe-buckles are valued at 200,000 livres. Madame de Pompadour, quite dazzled by this sparkling magnificence, asks if he is not afraid of risking so much wealth by wearing it about his person. St Germain guesses the suspicion, and answers it by taking out of his pocket a box. This box is full of jewels. The count intreats of Madame du Hausset (the favourite's *dame de compagnie*) to accept a small diamond cross. At length she is prevailed on to do so. It is immediately shown to the court jeweller, who values it at a hundred louis. Soon afterwards this strange personage disappears. His exit from the fashionable world is as mysterious as had been his *entrée* into it.

On Madame de Pompadour's death, the Hôtel d'Evreux reverted to Louis XV., and became first the residence of ambassadors extraordinary, and was afterwards used as the wardrobe of the crown, until in 1773, when it was purchased by Monsieur de Beaujon. M. de Beaujon was the Crœsus of that time, but a Crœsus who devoted his wealth to the encouragement of art, and to the succour of the indigent. The Hôtel d'Evreux became in his hands a depository of all that was choice and beautiful in the fine-arts. The marbles of Tassant, of Guyard, of Pajou; the tapestries of the Gobelins; the paintings of Vanloo, of Rubens, Teniers, Poussin, Guido, Murillo, &c. besides innumerable articles of *virtù*, were to be found in his saloons; and in one of the alcoves was placed a large mirror, so situated as to reflect the Champs-Elysées as in a beautiful landscape.

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M. de Beaujon died in peace at his charming hôtel; but he had previously sold it to Louis XVI. This prince parted with it to Madame de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe's friend. Brief, however, was this lady's enjoyment of her charming residence. The Revolution approached, and she fled from France: so it passed into the hands of a certain Sieur Hovyn, who made it a place of public amusement, and all Paris danced, and played, and sang within its precincts, as they did at a later time at Tivoli.

One day these noisy gaieties were disturbed by sounds of a sadder and yet ruder nature. On the Place Louis XV., now become the Place de la Révolution, large bodies of troops were assembled; cries of savage fury echoed on every side; one voice of peace alone uttered its gentle tones, 'Son of St Louis, ascend to Heaven!' Then came shouts of 'Vive la République!' It was Louis XVI., who had been immolated on the altar of Terror. Unhappily, for a time such scenes were but too common in Paris: every heart was filled with either rage or terror, and the voice of joy was no longer heard among the people. There was neither music nor dancing at the Hôtel d'Evreux.

After Thermidor, however, it was re-opened to the public by some speculators, who had purchased it of the nation. In the time of the Directory and Consulate, the waltz and the quadrille flourished within its princely walls. Every victory of Bonaparte's was celebrated at the hamlet of Chantilly, for so was the newly-opened garden now called. But the Empire approaches, raising up some crowns, and creating others. In 1805, a handsome hussar becomes the purchaser of L'Elysée. He enters it on horseback, orders it to be repaired and richly decorated; and beneath the influence of his magic wand it quickly becomes once more a palace. That wand, unfortunately, is a sabre, and it is not swayed by the hand of taste. Luxury reappears, without elegance: the graceful fancies of Pompadour and of Beaujon are replaced by the heavy splendour of the Empire: the grand saloon alone is spared by the new master. This new master is Joachim Murat.

Madame Murat—the beautiful Marie Bonaparte—celebrated the victories of her husband and her brother by brilliant fêtes at the Elysée. It was there that she received the bulletins of Austerlitz and Jena; it was there she received the tidings of her being the queen of Naples. She resigned herself to her fate, and without a sigh, abandoned her Parisian hôtel for the Neapolitan throne.

L'Elysée, now restored to the domain of the crown, soon saw beneath its roof a little spare man, of lively disposition, and yet brusque and pensive by nature. With booted spurs, and his hand wrapped within his gray *capote*, he paced up and down its shady walks. This little man was the Emperor Napoleon. L'Elysée was a favourite residence of his, and he often dwelt there. There was but one thing he regretted in the garden—a straight and well-covered avenue, where he could walk on, engrossed in his own thoughts, without looking before him. These were some of his happiest days. He had still his guardian angel by his side—his Josephine. L'Elysée was for a long while their paradise. But a day came in which Josephine entered it alone bathed in tears. She was no longer empress, but it was not for this she wept: it was for the lost love of her husband, who cast her off with the hope of obtaining from another consort the long-desired heir to his vast dominions. In her retreat at L'Elysée, Josephine was consoled by the tender affection of her daughter, the Queen Hortense, and a few friends who clung to her in the hour of her adverse fortune.

In 1814, Napoleon quitted both L'Elysée and France. Another emperor, victorious in his turn, entered his cabinet, and exclaimed aloud, 'How many gigantic enterprises have been conceived in this unpretending apartment! And how wonderful was that intellect which could at once direct so many plans!' This emperor was Alexander of Russia. The following year Napoleon reappeared for a moment at L'Elysée. It was there that, on the 22d of June 1815, the Eagle, wounded at Waterloo, received its deathblow. It was seized by England, in the name of all Europe, and, by a stern necessity, cast upon the far-off rock of St Helena.

Inhabited under the Restoration by the Duke de Berri until his murder by Louvel, then by the Infant Don Miguel, and by the king of Naples: appropriated during Louis-Philippe's reign to the use of divers illustrious visitors, amongst whom were Ibrahim Pacha, the Bey of Tunis, and the Infanta of Spain, L'Elysée Bourbon was at length reserved as a dowry-palace for the Queen Marie-Amelia, in the contemplated possibility of her widowhood; but its future hostess having been obliged, like some of its former owners, to fly from her country, its portals were opened to a new master in December 1848, when, under the name of L'Elysée National, it became the residence of the President of the Republic—of a nephew of that Emperor who had said on leaving that very palace thirty-three years before, 'It is only with *my name* that France can hope to become free, happy, and independent.' Such have been the fortunes of L'Elysée National! Who can presume to say what destiny may yet be in store for it?

JUVENILE CRIME AND DESTITUTION.

The increase of juvenile delinquency has become alarming. The criminal statistics of the country show that one-eighth of the offences which occupy our courts of justice are committed by mere children, and one-fourth by transgressors under twenty years of age. The depredations daily and daringly committed, especially in towns, and the destitution continually exhibited by crowds of young persons, have, during the current year, caused the public to manifest a very general anxiety to inquire into causes of so great and augmenting an evil. The inquiry cannot proceed far without eliciting the mournful fact, that the mode of dealing with crime in its earlier stages is not only seriously defective, but tends to foster and increase rather than to diminish it. Not hundreds, but thousands, of children are daily seen in London, and in every other large town, without the means of moral or intellectual culture, except that which has recently been provided by private benevolence. Abandoned by their parents, unrestrained, uncared-for by the law; hungry, and without food; cold, without clothing; weary, and without whereon to lay their heads; existing amidst every kind of suffering, and consequently influenced by the strongest temptations, they embrace crime as the only means of escape from want. Then, and not till then, does the law condescend to notice them; not to succour or reform, but to punish.

In this respect we are immeasurably behind the legislatures of other countries, not only modern, but ancient. The laws of Greece placed children of tender years in a state of pupilage, and made their teachers and pastors responsible for their conduct. Orphans who had no natural protectors were apportioned to 'patrons,' who were charged with, and made accountable for, their wellbeing. In modern France, and in other continental countries, children under sixteen years of age are not held responsible for the crimes they may commit, but their parents are; and if they have no parents, the state provides for them in its own fashion. The sixty-sixth article of the French penal code stands in English thus:—

'When the accused shall be under sixteen years of age, if it has been decided that he has acted without discernment, he shall be acquitted; but he must be, according to circumstances, returned to his parents, or sent to a House of Correction, there to be "brought up" (*élevé*), and detained during such a number of years as the judgment shall specify, and which in no case must

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extend beyond the time when the accused shall have attained his twentieth year.'

By another article of the same code (the 67th), all children found by the authorities who have neither parents nor homes are taken to the House of Correction: nor is this plan confined to France. The boldly-benevolent sheriff of Aberdeen, imitating this law, formed his most efficient school, by causing all the destitute and friendless children in the bounds of his jurisdiction to be 'taken up' and housed in his miscellaneous but admirable academy. The law of France, by this sort of procedure, exercises a protective influence over the friendless and forlorn. The law of England, on the contrary, only condescends to notice children when they have become criminals. Here the 'eye of the law' is shut against neglected and wretched outcasts from tainted homes, or the offspring of vicious parents; but opens them wide, and darts its fiery glare, to bring these young victims to punishment, when they have committed crimes for which, as we shall presently prove, they ought scarcely to be held accountable. The sternest moralist will not deny that in a majority of cases offenders under, say fourteen years of age, ought not to be deemed criminals in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders who, having acquired a knowledge of the duties of civilised life, have violated them: the fact being, that the very possibility of acquiring such knowledge the law denies; whilst, on the other hand, every incentive and temptation to dishonesty is working within them. These wretched young creatures are either homeless orphans, committing petty thefts to keep life in them, or the offspring of infamous parents, who urge them to pilfer, as a means of support in their own profligacy, or are hired and taught by practised ruffian employers to plunder for their benefit. How, then, can a child of tender years, for whom the legislature has provided no means of instruction, religious or moral, who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal—caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky; or, more frequently, a being who has been cast loose upon the world, without a friend in it—form any just notion of his duties to society? Yet, because he has not done so, the law, when it detects him in the consequences of such ignorance, sends him to the treadmill or to jail. And even there our criminal code affords no means of reformation, nor always of employment;* while, on the contrary, every sort of instruction in depravity, and every means of acquiring proficiency in thieving, are supplied by his prison associates. 'Prisons,' says the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison in the last report from that establishment, 'as they are throughout the country, generally speaking, are schools in which everything wicked, deceitful, impious, and abominable is practised, taught, and propagated at a great expense of public money and public morals.'

To illustrate vividly the condition of the juvenile criminal, the bearing the law has upon his career and ultimate destiny, and, finally, to render intelligible the best remedies it is in the power of the country to apply to this worst of social diseases, it is only necessary to trace the private history of at least one-half of the unfortunate young beings who now infest our streets.

Before us lie two documents, from which it is easy to glean the birth and parentage of a vast number of these wretched young creatures. The first is the Report of the Parkhurst Prison, and the second that of the Philanthropic Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders; both for the year 1848. Against the lists of 'admissions' into the latter establishment are placed short notes of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year. The most frequently-recurring entries against the initials of those inmates who have been convicted more than once are such as:—'Father dead; mother remarried; deserted by his friends.' 'Turned out of doors by a stepfather.' 'Illegitimate; father unknown.' 'Father of dissolute habits; deserted his wife.' 'An orphan, both parents dead;' or 'Parents unknown,' occurs frequently. 'Mother dead, father remarried, and turned out of doors,' and 'Utterly friendless,' are also repeated in several instances. 'Mother separated from her husband: she is of drunken habits: the boy led into evil by discomforts of home:' 'Father of drunken habits,' are occasional entries. Those boys who were admitted into the school upon one conviction only, seem, in a majority of instances, to have been led away by evil companions. We select the following from this category as examples:—'The parents poor; father in bad health.' 'Father dead; mother respectable.' 'Enticed to theft by bad companions,' &c.

Imagine the life of a young outcast belonging to the first class of the cases above cited. His earliest endeavours may be towards honest employment. This he seeks far and near—day after day—till, worn out with fruitless solicitation, and nearly starved, he takes to begging. With any charity-money he may obtain he abates the pangs of hunger. In the casual wards of workhouses, to which the young wanderer is often driven for a night's rest, he has to associate with practised depredators;* but when more successful, his sleeping companions in the low lodging-houses we have previously adverted to in this Journal are chiefly young thieves, whose occasional affluence he envies. He does not see their more frequent privations, because at these places of meeting no one can appear who has not been able to get money, the prompt payment of the admission fee being indispensable. He has no moral principles to fortify him against the jaunty, clever, convincing persuasions of his new friends. They seem, so far as he can judge, happy, and even joyous, which, to his perceptions, speak not only of sufficient for subsistence, but of superfluity. He contrasts his own condition and hopeless despondency with their evanescent happiness, and longs to acquire such depraved knowledge as will enable him to increase his quantum of food, and put him on a par with his neighbours. In short, he soon becomes a thief—not an occasional depredator, driven to dishonesty by the urgent demands of nature, but a regular, practised, professional pilferer. Fraud is his trade; and as it is by no means an easy one, he takes very great pains, and runs great risks, to learn it. When he has been 'lucky,' his gains are to him great, and he spends them in a way which debauches him still more, but which, for the time, affords him a sort of enjoyment. There are, however, long intervals between these saturnalia; and the want and misery he experiences meantime are sharp and severe. But they teach him no lesson, for with him it is 'either a hunger or a burst;' and when plenty comes, past privation is drowned in present enjoyment.

But this is a bright view of a juvenile outcast's career. A specimen of the miseries he has to endure was afforded by Lord Ashley in his speech on the reformation of juvenile offenders in the House of Commons towards the end of last session. His lordship was anxious to ascertain from personal inspection what was the actual condition of those persons; and he therefore, in company with two or three others, perambulated the city of London. He found these persons lying under

* No less than 26 per cent. of our prisoners are unemployed, according to the last Report of the Inspectors of Prisons.

* Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons, that of 150 thieves he once met, 42 confessed that it was to casual wards that they traced the commencement of their crimes.

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dry arches, on the steps of doors, and in outhouses; but by far the majority of them lying in the dry arches of houses in course of erection. Those arches were quite inaccessible in any ordinary way, being blocked up with masonry; and the only mode of ascertaining whether any one was inside, was by thrusting in a lantern. When lanterns were thrust in, however, a great many were discovered, of whom he caused 33 to undergo an examination. Their ages varied from twelve to eighteen. Of those, 24 had no parents, 6 had one parent, and 3 had stepmothers; 9 had no shoes; 12 had been once in prison, 3 four times, 1 eight times; and 1, only fourteen years of age, had been twelve times in prison! The physical condition of those children was melancholy beyond belief. The whole of them, without exception, were the prey of vermin, a large proportion were covered with itch, a few of them were suffering sickness, and in two or three days afterwards died from exhaustion. Of these 33 he had himself privately examined some eight or ten; and from the way in which their answers were given, he was certain that they told the truth. He asked them how often they had slept in a bed during the last three years. One of them said, 'Perhaps as many as twelve times in the three years;' another, three times; and another said that he could not remember that he had ever slept in a bed. He then asked them how they passed the time in winter, and whether they did not suffer from the cold. They replied that they lay eight or ten together in these cellars, in order to keep themselves warm. They fairly confessed that they had no other means of subsistence than begging or stealing, and that the only mode by which they could 'turn a penny,' as they termed it, in a legitimate way, was by picking up bones, and selling them to marine-store dealers. Let it be observed that a large proportion of those young persons were at the most dangerous age for society; many of them were from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty, which was by far the most perilous age for every purpose of fraud, and certainly of violence.

A well-authenticated anecdote gives an even more powerful illustration of the excessive wretchedness to which young persons without friends or protectors are, in thousands and tens of thousands, reduced. The master of a Ragged School having occasion to lecture a boy of this class, pointed out to him the consequences of a perseverance in the career of crime he was pursuing; and to enforce his precepts the stronger, painted in strong colours the punishments he was earning in this life, and the torments in that to come. 'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't think it can be worse than the torments in this life.'

It is melancholy to know that it is chiefly the novices in crime who have to endure the sharpest privations and miseries. As youths grow more dexterous in their illicit calling, they have, as a matter of course, better success. In lodging-houses and casual wards they learn the elements of their illicit vocation; and it is not till they have passed a few months in one of our prisons that their education in crime is complete. Despite the 'silent-system,' and the palatial accommodation of our modern prisons, detention in them is still productive of the worst results. Although, by a recent act, the power of summary conviction has been much extended to police magistrates, so as to obviate the evil of long detention, other and greater evils, which need not be specified here, have sprung up. To show what efficient instruction in infamy those already prepared to receive its lessons is afforded in prisons, we need only instance a fact, related in the Pentonville Prison Report by the chaplain, relative to a child of decent parentage, and not, as one may suppose, so open as many to bad impressions:—'A very young boy, seven years of age, was brought in, charged, in company with other two boys somewhat older, with stealing some iron-piping from the street. The little fellow—it was the first time he had ever been in such a place—cried bitterly all the afternoon of the Saturday; but by the Monday morning, the exhortations of his companions, and their sneers at his softness, had reconciled him to his situation; and the eldest of the three was teaching him to pick pockets, practising his skill on almost all the other prisoners. His mother came to see him in the forenoon, and the boy was again overwhelmed with grief. Again his companions jeered him, calling him by certain opprobrious epithets in use amongst such characters, and in a short time the boy was pacified, and romping merrily with his associates.'

In the same report we find the following account given by a thoroughly-reformed prisoner, who spoke from what he had himself witnessed:—'In the assize-yard there was a considerable number of what are called first-offenders, nine or ten including myself, the remainder forming an overwhelming majority; two of them murderers, both of whom were subsequently condemned to death. I cannot reflect without pain on the reckless conduct of these two unhappy men during the few weeks I was with them. As regarded themselves, they appeared indifferent to the probable result of their coming trial. They even went so far as to have a mock trial in the day-room, when, one of the prisoners sitting as judge, some others acting as witnesses, and others as counsel, all the proceedings of the court of justice were gone through, the sentence pronounced, and mockingly carried into execution. I shall not soon forget that day when one of these murderers was placed in the cell amongst us, beneath the assize-court, a few moments after the doom of death had been passed upon him. Prisoners on these occasions eagerly inquire, "What is the sentence?" Coolly pointing the forefinger of his right hand to his neck, he said, "I am to hang." He then broke into a fit of cursing the judge, and mimicked the manner in which he had delivered the sentence. The length of his trial was then discussed: all the circumstances that had been elicited during its progress were detailed and dwelt upon: the crowded state of the court, the eagerness of the individuals present to get a sight of him, the grand speech of his counsel—all were elements that seemed to have greatly gratified his vanity, and to have drugged him into a forgetfulness of the bitterness of his doom. He then dwelt upon the speech he should make on the scaffold; was sure there would be an immense concourse of people at his execution, as it was a holiday-week; and from these and numerous other considerations, drew nourishment to that vanity and love of distinction which had in no small degree determined perhaps the commission of his crime. To minds in the depths of ignorance, and already contaminated by vicious and criminal courses of life, such a man becomes an object of admiration. They obtain from him some slight memorial—such as a lock of his hair, or some small part of his dress—which they cherish with a sentiment for which veneration is the most appropriate term; while the notoriety he has obtained may incite them to the perpetration of some act equally atrocious.'

Mr Cloy of the Manchester Jail also reports that there the prisoners form themselves into regular judge-and-jury societies, and go through the whole form of a trial and conviction. They also practise stealing from one another—less for the misappropriation of the articles stolen, than for acquiring proficiency in the art of picking pockets, and other degrading and immoral arts.

A constant supply of masters in the arts of dishonesty is kept up by the system of short imprisonment. The author of 'Old-Bailey Experience' says that thieves regard not imprisonment if it be only for a short time. Indeed, in the winter-time, they rather prefer it to liberty; for in jail they can insure protection from the inclemencies of that season: but even at other times, so ductile is nature to circumstances, that these men think themselves fortunate if, out of twelve, they can have four months' 'run,' as they call it. 'I have no hesitation in affirming,' says the above-quoted author, 'that they would continue to go the same round of imprisonment and crime for an unlimited period if

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the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career of crime was stopped by transportation.' In each of these imprisonments, this practised ruffian mixed with the youngest prisoners, and doubtless imparted to them lessons in crime which made them ten times worse after they had left than before they entered the prison.

Although numbers of these unfriended *parials* of both sexes die in their probation, yet some, by dint of depredation and subsistence at the public expense in jail, grow up to adolescence. Let us hear, in concluding this miserable history, Lord Ashley's experience of the grown-up thief:—'Last year he received a paper signed by 150 of the most notorious thieves in London, asking him to meet them at some place in the Minories, and to give them the best counsel he could as to the mode in which they should extricate themselves from their difficult position. Lord Ashley went to their appointment, and instead of 150, he found 250 thieves assembled. They made no secret of their mode of life. A number of addresses were delivered, and he proceeded to examine them. They said, "We are tired to death of the life we lead—we are beset by every misery—our lives are a burthen to us, for we never know from sunrise to sunset whether we shall have a full meal or any meal at all: can you give us any counsel as to how we may extricate ourselves from our present difficulties?" He told them that that was a most difficult question to determine under any circumstances in the present day, when competition was so great, and when no situation became vacant but there were at least three applicants for it; more especially was it difficult to determine when men whose characters were tainted came in competition with others upon whose character there was no stain. To that they replied, "What you say is most true: we have tried to get honest employment, but we cannot—we find that our tainted character meets us everywhere." In their efforts to escape from their miserable condition, these poor creatures were constantly foiled, and driven back to their old courses.'

Thus it is that an action and reaction are continually kept up; and from this short sketch it may be readily seen how crime, and especially that of young persons, increases, and will increase, until some comprehensive remedy is earnestly applied. We repeat, that in our present official system no machinery exists for helping the helpless: the iron hand of the law does not hold out the tip of its little finger to aid the orphan out of the gulf of ignorance and crime which yawns for him at the very threshold of his existence. This is the root of the evil—the radical defect in our system; for it has been ascertained that not one in fifty ever becomes a depredator after the age of twenty. Crime, therefore, can only be checked by removing pollution from its source.

Before we take a glance at the beneficial efforts towards this result which have been made by private benevolence, by means of Ragged Schools, and other reformatory establishments, we must point out one more trait of the infirmity of the law, by showing the enormous expense to which the country is put by keeping the cumbrous and clumsy legal machinery in operation.

A child indicted for a petty theft is often honoured with as lengthy an indictment, occupies as much of the time of a grand jury, and when brought into court, has as great an array of witnesses brought against him—all involving draughts on the county rates—as a capital offender. A petition was presented to parliament last year by the Liverpool magistrates on this subject, in which Mr Rushton gave the criminal biography of fourteen lads, whose career of wickedness and misery had cost, in their innumerable trials and convictions, about L.100 a-piece. This is only a single instance; but a more comprehensive calculation shows that the total amount we pay for punishing, or, more correctly, for fostering crime, is two millions per annum; and it has been computed that from two to three millions more are lost in plunder. In the year 1846, the cost of each prisoner in England and Wales averaged L.26, 17s. 7½d.

Laying aside the higher aspects in which the duties of the community towards their misguided and neglected fellow-beings may be seen, and lowering our view to the merely fiscal expediency of the question, it is easily shown that prevention—and reformation when prevention is past hope—would be much cheaper than the mischievous cure which is now attempted. At from one penny to twopence a week, nearly 10,000 children are at this time being taught reading and writing in the Ragged Schools: and although reading and writing are by no means of themselves preventives to crime, yet the moral instruction which is given along with them to a certain extent is. Then as to reformation, the Philanthropic School reforms juvenile offenders at L.16 per head; and even if we add this sum to the L.26 odds which the conviction of each prisoner is said to cost (for reformation can only be complete after punishment), there would be a great saving to the country; for the reformed youth would be withdrawn from the ranks of depredators, and cease to be a burthen on the country.

In endeavouring, however, to provide for destitute criminal juvenality, the danger presents itself of placing them in a better position than the offspring of poor but honest parents, who have no such advantages for their children. From the absolute necessity of the case we could get over this: but there is another and more peremptory objection. Anything like a wholesale sweeping-up of juvenile vagrants, and providing for them, no matter how, would most probably tend to a demoralisation of the lower class of parents, who would be only too thankful to get rid of their offspring on any terms. Plans of this nature must inevitably be accompanied by an enforcement of parental responsibility. The wretch who neglects his child, must be taught, even if by the whip to his back, that he has no right or title to turn over his duties to the philanthropist or to the public.

Another difficulty presents itself even after the reformation of the more hardened offenders has been effected. How are they to find employment? The 250 depredators who told Lord Ashley that they could not get honest employment, only mentioned the case of every one of their crime-fellows. Some manage to obtain an honest livelihood by concealing their past history, but even in such a case the 'authorities' do not always leave them alone. One young man told Lord Ashley that he had contrived to get a good situation, and after some trial, his employer was as well pleased with him as he was with his employer. One day, however, there came a policeman, who said to his master, 'Are you aware that you are employing a convicted felon?' The master, upon ascertaining that such was the case, turned the young man at once out of his service, and he had no alternative but starvation or a recurrence to the evil courses from which he had so nearly extricated himself.

In such cases emigration meets the difficulty, and has hitherto succeeded. Several batches of reformed juvenile criminals have already been sent out from Parkhurst Prison, from the Philanthropic School, and other reformatories, and the emigrants have, upon the whole, given satisfaction to the employers.

We have laid the evil bare before our readers, and hinted at remedies, not more for the importance of the facts set forth, than to prepare them for a description we shall next attempt of the interesting experiment now being tried by the Philanthropic Society at their Farm-School at Red Hill in Surrey. Its object has been to see how far a modification of the Mettray system is likely to answer in this country. The results which have arisen up to this time are of the most encouraging nature. What we saw during our visit has led us to hope that at least a beginning has been made towards removing much of the stigma which rests

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upon Great Britain for suffering the existence, and allowing the increase, of more crime and destitution among persons of tender years than exists in any other country.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Letters of introduction are like lottery-tickets, turning out sometimes a blank, and sometimes a prize, just as accident directs. It has frequently happened, however, that those presented at the wrong address have been the most fortunate. We know of at least one instance in which a gentleman came by a wife in consequence of a blunder of this kind; and another occurred recently in the place in which we write, 'killing two birds with one stone'—that is, the letter-bearer making two acquaintances instead of one—by a series of odd and perplexing *contre-temps*.

The missive in question was given to an English gentleman in London, who was about to indulge his wife and himself with a trip to Edinburgh. The writer was the brother-in-law of the individual to whom it was addressed—Mr Archibald; and the fortunate possessor was a certain Mr Smith, of the Smiths of Middlesex.

Soon after Mr Smith reached Edinburgh, where he had not a single acquaintance, he set out to deliver his letter of introduction. He found his way to Drummond Place easily enough, and then inquired for the street he was in search of—Duncan Street; but the native he applied to could not well make out his southron tongue, and directed him instead to Dublin Street, which all men know is at the opposite angle of the Place. When our letter-bearer reached his number, he was surprised to find, instead of the respectable 'main-door' he had been taught to expect—a green-grocer's shop. He was puzzled: but after comparing carefully the number of the house and of the note, he concluded that his London friend had made a mistake; and in this idea he was confirmed by the green-grocer, to whom he applied.

'Hoot, sir,' said the man of cabbages, 'it's nae mistake to speak o'—it's just ae side of the street for the ither;' and pointing to a house almost immediately opposite, he informed him that there Mr Archibald resided. Mr Smith crossed over to the number indicated, and finding no knocker—for we do not like noise in Edinburgh—pulled the bell.

'Is Mr Archibald at home?' demanded he of the serving-maiden who came to the door.

'Yes, sir.'

'Can I see him?'

'He's no in, sir.'

'No in! Will you direct me to his office?'

'He has nae office.'

'No! What does he do? Where does he go?'

'He aye gangs to the kirk.'

'To the kirk! What is he?'

'He's a minister.'

Mr Smith was puzzled again. He had a strong impression that his man was a merchant—nay, he had even some floating idea that he was a wine-merchant: but still—here were the street and the name, and not a particularly common name—a conjunction which formed a stubborn fact. He asked if he could see Mrs Archibald, and was at once shown into that lady's presence. Mrs Archibald received him with the ease and politeness of one accustomed to the visits of strangers, and on being told that he had a letter of introduction for her husband, entered freely into conversation.

'I saw Mr Archibald's last communication to my friend in London,' said Mr Smith, determined to feel his way: 'it was on the subject of schools.'

'That is a subject in which Mr Archibald is much interested, and so likewise am I.'

'He mentioned, more especially, Mrs So-and-so's school in George Street.'

'Doubtless.'

'Then you are more nearly concerned in that school than in any other.'

'It is natural that we should be so, for our children are there.'

'I thought so!'

There was now no longer any doubt that Mr Smith had hit upon the right Mr Archibald; and taking the letter of introduction from his pocket, he handed it to the lady, politely extricating it, before doing so, from its envelop. Mrs Archibald read the letter calmly, and then laid it upon the table without remark. This disturbed in some degree the good opinion the stranger had been rapidly forming of the lady; and the odd circumstance of her omitting to inquire after her own nearest blood-relations threw him into a train of philosophical reflections. Mr Smith—like all the rest of the Smiths—kept a journal; and a vision of a 'mem.' flitted before him: 'Curious National Characteristic—Scotch women civil, polite, kindly—especially clergymen's wives—but calm, cold, reserved; never by any chance ask strangers about their family, even when distant hundreds of miles.'

Mr Smith, however, was an agreeable good-humoured man. He spoke both well and fluently, and Mrs Archibald both listened and talked; and the end of it was, that they were mutually pleased, and that when Mr Smith was at length obliged to get up to take his leave, she invited him, with the simple hospitality of a minister's wife, to return to tea, to meet her husband. Mr Smith was much obliged, would be very happy; but—the fact was, his wife was in town with him. So much the better! Mrs Archibald would be delighted to be introduced to Mrs Smith; he must do her the favour to waive ceremony, and bring her in the evening exactly at seven. And so it was settled.

When the evening came, the weather had changed. It was bitterly cold; the wind blew as the wind only blows in Edinburgh; and it rained—to speak technically, it rained dogs and cats! Mr and Mrs Smith differed in opinion as to the necessity of keeping the engagement on such an evening. Mrs Smith was decidedly adverse to the idea of encountering the Scotch elements on a dark, cold, wet, tempestuous night, and all for the purpose of drinking an unpremeditated cup of tea. Mr Smith, on the other hand, considered that an engagement was an engagement; that the Archibalds were an excellent family to be acquainted with; and that, by keeping their word, in spite of difficulties, they would set out by commanding their respect. Mr Smith had the best of the argument; and he prevailed. A cab was ordered; and shivering and shrinking, they picked their steps across the *trottoir*, and commenced their journey. This time, however, Mr Smith's southron tongue was understood; and he was driven, not to Dublin Street, where he had been in the morning, but to Duncan Street, where he had desired to go—although of course he took care to give the coachman the corrected number this time, as it was not his intention to drink tea with the green-grocer.

When they arrived at the house, the coachman dismounted and rung the bell; and Mr Smith, seeing the door open, let down the window of the coach, although half-choked with the wind and rain that entered, and prepared to make a rush with his wife across the tempest-swept *trottoir*.

'Nae Mr Archibald at number so-and-so!' bawled the coachman.

'I say he is there,' cried Mr Smith in a rage: 'the servant has deceived you—ring again!'

'It's nae use ringing,' said the coachman, speaking against the storm; 'there's nae Mr Archibald there—I ken mysel!'

'Is it possible that I can have made a mistake in the number? Hark ye, friend, try somewhere else. I know of my own knowledge that Mr Archibald is in this street, and you must find him!'—and he shut down the window exhausted.

It was not difficult to find Mr Archibald, for his house was almost directly opposite; and the tea-drinkers at length, to their great satisfaction, found them-

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selves on a landing-place, with an open door before them.

As Mr Smith paused for an instant on the threshold, he threw a strange searching glance round the hall, and then, turning to the servant, asked her if she had actually said that Mr Archibald lived there? The girl repeated the statement.

'Then come along, my dear,' said he to his wife; 'places look so different in the gaslight!' And striding through the hall, the servant in surprise walking backwards before them, they went into the drawing-room at the further end. The girl had opened the door of the room for them by the instinct of habit; but no sooner did she see them seated, than she ran at full speed to her mistress.

'Come ben, mem,' said she; 'come ben, I tell you, this moment! There are twa strange folks wha ha'e marched in out o' the street into the very drawing-room, without either with your leave or by your leave, and sutten themselves doon on the sophy, as if the house was their ain!' Mrs Archibald got up in surprise, and even some little trepidation.

'Did they not mention who they were, or what was their pleasure?'

'Not a word, mem: they didna even speer if the maister or you was at hame, but tramped in the moment they saw the door open.'

Mrs Archibald, who was a newly-married lady, wondered who such visitors could be on such a night, and wished her husband was at home; but telling the girl to keep close behind her, she at length set forth to encounter them.

Mr and Mrs Smith in the meantime were speculating in a low voice, in the fashion of man and wife, on their adventure.

'This is doubtless the drawing-room, my dear,' said Mr Smith, looking round: 'it must have been the dining-room I saw in the forenoon.'

'I wish we saw a fire in the meantime, my dear,' replied Mrs Smith—'that I do! Do these people think it is not cold enough for one? And such a night!—wind, rain, and utter darkness! A clergyman forsooth! and a clergyman's wife!'

'It is a great neglect, I admit—for it is really cold; but we must consider that the natives of a country are not so sensible of the rigour of their climate as strangers. Mr and Mrs Archibald, you know, are Scotch.'

'Yes, Scotch,' said Mrs Smith with a sardonic smile—'excessively Scotch!' And drawing her shawl over her chin, she sat, looking like an incarnation of Discomfort, till Mrs Archibald entered the room.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said Mr Smith, getting up and shaking hands. 'You see I have brought my wife to drink tea with you. My dear, let me introduce you to Mrs Archibald—Mrs Archibald, Mrs Smith. The two ladies exchanged bows, the one sulkily, the other stiffly; and even Mr Smith, though not a particularly observant man, thought their hostess did not look so pleasant as in the forenoon.

'How is Mr Archibald?' said he after a pause.

'My husband is pretty well, sir.'

'Not at church again, eh?'

'Sir!' Here Mrs Archibald looked anxiously to the half-open door, where the girl was waiting concealed in the shadow, in readiness to reinforce her mistress in case of necessity.

'A very windy, dismal evening—and cold. Don't you find it cold, ma'am?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps we have come too soon?'

'Really, sir—I hope you will not think it ill-bred—but I have been expecting to hear why you have come at all!'

'Mrs Archibald! Is it possible that you have forgotten me already?'

'I must confess you have the advantage of me.'

'You do not remember seeing me this forenoon, when your husband was at church?'

'I really have no recollection of any such circumstance; nor am I aware of anything that could take my husband to church to-day.'

'And you cannot call to mind that you asked me to tea, and intreated me to bring my wife with me?'

'Surely not, since I was ignorant, till a few minutes ago, that such individuals were in existence.'

'Mrs Archibald! I of course cannot, as a gentleman, refuse to credit those assertions; but I take leave to tell you that I by no means admire the *memory* of the wives of the Scottish clergy! Come, my dear. Our friend will be surprised to hear of the hospitable reception obtained for us by his letter of introduction; although perhaps Mrs Archibald'—and here Mr Smith wheeled round as he reached the door, and fixed his eye upon the culprit—'although perhaps Mrs Archibald is not disposed to admit having received Mr ——'s letter at all!'

'Oh, that is my brother-in-law!' cried Mrs Archibald: 'do you come from him? How is my dear sister? Pray, sit down!' A few words sufficed to clear the whole *imbroglio;* and the true Mr Archibald making his appearance immediately after, threw still more light upon the subject by explaining that a namesake of his, a clergyman, lived in the street at the opposite angle of the Place. They learnt afterwards from this gentleman, that on seeing the letter of introduction, he perceived at once it was not intended for him, and went to call on Mr Smith to explain the mistake. The Fates, however, were determined that the *contre-temps* should run its course, for Mrs Archibald had taken down the wrong number!

In another room the party found a cheerful fire, and the much-desiderated tea; and before separating that night, Mr Archibald placed collateral evidence of a highly-satisfactory nature upon the table that Mr Smith's original conjecture was correct, and that he was indeed no minister—but a Wine-merchant.

JOTTINGS ON BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

'The history of books,' it has often been said, 'is as curious and instructive as that of men: it is there that we have to seek for the moral life of a people.' This remark has very much the character of a truism, and more especially at the present period. The ever-circling course of time brings phenomena in literature as well as astronomy: from the no-book era the world passed into the too-many-book era; from that of reading nothing but what pleased a few, to that in which everybody read what they pleased; from that of being punished for reading, to that in which the punishment was for not reading. Nodier says 'Printed books have existed but little more than four hundred years, and yet, in certain countries, they have already accumulated to such a degree as to peril the old equilibrium of the globe. Civilisation has reached the most unexpected of its periods—the Age of Paper.'

We have had the Golden Age, and the Age of Brass and of Iron; but the Age of Paper!—was such a wonder ever dreamt of by philosophy? What does it bode? Is it synonymous with *flimsy* age? Do the centuries degenerate? According to M. Victor Hugo they do not. In his reception-speech made to the Académie in 1840, he declared, 'Nothing has degenerated; France is always the torch of nations. The epoch is great—great by its science, its eloquence, its industry, great by its poetry and its art. At the present hour, there is but one enlightened and living literature in the whole universe—and it is the literature of France.' It is not easy to account for differences of opinion, but only three short years earlier—namely, in 1837—Monsieur Guizot affirmed, in addressing another learned academy, 'The true and disinterested worship of science has never itself out among us; we seek for noise or for profit, for a prompt satisfaction of self-love, or for a material advantage.'

Contrast this with the period when pen, ink, and

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fingers did the work now done by type and power-presses—the no-book era. Not the least noteworthy among patient subscribers were the Benedictines. 'Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal.'

We read of Claude Estiennot, who was procurator of the Benedictines at Rome during the papacy of Innocent XI., that 'within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom le Cerf, "réflexions très sensées et judicieuses"—"very sensible and judicious reflections."' Forty-five volumes in eleven years! Perhaps this was a commendable result in the eighth century, but the old-fashioned hand-press in the village of Dumdrudge would beat it now-a-days, barring probably the 'judicious reflections.' We have before us a statement of the books and pamphlets printed in France in fifteen years—1830–1845—including reprints, but omitting periodicals, the number was 5862 annually, or a total of 87,930. Estimating each work as two volumes and a-half, they amount to 220,000; and reckoning 1200 copies of each work (a moderate calculation), the grand total is 264,000,000 of volumes.

Nodier might well say the earth's equilibrium is imperilled: and if we add to the above the typographical labours of other countries! In the matter of Bibles alone, the British Societies have distributed 20,000,000 copies since 1827. A house in Paris published the Scriptures in three quarto volumes, price seventy-five francs, in twelve years—1824–1836: by dint of canvassing, and offering the work from house to house, they sold 65,000 copies, value 4,875,000 francs. Nor are we without monuments of individual effort: Daniel Kieffer, a celebrated Protestant and learned Orientalist of Strasburg, translated the Old Testament into Turkish; and in one year, 1832, distributed at his sole charge 160,000 of the volumes. The best Bohemian dictionary yet published is the work of a M. Jungmann, who prepared and brought it out at his own cost, and sold a vineyard to defray the expense. According to Mr Kohl, Bibles are smuggled into Bohemia, Scripture is contraband, and yet, contradictory as it may seem, Bibles may be sold in that country, although they may not be printed there or imported. The copies which do find an entrance are sent mostly from Berlin and England. A few years since, two wagon-loads fell into the hands of customhouse officers, who have ever since kept the prize safely under lock and key. In the public library at Linz, the above-named traveller saw an old edition of Luther's works thickly coated with dust, and was informed by the attendant that the volumes had not once been disturbed for thirty years.

Even in the days when oligarchs prescribed the popular reading, Pasquin dared to say what he thought of their proceedings. Father Germain, who accompanied Mabillon to Rome in 1685, relates an incident:—'He found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals; while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome? and answers, "He who speaks is sent to the galleys; he who writes is hanged; he who remains quiet goes to the Holy Office." Marforio had good cause for his heresy; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "broke the priest's neck" was merely his having said that the "mare had knocked the snail out of its shell," in allusion to the fact of the Pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding, observes the reverend looker-on.'

'Many men, many minds;' so runs the adage. About the year 1839, a work, 'Le mariage au point de vue chrétien' was published by Madame Gasparin. The French Academy awarded a prize to the authoress for her book, but at the very same time it was inscribed by the church in the Index Expurgatorius as a prohibited treatise: such being one among the innumerable instances of difference of opinion. The disappointment of writers, too, would fill a long catalogue: there are extravagant expectations in literature as well as in mines and railways. In 1836, one M. Châtel published the 'Code de l'humanité,' which was to regenerate society. He announced himself as Primate of the Gauls, drew around him a few disciples, who remained faithful during fifteen years, when the delusion came suddenly to an end—the primate had become a postmaster.

Some books, like human beings, come into the world with fortune for their nurse, others encounter difficulties at the very outset, and barely escape strangulation. According to Pliny, several thousand men were placed at the service of Aristotle during the time that his great work was in preparation, to furnish him with information and observations on all sorts of natural objects—men whose business it was to take care of cattle, fishing-grounds, and apiaries. The monarch under whose auspices it was composed gave him 800 talents (L.79,000) towards the expenses. Was ever a book brought out under more favourable circumstances?

When Amari wrote his history of Sicily, he submitted it to the censorship at Palermo, and obtained leave to publish. The permission from some cause was, however, revoked before the work appeared, and the author received orders to send the whole of the copies to the police. Unwilling to make such a sacrifice, he packed the books in a case, and shipped them on board a French vessel, and at the same time sent a similar case to the authorities filled with vegetables and rubbish. He then, with a false passport, sailed for Marseilles, and eventually published his book at Paris with the imprint 'Palermo' on the title-page. It has since gone through a second edition.

Some writers have said the inventing of a title, or composing of a preface, cost them more trouble or thought than any other part of their work; it might not be unfair to suppose that the subject-matter was very indifferent, or the preface very good. True it is, however, that many books do exhibit strange freaks of invention on the part of their authors, as a few specimens will exemplify. In 'The Arte of Vulgar Arithmeticke,' published in 1600 by Thomas Hylles, we find 'the partition of a shilling into his aliquot parts' thus exhibited:—

'A farthing first findes fortie-eight,
An halfepeny hopes for twentie-foure,
Three farthings seekes out 16 streight,
A peny puls a dozen lower:
Dicke dandiprat drewe 8 out deade,
Two-pence tooke 6 and went his way,
Tom trip and goe with 4 is fled,
But goodman grote on 3 doth stay;
A testerne only 2 doth take,
Moe parts a shilling cannot make.'

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Schoolboys of the present day often chant a quatrain without a suspicion that young scholars vented their discontent in the same doggerel in the days when the invincible Armada was approaching our shores. Professor De Morgan mentions a manuscript, date 1570, in which these lines occur:—

'Multiplication is mie vexation,
And Division is quite as bad,
The Golden Rule is mie stumbling-stule,
And Practice drives me mad.'

In 1688, a teacher of arithmetic, W. Leybourn, doubtless thought he had made a hit by his title-page, which is thus fancifully arranged:—

A

Platform	for	Purchasers.
Guide	for	Builders.
Mate	for	Measurers.

Another, of the same date, thought he had discovered an original method for obtaining the square and cube roots, and says—

'Now Logarithms lowre your sail,
And Algebra give place,
For here is found, that ne'er doth fail,
A nearer way to your disgrace.'

There was a struggle to live even a hundred years ago; we do not find that being a century nearer to the Golden Age than we are made much essential difference in men's characters:—The author of 'Arithmetick in Epitome,' published in 1740, entertains a professional jealousy of interlopers, for he observes, 'When a man has tried all Shifts, and still failed, if he can but scratch out anything like a fair *Character*, though never so stiff and unnatural, and has got but *Arithmetick* enough in his Head to compute the Minutes in a Year, or the Inches in a Mile, he makes his last Recourse to a Garret, and, with the Painter's Help, sets up for a Teacher of *Writing* and *Arithmetick*; where, by the Bait of low Prices, he perhaps gathers a Number of Scholars.'

Another, named Chappell, indulges in a little political illustration in his book, published in 1798—was he a disappointed place-hunter? He tells us in his versified tables—

'So 5 times 8 were 40 Scots,
Who came from Aberdeen,
And 5 times 9 were 45,
Which gave them all the spleen.'

The latter being an allusion to Wilkes' notorious No. 45 of the North Briton.

Some curious facts with respect to old systems of arithmetic were published at a meeting of the Schlesische Gesellschaft in Breslau in 1846. On that occasion Herr Löschke gave an account to the learned assembly of an old arithmetical work, 'Rechnen auf der Linie,' by the 'old Reckon-master,' Adam Rise. Adam was born about 1492; of his education nothing is known; he lived at Annaberg, and had three sons, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His first 'Reckon-book,' in which he explained his peculiar method, appeared in 1518. It was somewhat on the principle of the calculating frame of the Chinese; a series of lines were drawn across a sheet of paper, on which, by the position of counters, numbers could be reckoned up to hundreds of thousands. The first line of the series was for units, the second for tens, the third for hundreds, the fourth for thousands, the fifth for ten thousands, and so on. It is remarkable that the highest counting-limit at that time was a thousand. The word 'million' was as yet unknown to the great body of calculators. Every number was counted, specified, and limited by thousands. The numeration of large numbers was thus expressed: the sum was divided into threes from right to left; a dot was placed over the first, and a second dot over the third of the following three, and so continued along the whole, until at last a dot stood over every fourth figure from the right. For example, 643279864210279152 7462, which were read, six thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand, 432 thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 798 thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 642 thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 102 thousand thousand times thousand, 791 thousand times thousand, 527 thousand and 462. With this curiosity of arithmetic we close our Jottings for the present.

THE LITTLE WOODLAND GLEANER.

'Art thou weary, Dove Annette—say, hast thou been roaming far?
Seeking flowers fresh and wild, watching for the evening star?
Heavily thy basket weighs; 'tis a cruel load for thee;
Shades of night are stealing o'er; thou at home, fair child, shouldst be.'

Dove Annette laughed merrily as she ope'd her basket lid;
There no hyacinthine bell or sweet eglantine was hid:
Pine cones, and fallen leaves, and slender twigs were gathered there;
Far more precious these to her than the woodland treasures fair.

'My old grandam she is cold, for the autumn nights are chill;
So I search the golden woods over dale and over hill;
Sticks, leaves, and cones together, make a warm and blazing fire.
Shame 'twould be if Dove Annette on this errand e'er could tire!

'My old grandam she is blind, but our scholars are a score;
And she tells them how to spell, and the blessed Bible lore;
At A B C I toil all day—alas, they are not quick to learn!
Little 'tis that we are paid—poor the living thus we earn.

'Forest glades are dusk and drear, save when pretty deer skip by.
Evening stars I cannot see, trees arch overhead so high;
Safely sleep the birds around: He who numbers them each one
Cares, I know, for Dove Annette in the wild wood all alone.

'So I fill my basket full—sure it is a heavy load;
But I sing a pleasant song all along my homeward road;
And within our cabin walls, gleaming with the ruddy blaze,
Grandam teaches Dove Annette hymns of thankfulness and praise.'

C. A. M. W.

BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Boroihme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon of Glenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counseller Macnamara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is 32 inches high, and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 306. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849. Price 1½d.

APPEARANCES.

It is considered a sound rule not to sacrifice reality for appearances. To be good is held as better than only to seem good. Appearances, in as far as they may serve, and often do serve, as a means of cloaking some evil reality, are not, upon the whole, in good esteem among mankind. It is a word seldom mentioned without some expression of contempt or reprobation. Yet it may be questioned if we could, in this world, quite dispense with appearances.

To lead a life free of gross improprieties is undoubtedly the first requisite. If, however, while doing this, we allow much of our conduct to be interpretable into something opposite, is the result a matter of indifference to society? The thoughtless lady who flirts, or, as the common phrase is, allows herself latitudes, and who is yet studious to be substantially correct, answers, Yes; or perhaps she goes no farther than to say, Being in my own mind conscious of perfect rectitude, I have nothing to say to society on the subject, and it has no title to interfere, so long as I commit no actual transgression. This is specious, and seems to exclude reply. Most people give way to its force, yet do not act or speak as if they felt it to be quite right. It is wrong in this way: such conduct tends to become a screen to actual error; for if the virtuous appear to act exactly as the vicious do, how can we know where vice exists? It is our duty even to appear pure and irreproachable, because, when all that are pure present only the symptoms of purity in their external behaviour, it is the more difficult for the erring to conceal their guilt. They are forced into hypocrisy, which is not merely a homage to virtue, but a means of recruiting her ranks from the bands of vice, seeing that there is an additional pain and trouble in being wicked. All hypocrites would be, or have the advantages attendant on being, what they pretend to be. Can we doubt that, under a system of perfect freedom, they would be something worse than they are?

It thus appears that there is a philosophy in those little decorums of society which minds of a bold and sprightly character are so apt to deride, and which many persons, without the least ill intention, are so often seen to disregard. Every great cause must have its banner. Under every banner there will be a few rogues and cowards. But how much worse would it be with an army to have no ensign at all? It might then have the whole force of the enemy mingling in its ranks, and unresistedly hewing it in pieces.

When we hear of people keeping up appearances, we usually either condemn or laugh. Very often the condemnation or the ridicule is just, but not always so. There is much to object to in endeavours to attain or keep up a style of living different from that which is suitable to our actual means or our actual place in society. Let this error be abandoned to the unsparing satire of those who delight in exposing human weakness and frailty. But all keeping up of appearances is not of this nature. A family is often invested with a rank which its income will scarcely support in proper style, yet which it must support, or forfeit that rank altogether. Even in particular professions there is this hard necessity. The style is part of the very profession itself, something without which it cannot be practised. There is also such a thing as a decline of worldly prosperity, where to appear poor would be to become so even more rapidly than is strictly unavoidable. In such cases, if a family does not basely, by incurring debt, throw the actual suffering upon others—if it only pinches itself at one time, that it may make a decent show at another—if it only spares in its own grosser necessaries, that it may appear on a footing of equality with those of its own nominal social rank, or escape the pity which it is heavenly to give, but bitter to receive, there surely is no offence committed. I must own I never could exactly see grounds for the mirth which prosperous citizens will sometimes indulge in regarding the 'appearances' of the struggling professional man, or the fallen-off family of rank. Such efforts, seeing that they involve much self-denial, that they tend to what is elegant rather than to what is gross, to what is elevated rather than to what is low, seem to me more creditable than otherwise. In our external life, observances become habits, and habits become principles. We all of us live not merely for and in ourselves, but partly for and in others. To be threatened with a fall from our sphere or special field of life, is to anticipate one of the greatest of evils, a sort of half death. It is not wonderful that men and women should make such a struggle to avoid it. But in fact efforts of this kind are connected with some of the best properties of our nature. The father eager to give his family the benefits of his own rank—the children willing to submit to any sacrifice, rather than see their parents lowered in the eyes of their equals: the whole resolvable into that sense of decency and sensibility to public esteem, without which this social scene would be a howling wilderness. No, there is surely no proper subject of merriment or of reprobation in these things.

There are in this empire two kinds of cities and towns—those which are passing through a career of mercantile prosperity, and those which rest at one point of prosperity, or are perhaps slowly falling off. It is not uncommon to hear the denizens of the parvenu town indulging in mirth at the expense of the meagre and ill-supported gentility which they observe in their ancient neighbour. Perhaps this neighbour has only a cathedral, or the county courts, to look to as a source of income: it keeps up a brave spirit, but cannot give

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anything better than tea-drinkings. Its better class are formal and refined in their manners, and even its poor have a clean delicate air about them, dressing much better than they eat or drink. All this is matter of mirth to the unthinking members of the more thriving community, who feel that, if they are less refined, they have at least more of the substantialities of life at their command. It seems to be a great prize to them that the genteel town is only a town of 'appearances.' But is there in this any true ground for so much self-congratulating merriment? I will admit there is, when it is established that the material is superior to the spiritual—that gross, full-feeding habits are more laudable than a taste for neat apparel—that a profuse, and often ostentatious expenditure, unregulated by taste, is better than a tasteful moderate expenditure, in which a sacrifice of immediate appetites is made for the sake of some ultimate gratification in the esteem of our fellow-creatures. It is a point of ambition with a Scottish artisan to have a suit of superfine black clothes in which to go to church and attend funerals. It may be said that this is keeping up an appearance beyond his station; but if he only saves for this appearance what a less intellectual operative of some other country would spend on excesses in meat and drink, enjoyed out of sight, is he not rather to be admired than condemned? I have known something of country towns, where there is considerable poverty within doors and in reality, while at the same time the bulk of the population make a principle of appearing as well dressed as possible; and my feeling on the subject is, that to laugh at such things is to laugh at virtue itself. The whole moral being of the individual anchors perhaps in some frail remains of well-saved clothes, or in the possession of some tolerable house handed down from some more comfortable ancestor. Take away this poor fiction from them, and their self-respect is diminished. They feel that they are regarded as falling into a lower category, and into that lower category they fall accordingly. No one, having a just sense of human frailty, would wantonly remove, or wish removed, even such slight edifications as these, but, on the contrary, rejoice to see them carefully maintained.

To sum up—It will always be proper to exercise the greatest care in discriminating between what is good and what is bad in appearances. Their being necessary to the support of morality, will not make them more amiable in those who lack the reality of goodness. Their being respectable in persons to whom loss of external grade or the failure to support it is social death, will not justify the ambitious citizen in forfeiting the real comfort of his family in an effort to live in the manner of those who possess better means. But, after the possibility of such abuses is admitted, and the fact itself deprecated, we must still keep in view that one of the essentials of a good life is a regard to Appearances.

R. C.

TAFFY LEWIN'S GREENERIE.

Though nearly threescore years have intervened, the remembrance is still fresh on my memory of a certain spot which excelled all others I have since looked upon in its bright emerald hue and verdant freshness. It was on the outskirts of a village, which was only redeemed from positive ugliness by most of its tenements being ancient, though stretching away in a long straight line, and without either water or trees to vary the monotonous aspect of the turnpike-road. Turning abruptly from this road into a narrow lane, seemingly never-ending, and sloping gently downwards, a pleasing surprise was afforded on emerging into a deep valley, where the interminable winding of many sparkling tiny rivulets kept up a continual murmur, enchanting to listen to on a hot summer's day. Here were many fine old walnut-trees also, beneath whose thick-spreading boughs the rays of a burning sun never penetrated. Innumerable rows of osier-willows were planted on the banks, used in the art of basket-making, the osiers being of the finest and whitest kind, while everywhere and all around extended beds of watercresses. Yet it was not altogether the streamlets or the beautiful trees which made this spot so peculiarly refreshing: nowhere did grass appear so rich and green as in this quiet valley; it looked always as if it had just rained, the earth sending up the delicious perfume, and the thrush singing meanwhile, as it does after a shower in summer weather. Yet was there nothing indicative of damp or marsh land; all was healthy and hilarious-looking, and no plants throve here indigenous to unhealthy soils. Narrow planks of rough wood were thrown across the bright waters, which had to be crossed many times before reaching the dwelling-place of Taffy Lewin, the presiding genius of the place. This dwelling-place was a thatched cottage, containing three rooms; and Taffy herself, when I first saw her, almost realised my idea of the superannuated or dowager-queen of the fairies: she was then seventy years of age, and one of the least specimens of perfectly-formed humanity that I have ever beheld. So agile and quick was she in all her movements, that a nervous person would have been frequently startled; while her little, black, bead-like eyes sparkled in a most unearthly manner when her ire was aroused. She always wore a green skirt and a white calico jacket, her gray hair being tucked back beneath her mob-cap: she was, in short, the prettiest little old fairy it is possible to imagine; and as neat, clean, and bright-looking in her exterior, as if an enchanter's wand had just conjured her up from amid the crystal streams and watercress beds.

'And so it is from *hence* the fine watercresses come that I have enjoyed so much each morning at breakfast?' said I to the friend who accompanied me on my first introduction to Springhead, for so the valley was named.

'Yes,' she answered; 'and Taffy Lewin is the sole proprietress and gatherer of the cresses, for which she finds a ready sale in the immediate neighbourhood, her musical but clear and piercing cry of "Watercress fresh gathered—fine cress," being as well recognised, and duly attended to, as the chimes of our venerable church clock.'

'And has the old dame no other means of support?' quoth I; for the glimpse I had obtained of the interior of the cottage in the midst of this 'greenerie' certainly hinted that the trade of gathering this simple root was a most lucrative one; not only order and neatness, but comfort apparently reigning within.

'She disposes of the produce of these fine walnut-trees,' answered my friend; 'and she has also a companion residing with her, who manufactures the most beautiful baskets from these delicate osiers, which always fetch a high price. Taffy pays a very low rent to the gentleman who owns this valley and the adjacent lands; and excepting, I believe, a small sum in the savings' bank, to which she only resorts on emergencies, I do not know that she has any other means of support either for herself or her companion. Her story is a singular one, and I think you would like to hear it after we have made our purchases of baskets from poor Miss Clari.'

Miss Clari, as she was called, was a middle-aged female of plain appearance; and my interest and pity were excited on observing, from her lustreless eyes, that she was an imbecile. She was, however, animated with the spirit of industry. Her long and thin fingers rapidly and dexterously plied their task: she took no notice of *us*, but continued chanting in a low sad voice the words of a quaint French ditty. When Taffy ap-

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proached her, she looked up and smiled: such a smile it was; I have never forgotten it.

'We have only these two baskets left, ladies,' said Taffy Lewin; 'for Miss Clari cannot make them fast enough for the sale they have; and yet, poor dear soul! she never ceases, save when she sleeps, for her fingers go on even when she is eating.'

'And are you not afraid that such close application may injure her health?' said I.

'La, miss, try and take it from her, and see how she wanders about with the tears silently coursing down her cheeks, and her fingers at work all the same. Bless her dear heart! if it *hurt* her, Taffy Lewin wouldn't let her do it.'

'Is she your daughter, Taffy?' inquired I.

'*My* daughter!' cried the little dame, her black beads twinkling ominously. 'No, she is no daughter of mine; there is gentle blood flows in *her* veins, and she was not *born* what you see her now. But take your baskets, ladies; Miss Clari is no gossip, as ye see, and I have work to do; for we eat not the bread of idleness here.'

I paid for the exquisitely-wrought baskets, and we quickly took our departure. On our homeward route my friend imparted the following particulars:—

When Taffy Lewin was a young woman, she had entered the service of a family named Drelincourt as assistant nursery-maid; but the head nurse soon after giving up her place, Taffy was promoted to it. This situation was by no means a pleasant one, as Taffy soon found out, the children being spoilt, and unruly to the greatest degree; but the wages were high, and Taffy was a friendless orphan, and so she thought it wisest to persevere. There were eight children, six girls and two boys. Mrs Drelincourt was in very delicate health, and the squire himself devoted to field-sports and boon companions. Drelincourt Hall was indeed nearly always full of company, the lady not being able to exist without the excitement of society suited to her taste any more than her husband could. Extravagance and recklessness were visible in all the domestic arrangements; and report said that not for many years longer was it possible to carry on this game.

A few years witnessed great changes, however, at the old hall: Mrs Drelincourt was gathered to her fathers, and five out of the eight children were carried off, a boy and two girls only being left; these three children seeming to concentrate in their own persons all the unmanageable propensities of their departed brothers and sisters.

Mr Drelincourt was stunned by the overwhelming force of the bereavement he had sustained, and he found his only present consolation and contentment in lavishing redoubled affection on his remaining children, and in gratifying their childish whims; much to their own detriment, poor things! He was not an ill-meaning, though a weak man, and idly disposed; avoiding trouble of all kinds, and determinately blind to anything that promised to occasion it; so he spoiled his children, and lived beyond his income, because it was pleasant to do so, and he hated to be bored! After establishing a gentleman at Drelincourt in the capacity of tutor to his son, Mr Drelincourt betook himself to the continent, whither his physician recommended him for change of scene, and more complete restoration of his shattered spirits.

Mr Drelincourt returned home, after some months' absence, with a second wife, having espoused a widow lady. This lady had one child by her first marriage, a little girl of ten or twelve years old, who accompanied her mother to the new home provided for them. This second union greatly displeased and surprised Mr Drelincourt's family and connections; for the lady, though suitable in point of years, and of a most gentle disposition, was altogether penniless; the small stipend she had enjoyed in right of her deceased husband ceasing on her marrying again. Thus Mr Drelincourt had not only a wife added to his already heavy encumbrances, but a wife's child also on his hands; when, in truth, he had not wherewithal to make provision for his own two daughters. The Drelincourt estates were strictly entailed in the male line; but should Mr Drelincourt not leave a son to inherit the burthened landed property, it passed into stranger hands; and fearful was the contemplation of such a contingency with a helpless family of females, and nought but debts and disgrace for their inheritance!

However, the two Misses Drelincourt were brought up as if they were heiresses; and with dispositions full of pride and arrogance unchecked, it may easily be supposed that the introduction of a stepmother and a new sister was highly disagreeable; they having been told all the circumstances.

Clari St Eude, Mrs Drelincourt's daughter, was a plain, timid girl. Having been nurtured in retirement and comparative poverty, she shrank from the display of wealth around her now; but doubly she shrank from the cold demeanour of her new associates, who took no pains to conceal their contempt and aversion for the interloper. The Misses Drelincourt and their brother Henry found that open impertinence would not be tolerated, even by their doting father, when offered to his wife; but in venting all their jealousy and petty spleen on the poor unoffending Clari, who never resented and never complained, the case was far different. Ah, it is not in *open* warfare or unkindness that the heaviest cross is to be borne: it is hypocrisy and concealment we need dread.

This young girl, Clari St Eude, had little outwardly to prepossess the stranger in her favour: she was of a nervous temperament, easily alarmed, and chilled by an unkind word or look; but she had a clinging affectionate heart, and a forgiving temper. Her mother's position was a trying one, and Clari knew this, child as she was; nor would she for worlds have increased it by a hint that she had cause of sorrow or repining. Mrs Drelincourt struggled for peace, preserved and fostered it by every means in her power; nor was it probable that, even had she been otherwise disposed, Mr Drelincourt would have listened to or credited complaints against his own spoiled offspring.

Although Taffy Lewin's services as a nurse had for some time been dispensed with, she retained her comfortable chair in the commodious nursery, where the tiny woman got through oceans of needlework. Now, though Taffy certainly did feel a species of regard for Blanch and Laura Drelincourt, and also for Master Henry—nurslings spared out of a fine flock—she was by no means blind to their many defects and unamiable qualities, though she had long found all remonstrance useless. To this cheerful, sunny nursery of bygone days, often crept the pale and sickly stranger, Clari St Eude; hour after hour she would sit in silence by Taffy's side, until the kind-hearted little nurse began to pity, and then to love her, and finally won the confidence of the nervous, sensitive girl, who wept on her motherly bosom, and told her 'she wished mamma had not married the rich English gentleman, for she loved their Provence home better far than this.'

Clari inhabited a large sombre apartment all alone, and quite away from the rest of the family. This was a sore trial to the timid girl, though she never confessed her nameless fears, and struggled hard to master them; and as it was 'convenient' that she should occupy this chamber, her mother disliked to offer objections, nor was she, indeed, fully aware of her daughter's nervous sufferings. Clari tried to step sedately and composedly into that huge dark bed, with its black, hearse-like plumes, after she had extinguished her candle, and the darkness and silence were absolute: she tried to reason with herself, and to analyse the cause of her trepidation, for she was not aware that her physical debility accounted in a great degree for such mental weakness. Henry Drelincourt, with boyish mischief, had soon found out that 'Miss Wheyface' was a great coward; and it was one of his favourite amusements to play off

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practical jokes, and try to frighten her; while she, on her part, tried by all means in her power not to let the cruel boy know that he but too often succeeded.

At this juncture Mr and Mrs Drelincourt were absent from home for a few days, when, one morning, Miss Norman, the governess, who presided at the breakfast-table, remarked how singular it was that Miss St Eude, usually the first to make her appearance, had not yet come down. The brother and sisters looked at each other, and began to titter, and there was evidently a joke of some kind amongst them, which they exceedingly enjoyed. But as their hilarity and free-masonry increased, so did Miss Norman's indefinable apprehensions—Clari not coming, and mischief mysteriously brewing!

At length Miss Norman sought Clari's chamber; but it was fastened, and no answer was returned to her repeated summons; but a low, moaning noise proceeded from within. After consulting Taffy Lewin, the door was burst open, and poor Clari was found in the agonies of a brain-fever. Taffy, from former experience, well knowing the imminent danger of the hapless sufferer, medical advice was summoned, and Mrs Drelincourt was instantly recalled. The doctors spoke of some sudden shock the nerves of their patient had sustained, but of what kind, or under what physical influence, it was impossible to say: the room was a dreary one, the young girl was of a highly-nervous, excitable temperament, and nervous disorders often took strange turns—frightful dreams, or ill-arranged reading, sometimes produced distressing effects. Clari St Eude recovered rapidly from the fever; but the brain was irretrievably injured. The light of reason was never re-illumined: all efforts were useless; there was hopeless darkness within.

But how came all this about?—what had happened? The chamber-door was well secured within, therefore no trick could have been played off, said Mr Drelincourt, even had any one had the mind to do so. It was very mysterious. Miss Norman had her suspicions, and she named them to Mr Drelincourt; but he dismissed her from his home and service: Taffy Lewin kept hers within her own bosom, and watched and waited. When the young Drelincourts were questioned, they answered with bravado, 'What!—are we invisible, or fairies, to fly through the keyhole?' It did indeed appear foolish to think that any one could have entered the chamber, it being well known that Miss St Eude always slept with her door locked; so that it was at length considered an extraordinary natural visitation, and poor Clari's affliction ceased to be the topic of conversation.

The Misses Drelincourt and their brother became much subdued after this sad event, and never willingly approached or saw the unfortunate girl. She lived now entirely with Taffy Lewin in the nursery. Taffy's compassion and devotion to her charge were without limits. Whatever Taffy Lewin's thoughts were on the subject of Miss St Eude's sudden attack, she never divulged them, even to Mrs Drelincourt. That exemplary lady's patience and resignation were fully shown forth by her piety and submission under this heavy and bitter affliction; for Clari was her only child, and a most beloved one. It was Taffy who suggested an occupation being found for Miss Clari, seconded by medical advice. It was indeed a long time before it took a useful or tangible form; but with perseverance, and kindness, and judicious treatment, at length there appeared hope that the incessantly-working fingers of the poor young lady might be moulded so as to benefit herself by creating amusement. At that time probably they had little thought of the future blessing this might prove to the bereaved.

Years passed on, and the old mouldering hall of the Drelincourts still reposed amid its dark pine-woods—unchanged without: within, all was not as it had been. The haughty and beautiful Blanch Drelincourt had married, without the knowledge of her friends, a person who supposed her to be the daughter of a wealthy man, and that a fortune must be forthcoming. He was undeceived too late, and found that he had to support a vain and penniless wife with an increasing family. Henry Drelincourt's education had been an expensive one, and his ruinous and profligate habits were more expensive still. It seemed clear to every one that the debts and disgrace so rapidly accumulating would leave to the heir of Drelincourt little more than the name. This young man came to pass a few weeks at his father's, to recruit his health, which had been shattered by a course of dissipation and recklessness. His sister Laura was now his only companion; and frivolous and unamiable as Laura Drelincourt was, she possessed one redeeming point, rendering her less selfish and domineering; and this was, a devoted affection for her brother.

She was never wearied of tending and studying his whims and caprices, which were not a few; and when an alarming infectious fever made its appearance in the village, and from thence spread to the hall—her brother and father being simultaneously attacked—Laura fearlessly devoted herself to the duties required in her brother's sick chamber; Mrs Drelincourt's whole time and attention being taken up with her husband. Mr Drelincourt fell the first victim to the ravages of the fearful epidemic, while death among the retainers was busy in several cases. Henry was only pronounced out of danger when his sister Laura was attacked, and her life despaired of for many days. Mrs Drelincourt, now released from attendance on her husband, nursed the suffering Laura as if she had been her own child, and with the same feelings of maternal anxiety and solicitude. Laura's life was spared; and she seemed deeply penetrated with the unselfish and tender care she had experienced from her stepmother. There was a sense of shame and deep self-abasement in her manner, which seemed to say even more forcibly than the circumstances demanded—'I have done you wrong; you are heaping coals of fire on my head!'

When the brother and sister were permitted to see each other again, the fatal truth flashed across Laura's mind for the first time, that Henry, although spared from the violence of the fever, had received a mortal blow, from which he never would recover; his constitution, already prematurely broken, was sinking rapidly: it was too evident that he had not many weeks to live. Nor did Mrs Drelincourt endeavour to raise false hopes in the sister's bosom, but rather to strengthen and enable her to bear the inevitable doom approaching. She supported, she tended and fostered, the dying man with Christian love and motherly compassion; and he writhed in agony beneath her kindness—the secret weighing on his mind being evidently unsupportable, while he, too, murmured, 'This is indeed heaping coals of fire on my head.'

It was after a long private conference between the brother and sister, wherein recent agitation had left the invalid more weakened than usual, that Henry, faintly requesting his gentle nurse to come beside him, murmured, 'Mother'—it was the first time he had ever called her so—'I wish you to bring poor Clari here; I wish to see her.' Clari—almost forgotten during the late scenes of sorrow enacting in the hall—left wholly to Taffy's care, had entirely escaped contagion; and in the quiet distant nursery plied her simple amusement of weaving osiers, by degrees promising to become an expert basket-manufacturer. Clari came with her afflicted mother to Henry Drelincourt's side; and with her pale face, and vacant smile, and expressionless eyes, gazed on the dying man, taking up one of his thin wasted hands, and twining the fingers round her own, muttering, 'Oh, pretty—pretty!'

Henry, in his turn, gazed on the hapless girl with a prolonged and agonized look: the big round tears coursed down his sunken cheeks—blessed tears!—as he turned towards Mrs Drelincourt, and with clasped hands and streaming eye ejaculated, 'Can you forgive me?' She seemed not to understand his meaning, and returned

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an inquiring and astonished look, evidently thinking, poor lady, that her patient was light-headed.

'Do you not understand me? *Look at her: I did it!*' he added in hollow whispers, sinking back pale and exhausted. The truth now for the first time flashed on the unhappy mother's mind; speech was denied her; and she could only fold her child in her arms, and again and again embrace her with low, pitying moans. But the poor girl had caught the sound of Henry's words, '*forgive;*' and with smiles disengaging herself from her mother's arms, she knelt down beside him; and passing her long slender fingers caressingly over his wan face, she looked up at her mother, and repeated gently, '*Forgive—mother—forgive!*'

Before another day had flown, Henry Drelincourt was no more: he died in his sister Laura's arms, with one of his hands clasped in his stepmother's. He had heard her words of forgiveness: and there was another present who tremblingly besought pardon too—and unfolded a tale which Henry had not power to do—and this was the weeping Laura, from whom Mrs Drelincourt heard the following sad confession of heedless, unprincipled folly:—

It seemed that when they were children, during inclement weather they had had access to a large room, unused, and filled with lumber of various descriptions—antique dresses, ancient pictures, &c. &c. They delighted to rummage the huge closets and cabinets, and one day, in removing an oak chest, which their united strength scarcely sufficed to do, they struck against the panelling of the chamber, which gave way, and discovered an opening: this opening proved to be a narrow passage between the walls, and terminated in a hitherto unknown entrance to the room occupied by Clari St Eude. What a discovery for these mischief, trick-loving imps! They found the panel in this room could easily be pushed aside, closed again, and no suspicion, no trace left of intruders. Breathless with excitement and delight, they restored the oak chest to its place; and big with their wonderful secret, the young conspirators frequently met in the 'rubbish chamber' to organise their plans, which were no less than a determination to play off some 'real good trick' on that 'obstinate minx Clari,' the very first opportunity that offered.

Too soon the opportunity presented itself: the fatal trick was played off—some ghastly tableau represented with the aid of phosphorus lights. The simple, weak-minded sleeper awakened to this scene of apparent horror with the perfect remembrance of her well-secured chamber-door; and the frightful sequel ensued which has been already narrated. Henry Drelincourt had indeed powerful reasons for preserving their direful secret, nor had his cautions been lost on his weaker and more talkative sisters. Taffy Lewin's suspicions had indeed been powerfully aroused, although they of course took no tangible form; but she watched and waited, nor was she surprised when the repentant and sorrowing Laura repeated the sad tale to her.

But now the heir of Drelincourt was dead, and the estates must pass away into stranger hands; and what was to become of Mrs Drelincourt, her helpless daughter, and the equally helpless Laura? There was no provision whatever for them; they knew not where to turn, or where to seek shelter or daily bread. The gentleman who succeeded to the Drelincourt property was an impoverished man, with a large expensive family; he was good-natured, and felt for their destitute condition, but frankly confessed that it was not in his power to do much for them. On visiting the hall, he had several interviews with Taffy Lewin; and having young children, he earnestly desired to retain her in the capacity of nurse, the commendations he received from Mrs Drelincourt being of so high a nature.

But Taffy Lewin's decision was already made: she had related to the new owner the sad history attached to Clari St Eude, and expressed her firm determination never to desert this helpless being: 'For she will soon, very soon, have only me; her mother is not long for this world, sir.' Taffy went on to say that she had saved a little money, and meant to return to her native village, and establish herself there, where, by needle-work, and Clari's basket-making, she hoped to earn a decent livelihood.

'And what is to become of Mrs Drelincourt in the meantime, my good Taffy?' asked Colonel Howard, the new proprietor, 'and of Miss Laura also?'

'As to my lady,' answered Taffy Lewin, 'have a little patience, sir. Poor thing! let her rest her bones in the old church at Drelincourt; it wont be for long she needs *this* shelter, *that* is awaiting her full soon. She has failed rapidly since master departed and Master Henry; the shock altogether was too much for her. As to Miss Laura, she must go out a-governessing, or something of that kind: young ladies often do—and she can play music, and draw trees, and work most beautifully all sorts of fancy kickshaws.'

'Ah, my worthy Taffy,' answered the colonel smiling, 'I fear much that no one will be inclined to receive Miss Laura Drelincourt in the capacity you suggest. But should your fears prove true with respect to Mrs Drelincourt, which I sincerely trust they may not'—Taffy shook her head—'why, then, all we can do is this; it is the only plan I can suggest or follow out:—My brother is the proprietor of land in the close vicinage of your native place, and I know of a little spot that you can retire to; at my representation he will let you have it cheap, for he is a kind fellow. I must give what I can towards assisting you to maintain these two helpless girls, though it seems to me Miss Clari is the most likely one to help herself.'

This, and a great deal more, said Colonel Howard, to all of which Taffy Lewin thankfully acceded. Sooner even than the tiny woman had anticipated, poor Mrs Drelincourt sank into her grave; and Taffy, accompanied by her two charges, bade adieu for ever to the gray venerable walls which had witnessed such chequered scenes. At Springhead Taffy established herself forthwith; her quick little eyes saw its wonderful 'capabilities;' and 'What a God-send were the osiers!' said she; and what with needlework, and watercresses, and basket-making, Taffy had need to dip but lightly into her hoard of savings.

Laura Drelincourt did not long continue to reside with her faithful nurse: her sister Blanch was left a widow, with no means of supporting her family. Taffy Lewin appealed to Colonel Howard, intreating him to permit Laura to share with her destitute sister the stipend he had originally intended for the use of the former and Clari. Taffy said that Clari and she could support themselves well; Laura was miserable at Springhead; Blanch and her children were starving; and it was far better and happier for them all that the sisters lived together, and managed for themselves. Colonel Howard immediately agreed to Taffy's request; and thus poor Clari was left solely dependent on the good little soul, who is indeed her only friend and earthly stay.

'As to Miss Drelincourt and her sister,' continued my friend, 'they set up a boarding-school for young ladies; but it did not answer; and when Taffy last heard of them, they were living at a cheap village in Wales on Colonel Howard's bounty—a sad fall for these proud, arrogant ladies. Taffy's sole anxiety is respecting the future fate of her unfortunate charge, should it please Providence to remove herself first from this transitory scene. The Misses Howard not long ago paid a visit to Springhead, and assured the tiny woman that she might set her heart at rest on that score, for Miss Clari should be their care if death deprived her of her present faithful protectress. They will not prove false to their promise; they are my most valued friends; and when I pay my annual visit to Drelincourt Hall, I inhabit the chamber formerly occupied by poor Miss Clari, still known as "Miss Clari's Room." Taffy refuses all pecuniary aid; she is in want of nothing, she says, but a

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thankful heart. And it offends the honest pride of the Fairy Queen to offer assistance.'

Thus my friend concluded her reminiscences; and I never since then see watercresses on the table, or beautiful basket-work, without associating them in my mind with the memories I retain of the good Taffy Lewin and her 'greenerie.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

COPENHAGEN.

HAVING passed with little trouble or difficulty through the customhouse formalities, we entered the city, and soon found ourselves established in comfortable apartments in the Hôtel Royal. This is a house on the usual large scale of the continental hotels, being a quadrangle surrounding a courtyard, and accessible from the street by a *port-cocher*. It is conducted by a gentleman—the term is in no respect inapplicable—named Leobel, who speaks English, and seems indefatigable in his friendly exertions for the benefit of his guests. I believe there are other good hotels in Copenhagen, but I have heard Mr Leobel's always admitted to be the best.

The first plunge into a large city is confusing. In our perfect ignorance of the relative situations of the streets and public buildings, we know not which way to turn without guidance. It is a good plan in such circumstances to go at the very first to the top of some height, natural or artificial, from which a view of the whole may be obtained. In Copenhagen there is a certain Trinity Church, situated obscurely in the densest part of the town, but furnished with a singular tower of great altitude, and so spacious, that the ascent is not by a stair, but by a spiral carriage-way, up which, it is said, Peter the Great of Russia used to drive a coach-and-six. Our little party immediately proceeded thither, and, ascending to the top—where, by the way, there is an observatory—were gratified with a comprehensive survey of the city and its environs. We soon ascertained that Copenhagen is built on a flat piece of ground, with no hills near it; that towards the sea, on the south and east, it is a congeries of batteries, docks, stores, and arsenals; that its west end, contrary to a flimsy theory on the subject, is the meaner and more ancient part; and that it is chiefly confined within a line of fortifications, but that these are now formed into public walks, here and there enlivened with windmills. The only arresting object beyond the bounds of the city is a slightly-rising ground, about two miles to the westward, crowned by a palace (Fredericksberg). The chalk formation, which prevails here, as over Denmark generally, is usually tumescent and tame of surface; hence there are few points in the environs of Copenhagen calculated to arrest attention.

A large irregular space in the centre of the town—called *Kongens Nye Torv*; that is, the King's New Market—gives a key to the whole, because from it radiate the leading thoroughfares, in which the shops and best houses are situated—Ostergade to the west, Gothersgade to the north, while to the east proceed the Amalie Gade, the Bred Gade, and others—broad modern streets, containing many fine buildings, and terminating on the citadel of Fredericksbavn, the grand defence of the city in that direction. To be a town of only 127,000 inhabitants, and the capital of so small a state as Denmark, Copenhagen contains a surprising number of goodly public buildings, particularly palaces; so much, indeed, is this the case, that the houses for the residence of the people appear as something subordinate, and put half out of sight. These palaces convey a striking idea of the wantonness with which former rulers have used, or rather abused, the means extorted from the industrious part of the community. Will it be believed that four palaces were set down in the last century, in a cluster, divided only by the breadth of so many crossings; and that, after this was done, another was built (Christiansborg), which measures upwards of 600 feet in one direction, and is so huge a building, that Somerset House would appear but a fragment of it? These stately edifices are now given up to the service of the public as museums, picture-galleries, and libraries, while the existing sovereign is contented to live quietly in one of his equally numerous country palaces on an allowance of about sixty thousand a year. The effect, however, is, that Copenhagen is a place positively fatiguing from the multitude of its sights. One of those conscientious travellers who get a list of show-places from a friend, or from Murray's Handbook, and go through the whole as a duty, would be like to die here of pure exhaustion of spirits before he had got three-fourths way down the paper.

Notwithstanding the multitude of fine edifices, the city is deficient in sprightliness. The English ambassador, Keith, in 1771, spoke pathetically of the dulness of Copenhagen, and the same character yet clings to it. A certain plainness marks even the best of the population on the street. The shops, not fitted peculiarly, as in England, for the show of goods at the windows, and often accessible from obscure side-passages, contribute little gaiety to the street scenery. Equipages are few and homely. There is a great abundance of male figures in some sort of uniform, for the functionaries of the state, civil and military, are a legion; but these persons are also, in general, of very moderate appearance. One quickly remarks that nine out of every ten men, of whatever kind, have cigars in their mouths; and another circumstance, perhaps a corollary to the last, attracts observation—namely, the great number of young men wearing spectacles. While, however, one remarks an inferiority to England in so many respects, he is forced to confess in one important particular a comfortable superiority; and this is in the aspect of the humbler classes. Here, as in most other continental towns, there is scarcely any trace of that horde of abject miserables which is so prominent in every British city. The labouring people are generally clad decently, many of them, particularly the peasant women, gaily. As a matter of course—as indeed the grand cause of this peculiarity—there is no drunkenness seen amongst them. On the whole, the Danes, as seen in their metropolis, appear an innocent, amiable people—a little stolid, perhaps, but remarkably inoffensive and respectable.

It is, I believe, a general distinction between England and continental countries, that in the latter elegancies and fineries are first attended to, and things conducive to daily comfort only in the second place, while in England the comfortable and the ornamental go hand in hand together. Hence it is that, with all their fine palaces, which are indeed almost objects of the past, the people of Copenhagen have not even yet learned how to pave their streets, to introduce water into their houses, or to establish gas-lighting. They make a causeway of small, round, waterworn stones, like eggs placed on end, which tortures the feet, and causes every passing wagon to produce a noise so great, that conversation is drowned in it. They form a side pavement of the same materials, with a border of hewn granite slabs; the whole being far too narrow for the passing crowd, so that, there being, after all, little more than a choice between the egg pavement on the side and the egg pavement in the middle, the multitude is chiefly seen plodding its way along the causeway, among wheelbarrows, wains, and carriages. The diffusion of water, and the introduction of gas, are objects advocated by an enlightened few; but, as usual, municipal privileges and pedantic government regulations obstruct the blessing. It was a curious thing for me to tell the people of Copenhagen and Stockholm that they were, in this and some other matters, behind the small towns of Scotland which had so many as a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

The first object to which our party bent their steps

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was the Castle of Rosenberg, an old palace in the northern section of the city, surrounded by some fine gardens, which are open to the public. Rosenberg is understood to be a production of the genius of Inigo Jones: it reminds one of the order of buildings which we in England call Elizabethan, and certainly was built by Christian IV. of Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is now simply a museum of the antiquities of the Danish royal family—that is, the furniture, dresses, ornaments, &c. which have belonged to those princes and their children, even to the toys of some of them, in the course of the last three or four centuries. Such a multitude of curious and elegant objects, recalling the royalty of past ages, perhaps nowhere else exists. They are so arranged in a suite of ancient state apartments, that you pass from one age to another in proper chronological succession, and find you have been reading the Danish history of several centuries in the course of an hour's lounge. The most conspicuous sovereign of the series is the builder of the house, who was in truth a noted monarch in his day, an active, hard-headed man, very warlike, very sensual, yet not devoid of a kind-hearted regard for the good of his people. He was the brother-in-law of our James I., whom he once visited with a dozen ships of war in his train; on which occasion he kept the English court for some time in such a whirlwind of conviviality, that Shakspeare is supposed to have been induced by it to pen the well-known passage in Hamlet, beginning,

> 'This heavy-headed rival, east and west,
> Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;'

and likewise to describe the usurping uncle as a drunkard. You see here King Christian's audience-chamber, a handsome old panelled room, full of little pictures, and having a small aperture in the door, through which it is said the king could, from his sitting-room, observe the conduct of his courtiers while they were waiting for him. In glass-cases are ranged a bewildering multitude of antique gold boxes, cups, baptismal basins, goblets, and drinking-horns, together with some elegant decorated swords, and other weapons. The object singled out for special observation is the celebrated silver horn of Oldenborg; not, it seems, that which Dousterswivel speaks of as given to Count Otto of Oldenborg by a mountain spirit, but one which is said to have been made for Christian I. in 1447. The singularly rich decorations and figurings on the outside are certainly in the style of that period, if I may judge by the mace preserved at St Andrews—a rich product of the Parisian workshop of the time of Charles VII. In a small room Christian IV. slept in a hammock; the rings by which it was suspended are still seen in the ceiling. Portraits of his favourite ladies hang around. In another room there is a great variety of drinking-glasses; some of them of the beautiful Venetian manufacture, said to be exceedingly rare and valuable. One of the richest articles in the whole collection is a set of horse-furniture which Christian presented to his son on his marriage, and which cost a million of francs. The very buckles are set with diamonds! An upper floor contains the grand hall of the palace, styled the *Riddersal*, or Knights' Chamber: it has a silver throne at one end, and much historical tapestry along the walls. One comes away with a strong sense of the prodigality in which the royalty of Denmark indulged during its days of absolute authority, when the people were condemned to slavery, at once the sole workers and the sole taxpayers in the country. I may remark that a party is shown through this palace by a well-bred gentlemanlike man, who speaks in French, if required, for a fee amounting to 6s. 9d. sterling. Everything is explained with precision, and nothing but what is historically true is stated. An enlightened visitor is thus left with a very different impression from what he would acquire in any similar show-house in England, where probably an old housekeeper, unfit for anything else, would be found placed as a cicerone, full of childish legends and myths, which she would relate as unchallengeable facts.

Before turning to any other Copenhagen sight, I may take the reader to a place much allied in character to the Château Rosenberg—namely, the cathedral of Roeskilde, which I did not visit till my return from the north. A railway of about sixteen English miles—the only thing of the kind as yet introduced into the country—enabled me to be deposited there in an hour. We found a huge ungainly brick church rising in the midst of a village which has something of the withered look of Versailles. The inside is as plain as the outside is coarse, and there is little trace of the Gothic architecture to be seen. Yet there are here some exceedingly curious, and even some beautiful objects. The altar-piece is a complicated exhibition of ancient Dutch wood-carving, representing the principal events in the life of Christ. It is said to be at least three hundred years old. Along the sides of the space enclosed for the Communion-table are two series of still more ancient wood-carvings, representing Bible events—the Old Testament on one side, and the New on the other. The quaintness of many of the figures, and the homely ideas embodied by the artist, are exceedingly amusing—for example, Adam writhing in painful sleep, as the Almighty is pulling Eve bodily out of his side; Noah calmly steering something like an omnibus, with seven faces looking out at as many windows; and Elijah going up into the air in a four-wheeled vehicle marvellously resembling the ill-constructed wains which still rumble through the streets of Copenhagen. Having dwelt long on the curious and minute work here displayed, we proceeded to view the sarcophagi of the Danish sovereigns of the last two centuries, all of which are placed in this church. I found the aisle in the right transept in the course of being repaired and adorned with frescoes, for the reception of the coffin of Christian IV., and a grand statue of the monarch by Thorvaldsen. As yet, he reposes in the half-lit vault below, with his queen by his side, and his naked sword lying rusted and out of order upon his coffin. The length of the weapon surprises the curious visitor, but is explained by the uncommon stature of the royal owner—for Christian, it seems, was a man of six feet five inches. The coffin is otherwise distinguished only by a number of plain silver ornaments.

The marble tombs of Christian V. and Frederick IV., and their queens—contemporaries of our William III. and Queen Anne—are placed in a quadrangular arrangement behind the altar, and are certainly magnificent structures of their kind, being formed of pure marble, and adorned with many figures, all in the finest style of art. Medallion portraits of the royal personages, and sculptures referring to events in their lives, are among the ornaments of these mausolea, the costliness of which tells the same tale as the Copenhagen palaces, of a time when the king was everything, and the people nothing. In beholding one of them, which seems to rise from the floor rather like some magical exhalation than a work of human hands, the idea occurred to me, 'Certainly this is making the very best of the sad case of death which it is possible for human nature to do, as far as its mere material elements are concerned.' In the left transept, a beautifully fitted-up chamber, as it may be called, in the Grecian style, are sarcophagi of two earlier sovereigns, not much less splendid. The series of monarchs thus liberally treated were all of them bad, selfish kings, who had little feeling for their people, over whom they maintained absolute rule. A more virtuous series, commencing with Frederick V.—the contemporary of our George II.—are disposed of less magnificently, most of them being placed in simple velvet-covered coffins on the floor. Amongst these, one dull-looking ark in black velvet attracts attention by its plainness. It contains the ashes of the imbecile Christian VII., whose queen Matilda passed through so sad a history. In the vicissitudes of subsequent ages, I should say that the plain monuments have the best chance of preservation.

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The cicerone here shows a pillar on which are three marks: one indicating the stature of Christian I.—the first prince of the existing dynasty, and a contemporary of our Edward IV.; he was, it seems, six feet ten inches in height, and his sword, which hangs on the wall, is long enough to reach up to the chin of a man of ordinary size; a second denotes the stature of Christian IV.; a third, strikingly lower, betokens the height of the late amiable king, Frederick VI.

Some other aisles contain the sarcophagi of distinguished noble families of Denmark. I was arrested for a little by one which has a door of iron grated-work, bearing a figure of the devil as large as life, with horns, tail, and claws. The explanation is, that the family reposing within is named Trolle, a famous one in Danish history. Trolle is the name of one of the beings of Scandinavian superstition; and this being is figured in the armorial-bearings of the house as a man having his head placed in the middle of his body. Latterly, I suppose, as these superstitions became obscure, the malignant Trolle was confounded with the devil; and hence the figure on the grating as an object bearing reference to this noble family. The English visitor is disposed to pause under a different feeling over the slab beneath which Saxo-Grammaticus reposes, when he recollects that Shakspeare obtained the foundation of his Hamlet in the pages of that historian. I find it stated in Feldborg's 'Denmark Delineated,' that when James VI. of Scotland came to Copenhagen in the course of his matrimonial excursion, he met in Roeskilde Cathedral the celebrated Dr Hemmingen, and discussed with him in Latin the substantial presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist. Dr Hemmingen had been placed here, as in an honourable banishment, for his Calvinistic notions on this subject. The Scottish monarch was so much pleased with his cast of opinion, that he invited him to dinner, and at parting bestowed upon him a golden beaker.

The royal collection of pictures in the Christiansborg palace is a large one, occupying twelve stately rooms; but it contains only a few good pictures, and seldom detains a visitor long. While I was in Copenhagen, a small collection of the productions of living Norwegian artists was open to public inspection for a small fee, the proceeds being applicable to the relief of the Danish soldiers wounded in the Sleswig-Holstein war. Several of the landscapes, particularly one by a Mr Gude, representing the Hardanger Fiord, struck me as works of merit; and there was one conversation-piece, representing an old peasant reading the Bible to his wife, which seemed to me not less happy in its way. It is remarkable that the northern nations have not yet produced any painter of great reputation, but that in sculpture they have surpassed all other European nations besides Italy. The great distinction attained by Thorvaldsen has thrown a glory over Denmark, of which the Danes are justly proud. He was the son of a poor Icelandic boat-builder, and was born in Copenhagen. On his attaining to eminence in Rome about thirty years ago, his country at once awakened to a sense of his merits; and when he afterwards visited it, he was received with honours such as are usually reserved for some soldier who has saved his country, or added stupendously to its laurels. He ultimately settled in Denmark, where he died in 1844, leaving to his country many of his best works in marble, casts of all his great works, besides his pictures, curiosities, furniture, and the sum of 60,000 Danish dollars. The consequence has been the erection of the THORVALDSEN MUSEUM, beyond all comparison the most interesting object in Copenhagen. It is a quadrangular building in what is called the Pompeii style, with a court in the middle; in the centre of which, within a simple square of marble slabs, rest the remains of the great artist. In the halls and galleries within are ranged the sculptures, casts, &c. under a judicious classification, each apartment being adorned with frescoes more or less appropriate to the objects contained in it. The finest object in the whole collection is undoubtedly the cast of a colossal figure of Christ, which Thorvaldsen executed, along with the twelve apostles, and a kneeling angel bearing a font, for the Frue Kirk in Copenhagen. The stranger sees the marble originals of all these figures in the church with admiration; but it is admitted that the cast of the Christ has a better effect than the original, in consequence of its superior relative arrangement. The Saviour is represented in the act of saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;' and there is a mixture of human benevolence with divine majesty in the attitude and expression, which perfectly answers to the text. The tendency seems to be to an admission that this is the finest embodiment of the idea of the Saviour of the world which that world has ever seen; and I shall not be surprised if this opinion be confirmed. Many of the artist's mythological figures—particularly those realising ideal beauty, his Psyches, Venuses, Dianas, and Apollos, the cast of his noble frieze of the triumphal march of Alexander, and some of his subjects embodying the poetry of human life—are eminently beautiful. The busts, which are numerous, are less interesting, and in most instances inferior as works of art. The representations of the artist himself, in sculpture and painting, are many, and calculated to give a perfect idea of the man—a massive figure, with a massive head, blue eyes, a pale complexion, and a gentle, but thoughtful expression of countenance. After dwelling to weariness on the creations of the man's genius, it is pleasant to walk into the rooms which contain his simple household furniture, books, favourite pictures, and other intimate memorials of his personal existence. It is equally agreeable to pause in the midst of the contemplation of his works, and observe the groups of admiring countrymen, from the noble to the peasant, who pass through the rooms to enjoy the spectacle of an intellectual triumph in which they feel that they have a part. Finally, one pauses with speechless emotion over the plain enclosure in the courtyard, which pronounces only the words HERTEL THORVALDSEN over one whom these countrymen can never cease to revere. On the outside of the building there are frescoes representing—*first*, the national reception of Thorvaldsen on his final return to Copenhagen; and, *second*, the public joy on the introduction of his works into their country. I heard some criticise these frescoes severely; but I could never get so far as criticism in their case. Every such attempt is anticipated with me by a melting of the heart in sympathy with this worthy people, over the glory which Thorvaldsen has conferred upon them in the eyes of their fellow-nations, and that genial kindly relation between them and their immortal compatriot, of which this invaluable museum is the monument.

The Danes are remarkably fond of amusement, and the means of affording this gratification at Copenhagen are ample. The principal theatre (*Konglige Theater*) is a handsome house of moderate size, where both the Opera and Ballet are respectably presented. I was present one evening, when an operatic piece of Hans Christian Andersen, named *Bryllouppet ved Como-See*, apparently of very simple construction, was performed, and I thought both the singing and orchestra exceedingly good. There are several other playhouses, some of which are chiefly frequented by the humbler classes. On the outskirts of the town there is an establishment called a Tivoli, resembling Vauxhall, and to which, as the admission is only 4½d. sterling, immense multitudes resort. Here is found a little theatre for dancing and short vaudevilles, which the people witness standing in the open air. There is a *salon* for music, where the people are under cover, but without seats, unless they choose to ask for refreshments. In the open air are merry-go-rounds, an undulating railway, and machines for testing strength. In Denmark, a merry-go-round is the enjoyment of old as well as young. It is composed of a circular stage, bearing carriages like those of a railway, and going partly

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upon wheels, while a brass band sounds vociferously in the centre. It was most amusing to us English to observe the gravity with which people of all ages took their places in this circumambient train. One curricle presents a decent shopkeeper with his wife, he with the baby on his knee, which he is endeavouring to awaken to a sense of its droll situation—the cigar kept firm in his mouth all the time; another exhibits a pair of young lovers in very amicable union; a third an aged couple, who might be grandfather and grandmother to the latter party. An inner circle of boys, whipping and spurring imaginary horses, complete the whimsicality of the machine, as it goes grinding and thundering on to the sound of the band. I do not envy the man who can turn away contemptuously from such a sight as this. The simplicity of intellect betrayed by such tastes one might certainly wish to see improved; but yet there is something in being easily pleased which a benevolent nature cannot easily resist. I quite loved the people for the innocence of heart shown in their amusements.

A Sunday evening which I spent in Copenhagen on my return from the north afforded me an additional insight into the habits of the Danes in this respect. Sunday, it must be premised, is held all over Scandinavia much less strictly than in England, and its religious character is considered as terminating at six in the evening. What I had seen in Norway made me not quite unprepared for what I found at Copenhagen; nevertheless it was somewhat startling. The evening being fine, the whole of the broad shady walks between the west gate of the city and the palace of Fredericksberg, two miles off, were crowded with groups of people in their best clothes; not merely peasants and artisans, or even shopkeepers, but persons of superior condition, though perhaps not in such great proportion. The peasant women, with their gaudy gold-laced caps and ribbons, gave a striking character to the scene. There were no drunk or disorderly people—all perfectly quiet and well-behaved. Along the side of the road are numerous tea-gardens, some of them having little theatres, others merry-go-rounds and nine-pins, and so forth. These were all in full operation. It was astounding to see old women, identical in aspect with those who in Scotland sit on pulpit-stairs, and spend the Sunday evening over Boston's 'Fourfold State' and 'Crook in the Lot,' here swimming along in the circular railway to the music of a band. I tell, however, but a simple fact when I say that such was the case. Scores of little parties were enjoying themselves in the recesses along the walks. I observed that many of these were family parties, whose potations consisted only of tea. As the only variation to a laborious life for a whole week, it must have been intensely enjoyed. In one garden connected with a third-rate tavern there was a dancing saloon, with a clarionet, two fiddles, and a bass, to which a few lads and lasses were waltzing; and this seemed no solitary case. There was evidence of enjoyment everywhere, but not the slightest symptom of a sense that there was anything wrong in it. All seemed to be done openly and in good faith. I could not help contrasting the scene with the Sunday evenings of my own country. There the middle-classes spend the time at least quietly, if not religiously, at home; and having the power, use it, to forbid all public or acknowledged means of amusement to their inferiors. It is well known, however, that the taverns frequented by the common people are very busy that evening. It has been stated that in Glasgow, on the evening of the Sunday on which the Communion was administered last winter, one thousand and eighty public-houses were found in full business. The difference, therefore, between Denmark and Britain is mainly this—that in the one country amusements of a comparatively innocent nature are partaken of without a sense of guilt, while in the other enjoyments of a degrading kind are enjoyed clandestinely, and with the feeling of a reprobation hanging over them which must add to their anti-moral tendency. We must pause, then, I conceive, before we express the feelings which are most apt to arise in our minds regarding the Scandinavian mode of spending the Sunday evening.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities may perhaps be admitted to divide the palm of interest with the Thorvaldsen Museum; but I postpone all reference to the subject till a proper groundwork shall have been laid by the description of my journeyings in Sweden and Norway. R. C.

PIANOS FOR THE MILLION.

THERE seems to be an increasing disposition among us to regard music as an agent of civilisation, and therefore an increasing anxiety to diffuse a taste for the art throughout all classes of the people. The simple songs that are found in countries in an early stage of progress cannot constitute the music of a refined nation, any more than their rude ballads can be the staple, instead of the mere germ, of their poetry. Both, however, serve as an excellent foundation for the superstructures of taste; and to both we return occasionally from amid the complications of art, to snatch from them a healthy inspiration.

It is not in mere refinement that the operation of music is obvious and powerful: it humanises, and 'makes the whole world kin.' 'There is no freemasonry so intimate and immediate, I believe,' says a recent author when relating a conversation with Mrs Hemans, 'as that which exists among the lovers of music; and although, when we parted, I could not tell the colour of her eyes and hair, I felt that a confidence and a good understanding had arisen between us, which the discussion of no subject less fascinating could have excited.' It is in this point of view that music should be regarded by philanthropists: the science should be given to the masses of the people as a bond of sympathy between them and the upper stratum of society. But while many efforts are making in this direction, there is still great sluggishness in one important branch of the business: the lower classes have no good instruments, and have no great artists; the inspiration derived from a Jenny Lind or a Sontag never descends beneath a certain line in the social scale; and the pianoforte, the most useful of all musical instruments, has never served for a rallying-point in the domestic circles of the poor.

To deal with the former of these two difficulties is arduous—perhaps impossible. Even in this country, where everything bears a money value, including even the light that enters our houses, there are *some* galleries where the works of great painters are patent to the public. But the sister art is a monopoly of the rich, because the efforts of performers produce no permanent creations, but merely an evanescent sound, which may elevate the mind and linger on the memory, but can never be reproduced by the listener. A painter lives by the sale of works which survive even himself perhaps for hundreds of years; but a musician retails performances that are not prolonged even by an echo. The great singer, however, demands a higher reward than the great poet; and the great actor grows rich while the great dramatist barely lives. Who can help it? We give willingly what they demand: there is no compulsion in the case, and the day of sumptuary laws is gone by.

But this deprivation does not press so much upon the poor as upon a great portion of the middle-classes. We cannot find fault with musical artists for demanding half a guinea or a guinea from every one who chooses to listen to a few songs; because such sums are voluntarily paid, and all dealers, even those who deal in harmonious sounds, have the same right to sell them in the dearest market that they have to buy their wines and jewels in the cheapest. But unluckily the deprivation is felt by the very class which would benefit the most, and confer the most benefit, by being admitted on reasonable terms

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to such exhibitions of high art. It is neither from among the poor nor the rich that great artists usually spring, but from that large middle-class in which the genius of individuals receives an impulse from pecuniary necessity. In that rank large sums cannot be paid for a song, and their claims to gentility will not permit them to class themselves even at a concert with the grade beneath them, permitted to listen for a lower price in organ lofts and at the back of galleries. We do not say that there is no remedy even for this evil. The genius of the present age is fertile in expedients, and perhaps some plan may be hit upon to satisfy the exorbitant expectations of musical artists, by providing a larger and more frequent audience at prices better adapted to ordinary means. So long as the present system, however, continues, music cannot be expected to make any rapid progress among us; for the effect of the system is to degrade art to the level of fashion, and thus repress the noble and generous aspirations of genius.

But the difficulty arising from the enormous expense of such musical instruments as the piano is less complicated; and indeed it would appear at first sight to be very extraordinary that in an age of almost unbounded speculation and competition it should exist at all. There is nothing in the construction of the machinery of a piano which ought to prevent it from being found in tens of thousands of houses in this country from which it is at present entirely excluded. The existing piano, however, is a traditional instrument—an heir-loom of the wealthy; and for them alone it must be manufactured. Its case must be of expensive foreign woods, and its keys of ivory; its legs must be elegantly turned; its handsome feet must roll on brazen wheels adapted for the rich carpet; and generally it must be decorated with carvings in wood, such as of themselves, entirely superfluous as they are, add several pounds to the expense. The manufacturers say that all this is so because the instruments *must* be made exclusively for the rich, who would not purchase them if they were not elegant in form, and costly in material and workmanship. But this, we strongly suspect, is no longer true. Music has now descended lower in the social scale than it did in the last generation, and thousands of hearts are beating with the feeling of art and its aspirations, which were formerly cold and silent. The comparatively poor and the really economical do not buy pianos, simply because they are far beyond their means; and in England the cause of musical science and kindly feeling is deprived of the aid of a family instrument, which in Germany is found even in the parlour of the village public-houses.

Tables and chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, are manufactured on purpose to suit the means of the various classes of purchasers. Bedsteads may be had in London, and we presume elsewhere with equal ease, at 18s. and at L.50 a piece; and chairs which, in one form, cost L.2 or L.3 each, in another—of stained wood, with cane seats, extremely pretty and lasting—sell for 15s. the half-dozen. Why should not the less wealthy families have their own piano as well as their own chair or bedstead? And the humbleness of the materials, it should be remarked, would not necessarily involve any want of elegance in shape. The cheap chairs alluded to are sometimes very passable imitations of rosewood chairs—and they answer the purpose as well! Let us add, that the introduction of the new process of desiccation applied to timber would seem to render the present a very favourable juncture for such speculations as we hint at. Formerly, many years' warehousing would have been required to divest the wood of those juices which interrupt sound, and the trade in the material would thus be a monopoly of wealthy capitalists; but now, thanks to the science of the day, timber may be thoroughly dried in hours instead of years, and thus a ruinous interest on invested money saved.

Should this new manufacture, however, be commenced, the speculators must please to bear in mind that we do not ask for inferior instruments, but for cheap materials and plain workmanship. Some time ago an attempt was made to introduce watches with imitative gold cases: but the works were spurious imitations likewise; and these out-of-time-pieces, brought forward, if we recollect rightly, at 15s., sank speedily to 5s., and are now rarely seen at all. This should be a lesson to piano-makers for the million. They should further recollect, however, that an instrument, hitherto the prescriptive property of the rich and refined, must, however humble its materials, retain a certain elegance of form. A plain deal piano, for instance, even if the wood were suitable, would not be bought; but one made of birch, and French polished, with cheap keys, &c. would not disgrace a drawing-room. We remember seeing furniture of this timber in some of the small country inns in Russia; and it struck us as having an enormously-extravagant look, having all the appearance of satin-wood. This, however, we give merely as an illustration of our meaning. We put forth these paragraphs as nothing more than a hint to set thinking on the subject persons who possess the mechanical knowledge we cannot pretend to; and having so done, we take leave of the subject. L. R.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The castle of Vincennes, within a few miles of Paris, has always been as terrible a place of detention as was the Bastille. Even in these days of comparative liberty and justice, Vincennes is made an engine of oppression; for throughout all political changes, the French government never scruples to seize and incarcerate *illegally* any one against whom it has a grudge.

The prisoners of Vincennes, till of late years, were seldom tried, and rarely knew what their offence was. The question they had to ask themselves was not, what is my crime?—but who is my enemy? who wants my fortune or my place? who covets my wife or my sister? who dreads my influence? Then the walls were so thick, the dungeons so deep, the guard so strict, that no cry for justice could reach the world outside.

An unhappy person destined to be the inmate of this castle was generally seized and brought there in the middle of the night. After crossing a drawbridge, which spans a moat forty feet deep, he found himself in the hands of two men, who, by the pale light of a lamp, directed his trembling steps. Heavy doors of iron, with enormous bolts, were opened and closed one after another; narrow, steep, winding stairs, descending and descending; on all sides padlocks, bars, and gratings; and vaults which the sun never saw! Arrived in his dungeon, the prisoner, who perhaps an hour before had been dancing and feasting at a court-ball, and still wore his suit of velvet and gold, was searched and stripped of everything but the bare clothes that covered him, and was then left with a miserable pallet, two straw chairs, and a broken pitcher—the parting injunction of the jailors being, that he was not to permit himself the slightest noise. 'C'est ici le palais de la silence!' say they—('This is the palace of silence!') Those who were fortunate enough to see the light again, and lived to be restored to the world, were searched in the same way on leaving their dungeon, and were obliged to take an oath never to reveal what had passed in this state-prison, under the penalty of incurring the king's displeasure. As the king's displeasure would have immediately carried them back to Vincennes, we may believe that the vow was seldom violated.

The tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien, who, on the 21st of March 1804, by the dim light of a lantern, was shot in the fosse of the castle of Vincennes, is too well known to be dilated on here: but although everybody has heard of the lamentable death of this brave man,

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and although the universal voice of mankind has pronounced his execution one of the darkest blots that stain the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, few people are aware that his arrest, or at least the pretence for it, originated in a simple police report, which was itself founded on a misunderstanding. The duke, who had emigrated to Germany, had there secretly married the Princess Charlotte de Rohan. What family reasons induced them to make a mystery of the marriage have never been disclosed; but the precautions he took to conceal his visits first awakened the suspicions of the police, and ultimately led them to report him as engaged in a counter-revolutionary intrigue. Another of the accusations brought against him originated in the mispronunciation of a name. It was reported that he was on intimate terms with General Dumourier, a man most obnoxious to the First Consul. It was too late discovered that the name of his associate was General *Thumery*. The German pronunciation had rendered these two names identical to the ears of the French agents of police. It is singular that the sole favour the duke asked for on arriving at Vincennes was a day's liberty on his parole, to shoot in the forest. The only tears shed at the sad ceremony of his execution were by the wife of the commandant, Madame Harel, who, by a romantic coincidence, happened to be his foster-sister.

One of the most celebrated prisoners of Vincennes in the eighteenth century was Masères de La Tude, who expiated a folly by twenty years of cruel captivity, spent partly here and partly in the Bastille. Ingenious, clever, indefatigable, and patient, the schemes he contrived to effect an escape, and to communicate with his neighbours in misfortune, would fill a volume. Nevertheless, although Madame de Pompadour, the person he had offended, was dead, he would probably have never recovered his liberty but for a lucky breeze of wind, which blew a piece of paper, on which he had described his sufferings, into the lap of an honest woman called Legros, who kept a shop in Paris. The good soul was so touched by the narrative, that, by dint of perseverance and money, she obtained the release of her protégé in 1784.

Not far from the chamber inhabited by La Tude was that of the unhappy Prévôt de Beaumont, who was guilty of the unpardonable rashness of denouncing the famous *Pacte de Famine*. 'I accused De Sartines,' says he in his memoir published after the Revolution, 'who was attorney-general under Louis XV., of occasioning the famines that desolated France for three years; and to punish me, he inflicted on me, for fifteen years, sufferings to which the martyrology of the saints can present no parallel. Torn from my family and friends, buried alive in a dismal dungeon, chained to the wall, deprived of light and air, perishing of hunger and cold, nearly naked, I endured horrors so repugnant to nature, that my surviving to relate them is nothing less than a miracle!'

Not only did the dire injustice of arbitrary will in those days tyrannise thus cruelly over men's bodies, but it did not scruple to destroy their minds. When a prisoner of state was considered dangerous from his courage, his patience, or his power of endurance, it was no uncommon thing to put him in a strait waistcoat, and carry him to Bicêtre. Here he was shut up in a cage, and bled, under pretext of curing him, till he died, or went really as mad as they said he was. Few survived and withstood this treatment; but amongst those who did was the Prévôt de Beaumont. He was found at Bicêtre by Mirabeau and his colleagues when they visited the hospital for the purpose of releasing those who had been unjustly confined there; on which occasion the infamies discovered are said to have been terrific. Many of the prisons in France are distinguished by the names of saints, which arises from the circumstance of their having been formerly religious houses. St Pelagie is the place to which persons were latterly sent for political offences: editors of newspapers, caricaturists, and people who would not be satisfied with things as they are, formed a considerable portion of its population.

At the period of the First Revolution, the keeper of this prison was a man named Bouchotte, who, uninfected by the rage of cruelty that seemed to have seized on the population of Paris, distinguished himself by his courageous humanity. When the massacres of September were being perpetrated, and the furious mob were attacking all the jails, and slaughtering the prisoners, the jailors, far from making any resistance, generally threw wide their gates with a hearty welcome; but when the assassins reached St Pelagie, they found the house apparently abandoned; the gates were closed, all was silent within, and none answered to their summons. At length, having obtained implements, and forced an entrance, they found Bouchotte and his wife fast bound with cords. 'You are too late, citizens!' said Bouchotte; 'the prisoners, hearing of your approach, became desperate, and revolted. After serving us as you see, they have all made their escape!' Fortunately the mob was deceived; nor was it known till long afterwards that the whole scene was a scheme of this worthy man's to save the lives of the intended victims.

An American gentleman of the name of Swan resided for twenty years in this prison; for we can scarcely say he was confined there, since he might have been restored to liberty had he desired it. After a long suit with a Frenchman, in which the American was cast, he preferred going to jail to paying a demand he considered unjust. Every year his creditor paid him a visit, in hopes of finding him less obstinate; and the *employés* of the prison, as well as his fellow-captives, by all of whom he was exceedingly beloved, would intreat him to give way; but he only smiled, and bowing to his disappointed visitor, bade him adieu till that time next year. The love the prisoners bore him was well earned by innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence. He not only gave bread to the poorer debtors, but he restored many to liberty by satisfying the demands of their creditors. Mr Swan died at St Pelagie in 1830.

Clichy is also a prison for debtors, where a cell is shown which was for two years inhabited by a man of forty years of age, who had been sent there for a very singular sort of debt—namely, the money he owed for the wet nurse's milk which he had imbibed while an infant, the amount of the debt at the period of his incarceration having accumulated to twelve thousand francs!

A law formerly prevailed in France, that if a debtor escaped, the keeper became responsible for his debt. Of course this arrangement rendered evasion extremely difficult; nevertheless, to revenge some real or fancied injustice, a singular trick was played by a debtor, which greatly amused the Parisians. A certain Monsieur L—— having contrived to escape, presented himself one evening at the house of his astonished creditor.

'You see,' said he, 'I am free. You may seize me, certainly, and send me back to jail, but I can never pay you; whereas, if you will give me money enough to escape out of the country, you can claim your debt of the keeper who can.'

The creditor, who does not seem to have been very scrupulous, consented to this arrangement, on condition that he himself saw Monsieur L—— off by the diligence; which having done, and feeling himself safe, he on the following morning knocked at the gate of Clichy, and asked the keeper if he remembered him.

'Certainly,' said the functionary; 'you are the creditor of Monsieur L——.'

'Exactly,' answered the creditor; 'and you are doubtless aware that Monsieur L—— has effected his escape, and that you are now responsible to me for the six thousand francs he owes me?'

But instead of the face of dismay he expected, the officer began to laugh, and assured him that Monsieur L—— was safe in his room, and should immediately make his appearance, which, on being summoned, he did. The prisoner had his joke and his few hours of

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liberty, and the creditor his disappointment, which his dishonest intentions well merited. So many debtors escape, that it was lately proposed to revive this law, now obsolete; but the suggestion was negatived, under the apprehension that this trick of Monsieur L——'s might be repeated in right earnest.

There is a singular story told of a young man called Pierrot Dubourg, who was for some time a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Pierrot was a young farmer, who in 1788 resided about twenty miles from Paris. Handsome, gay, and prosperous in his circumstances, he was one of the happiest of men; the more so, that he had won the affections of a beautiful young girl called Geneviève, who had promised to become his wife. When the period appointed for the wedding approached, Pierrot told her that he must go to Paris for a short time, promising to bring her on his return all sorts of pretty things for her *corbeille*. Well, Pierrot went, but he did not return. Geneviève waited and waited, week after week, and month after month; till at last, overcome by an anxiety which was rendered more acute from a spice of jealousy, she determined to seek him in the great city herself. She knew the address of the house he lodged at on his arrival, and thither she directed her steps.

'Monsieur Pierrot Dubourg?' said the woman of the house; 'certainly he lodged here, but that is some months ago: he has been in prison ever since, and is not likely to get out, I fancy, for he was sent there by the Comte de Fersen!'

Further inquiry elicited the following particulars:—Pierrot, on his arrival in Paris, with plenty of money in his pocket, had fallen into the hands of a set of persons who had very soon relieved him of it, and indeed of everything he possessed besides. These were the servants of some of the profligate courtiers of those days, whose morals appear to have been of the same complexion as their masters'. The person who had introduced him into this nest of plunderers was the Comte de Fersen's coachman, and when Pierrot found himself ruined, it was to him he attributed the mischief. Irritated and miserable at the loss, he one day relieved his vexation by falling foul of the offender just as he was mounting his box, full dressed, to drive his master to court. Of course the comte, who was in the carriage, was indignant, and poor Pierrot soon found himself in prison.

It might have been supposed that Geneviève would be very much grieved when she heard this story, but, on the contrary, she was very happy: her lover was not unfaithful, only unfortunate, and with a determined will she set about getting him free. But although she succeeded at last, the success cost her very dear, and strange to say, it cost the king of France very dear too. After addressing herself to the police and the judges, and after presenting a petition to the king, which remained unanswered, and kneeling in the dust as the queen passed to Versailles, who drove on without attending to her, Geneviève at length procured an introduction to the Baron de Besenval, the favourite of the Comte d'Artois, the king's brother, to whom she made many prayers and many visits; and then one morning Pierrot Dubourg found himself, he knew not why or wherefore, suddenly at liberty. As he stepped into the street, an old woman accosted him, and bade him follow her. After walking some distance, she begged permission to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, to which —his curiosity being greatly excited—he consented. When the bandage was removed, Pierrot opened his eyes in a magnificent apartment, where nothing met his view but satin, velvet, gold, and glass, and before him stood a lady attired like a princess, but masked. Alas! it was the old story of Claudio and Angelo. Furious with rage, Pierrot struck her, and then, ashamed of the unmanly act, he was about to rush from the room; but she stopped him, and after telling him that she gave him back his vows, and renounced his love, she handed him a packet containing her peasant's dress, and all the presents he had made her in their happy days: and so they parted; and when Pierrot returned home, and they asked him what had become of Geneviève, he said she was dead.

This happened in the reign of Louis XVI., and one might wonder how the humble Pierrot's disappointed love could influence the destiny of the king of France; and yet it did so. Pierrot had quitted Paris with his heart full of bitterness against the aristocracy; but more especially against the king, who had rejected Geneviève's petition; and against the queen, who had disdained her tears and prayers. After staying a short time in his formerly happy home, the contrast with the past, and the cruel recollections constantly suggested, became too bitter for him, and he wandered away, living an irregular sort of life, and mingling more and more with the violent republicans, to whom his only tie was, that they, too, hated the court and the courtiers. The course of his travels having at length brought him to St Menehould, he happened to be one day lounging in the streets, when, observing two carriages approaching, he stopped to see them pass. His surprise may be conceived when, on the driving-seat of one of them, dressed as a servant, he recognised the Comte de Fersen! Such a disguise could not be worn for nothing, and urged by hatred, he drew near the carriage, and looked in. There sat the queen of France, whilst the king, attired as a valet, was awkwardly endeavouring to perform the duties of his supposed office. It was Pierrot Dubourg who whispered to Drouet the postmaster who the travellers were, and it was he who accompanied Drouet's son in pursuit of the unhappy fugitives, who were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Pierrot Dubourg came too, and after losing sight of him for some time, we find him again filling the office of assistant executioner, in which situation he witnessed the beheading of his once-loved Geneviève, who was guillotined on the same day with Madame Dubarry.

Monsieur Arago, in his éloge of Lavoisier, relates that this great chemist might possibly have escaped the death inflicted by his ignorant and ungrateful countrymen, who told him they had no more need of learned men, had he not been more anxious for the safety of others than his own. A poor woman in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg had received him into her house, where she neglected no precautions for his safety and concealment; but his alarm for the consequences to his benefactress should he be discovered, distressed him so much more than his own danger, that he made repeated attempts to escape from her friendly roof, which she, by her vigilance, defeated. One night, however, he succeeded in eluding her watchfulness, and the next day saw him in the Luxembourg, whence he was removed to the Conciergerie, on his rapid way to the scaffold.

Condorcet, the great mathematician, is said to have lost his life by not knowing how many eggs there should be in an omelette. Aware that he was suspected by Robespierre—for though a republican, he had dared to pity the royal family—he disfigured his face and hands with mortar, and fled from Paris in the disguise of a mason. After passing twenty-four hours in a wood, hunger drove him to a little inn, where he ordered an omelette.

'Of how many eggs?' asked the servant.

'Twelve,' replied the philosopher at random. A mason ordering an omelette of twelve eggs awakened suspicion; he was searched, and a volume of Horace being found in his pocket, he was arrested. Unable to face the scaffold, Condorcet took poison, and died on the road to Paris.

Everybody knows that the horrors of the French Revolution were redeemed by many noble actions. We have told the story of Bouchotte at St Pelagie. Benoit, the keeper of the Luxembourg, also distinguished himself by many generous and courageous deeds. He saved the life of the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis-Philippe, by refusing to give her up when summoned before the Committee of Public Safety. He declared

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she was ill—dying—all but dead, and thus averted her fate till she had an opportunity of obtaining protection.

A lady called Jeanne Faurie also found a powerful friend in a jailor of the Luxembourg. She was young, and extremely beautiful, and although Rifaut was looked upon as one of the most inflexible of functionaries, her bright eyes melted his rigidity. He procured her pens, ink, paper, and books. 'I know my character and my life are at stake,' said he; 'but speak! command me! Whatever you desire I will do.' When he heard that she was on the list of persons to be executed, he gave her a disguise and all the money he had, and set her at liberty. For some time he concealed the lady's flight; but when it could be no longer kept secret, he went to Benoit, confessed his fault, and demanded the punishment. Benoit, however, did not betray him; and Jeanne Faurie's escape was not known till there was no danger in making it public. The Luxembourg was called the Reservoir of the Conciergerie, and Josephine Beauharnois was confined here before being transferred to the latter prison. It is related that when she afterwards resided in the Luxembourg as wife of the First Consul, she one day intreated Bonaparte to accompany her to the cell she had formerly inhabited. When there, she asked him for his sword, with which she raised one of the flags, and there, to her great joy, she found a ring given her by her mother, on which she set the highest value. She told him that when she was summoned to quit the prison, supposing she was going to the scaffold, she had contrived to conceal the jewel, which she could not bear to think should fall into the hands of the public executioner.

Amongst the names inscribed on the keeper's register of the Luxembourg, are those of the ministers of Charles X. in 1830, and also that of Louis-Napoleon, the present President of the French Republic, who was confined here after the unsuccessful affair of Strasburg.

NEW THEORY OF POPULATION.

The idea of Mr Malthus, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, unless some powerful and obvious checks be interposed to keep down the race to the level of subsistence, has been recently met by Mr Doubleday with a denial and an effort at refutation. From an article by Mr Hickson in the last number of the 'Westminster Review,' we learn that Mr Doubleday endeavours to show grounds for believing that, while there are powerful tendencies to increase beyond the limits of subsistence, there are likewise tendencies to a decrease, which must result in preserving what may be called a balance between the quantity of food and the number of people. Mankind, from Adam downwards to our own day, have gone forward and backward in numbers by a series of fits and starts—they have by no means been going on as a constantly-increasing quantity. Look at the countries in the East mentioned in the Bible—Egypt, Judæa, Asia Minor, Persia, Assyria. Once densely peopled, they are now either desolate, or inhabited by a poor decaying remnant of the proud races which formerly inhabited them. Egypt would soon expire as a nation if not constantly recruited by fresh arrivals from abroad. Neither China nor India is so populous as it was two thousand years ago. The cultivated aboriginal races of America, who left monuments of their greatness, long since disappeared, and were succeeded by tribes of Indians, who are now rapidly disappearing. The history of the world presents many other instances of an entire disappearance of populations.

No doubt war, pestilence, famine, vice, and misery, have all played an important part in sweeping away nations, or in reducing the numbers of their people; but Mr Doubleday holds it to be demonstrable that redundancy of population is prevented in a less continuous degree by these causes, than by one which Malthus altogether overlooks—one, in fact, which militates against his theory. The mention of this check, which is only of recent discovery, will come upon most persons as a surprise: it is *comfort*—easy circumstances, allied with cultivated feeling; and, to all appearance, the easier the circumstances, the less the increase. Mr Doubleday thinks it would not perhaps be going too far to say, that by carrying these influences a certain length, the race might become extinct. As proof, he refers to the gradual dying out of families among the aristocracy and baronetage—two orders of persons who, above all others, might be expected to be prolific in descendants:—

'Thus it has been,' proceeds this writer, 'that the peerage of England, instead of being old, is recent; and the baronetage, though comparatively of modern origin, equally so. In short, few, if any, of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets' families of King James I., exist at this moment; and but for perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct. * * * Of James I.'s creation in A.D. 1611, only *thirteen families* now remain; a decay certainly extraordinary, and not to be accounted for upon the ordinary ideas of mortality and power of increase amongst mankind.'

Commenting on these facts, the reviewer observes:—'Several instances from humbler, but still wealthy, or at least comfortable classes of society, are given by Mr Doubleday, tending to the same conclusion, that an ample provision of the means of subsistence does not necessarily act as a stimulus to population, but often seems to have a directly contrary tendency; as if ease and abundance were the real check of population, and a certain amount of poverty and privation were essential to any considerable increase. Thus he mentions the case of the free burgesses of the wealthy corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a body, in 1710, of about 1800, possessing estates and endowments, and exclusive privileges, amply sufficient to protect every individual among them from want; and shows that, although all the sons of every citizen were free by birth, their numbers would have diminished had they not been recruited from without; and that, even with the aid of contested elections, when freemen by purchase were admitted for the sake of votes, the entire body of burgesses remained nearly stationary for upwards of a century. This, too, while the poorer corporation of Berwick-upon-Tweed doubled the number of its free citizens during the same period.

'The examples of the corporation of Durham and Richmond in Yorkshire are adduced to the same effect; but we need not go so far north for corroborative evidence of the same class of facts. In the corporation of London, all the children of a citizen, whether male or female, enjoy the right of freedom by inheritance; and as many of the exclusive privileges of this body have not yet been done away, women still exercise in the city various avocations in their own name (such, for instance, as the trade of a town carman), from which the rest of the inhabitants of the metropolis, non-freemen, are excluded. Until recently, the freedom of the corporation of London was essential to a share in the administration of revenues amounting to upwards of a million per annum, and is still indispensable to a large portion of them. We may reasonably conclude that it was an object of some importance to the ancient citizens of London to keep the patronage connected with such large funds in their own hands, or to leave it in the hands of their own posterity. This object, however, has been so entirely defeated, that if we now inquire into the origin of the present holders of the good things in the gift of the London corporation and the trading companies, we find they are nearly all north countrymen, who have elbowed their way into the city from Scotland or the provinces, and that the descendants of such men as Sir William Walworth and Sir Thomas Gresham are nowhere to be found.

'During the forty years from 1794 to 1833, the admissions by patrimony to the freedom of the corporation of London were only 7794 out of a total of 40,221 admitted—a third of the number having been strangers who purchased their freedom, and one-half sons of strangers obtaining their freedom by apprenticeship.'

Mr Doubleday's explanation of these phenomena is to the effect, that it is not misery, but comfort, which

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deadens the principle of increase. It is notorious that the poorest parents have, as a general rule, the greatest number of children. Only feed people on potatoes and salt, oatmeal-porridge, or any other plain fare, and let them at the same time maintain a struggle to get even that, and sure enough their firesides, or the places where the fire should be, will be garnished by as plenteous a crop of youngsters as you could wish to behold! How these children are fed it is often so difficult to comprehend, that one is almost driven to the conclusion that they somehow live and have strength to romp about on the mere element—fresh air. It is very clear that nature abhors all sorts of codling and pampering:—

'It is a fact, admitted by all gardeners as well as botanists,' says Mr Doubleday, 'that if a tree, plant, or flower be placed in a mould either naturally or artificially made too rich for it, a plethoric state is produced, and fruitfulness ceases. In trees, the effect of strong manures and over-rich soils is, that they run to superfluous wood, blossom irregularly, and chiefly at the extremities of the outer branches, and almost, or entirely, cease to bear fruit. With flowering shrubs and flowers the effect is, first, that the flower becomes double, and loses its power of producing seed; next, it ceases almost even to flower. If the application of the stimulus of manure is carried still further, flowers and plants become diseased in the extreme, and speedily die; thus, by this wise provision of Providence, the transmission of disease (the certain consequence of the highly-plethoric state, whether in plants, animals, or in mankind) is guarded against, and the species shielded from danger on the side of plenty. In order to remedy this state when accidentally produced, gardeners and florists are accustomed, by various devices, to produce the opposite, or deplethoric state; this they peculiarly denominate "giving a check." In other words, they put the species in danger in order to produce a corresponding determined effort of nature to insure its perpetuation—and the end is invariably attained. Thus, in order to make fruit-trees bear plentifully, gardeners delay, or impede, the rising of the sap, by cutting rings in the bark round the tree. This, to the tree, is the production of a state of depletion, and the abundance of fruit is the effort of nature to counteract the danger. The fig, when grown in this climate, is particularly liable to drop its fruit when half-matured. This, gardeners now find, can be prevented by pruning the tree so severely as to give it a check; or, if grown in a pot, by cutting a few inches from its roots all round, so as to produce the same effect. The result is, that the tree retains, and carefully matures, its fruit. In like manner, when a gardener wishes to save seed from a gourd or cucumber, he does not give the plant an *extra* quantity of manure or warmth. He does just the contrary: he subjects it to some *hardship*, and takes the fruit that is *least* fine-looking, foreknowing it will be filled with seed whilst the finest fruit are nearly destitute. Upon the same principle, it is a known fact, that after severe and long winters, the harvests are correspondingly rapid and abundant. Vines bear most luxuriantly after being severely tried by frost; and grass springs in the same extraordinary manner. After the long and trying winter of 1836–37, when the snow lay upon the ground in the northern counties until June, the spring of grass was so wonderful as to cause several minute experiments by various persons. The result was, that in a single night of twelve hours the blade of grass was ascertained frequently to have advanced full three-quarters of an inch; and wheat and other grain progressed in a similar manner.'

It is shown by facts, that in the animal economy a low physical state, of course along with air and exercise, is equally favourable. In proportion, therefore, as conditions adverse to this simple principle are encouraged, so will the ratio of increase be limited. Indulgent idleness, want of out-door exercise, codling with cordials, dosing with medicines, tight-lacing, late hours, mental excitement, and fifty other things, induce the physical weakness and irritability which renders the production of offspring an impossibility. Causes of this kind, operating along with those artificial restraints, the validity of which Malthus is so far right in recognising, are mainly concerned in keeping population within bounds. It would then appear, that so long as there is an abject, struggling poor, ignorant and ill-fed, there will be a vigorous growth, a dangerous population—dangerous, because redundant as respects their capacity and will to work. On the other hand, by an universal spread of education, by the cultivation of rational tastes and habits, and by the simple mode of living which such tastes would engender, there will ensue something like a medium between a relatively-redundant and a comparative extinction of population.

THE IRISH BARON.

AN ANECDOTE OF REAL LIFE.

At the beginning of the present century a certain regiment was ordered to Ireland, and was very soon dispersed over various districts. One detachment was sent to Ballybrag, and when the officer in command and his two subalterns met at the wretched pothouse (for it was scarcely an inn) where they were to mess, and began to discuss their prospects of amusement, they were quite thrown out. There was no visiting, no hunting, no shooting, no billiard-table, no horses to ride, no milliners to flirt with, not so much as even 'a bridge to spit over.' In those days military men had rarely a literary turn, but books became of so much importance, that they read over the few they possessed, and sent to the nearest town, which was very distant, for more. Active amusement, however, was what they chiefly desired; and one evening the countenances of all three became animated, during a listless ramble, at the sight of a boy in a crownless hat, torn coat, and nether integuments held on by a single button; he was shouting forth 'The County Tyrone,' as he dangled a brace of trout in one hand, and switched the air with a long wand he held in the other, his curly hair blowing over his bright rosy countenance in the fresh breeze, the picture of health and careless happiness.

'Hollo! my fine fellow! where did you catch these trout?'

'Plase your honour, in the Junnagh, just beyant.'

'Beyant! where's that?'

'Just behind them hills there's plenty. If I had but a fishing-rod, and something more sinsible nor a crooked pin!'

'What a handsome intelligent boy! What's your name?'

'Patrick O'Sale, plase your honour.'

'Well, Paddy, you'll show us the trouting stream, and I'll give you a shilling.'

Paddy O'Sale had heard of a shilling, but had never yet seen one; so his gratitude was unbounded: he not only showed them the stream, but made rush-baskets for the fish they caught, told them tales, sung them songs, and, in short, by his good-humour and intelligent fun, very much enlivened their stay at Ballybrag. He was very proud of the notice of these gentlemen, was happy to be employed in doing anything for them, and when the route came, manifested so much genuine sorrow, that they resolved to adopt him, and make him, in fact, a *fils du régiment*. He accordingly began his military career as a fifer in the —th regiment, and when older, entered the ranks, and became servant to his first friend, Captain B——. Very soon he distinguished himself by his extraordinary intelligence and orderly conduct, which promoted him to the rank of sergeant: twice he headed a forlorn-hope, and upon all occasions showed so much bravery and prudence, that upon the first vacancy he was unanimously recommended for an ensigncy, which he obtained, retaining as an officer the good opinion he had before possessed of all his former comrades. He was a remarkably handsome man, and, we need scarcely observe, a very clever one also, taking advantage of all that fell in his way as to education, &c. But alas! no one is perfect; and Patrick O'Sale was vain and extremely ambitious: so, not wishing to remain where his very humble origin was so well known, he exchanged into another regiment, and very soon became equally popular with his new companions as he had been with his old friends of the —th.

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The peace reduced him and many others to half-pay, and with it and his handsome person he resolved to take his chance of fortune. He settled himself in a town on the north coast of France, and looked about for a wife. Not long had he to wait: his proficiency in French, which his quick capacity enabled him to pick up easily, opened many doors which were shut against his higher-born but less talented compatriots; and ere long, the widow of a hotel-keeper, twenty years his senior, gave him to understand that he needed but to propose. Whether this was in all respects the prize he looked for it is hard to say; but they married, and lived together three years, during which time he behaved to her with affectionate kindness; and when she died, she left him all that was in her power, which, although much less than he had hoped for, made up, together with his half-pay, a reasonably good income. This, although it would have been a mere pittance to most men, seemed a fortune to our adventurer; and with it he started for Paris, where he made so good a figure, that a young and handsome widow manifested the same admiration his former less distinguished wife had done. We need not enter into a description of the affair further than to say that it terminated as the other had done—in marriage. While arranging the preliminaries, the lady objected to his name.

'O'Sale!' cried she (*eau sale!*—dirty water!); 'never can I follow such a name into a drawing-room!'

'I am very sorry, but it is my name.'

'Is there no *title* in your family?'

'No,' stoutly answered the quondam Paddy.

'What, then, is the name of your father's estate?'

He thought of the cabin in which he had passed his childhood—the pig, his playmate that had paid its rent—his father, in his long frieze coat, with a hay-band round his hat—and his mother, attired in the fluttering rags which so many of the Irish seem to think impart an airy smartness to their dress; perhaps, too, he thought with regret of the warm hearts that had beat beneath them, so fond, so proud of him; and the 'sunshine' of his own 'breast,' that, in spite of his almost uninterrupted good-fortune, had never bounded so lightly since: but at anyrate he answered with admirably-acted quiet dignity, 'It is, alas! no longer in our family.'

'But,' persisted the lady, 'you were born near some village—in some parish that had a name?'

'The village of Ballybrag was not far from our residence.'

'A la bonne heure—that will do excellently well! Call yourself the Baron de Ballybrag.'

'Call myself?'

'Mais oui, why not? I shall not object to be named De Ballybrag.'

She accordingly had her cards printed 'La Bone de Ballybrag,' and her husband, who, after all, had a fondness for his patronymic, left his with his acquaintances as the Baron O'Sale de Ballybrag. One of these I preserve as a memento of the odd characters and adventures which so frequently make real life resemble a romance.

CHEMICAL INQUIRIES.

Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in, and by her analysis of both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is in all respects a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour. But what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is explained; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical. The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favourite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring and summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed, and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use, and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food (wheat, oats, beans, &c.), it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato; and no doubt the Irish kol-cannon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient. Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hundred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only a thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milk-cows, is accounted for by these facts; while of course they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man. Again:—In many parts of our island furze or gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favourable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains, when dry, as much as 30 per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.—*Edinburgh Review.*

INDIAN POST-OFFICE.

There has been a great outcry against the post-office as well as the police in Gangetic India. Newspapers are charged by weight, so that before they can pass for single postage they must make use of the smallest-sized sheet to be found in the meanest provincial town in England; the paper must be as thin as a bank-note. In our rainy season, if near full weight, it absorbs moisture so rapidly as to be charged double postage at its journey's end: the postage on a daily paper, from moderate distances, amounts to L.5 a year. The mails are carried in leathern bags on men's heads, and so negligently made up, that they occasionally reach their destination in a state of pulp. Thousands of rupees are annually abstracted from letters, and every variety of misconduct prevails. At the presidencies, the salary of the postmasters is from L.2000 to L.3000—the heads of the departments are civilians, who have been judges or collectors of revenue, and never saw the inside of a post-office till they came to preside over it. At out-stations, officers in the army get postmasterships as perquisites, the duties in every case being performed by subordinates. The subject has been a standing grievance time out of mind, but there is not the slightest appearance of its meeting with attention.—*Bombay Times.*

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RICE.

It is a subject of wonder to many why the article 'rice,' which has for a long time been so extremely plentiful, and consequently cheap, does not enter into more general consumption in this country. I think the true answer is this:—'Because very few amongst us know how to prepare it for table;' for not one cook in ten can ever plain boil it fit to be seen and eaten, and not one in twenty (strange as it may appear) can make a 'rice-pudding.' Now the first may be accomplished by using only so much water as the rice will absorb in boiling, by which each grain will be kept free and separated, and the mass not made into starch or paste, as is generally the case; and the second can be perfected by putting one teacupful of rice to one quart of milk, adding sugar to suit the taste, a small quantity of chopped suet, butter, or dripping, grating a little nutmeg on the top, and baking as usual. This will be found one of the cheapest, lightest, and most delicious puddings that can be eaten, and very superior to a 'rice-pudding,' as generally made with eggs, &c. which not only add to its expense, but destroy the character of the dish. In most parts of Ireland, where, during the summer season, milk can be had for almost nothing, the above simple recipe would, I think, be invaluable, and no doubt generate a taste for this most wholesome grain, to the especial benefit of the poorer part of the population.—*Daily News.*

AMERICAN WHITEWASH.

The following recipe is used for preparing the celebrated stucco whitewash used on the east end of the president's house at Washington:—Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of good rice, ground to a thin paste, and stirred while boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Any required tinge can be given to the preparation by the addition of colouring matter.—*Mining Journal.*

A FRENCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH PUBLIC DINNER.

Nothing is more curious than one of these repasts, which recall to mind the feastings described by Homer. Enormous pieces of beef, whole sheep, monstrous fishes, load an immense table bristling with bottles. The guests, clothed in black, calm and serious, seat themselves in silence, and with the air which one takes at a funeral. Behind the president is placed a functionary called the toast-master. It is he who is charged to make the speeches. The president whispers to him the *mot d'ordre*, and 'Gentlemen,' says he with the voice of a Stentor, 'I am about to propose to you a toast which cannot fail to be received by you with great favour—it is the health of the very honourable, very respectable, and very considerable Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c.' The guests then, shaking off their silent apathy, rise all at once, as if they were moved by springs, and respond to the invitation by thundering forth frantic cries. While the glasses are being emptied, three young girls with bare shoulders slip from behind a screen and play a tune on the piano. The toasts do not cease until the guests, having strength neither to rise nor to remain seated, roll under the table.—*M. Eugene Guinot in the Siècle* (*Paris paper*).

FIRES IN CHIMNEYS.

A French gentleman, M. Maratuch, has found by experiments, if three frames of wire are placed near the base of the chimney, about one foot apart, whilst no flame will pass through them, the draught will not be impaired. As most of the soot lodges on the uppermost wire, but little on the second, and none on the third, he suggests that a brush be applied daily to keep them clean, and the chimney will never want sweeping.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Sister, hear ye not the rustling
Of the sere leaves as they fall?
Teach they not—thus dropping, dying—
A lesson worth the heed of all?
Nature preaching, ever teaching,
A lesson worth the heed of all.

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant,
Warmed by sunshine into birth;
Now chilled by nipping blasts of autumn,
They drop unto their mother earth.
For wise reason, but a season!
They drop unto their mother earth.

Some linger still, but yellow, faded,
No more with green the boughs adorn;
No shelter yield where erst they shaded;
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.
Lifeless seeming, listless gleaming,
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

So, though thou'rt now arrayed in satin,
And pearls are glistening in thy hair;
Anon thou'lt need a warmer garment—
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear:
Weeds arraying, grief betraying,
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear.

Then, sister, let us muse and ponder
On these leaves from nature's page;
And prepare, while yet in season,
For a pure and happy age:
Undespairing, be preparing,
For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness,
Or cast a shadow o'er thy youth;
But ever shun the paths of folly,
Cleave to virtue and to truth:
Self-denying, faith relying,
Cleave to virtue and to truth.

For neither youth, nor health, nor beauty,
Can from Time's stern clutches save;
But all must drop, like leaves of autumn,
To the cold and silent grave:
Aye we're dropping, never stopping,
To the cold and silent grave.

Susan Pinkerton.

THE POISON OF THE VIPER.

The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head), which is believed to represent the parotid gland of the higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to void its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope:—At first nothing is seen but a parcel of salts nimbly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. These spiculæ, or darts, will remain unaltered on the glass for some months. Five or six grains of this viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of human blood, received in a warm glass, produce no visible effects, either in colour or consistence, nor do portions of this poisoned blood, mixed with acids or alkalies, exhibit any alterations. When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated (as it were by an innate instinct), always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 307. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1849. Price 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ELSINORE—GOTTENBURG.

I left Copenhagen for Elsinore on the last day of June, with two companions, in a *char-a-banc;* a rough but not inconvenient kind of carriage drawn by two horses. We took the route by Fredericksborg (different from the Fredericksberg already mentioned), in order to visit that most distinguished of all the Danish palaces. The king was living in it at the time; but this was understood to present no difficulty. The life of Frederick VII. is remarkably modest and unobtrusive. Allowing his ministers to govern according to the best of their judgment, he is content to live in the manner almost of a private gentleman. It was stated that at this time, when half the sovereigns of Europe were in the agonies of a revolutionary crisis, the attention of the Danish monarch was chiefly engrossed by some ancient sepulchral tumuli found in his neighbourhood. So great is his disrelish of royal state and parade, that he can only with difficulty be induced to come occasionally to town to give audiences and attend reviews. Yet Denmark is a year old in a constitution which grants something approaching to universal suffrage. Very probably the Sleswig-Holstein war is what has secured this internal peace. Uniting in this external object, the people have escaped as yet the danger of falling together by the ears about progress and reaction. So for once a democratic movement has not been attended by a crop of folly and outrage.

The country passed over in our drive is composed of the tame undulations usual in the chalk formation, varied only by a few lakes and some fine woods. We snatched an interval required for resting the horses to see the queen-dowager's palace at Lundby, which we found to be a plain building situated amongst some pleasant groves, but in no way remarkable, except that the domain was open at all points to any one who chose to leave the high road by which it is skirted. We walked over the grounds, and penetrated into the garden, asking no leave, and meeting no resistance or challenge—a proof not so much, I apprehend, of any special liberality in the royal possessor, as of great harmlessness in the people; for certainly without *that*, no such indulgence could be extended. The inferiority of the place in point of trimness to similar places in England, and the meagre show of plants in the garden, were remarkable. That fastidious mowing, and paring, and cleaning, which is continually going on round a country residence in England, is unknown in the north of Europe.

All along our way to Fredericksborg I observed heaps of granite and gneiss boulders, ready to be broken up for the repair of the roads. They were to me an interesting set of objects, as being my first introduction to the grand Drift Formation of the north. To most readers it will be enough for the present to say that they are masses of stone belonging to the granitic and gneissic countries of northern Sweden and Finland, which have been carried southward, probably for the most part by icebergs floating in the sea by which this region was once overspread. They are found imbedded in the clayey and gravelly covering of the country, or encumbering its surface; and now the farmers are allowed something for carting them to the roadsides, that they may be pounded down by the disciples of Macadam. The kirb-stones, which form the only approach to a pavement in Copenhagen are from the same source. I examined many of the wayside heaps, as well as those presented in gravel-pits, and found a few with traces of striation, denoting their having undergone rubbing in the transport; but these were rare objects. The cultivated land seems now pretty well cleared of them; but they still abound in forest ground. The sand of the aforesaid gravel-pits is in many places stratified, marking the deposition by water; but I nowhere could detect shells.

At length the pinnacles of Fredericksborg began to appear over the dull landscape, and we speedily found ourselves seated in the village inn at a very tolerable dinner. When this was concluded, we sauntered to the palace, which we found to be a huge brick edifice of the Elizabethan style, forming three sides of a square, with detached masses and courtyards, the whole closely surrounded by water. It is one of the many memorials of the magnificence of the fourth Christian, but was built on the site of a former palace; and amongst the few traces of the original left, is a small island covered with shrubbery. The shrubbery had been planted by Frederick II., the father of Christian, in commemoration of the son having been born on the spot; and under a feeling with which we can all sympathise, the reforming king left this shrubbery untouched. It is said that the new palace took fifteen years in building. Here, again, one wonders that so small a state could at that time furnish funds for the erection of such sumptuous edifices. The unchecked authority exercised by its princes is the only explanation of the mystery. They seem to have regarded palace-building as a legitimate amusement for their leisure hours, and to have been under no sort of scruple as to the sufferings of their people in furnishing the requisite funds. A Danish king, in the last century, told his young queen, in a fit of gallantry, that if she should kill a deer in the chase, he would build a palace on the spot. Such, I am told, was the actual origin of one of the numerous palaces which now adorn the country. To find ourselves now in this gray, old-fashioned château, and be told that the king lived in it, seeing as we did no trace of any state or pageantry whatever, and scarcely any mark of the

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place being inhabited at all, raised some curious speculations in our minds as to the change of the relations of monarch and subject since the days of Christian IV.

The grand sight of Fredericksborg is the royal chapel, forming the lower floor of one side of the square. It is a superb specimen of that mixture of Grecian and Gothic which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century; no grandeur of plan, but infinite ornament of detail, gilt reliefs (especially on the ceiling), carvings, and fine inlaid woodwork. The pulpit has pillars of silver, and the altar-piece glows with golden images and sculptures. 'The Swedes,' says Feldborg, 'took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the Gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad.' The screened recess for the royal family still contains a range of chairs with wrought seats, which must be coeval with the chapel, as they contain Christian's initials. There is even still the same charity-box at the door, into which this grand old prince must have popped his donations as he passed to worship; for it, too, bears his initials. The coronations of the Danish kings take place here, and this has led to an unfortunate modernisation being effected at one end of the chapel for the accommodation of the throne, with seats for the knights of the Order of the Elephant. In every other particular it is preserved exactly as it was in the days of the founder. I may remark that the shields of the living Elephantine knights adorn the gallery. When they die, these symbols of their glory are removed to a clean, well-kept crypt beneath one of the angles of the palace, where the whole series for the last two centuries may be seen. This is at once a curious historical study and a touching lecture on the transitoriness of all human grandeur.

Over the chapel, and therefore occupying the same area, is the Banqueting-Hall, certainly a most magnificent apartment, being no less than 150 feet long, and of proportionate breadth, though generally thought to be a little deficient in height. This large room is beautifully paved with diced marble, and is covered all over with gilt and painted ornaments, particularly in the ceiling, while each space of wall between two windows contains a portrait of some monarch which had been presented to the Danish sovereigns. The ceiling alone, which is said to have been the work of twenty-six carvers for seven years, might detain a curious visitor for a day, since there is scarcely a familiar animal, or a trade, or art, which is not represented in it. In one compartment you may study the business of *Distillatio;* in another that of *Impressio Librorum*, and so forth. One sees in this and similar places many valuable memorials of the things of a former age, which he cannot but regret to leave after only a hasty and superficial inspection. I am convinced that a painstaking and leisurely person, who could take accurate drawings of such objects, would, in the course of a few years' rambles over Europe, acquire the means of producing almost a complete resuscitation of our mediæval ancestors in their dresses, habits, and all other external circumstances.

When we had satisfied our curiosity with the Fredericksborg palace, we returned to the inn, and speedily resumed our *char-a-banc*, but with fresh horses. I observed with some surprise that the driver, in passing out of the town, deemed himself at liberty to take a short cut through the half-ruinous gateways and rain-bleached courts of the palace, notwithstanding the presence of royalty within the mansion. We found some fine woods extending from the palace in this direction, and peopled with deer. A short drive brought us to another palace, called Fredensberg, more modern than the last, and with some pretensions to notice. But we were too much satiated with such sights to care for an inspection of Fredensberg, and we therefore passed on to Elsinore, where we arrived betimes in the evening.

An Englishman usually approaches this town with his mind full of Shakspeare and Hamlet, and an eager expectation to see places hallowed by association with the name of him of the inky cloak: supply naturally follows demand, and hence it is not surprising to find that a place called 'Hamlet's Garden' has been 'got up' in the neighbourhood, and established as the scene of the murder of the royal Dane. Not being disposed to have much faith in the reality of a northern prince of the fourth century before the Christian era, I entered Elsinore with comparatively sober feelings. It is a very ordinary-looking mercantile town of 8000 inhabitants (yet the fourth in Denmark), situated on a low plain beside that Sound which has originally given it consequence. Not much less than a hundred vessels of all flags lay in the calm sea in front, waiting for wind, or till they should pay their dues to the king of Denmark. It is admitted that L.150,000 per annum are thus extorted under favour of the cannon of Cronberg Castle, which raises its huge form near by, like the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' whom the reader may remember described as having his gun presented on a pair of cross-sticks to enforce a demand neither less nor more justifiable. It is certainly surprising that a system so little different from the predatory practices of the Rhenish barons of the fourteenth century should still be found in vigour. I am afraid that my only true English associations with the place referred to things at which the Shakspearian enthusiast will scoff—to wit, James VI. dating during his honeymoon from Cronberg, 'quhair we are drinking and driving ower in the auld maner,' and his descendant, Queen Matilda, here sighing over the lost peace which was never more to be hers.* The mind is sometimes strangely perverse and wayward, and I often find myself interested in things for reasons sufficiently trivial. For instance, while passing through the fosses and walls which surround this hardy fortress, and while my companions were probably lost in admiration of its stately proportions, I could not help recalling a passage in Spottiswoode the historian, where, speaking of James's winter in this castle, he mentions with complacency there being no such thing as a quarrel between the Scotch and the Danes all the time, a circumstance the more wonderful, says he, 'since it is hard for men in drink, *at which they were continually kept*, long to agree.' After all, Cronberg is only a great quadrangular palace in the centre of a set of ordinary fortifications. The casemates in the walls are usually, however, a subject of curiosity, in consequence of a legend thus related by a native writer:—'For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronberg. None knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave who had forfeited his life was told that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp which was nearly burnt out; and below stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up: it was Holger the Dane [a hero of the fabulous age]. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. "Give me thy hand," said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, "It is well! I am glad there are yet men in Denmark."'† What is curious, there is a similar traditionary story in Scotland, referring to a person called the last of the Pechs;‡ and, if I am not mis-

* The sad story of Queen Matilda, who was sister to our George III., is related in full detail in an interesting book recently published, 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' 2 vols.

† Thiele's Collection of Popular Danish Traditions.

‡ See Popular Rhymes of Scotland, third edition, p. 220.

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taken, the Irish have the same legend, varied only as to the person and the locality.

Behind the town, at the base of an ancient sea-bank, lies a plain modern house called Marienlyst (Mary's Delight), which was built for the residence of the late Frederick VI. when crown-prince, and which is surrounded by a garden and pleasure-grounds open at all times to the people of Elsinore. English strangers are taken hither to see 'Hamlet's Garden'—the very scene of that foul murder which the mad-seeming prince studied to avenge; also to muse over a cicerone-made *Hamlet's grave*. I took a ramble here, to enjoy the physical beauties of the place, which are considerable, and to obtain a view of some celebrity from a platform above the house, where we command a long reach of the Sound and of the opposite coast of Sweden. A less hackneyed subject of curiosity is the geological character of the bank behind Marienlyst. It is a terrace of clayey sand extending for miles along the coast, at one uniform height in the fore part of about ninety-six feet above the waters of the Sound, the front descending at the usual angle of a talus of loose matter (38 degrees), to the low plain on which the town is situated. This bank has already attracted the attention of native geologists as a marine formation, the top being understood to have once been the beach of the sea, which had subsequently rolled on the low plain, cutting and carrying away matter from the bank rising above, so as to leave the talus which we now see. What struck me, however, with the greatest interest, was the perfect resemblance of the ground, in all its features and relations, to ancient sea-banks and terraces in Britain, even to the elevation of the terrace above the mean level of the sea—a point from which the Baltic, it will be recollected, scarcely departs.

On the evening of the 1st July I departed from Elsinore in the Gyller steamer, which makes regular weekly voyages between Copenhagen and Christiania, calling at Elsinore and Gottenburg to receive and set down passengers. The accommodations in the vessel are sufficiently comfortable; but the weather proving rough, my actual experiences were anything but agreeable, more particularly as I was here, for the first time, exposed to a near association with one of the most odious habits of the northern nations. I do not like to speak too plainly on such a subject; but it is remarkable, even as a physiological fact, how much salivation goes on amongst some nations as compared with the generality of mankind; and the fact of a neighbour on this occasion effecting a vociferous discharge from his throat about every minute during all the time I was awake, was scarcely less curious than his carelessness about what came of the discharge was disgusting. Early in the morning I came on deck to see the low rocky coasts of Sweden looming through the thick rain and haze. On getting into the arm of the sea which leads up to Gottenburg, I was enabled to observe the rounding of the surface of the whole of the rocks along the shore, and gazed with admiration on a phenomenon, the explanation of which has proved so puzzling. Even here the perfect independence of the effect on any connection with the sea as a cause was apparent, for the smoothed surfaces everywhere descended unbroken below the waves. For a long time nothing was to be seen on land but a tract of undulating rocky ground devoid of all asperities; but at length we began to obtain glimpses of an extensive swampy plain, where the sea terminated in the embouchure of a copious river—the Götha (pronounced *Yutta*) Elv. Here we found seated the thriving mercantile town of Gottenburg. We landed in heavy rain, amidst which we had to make our way on foot to the Götha Kellare (pronounced *Chellara*), the best inn in the place, but one strikingly beneath the character of the town. The whole affair was a most dismal initiation into Sweden; but it was soon made up to me by the welcome which I experienced from a kindhearted schoolfellow and friend settled in the neighbourhood.

Under more agreeable circumstances next day, I became aware that Gottenburg is a regularly-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants, containing a remarkable proportion of good private houses—much permeated by canals, which are crossed by rather hard-favoured stone-bridges—exhibiting on the inland side some beautiful environs, throughout which are scattered many handsome mansions belonging to the most eminent merchants. Gottenburg contains several British mercantile houses, and is very much an English town, unless that my own countrymen may be said more particularly to take the lead in its society. Iron-founding and machine-making, cotton-spinning, sailcloth-making, and sugar-refining, are the chief branches of industry, all of them conducted under the protection of prohibitory duties, the Swedes being willing to buy these articles at high prices from Englishmen who will consent to make them in Sweden, rather than purchase them cheaply in England. Accordingly, several of the Gottenburg firms are understood to be realising incomes in striking disproportion to those common among the natives; one, for instance, having cleared so much as L.50,000 in a year; though here, it must be remarked, the result was helped by a patent. These settlers are probably compensating in some degree for their monopolies by the impulse which they give to the indigenous population, noted in all time for the slowness of their movements, and their dislike to adopt new fashions and methods. There is a good, moreover, to be gained from commixtures of the people of two countries, in as far as it tends, by making them acquainted with each other, to extinguish mutual prejudice. As might be expected, some of the manufactures thus forced into prominence in Sweden are conducted under considerable disadvantages as compared with those of England. For example, a cotton manufacturer in Sweden cannot get a supply of his materials equably over the year, all communications being shut up during the seven months of winter. The consequent necessity of laying up a stock to serve through the winter, entailing a greater outlay of capital, is so much against him. On the other hand, he may save in the wages of his labourers. These trades are in the meanwhile prosperous; but I have a strong sense of the precariousness of any prosperity depending on protection, and believe that it would be well for the protégés to consider that the self-sacrificing whim of their Swedish customers may some day give way to an admission of the rational principle—that the cheapest market is, in all circumstances, the best.

At the time of my visit to Gottenburg, one of the leading matters of local interest was the erection of an Exchange upon an unusually handsome scale. I had an opportunity of inspecting the building, when it was all but finished, on my return from the north, and I must say that I have rarely seen any edifice presenting a more elegant interior. There are, besides the Exchange-room on the street-floor, a ball-room and supper-room, also the apartments required for a restaurant and coffee-house up stairs; and the whole are decorated in a style of taste far beyond any similar place in England that I am acquainted with. The outlay, I was told, would be L.60,000 sterling; a remarkable sum to be given for such a purpose in so small a town. Verily, I thought, if some of my friends, who speak of Sweden as little better than the Frozen Regions, were to be transported into the midst of the fairy palace here erected in one of its second-rate towns, their ideas about these northern countries could not fail to undergo a change. They might turn, it is true, to the hotel, and remark with some bitterness, derived from their own experiences, that Gottenburg, while going a century ahead in an Exchange, was lingering two centuries behind in its accommodations for strangers. I had afterwards some pleasure in looking over the Chalmers School, an institution founded by a Scotch gentleman of that name in order to give young men an education in the mechanical and physical sciences. It is a large establishment, conducted in a most efficient manner, and attended by

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abundance of pupils. Here, again, Gottenburg is ahead of many other places of greater pretensions. Mr Keiller's iron-foundry, where 170 people are employed, and where everything seemed in the best order, occupied an hour agreeably. Another was well devoted to Messrs Carnegie and Company's porter brewery at Klippen, a suburb of Gottenburg. The favourite beverage of London is here produced of excellent quality; and I was informed that it is extensively used in Sweden, though it might be more so but for a liquor more recently introduced—Bavarian beer—which is much better adapted to the means of the generality of the people. I likewise paid a visit to Messrs Gibson and Son's establishment at Jönsered, a few miles from town, where, in a charming rural situation, iron-founding and sailcloth-making are conducted on a large scale, the whole population concerned being about 700. The entire arrangements seemed admirable, but none more so than the general fact of the near and constant association of the people with beautiful natural scenes, in which they could, at their leisure hours, rove without restraint. When a factory can be conducted in such local circumstances, the noted drawbacks usually attending huge agglomerations of labour in a great measure vanish; and one can only wish that so were they all.

I had now to consider with some friends by what means I should prosecute my designed tour of Sweden and Norway, and much was the cogitation and discussion on this subject before a plan could be determined on. Driving one's self, with as little baggage as possible, in a light carriage called a *carriola*, peculiar to the country, was what my friends advised. Clever, pleasant Mr Enkstrom, the English consul, who entered into the arrangements as if they had been a duty of his post, could not imagine anything better. But I could not see how a middle-aged person, who had never driven a carriage in his life, was to get along with any comfort over the rough roads and through the vast spaces of this northern land, exposed to all weathers, and destitute of all knowledge of the language of the people by whose aid alone could he stir even a step. I therefore expressed my willingness to be somewhat obliging to myself in the way of expense; and it was finally settled that I should have a four-wheeled and hooded carriage for two horses, together with a servant to drive and act as my interpreter or *tolkan*. The former was speedily obtained at a sum equivalent to 1s. 8d. English a day—a plain, old, barkened, battered machine as ever met my eyes, yet warranted to be of great strength, as had been often shown in Norwegian tours heretofore. As to a tolkan, the case was more difficult. The man whom all regarded as the *facile princeps* of his class, by name Jacob Carlblom, was absent under an engagement. So were some others. At length a person named Quist was heard of, and brought under examination. He proved to be a fine-looking, robust man of about five-and-thirty, who had been a dragoon in the Swedish army, but was now usually employed about a wine-merchant's establishment. Little English did the honest fellow know, and he had never been far into Norway; yet, all things considered, he seemed far from ineligible. An amiable, simple character shone in his face, and he riveted the favourable opinion which this excited amongst us all by the interest he expressed about the welfare of his wife, and the stipulation he seemed resolved to make that a portion of his wages should be paid to her weekly during his absence. I therefore engaged Quist; nor was there ever occasion to regret doing so, for he justified every favourable anticipation. It was now, then, determined that I should set out on my travels at an early hour next morning, taking the road to Christiania, which is distant 215 English miles from Gottenburg. It was thought that I might reach that city in little more than three days, provided that *forebud* notices were sent on before to warn the station-house keepers to have horses in each instance ready for me. This is a custom peculiar to the north, where the rarity of travellers teaches that it is more economical to force horses from the farmers when they are wanted, than to have them kept by innkeepers for regular service. There is, therefore, a government regulation compelling the farmers to be ready, when called upon, to furnish horses at a certain rate of remuneration; and equally enforcing that the innkeepers shall, on receipt of warning, or when directly called on by travellers, have horses at their doors within two hours. It is a tyrannical system, to which I never could reconcile myself; but no one is heard complaining of it. On the present occasion, one of my friends procured for me a quantity of blank schedules, and, extending a few, sent them off by post along the road which I was to traverse next day, each being addressed to a special innkeeper. Thus we accomplished the purpose at a comparatively trifling expense. Had the post not been available, it would have been necessary to send a special messenger at a cost equal to half that incurred for the horses themselves.

R. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

X, Y. Z.

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1832:—'If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Post-Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.'

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a *trap* for some offender against the principles of *meum* and *tuum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very earnestly desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lothbury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. 'An old bird,' I mentally exclaimed on perusing this paragraph, 'and not to be caught with chaff; that is evident.' Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the 'Police Gazette,' a reward of thirty guineas offered for the *apprehension* of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. 'The pursuit grows hot,' thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; 'and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one.'

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with a Mr Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the City.

'In the City!'

'Yes; but your business with Mr Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands.'

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy back-room, where I was desired to wait till Mr Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the 'Police Gazette,' in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. 'Oh, ho,' thought I; 'Mr Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z. who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr Owen Lloyd; and I am the honoured individual selected to bring about the desired

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interview. Well, it is in my new vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours.'

Mr Smith did not keep me waiting long. He seemed a hard, shrewd, business man, whose still wiry frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—though the snows of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and the noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniment—social consideration and influence.

'You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked on these papers?'

'I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z.'

'Of course conclusions,' rejoined Mr Smith with a quite perceptible sneer, 'are usually very silly ones: in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith: X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes,' added the exact man of business; 'for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not therefore object to defray a fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkennelling the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. *may* be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and colour over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?'

'Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the general habits of the family.'

'Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?'

'Quite so.'

'You had better write with ink,' said Mr Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. 'Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?'

'Perfectly.'

'Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and, it was understood, descended from a highly-respectable family there. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior, then as head clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind—if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—one, in short, Mr Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible'——

'I understand; but I really do not see how this bears upon'——

'The mission you are directed to undertake? I think it does, as you will presently see. Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment; and to avoid a jail, fled, no one could discover whither. Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven years since from our service for misconduct, and went, we understood, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd. Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr Waters,' continued Mr Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing the note-book, from which he had been reading, 'that it is only the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and example of Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street as his fellow-clerk—the once honest, ductile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book—here it is—belonged, I know, to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover.'

'Might he not have inadvertently left it there when with you?'

'You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five-pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining.'

'The date is 1831.'

'Exactly. I have also strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire.'

'That is important.'

'This letter,' continued Mr Smith; and then pausing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added—'The commissioner informed me, Mr Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and *discretion*, as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore feel less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering with you upon matters one would not willingly have bruited in the public ear.'

I bowed, and he presently proceeded.

'Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior; she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing-room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which, being interpreted,' added Mr Smith with a sardonic sneer, 'means of course my death and burial.'

'You are in possession, then, if Miss Caroline Lloyd is living with her father, of his precise place of abode?'

'Not exactly. The correspondence is, it seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—*we* can now very well understand that—and she intreats Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is, thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me.'

'What post-mark does the letter bear?'

'Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that friend being, I no-

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thing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to us the most important part of the epistle is the following line:—"My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered." The words *in the forest* have, you see, been written over, but not so entirely as to prevent their being, with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest.'

'A shrewd guess, at all events.'

'You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must at any cost be terminated'——

He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised as 'X. Y. Z.,' desired to speak to him. Mr Smith directed Mr Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the 'Police Gazette,' and thrusting it into one of the table-drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, 'A relative, no doubt, by the name: be silent, and be watchful.'

A minute afterwards Mr Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated, and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintry side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, 'I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long-lost brother Owen: where is he?' He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to Mr Smith. 'Is he dead? Pray do not keep me in suspense.'

'Sit down, sir,' said Mr Smith, pointing to a chair. 'Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment'——

'*Was—was!*' interrupted Mr Lloyd with greatly-increased agitation: 'not now, then—he has left you?'

'For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman'—pointing to me—'to discover his present residence.'

I could not stand the look which Mr Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

'For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—— No, no—he has left you, you say, more than three years: besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd.'

'The truth is, Mr Lloyd,' rejoined Mr Smith after a few moments' reflection, 'there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with your—with your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could easily convince Owen'——

'Caroline!' interjected Mr Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—'Caroline!—ay, truly *her* daughter would be named Caroline.' An instant after, he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness: 'Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and, I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proudest merchant of this proud city.'

'Very likely,' rejoined Mr Smith dryly; 'but you must excuse me for saying that, as regards *my* son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent.'

'How am I to know,' observed Mr Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, 'that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?'

In reply to this home-thrust, Mr Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it.

Mr Lloyd's hands trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. 'Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honourable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains.'

He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgetty. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, 'If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help.'

'I am not sure of that,' replied Mr Smith. 'Let us look calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisements not being answered.'

'Truly.'

'If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, "in the forest," have been partially erased.'

'Yes, it is indeed so; but what'——

'Now, is there no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another? Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment,' added Mr Smith, 'usually fall back, I have heard, upon some favourite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity.'

'It is natural they should,' replied Mr Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. 'I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in intensest force, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more—— But no; he would not return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be looked down upon by those amongst whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there—in vain.'

'But his wife—*she* is not a native of the principality?'

'No. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of. How came I not to think of this before? I will set out at once—and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two.'

'This gentleman, Mr Waters, can proceed to Beaulieu immediately.'

'That must do then. You will call on me, Mr Waters—here is my address—before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir,' he added, suddenly seizing Mr Smith's hand, 'for the light you have thrown upon this wearying, and, I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family.' He then bowed, and withdrew.

'Mr Waters,' said Mr Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, 'I expect that no sentimental crotchet will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?'

'What right,' I answered with some heat, 'have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?'

'Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr Lloyd as to the likeliest mode of securing his brother.'

'My manner but interpreted my thoughts: still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it.'

'Enough: I have nothing more to say.'

I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr Smith exclaimed, 'Stay one moment, Mr Waters: you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd?'

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'I do.'

'I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution *if, by a frank written confession of his guilt*, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?'

'Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the *duty* you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. Good-day.'

I waited on Mr William Lloyd soon afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run—William more especially—a wild career of dissipation, till *all* was gone. Just before the crash came, they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother. They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good fortune, and economy, he at length ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and, as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and untended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly-rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach—the railway was but just begun, I remember—and was informed that the best mode of reaching Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distance from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatmen they were going on to *Bewley*, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed, they passed into a mean-looking dwelling, which, from some nets, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Beaulieu, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forget its name; but it was, I remember, within a stone's-throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash: a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—he usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy-work; and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the bar, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track sure enough! Mr Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of the iron law, was already upon the threshold of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a long-estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman too, whose letter breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit!—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affair as one of everyday routine. It would not, do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr and Mrs Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common, but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the new-comers perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me, 'Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk?' and he glanced at my dusty boots.

'Sir,' I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear-trumpet, 'did you speak?'

'A dusty walk,' he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane or across Fleet Street.

'One o'clock!' I replied, pulling out my watch. 'No: it wants a quarter yet.'

'Deaf as the Monument,' said Jones to his companion. 'All right.'

The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.

'Do you think,' said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes—'do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not.'

'Not he: I only asked him just for the say-so of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck.'

Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.

As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, 'Pray can you tell me which is Mr Lloyd the beech-merchant's house?'

'Yes,' replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: 'we are going there to dine.'

I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness, even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much, thought I, for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy! 'I have brought you a customer,' said Mr Jones; 'but he is as deaf as a stone.' I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hallooing and shouting, it was finally settled that, after dinner, I should look over Mr Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakeable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin—not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl especially—how encounter *their* despair? I mutely declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminals which *must* not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs Lloyd said, 'Oh, Mr Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three

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weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake.'

'A black, common-looking thing?' said Jones.

'Yes.'

'I *did* take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it.'

'Then it is lost?'

'Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Owen; 'there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will—— What is the matter, friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oh, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'

'We shall be much obliged to you,' said Mrs Lloyd; 'its loss would be a sad blow to us.'

'How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?' said Owen Lloyd. 'Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?'

'I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else.'

'When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us.'

'This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen in a dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

> 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,'

The warrants of which I was the bearer the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should, to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr William Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd and of Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr William Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what *they* did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with an apology for the absence of Mr Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully-engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr and Mrs Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

RUINS.

EVERYTHING is mutable, everything is perishable around us. The forms of nature and the works of art alike crumble away; and amid the gigantic forms that surround it, the soul of man is alone immortal. Knowledge itself ebbs and flows like the changing sea, and art has become extinct in regions where it earliest flourished. Kingdoms that once gave law to the nations, figure no more in the world's history, leaving nothing but a name, and Ruins.

Most of the ruins of the ancient world are remarkable as monuments of a political element now happily extinct. They are emblems of that despotic rule which, in the early history of mankind, was well-nigh universal; which delighted in rearing immense structures, like the Pyramids, of little utility, but requiring an enormous expenditure of labour; and contrasted with the capriciousness and violence of which, the most arbitrary of modern governments is liberty itself. But such ruins not only teach us to be grateful to Heaven for the blessings of political freedom, but reveal to us glimpses of a past which, but for them, would remain veiled in obscurity.

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By a right use of them we discover, more or less perfectly, the history and the customs of races long dead. Buried Herculaneum, once more given back to the sunbeams, reveals to us the domestic life of ancient Rome; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the paintings and sculptures of Nineveh, tell us stories of their kings, and show us symbols of their splendour. What geology is to us in relation to the early earth, such are ruins in regard to its human habitants: they are their history in stone.

There is a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness in the ruins which date from the era of the old universal monarchies. So many centuries have rolled away since then, conquest and desolation have so often swept over their territories, and tyranny so decimated their inhabitants, that among them Decay assumes a grander form than elsewhere in the world. It is not single edifices dilapidated that meet our view, but whole cities desolate—whole cities so crumbled into dust, that the very sites of some of the greatest of ancient capitals have slipped from the world's memory. Egypt, Greece, Persia, the Assyrian realm, are great names, once filling earth with their glory, now all but obliterated from the roll of nations. We enter the regions where once sat those old Queens of the East, and look for some reflection of former greatness still lingering on the brows of the inhabitants. We look in vain. Cities are mean; poverty is everywhere; man is degraded, nature half desolate, and the testimony of our senses makes us sceptical as to the truth of history. But search yet further, and lo! silent and inanimate witnesses for the dead rise around. Amid the solitude and the desert, pillar and obelisk, palace and temple, cities immense even in their ruins, mark how the barren sands were once a garden, and the solitude was peopled by busy myriads. Those shattered colonnades, those fallen capitals and mutilated statues, once rose above the dwellings of Hundred-gated Thebes; those mounds of rubbish, now shunned even by the wild Bedouin, cover the wondrous relics of Nineveh; those silent mountains that look down on the lone, ruin-covered plain of Merdusht, once echoed back the shouts of royal Persepolis. Ruins are the voice of past ages chiding the present for its degeneracy. They are like sea-wares on the shore at low water, marking how high the tide of civilisation once rose.

When we consider the remote period at which such edifices were constructed, we are at first surprised by two qualities which they exhibit, sometimes united, sometimes apart—magnitude and beauty. Magnitude always exerts a great influence on the senses; and without seeking to explain how such an effect is produced, it is evident from history that an admiration of the colossal is especially characteristic of the human mind in the early stages of its development. Accordingly, and perhaps also from a recollection of gigantic works before the Flood, the first undertaking of the united race of Postdiluvians was the vastly-imagined Tower of Babel. The first family of man in Europe—the Pelasgi—mute and inglorious in everything else, have left samples of an enormous architecture, whose ruins to this day exist under the title of Cyclopean. This peculiarity is not confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. In the remote East, and in the long undiscovered regions of the West, in Ceylon and in Mexico, the aboriginal races have left their sole memorials in similar masses of masonry. With them size seems to have been everything; it was magnitude which then fascinated the imagination. Even when men are well advanced in civilisation, the same spirit is perceptible among them, and a love of exaggeration, the frequent use of hyperbole, characterises the early literature of all nations.

From the exquisite beauty of much of the architecture, poetry, and sculpture that have come down to us from antiquity, the singular fact is apparent, that the fine arts reached perfection at a time when those conducive to the material comforts were still in infancy. In those days the race of man was yet young; and youth in the species, as in the individual, is the season of the Beautiful. It was a lively love and susceptibility to the charms of nature that peopled the woods and waters, the sunny skies and the sparkling sea, with deities in sympathy with man—that saw in the rainbow a messenger from heaven to earth, and in the thunder of the tempest the wrath of the Most High. The vague ever excites interest; and the mysterious phenomena of nature contributed to fix their attention on her aspects, and consequently on her beauties. Cœlum and Terra, heaven and earth—in one word, Nature was the great goddess of paganism. She was the great parent of their Pantheon—from her all other gods drew birth; they were personifications of her powers, and, till the days of the Greeks, it was under forms of her that they were worshipped. This susceptibility to beauty in nature was the parent of the beautiful in art. In stone, in bronze, on the canvas, they strove to reproduce the perfection of form that they beheld in select nature—to attain the same harmony of parts—and thus to awaken in the beholder corresponding emotions of pleasure. Thus art, in different countries, varied with the aspects of nature. The monotonous vastness and horizontal lines of the scenery of Egypt, find a counterpart in the heavy and monotonous grandeur of its temples; and the unhandsome features of its inhabitants, in the half-Negro faces of its gods. In Greece, on the other hand, the variety in its architecture corresponds with the varied aspects of the country; and its exquisite sculpture is but a reflection of the noble lineaments of the people. The showy prettiness of Chinese decoration is typical of the Flowery Realm; and from the exuberance of animal life in Central Asia, springs the profusion of animal forms in the sculpture and architecture of India, Persia, and Assyria.

External circumstances also then fostered genius in architecture. Splendour was the glory of the kings of those days—partly from taste, but not less so from necessity. The moral faculties of their subjects were too weak to be alone regarded: their senses had to be appealed to. As, during the Heroic Age, the king distinguished himself from his army by his valour in the field, so, during peace, he had to distinguish himself from his subjects by his magnificence. The royal mansion, constructed of enduring granite or shining marble, represented the visibility of power; and the people felt that they could as soon shake the globe as overturn the lord of so much might: hence the palaces of Persia. Religion, too, availed herself of like means of impressing the unspiritual mind of the people; while superstition imagined that the gods were pleased by the splendour of the temples reared for their worship. Hence the stupendous temples of Luxor and Carnac, with their huge ornamented propylæ, and far-stretching avenues of pillars and sphinxes—and the countless other sacred structures of Egypt, whose very ruins have all but perished: hence, too, the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta, where the labour of the worshippers has hollowed out of the mountain rock a mansion for their deity, and has sculptured its sides with groups from Hindoo mythology. Even in the New World traces of a similar spirit are to be found; and doubtless the vast ruins recently discovered in Yucatan were designed to magnify the worship of the great sun-god of the ancient Indians.

The noblest source from which architecture can proceed was pre-eminently exhibited in the republics of Greece. The exalted race that peopled that favoured land had passed the stage of intellectual development in which magnitude is the chief object of admiration; and among them the great object of desire was beauty, and their chief characteristic was the love of the beautiful. Among them Despotism was not seen building palaces to exhibit its own glory; it was a people gratifying an elevating passion, and, while doing so, voluntarily adding majesty

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to the state. Simple and unostentatious in their private dwellings, they lavished genius and splendour in the construction of their public buildings; for the state was but a concentration of themselves, and in its glory they felt they were all partakers. Nevertheless they desired beauty more for itself than for its concomitant splendour; and even in religion they were less worshippers of heaven than adorers of the beautiful. It is the loftiest of delights to say to the beautiful—'I am thy Maker!' and when kneeling before the matchless statues of their gods, the Greeks rather gloried in them as divine creations of their genius, than humbled themselves before them as emblems of their deities. Favoured by blood and climate, by the character of their country, and the advent to its shores of all the knowledge of the old East—the Greeks had a noble career before them; and well did they fulfil their destiny. Genius and power have long departed from the descendants of that lordly race; but mankind still flock to the Hellenic strand to gaze on the divine relics of the past. The sun of Greece has long set—but the land is still radiant with her ruins.

Egypt—that land of silence and mystery—as if to compensate for its total deficiency of written records, has left the greatest number of ruins. From the mouth of the Nile to above the Cataracts, relics of former magnificence stretch away to the borders of the Desert; and even amid the now sandy wastes we stumble at times upon a ruin lordly even in its decay. It tells us the oft-told tale of the triumph of Time. We gaze on the ruin, and see in it a broken purpose—and the strain of our meditations is sad. We think of the mighty monarch its founder—proud of his power, and eager to use it; yet conscious of his evanescence, and resolved to triumph over decay ere it triumphed over him—dreading the forgetfulness of human hearts, and resolving to commit his glory to things less noble, but less perishable than they, and to make the silent marble eloquent with his praise. Those porphyry blocks have come from the far-off Nubian mountains, and earth must have groaned for leagues beneath their weight; the carving of those friezes, and the sculpture of those statues, must have been the labour of years. Alas for the captive and the slave! Hundreds have toiled and sunk on the plain around us—till the royal pile became a cenotaph to slaves. That vase-shaped capital, half imbedded in the sand, has been soiled with the sweat, perhaps dabbled with the blood, of poor goaded beings; and the sound of the lash and the groan of the victim have echoed in halls where splendour and gaiety were thenceforth to dwell. But long centuries have passed since then; and now indignation does not break the calm of melancholy with which we gaze on the broken emblems of departed power. The structure which was to exhibit the glory and resources of a monarch lies shattered and crumbling in fragments; and the lotos-leaf, which everywhere appears on the ruins, is an emblem of the oblivion that shrouds the name of the founder.

But many a ruin that still 'enchants the world' awakens other reflections than on the fall of power. It may be a concentrated history of its architect—it may be the embodiment of the long dream that made up his life. From the inspired moment when first its ideal form filled his mental eye, in fancy we see it haunting his reveries like the memory of a beautiful dream. In sorrow it has come like an angel to gladden his lonely hours; and though adversity crush his spirit, he still clings like a lover to the dream of the soul. At length the object of his life is accomplished; and the edifice, awful in its vastness, yet enchanting in its beauty, stands in the light of day complete. To behold beauty in mental vision is a joy—but to place it before the eyes of men, and see them bow in admiration and love, and to know that it will live in their memories and hearts, elevating and gladdening, and begetting fair shapes kindred to its own—this is joy and triumph. The object which thousands are praising, and which will be the delight and glory of future ages, is his child—it is a part of himself. And yet now it has perished: the hand of man or of Time has struck it to earth. It is a broken idol—and we half feel the anguish at its fall which death has long ago spared its worshipper. The joy, the inspiration of a lifetime—the creature and yet the idol of genius—lies shattered on the sand; and the wild palm-tree rises green and graceful above its remains. In this we behold the moral of ruins—it is Nature triumphing over Art.

A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was somewhat less fastidious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but everybody told me that I should be so very kindly treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, in the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to 'the first gem of the ocean.'

I do not wish to tell the name of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a seaport, with some pretty environs, embellished with gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an 'elegant' avenue, I was to take up my residence. 'A very pleasant affair I expect this is going to be,' said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. 'Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic as anybody could wish!'

The Tolmies, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in parliament, and was a man of respectable acquirements, with exceedingly accomplished manners. His lady had been a reigning beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retired in a great measure from the world of fashion. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were obliging, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was soon arranged. French, music, and drawing were to be the principal lessons; and to work we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was due to comfort, not to speak of respectability. Several panes of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with, what till this time, I had been in the custom of thinking indispensable. On the night after my arrival I wished to fasten the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture. This did not more disconcert me than the discovery next morning that the room had no bell. I wanted a little hot water; but how was I to make myself heard! In vain I called from the top of the staircase; nobody came. At length I recollected that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and tolled the entrance-bell. Great was the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and servants were soon on the spot wondering at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a broken china jug.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment,

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I was not a little astonished at observing that the housemaid had been using my toilet-apparatus, and was, at the very moment of my entrance, wiping her face with my only towel.

'Judy,' said I, 'that is taking too much liberty, I must say. Go fetch to me a clean towel at anyrate.'

'A clane towel, did you say, miss? Why, this one is not a bit the worse o' me; for, you see, I washed my face afore I touched it.'

'I don't care,' I replied; 'I must have a fresh one, so be so good as to bring it.'

'Sure!' exclaimed Judy, 'how can I do that, when there is only one for each of us?'

'Do you mean to tell me that there is only one towel for each room in the house?'

'Indeed I do, miss, and plenty; for we always washes them on Saturday night, and dries them too; and in that way everybody has a clane one on Sunday.'

Finding from one of the young ladies that this was really the case, I could say no more on the subject. The next three days I dried my face with one of my cambric handkerchiefs.

If the stock of linen was rather scanty, it was not more so than the bed furniture and some other articles usually considered to be essential to comfort. For each bed in the house but one blanket could be produced, no matter how cold was the weather; and I certainly should have perished, if I had not taken the precaution of heaping my cloak and other articles on my bed every night on retiring to rest. How my young ladies managed I could not tell. Though well provided with frocks and other outside attire, they were desperately ill off for those articles which form the understratum of female apparel. Yet they were unconscious of their deficiencies, and as happy and gay as if they had possessed a draper's whole establishment.

The family had no lack of servants. There was a coachman, butler, lady's-maid, and several house and kitchen-maids. I never clearly understood the number of these female domestics. On the two or three occasions that I entered the kitchen, there were always some women sitting round the fire engaged in solemn conclave. One was pretty sure to be smoking a black stumpy pipe, while the others were warming their hands, and talking on some important piece of business. Such, I fancy, were the hangers-on of the family. They would go an errand at a pinch, or do any other odd job when required, for which, of course, they enjoyed the loose hospitality of the Tolmies—'a true Irish family, always kind to the poor; God bless them!'

One morning at breakfast Mr Tolmie kindly suggested that the young ladies and I should have a holiday. 'There is to be some boat-racing to-day down at the town,' said he, 'and you will all go and see it. My brother, the colonel, will be there, and pay you all proper attentions. So just take the car, and make a day of it. But don't forget the large umbrella; for you may perhaps have a shower before you reach home again.'

The offer was thankfully accepted, and we went off in the car, Reilly the coachman driving us, and not forgetting the umbrella. We spent a very pleasant day; and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, when the period for our return arrived, there was no Reilly to be found. After a world of searching, the faithless driver was discovered, not in the best balanced condition. That, however, is nothing to an Irishman, who can drive as well drunk as sober; so we got away in the car, not more than an hour behind our time. When we had proceeded several miles on our way homewards, we discovered that the large umbrella was gone.

'Reilly,' said I, 'where is the umbrella?' Reilly answered not a word, but drove on furiously. I could not get him to speak; and as my questions only caused him to drive with more frantic speed, I was fain to desist. When we reached the hall, we communicated the loss to Mr Tolmie, who did not express any anger on the occasion. 'Be quite easy about the umbrella, my dears,' said he, 'for it will be quite safe. Reilly has only pledged it for whisky, and we shall soon recover it.' Next morning Reilly received an advance on his wages; and the whole day was spent by him in bringing back the umbrella.

I mention this trifling circumstance only to show the want of exact management both in master and man. Everything was done in a loose sort of way, as if it were a matter of indifference how matters went. After a windy night, we were sure to see the ground around the house littered with lime and broken slates; but I never saw the damages repaired. 'Everything would do well enough, thank God!' Such was the consoling philosophy of these curious people. As long as the house hung together, and an outward appearance of gentility was maintained, there was little regard for substantials. Often we had very poor fare; but there was a tolerable show of plate; and if clean glasses were sometimes wanting, there were at least not bad wines, for those who liked to partake of these liquors.

I walked daily in the grounds with my young charges; and occasionally, to amuse ourselves, we visited the cottages of the humbler class of persons on the property. Mr Tolmie, who had been in England, where he admired the houses of the peasantry, was rather anxious to introduce the practice of keeping neatly-whitewashed cottages, and he gave strict orders accordingly. His injunctions in this respect were pretty generally obeyed; but unfortunately the whitewashing was all on the outside. While the exterior was white and smart, the interior—all within the doorway—was black, damp, and dirty. One of the cleanest-looking cottages was the lodge at the gate, inhabited by Larry the forester and his wife. In driving into the grounds, you would have said, 'There is a comfortable little dwelling—it speaks well for the proprietor.' Had you entered the cottage, how your feelings of gratification would have been dispelled! The truth was, that the interior possessed scarcely any furniture. The bed was a parcel of straw, hemmed in by a deal on the floor; the whole cooking apparatus was an iron pot; and a bottle, one or two pieces of earthenware, three wooden stools, and a deal-table, may be said to make up the entire list of household articles. Breakfast, dinner, and supper consisted of a pot of potatoes emptied on the table. Dishes at meals were out of the question, and so were knives, forks, or spoons.

Well, this family of husband and wife was one morning augmented by the arrival of a baby, for which, as I learned in the course of the day, little or no preparation in the way of apparel had been made, and the little stranger was accordingly clothed with such scraps of dress as the young ladies and I could gather together at a short notice—all which was declared to do beautifully, 'thank God.' The second or third morning afterwards, dreadful news was brought respecting baby: it had been attacked by a rat in the night-time, and very much bitten about the forehead. But the 'ugly thief' had been scared away before he actually killed the infant, which was considered a 'lucky escape, thank God for it.' In spite of this untoward disaster, the child throve apace; and with never a shirt to its back, grew up as healthy, and plump, and happy as any of its unsophisticated ancestors.

The gleam of joy which the arrival of baby had given to Larry's cottage was destined to be of short duration. Larry, poor man, had been for some time suffering under what he called a 'bad cowld,' but which I apprehended was a bronchial affection, aggravated by want of medical care. At all events, from bad to worse, and when nobody was expecting such a melancholy event, Larry died. His wife did not discover her misfortune till she found in the middle of the night that her husband was lifeless, or in a swoon. Frantically, as we afterwards learned, she drew the body from the bed, laid it before the expiring embers of the fire—possibly with the view of catching a little warmth—and then went to alarm the neighbours. The first female acquaintance who arrived in the cottage was Alley Doyle. All was pitch-dark, and as Alley was hastening through the apartment to the bed where she supposed the dead or dying man lay, she stumbled, and fell over the corpse; and before she could recover herself,

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others tumbled in, and increased the heap on the floor. The yelling and struggling which ensued I leave to the imagination of the reader! Not till lights were brought was the full extent of the catastrophe learned in all its grotesque horrors.

When it was discovered that Larry was dead beyond recall, his body was laid out on the top of the table; candles were placed according to custom; and forms being brought in, all sat down, and began a regular course of wailing, which lasted till the morning; and even then the uproar did not subside. On looking into the cottage in the forenoon, I was surprised to see, in broad daylight, four candles burning within, and all the shutters closed. The air of the house was hot and stifling from the number of breaths. Around the apartment sat the mourners, muffled up in blue-cloth cloaks; and nothing was heard but one monotonous chant, again and again repeated—'Sure he is not dead; for if I thought he was dead, I would go distracted now!' By this time Larry was in his coffin; but still on the table, and his face uncovered.

This miserable scene, so characteristic of Irish habits and feelings, continued till next day at twelve o'clock, when, by Mr Tolmie's orders, a hearse and cars were at the gate to carry the body of the deceased to the grave. Being anxious to witness the departure, but not wishing to intrude, I stood at a respectful distance from the cottage. This was likely, however, to prove rather a tiresome affair. One o'clock came—two o'clock came—and yet the funeral did not lift or move off. The lid of the coffin stood at the door, as if it were going to be a fixture. Astonished at the delay, I ventured forward to ask the reason. Nobody could tell, although hundreds of people were waiting.

'Where is the undertaker?' I inquired.

'There is none,' was the reply.

'Then who has charge of the funeral?' I again inquired of a person who seemed to be chief mourner.

'Nobody,' said he.

'In that case,' I observed, 'I think it would be proper for you and the others to get the lid put on the coffin, and go away as soon as possible; for it is getting late, and there is a long way to go.'

'Ah, miss,' said the man, as if clinging to the semblance of authority, 'I wish *you* would give the orders, and we would all do your bidding, and be thankful.'

Thus encouraged to take the upper hand, I requested some of the bystanders to follow me into the cottage, to fix down the lid on the coffin, and bear it to the hearse. All was done according to my orders; but such a scene I shall never forget—the widow dismally wailing when she saw the coffin borne off; the candles, with their long unsnuffed wicks, melting in their sockets from the heat; and the haggard faces of the mourners, worn out with their vigils. At my request all left the cottage; and in five minutes the mournful procession moved off.

It is customary in Ireland for women to accompany funerals to the grave; but on this occasion I endeavoured to dissuade the poor widow, exhausted by hunger, grief, and watching, from going in the procession. At this impious proposal I was beset by two viragos, who brandished their fists in my face, and dared me to prevent a woman from looking after her husband's corpse. I said that I had no objection to her going, further than that she was evidently unfit for the journey, and had not a farthing to buy any refreshment by the way. This announcement had a wonderfully cooling effect. The vixens ceased their remonstrances; and when the very discouraging intelligence of 'no money—no drink' spread through the miscellaneous groups who were now on the move, all gradually slunk away; and Larry's corpse was left to the charge of the kitchen-maid, the stable-boy, and the gardener and his sister.

I was thankful that even these few members of the procession proceeded to do their duty; and having seen the last of them, went home to the mansion, thinking of course that Larry would encounter no further difficulty in getting below the ground. Delusive hope! I did not know Ireland. Next morning I learned, that when the hearse arrived at the burying-ground, it was all at once discovered that that very important particular, a grave, had been unaccountably forgotten. The party looked about and about, but no grave or apology for a grave could they cast eyes on; and, worse and worse, there was no shovel of any description wherewith a restingplace for the unfortunate Larry could be dug. So off the gardener trotted to borrow the necessary implements; and these being fortunately procured at a farmhouse not more than three miles off, a grave was at length prepared; and the coffin was entombed just about midnight, all right and comfortably, 'thank God!'

I did not remain long in Ireland after this event. All the family were as kind as they possibly could be. But there were deficiencies in the *ménage* which the utmost stretch of politeness could not compensate. The rude disorder which prevailed was disheartening; and as my health began to leave me along with my spirits, I longed for *home*. I am now in that dear home, which no temptation, I trust, will ever again induce me to leave.

'L'ACADIE.'

'L'Acadie, or Seven Years' Explorations in British America, by Sir James E. Alexander,'* is one of the latest published books of travel, and differs so much from other works of its class, that it comes before us with the effect of novelty. Sir James is a soldier, was on active service in the country he describes; and to military men, therefore, his volumes will be more acceptable than to the reading world generally. At the same time there is much pleasant, off-hand observation on matters of social concern; and the author's account of his proceedings while surveying for a military road through New Brunswick is in a high degree amusing and instructive.

We should be glad to think that officers of Sir James Alexander's standing partook of the sentiments we everywhere see expressed in the work respecting temperance and rational economy. Wherever it can be done appropriately, he gives a smart rap to smoking, drinking, and similar follies. At a public dinner he attended at New York, plates of cigars were handed round during the toasts, and almost all helped themselves to one; whereupon he observes—'One gentleman said he always smoked twenty-five cigars a day, and often forty. It is really astonishing that men of intelligence and education will cloud their senses, and ruin their constitutions, with this absurd habit, originating in youth in the desire to appear manly.'

We have a long disquisition on desertions in Canada, the close neighbourhood of the United States offering a ready refuge to men who are disposed to break their allegiance. The monotony of garrison life and drunkenness are described as the principal causes of disgust with the service; and Sir James recommends employment, and the encouragement of temperance societies in regiments, as means for assuaging the evil. According to his account, deserters are not esteemed, and seldom do any good within the American territory. Many men, however, are either drowned in attempting to swim across to the States, or are captured. 'The drowned bodies of deserters have been seen circling about for weeks in the Devil's Whirlpool below Niagara.' An amusing story is told of the capture of a deserter:—'He left Amherstburg to swim across at night to the opposite shore. He managed to give "a wide berth" to Boisblanc Island, on which there was a guard, and he breasted the stream gallantly; but getting among some other islands, he got confused; and, instead of keeping the stream always running against his right shoulder, he got it on his left, and actually relanded on the British shore in the morning, thinking it was the American. A woman coming down for water was naturally a good deal surprised at the appearance of a man issuing, like Leander, from the flood close behind her, and exclaiming to her, "Hurrah! here we are on the land of

* London: Colburn. 2 vols. with Plates. 1849.

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liberty!" "What do you mean?" she asked. "In the States, to be sure," he answered. The woman immediately saw the true state of the case, and saying "Follow me," he found himself in the guard-room.'

In various parts of Canada bodies of Scotch are settled in clusters, or at least at no great distance from each other; and according to ancient habit, they endeavour to maintain some of their national customs. At one place Sir James had an opportunity during winter of engaging in the game of 'curling.' Instead of stones, however, which would have cracked with the frost, masses of iron of 56 to 80 lbs. weight, of the shape of curling-stones, were used. On St Andrew's Day he attended the dinner given by the Scotchmen at Kingston; and here he made the acquaintance of the chief of the MacNabs, who some years ago removed to Canada with 318 of his clan. The locality they selected was on the Upper Ottawa, in a romantic and agreeable situation near Lake Chats. Strange, to find a colony of the ancient Gael perpetuating the language and manners of their ancestors in the recesses of a Canadian forest! At the dinner in question, 'the MacNab was distinguished by a very fine appearance, stout and stalwart, and he carried himself like the head of a clan. His manners, too, were particularly courtier-like, as he had seen much good society abroad; and he was, above all, a warm-hearted man, and a true friend. He usually dressed in a blue coat and trousers, with a whole acre of MacNab tartan for a waistcoat—at great dinners he wore a full suit of his tartan. On the jacket were large silver buttons, which his ancestors wore in the "rising" in 1745.'

Another anecdote of a different kind informs us that the commercial genius of the New World has found in *rattlesnakes* an object of regular traffic:—'My respectable old friend, T. M'Connell the trapper, told me that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the rattlesnakes for the sake of their fat, and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in a season, and thus:—He watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand, and with his legs cased in sheepskins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek on account of food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far for their enemies, the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club; those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail; and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root (which he kept chewing in his mouth) on the wound: it frothed up, and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.'

The survey of the great military road through the interior from Halifax, which was projected by government in 1844, formed a suitable opportunity for Sir James employing his skill in engineering; and he was accordingly engaged on a section of the undertaking. The road was designed to extend upwards of five hundred miles in length. Beginning at Halifax, it crossed Nova Scotia by Truro and Amherst; having arrived in New Brunswick, it pursued a pretty straight line by Boiestown and Lake Madawaska to the south bank of the St Lawrence, whence it went onward to Quebec. The main object of the line was to favour the transit of troops to Canada; but practically it would open new and vast regions for settlement, and greatly advance the prosperity of the colonies, New Brunswick in particular. Already a travelled road existed for a hundred miles or more at each end, and therefore the only trouble lay with the central divisions. The exploration of the portion from near Fredericton to Boiestown was assigned to Sir James Alexander; and his party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodmen, or lumberers. The duty was of a very serious kind. It was to hew a track of six clear feet through the trees and brush, so as to permit the use of the measuring chain and compass with sights; and this being done, axemen were to follow and blaze the trees, by cutting a slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line. When it is considered that the line was to perforate woods which had never been traversed by civilised man; that for months the party would not see a town or village, if, indeed, any human habitation; and that provisions and all other articles required to be carried on men's backs—for no beast of burthen could travel such entangled wildernesses—the difficulties will seem almost insurmountable. Yet even all this was found to be as nothing in comparison with that most fearful of all torments—the plague of insects. That a gentleman accustomed to ordinary refinements should have volunteered such an exploration, is only another proof of the sturdy heroism of the English soldier, who fears nothing in the cause of duty, or which can redound to the glory of his country.

Instead of tents, which would have been cumbersome, the party took three sheets of ticking, which, unrolling at night, they stretched on poles to windward, the poles being cut on the spot; and under lee of this shelter, and wrapped in blankets, they lay down to rest. There was no undressing or shaving except on Sunday, when, no work being done, the day was spent in religious exercises and general recreation. The fare was simple, chiefly salt pork, tea, and biscuits, and little cooking was necessary. The expedition started from the end of the line next Nova Scotia, so as to explore northwards to Boiestown; their departure being on the 28th of May, while yet the snow was not quite thawed and gone. Starting from their lairs at five in the morning after the first bivouac, all were speedily at their assigned duties. Sir James went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and haversack, exploring with the Indian André, and indicating the line of march. With intervals for meals, all went merrily on till five P. M., when the party camped for the night. 'The anxious inquirer may ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting "eight or ten?" and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a-quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished), cut through the bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night.'

The heat was usually about 60 degrees in the morning; at noon 75 degrees; and at sunset 65 degrees. This range of temperature would have been very pleasant in an open airy country; but in the stagnation of the woods the closeness was sometimes terrible to bear. Then came the savage accompaniments—'the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-winged fly. The party were never,' adds Sir James, 'free from flies of some kind or other; and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated "doing their worst" at the same time in our flesh, and the black pests digging into it, and elevating their hinder end like ducks searching below the surface of a pond.' To avert the attacks of these winged pests, all the members of the expedition wore gauze veils, tucked in carefully round the face and neck; but with this and all other precautions—such as constantly carrying a burning green stick, so as to raise a smoke—proved of comparatively small account. To vary the entertainment, a bear or wolf occasionally looked in upon the camp; but no accident was suffered from their visitations.

The country through which the line was tracked is generally level, of a good soil, and requires only to be cleared to be fit for the settlement of a large population. Several small rivers were forded by the party; and at different places picturesque falls made their appearance. One of the largest rivers reached was the Gaspereau on the 10th of July, which it was not easy to cross with

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loads. Shortly after this, they entered on the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, a conflagration of the pine-forests over many hundred square miles of country, and which is understood to have burnt to death five hundred people. The blackened stumps of the magnificent trees which were destroyed still remain on the ground, interweaved with a new vegetation, differing, as usual, from that which preceded it. After chaining about ninety miles, and when nearly knocked up with fatigue and privations, the party of explorers came in sight of the limit of their measurements. Here they got well housed, and their hunger was satisfied with the wholesome country fare in Mackay's Inn at Boles-town, on the Miramichi.

It is much matter for regret that the engineering explorations of Sir James Alexander and others on this proposed road should have ended in nothing being done. At an expense of L.60,000, the road, it is said, might have been made; and made it probably would have been, but for the freak of making a railway instead. This new project, started during the railway mania of 1845, and which would have cost that universal paymaster, Great Britain, not more than three or four millions of money (!), did not go on, which need not to be regretted; but it turned attention from the only practicable thing—a good common road; and till this day the road remains a desideratum.

After the pains we have taken to draw attention to the work of Sir James Alexander, it need scarcely be said that we recommend it for perusal. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the author, the most competent man for the task perhaps in the Queen's dominions, will do something towards rousing public attention to the vast natural capabilities of New Brunswick—a colony almost at the door, and that might be readily made to receive the whole overplus population of the British islands. To effect such a grand social move as this would not be unworthy of the greatest minds of the age.

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

An association, as we learn, has sprung up in London with the view of procuring the abolition of all taxes on knowledge—meaning by that phrase the Excise duty on paper, the tax on foreign books, the duty on advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers; the whole of which yield a return to the Exchequer of L.1,266,733; but deducting certain expenses to which the government is put, the aggregate clear revenue is calculated to be about L.1,056,000.

We have been requested to give such aid as may be in our power to facilitate the objects of the Anti-tax-on-Knowledge Association, having, as is pretty correctly inferred, no small interest in seeing at least one department of the exaction—the duty on paper—swept away. So frequently, however, have we petitioned parliament on this subject, and with so little practical avail, that we have made up our minds to petition no more. If the public desire to get cheap newspapers, cheap literary journals, and cheap advertisements, they must say so, and take on themselves the trouble of agitating accordingly. This they have never yet done. They seem to have imagined that the question is one exclusively between publishers and papermakers and the government; whereas, in point of fact, it is as much a public question as that of the late taxes on food, and should be dealt with on the same broad considerations. We are, indeed, not quite sure that publishers, papermakers, and other tradesmen intimately concerned in the question are, *as a body*, favourable to the removal of the stamp, the Excise, and other taxes on their wares. Generally speaking, only a few of the more enterprising, and the least disposed to maintain a monopoly, have ever petitioned for the abolition of these taxes. This will seem curious, yet it can be accounted for. A papermaker, to pay the duty on the goods he manufactures, must have a large command of capital; comparatively few can muster this capital; hence few can enter the trade. London wholesale stationers, who, by advancing capital to the papermakers, acquire a species of thraldom over them, are, according to all accounts, by no means desirous to see the duties abolished; for if they were abolished, their money-lending and thirlage powers would be gone. So is it with the great monopolists of the newspaper press. As things stand, few can compete with them. But remove the existing imposts, and let anybody print a newspaper who likes, and hundreds of competitors in town and country would enter the field. There can be no doubt whatever that the stamp and advertisement-duty, particularly the latter, would long since have been removed but for the want of zeal shown by the London newspaper press. If these, however, be mistaken opinions, let us now see the metropolitan stationers and newspaper proprietors petition vigorously for the removal of the taxes that have been named.

But on the public the great burthen of the agitation must necessarily fall. Never would the legislature have abolished the taxes on bread from the mere complaints of the corn importers; nor will the taxes on knowledge be removed till the tax-payers show something like earnestness in pressing their demands. The modern practice of statesmanship is, to have no mind of its own: it has substituted agitation for intelligence, and only responds to clamour. The public surely can have no difficulty in making a noise! Let it do battle in this cause—cry out lustily—and we shall cheerfully help it. If it wont, why, then, we rather believe the matter must be let alone.

Who will dare to avow that the prize is not worthy of the contest? We do not apprehend that, by any process of cheapening, the newspaper press of Great Britain would ever sink to that pitch of foulness that seems to prevail in America. The tastes and habits of the people are against it; the law, strongly administered, is against it. The only change we would expect by the removal of the stamp-duty, and the substitution of, say, a penny postage, would be the rise of newssheets in every town in the kingdom. And why not? Why, in these days of electric telegraph, should not every place have its own paper, unburthened with a stamp? Or why should the people of London, who do not post their newspapers, be obliged to pay for stamps which they never use? As to the advertisement-duty—an exaction of 1s. 6d. on every business announcement—its continuance is a scandal to common sense; and the removal of that alone would give an immense impetus to all branches of trade. The taxes which press on our own peculiar sheet we say nothing about, having already in many ways pointed out their effect in lessening the power of the printing-machine, and limiting the sphere of its public usefulness.

DR ARNOTT ON VENTILATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

Dr Neil Arnott has addressed a letter on this subject to the 'Times' newspaper. Any expression of opinion by him on such a subject, and more particularly with reference to the prevailing epidemics, must be deemed of so much importance, that we are anxious, as far as in our power, to keep it before the world. He commences by assuming, what will readily be granted, that fresh air for breathing is one of the essentials to life, and that the respiration of air poisoned by impure matter is highly detrimental to health, insomuch that it will sometimes produce the immediate destruction of life. The air acquires impurities from two sources in chief—solid and liquid filth, and the human breath. Persons exposed to these agencies in open places, as the manufacturers of manure in Paris, will suffer little

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It is chiefly when the poison is caught and retained under cover, as in close rooms, that it becomes notedly active, its power, however, being always chiefly shown upon those whose tone of health has been reduced by intemperance, by improper food or drink, by great fatigue and anxiety, and, above all, by a habitual want of fresh air.

Dr Arnott regards ventilation not only as a ready means of rendering harmless the breath of the inmates of houses, as well as those living in hospitals and other crowded places, but as a good interim-substitute for a more perfect kind of draining than that which exists. 'To illustrate,' he says, 'the efficacy of ventilation, or dilution with fresh air, in rendering quite harmless any aërial poison, I may adduce the explanation given in a report of mine on fevers, furnished at the request of the Poor-Law Commissioners in 1840, of the fact, that the malaria or infection of marsh fevers, such as occur in the Pontine marshes near Rome, and of all the deadly tropical fevers, affects persons almost only in the night. Yet the malaria or poison from decomposing organic matters which causes these fevers is formed during the day, under the influence of the hot sun, still more abundantly than during the colder night; but in the day the direct beams of the sun warm the surface of the earth so intensely, that any air touching that surface is similarly heated, and rises away like a fire balloon, carrying up with it of course, and much diluting, all poisonous malaria formed there. During the night, on the contrary, the surface of the earth, no longer receiving the sun's rays, soon radiates away its heat, so that a thermometer lying on the ground is found to be several degrees colder than one hanging in the air a few feet above. The poison formed near the ground, therefore, at night, instead of being heated and lifted, and quickly dissipated, as during the day, is rendered cold, and comparatively dense, and lies on the earth a concentrated mass, which it may be death to inspire. Hence the value in such situations of sleeping apartments near the top of a house, or of apartments below, which shut out the night air, and are large enough to contain a sufficient supply of the purer day air for the persons using them at night, and of mechanical means of taking down pure air from above the house to be a supply during the night. At a certain height above the surface of the earth, the atmosphere being nearly of equal purity all the earth over, a man rising in a balloon, or obtaining air for his house from a certain elevation, might be considered to have changed his country, any peculiarity of the atmosphere below, owing to the great dilution effected before it reached the height, becoming absolutely insensible.

'Now, in regard to the dilution of aërial poisons in houses by ventilation, I have to explain that every chimney in a house is what is called a sucking or drawing air-pump, of a certain force, and can easily be rendered a valuable ventilating-pump. A chimney is a pump—first, by reason of the suction or approach to a vacuum made at the open top of any tube across which the wind blows directly; and, secondly, because the flue is usually occupied, even when there is no fire, by air somewhat warmer than the external air, and has therefore, even in a calm day, what is called a chimney-draught proportioned to the difference. In England, therefore, of old, when the chimney breast was always made higher than the heads of persons sitting or sleeping in rooms, a room with an open chimney was tolerably well ventilated in the lower part, where the inmates breathed. The modern fashion, however, of very low grates and low chimney openings, has changed the case completely; for such openings can draw air only from the bottom of the rooms, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air, is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of subterranean drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceilings, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air, no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimneypiece, than oil in an inverted bottle, immersed in water, will dive down through the water to escape by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle, or other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its open mouth downwards, even if left in a running stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney flue through the wall near the ceiling of the room, then will all the hot impure air of the room as certainly pass away by that opening as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an opening into the chimney flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides towards the chimney, and gradually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of the room nearly untouched.

'For years past I have recommended the adoption of such ventilating chimney openings as above described, and I devised a balanced metallic valve, to prevent, during the use of fires, the escape of smoke to the room. The advantages of these openings and valves were soon so manifest, that the referees appointed under the Building Act added a clause to their bill, allowing the introduction of the valves, and directing how they were to be placed, and they are now in very extensive use. A good illustration of the subject was afforded in St James's parish, where some quarters are densely inhabited by the families of Irish labourers. These localities formerly sent an enormous number of sick to the neighbouring dispensary. Mr Toynbee, the able medical chief of that dispensary, came to consult me respecting the ventilation of such places, and on my recommendation had openings made into the chimney flues of the rooms near the ceilings, by removing a single brick, and placing there a piece of wire gauze with a light curtain flap hanging against the inside, to prevent the issue of smoke in gusty weather. The decided effect produced at once on the feelings of the inmates was so remarkable, that there was an extensive demand for the new appliance, and, as a consequence of its adoption, Mr Toynbee had soon to report, in evidence given before the Health of Towns Commission, and in other published documents, both an extraordinary reduction of the number of sick applying for relief, and of the severity of diseases occurring. Wide experience elsewhere has since obtained similar results. Most of the hospitals and poor-houses in the kingdom now have these chimney-valves; and most of the medical men, and others who have published of late on sanitary matters, have strongly commended them. Had the present Board of Health possessed the power, and deemed the means expedient, the chimney openings might, as a prevention of cholera, almost in one day, and at the expense of about a shilling for a poor man's room, have been established over the whole kingdom.

'Mr Simpson, the registrar of deaths for St Giles's parish, an experienced practitioner, whose judgment I value much, related to me lately that he had been called to visit a house in one of the crowded courts, to register the death of an inmate from cholera. He found five other persons living in the room, which was most close and offensive. He advised the immediate removal of all to other lodgings. A second died before the removal took place, and soon after, in the poor-house and elsewhere, three others died who had breathed the foul air of that room. Mr Simpson expressed to me his belief that if there had been the opening described above into the chimney near the ceiling, this horrid history would not have been to tell. I believe so too, and I believe that there have been in London lately very many similar cases.

'The chimney-valves are part of a set of means devised by me for ventilation under all circumstances. My report on the ventilation of ships, sent at the request of the Board of Health, has been published in the Board's late Report on Quarantine, with testimony furnished to the Admiralty as to its utility in a convict ship with 500 prisoners. My observations on the ventilation of hospitals are also in the hands of the Board, but not yet published. All the new means have been freely offered to the public, but persons desiring to use them should be careful to employ competent makers.'

Having seen Dr Arnott's ventilators in operation in London and elsewhere, we can venture to recommend them as a simple and very inexpensive machinery for ventilating rooms with fires. The process is indeed generally known, and would be more extensively applied if people knew where to procure the ventilators. We have had many letters of inquiry on this subject, and could only refer parties to 'any respectable ironmongers.' But unfortunately, as it appears, there are hundreds of respectable ironmongers who never heard of the article in question, and our recommendation goes pretty much for nothing. Curious how a little practical difficulty will mar a great project! We trust that the worthy doctor will try to let it be known where his ventilators are to be had in town and country.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh, my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that e'en so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

MARIAN.

DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'cheek-for-jowl' with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five P.M. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.'—*Inverness Courier.*

IVORY.

At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on 'ivory as an article of manufacture.' The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about L.30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

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Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and may be had from all Booksellers.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 308. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849. Price 1½d.

THE HALF-BOARDER.

BY MRS ALARIC A. WATTS.

When a naturalist is desirous of describing any genus of peculiar interest in the world of nature, we generally find him selecting one of the kind as a specimen from which to draw his description of the whole race; satisfied that, although distinctions may exist in minor details between it and others of its species, the general characteristics will be found alike in all.

In endeavouring to sketch the principal incidents in the history of a class whose trials seem peculiarly interesting, because coming at a period of life usually exempted from them, I have pursued a similar course; and though the career of my heroine may present features peculiar to itself, as must ever be the case with personal history, her experiences will, I believe, be found to differ in no essential particular from those of the great body of her sisterhood. It can hardly be deemed necessary perhaps to begin the biography of the half-boarder from the hour of her birth; it may be sufficient to state that she is usually the eldest daughter of parents of the middle class, depressed into comparative poverty either by misfortune or imprudence, but blessed with the inalienable advantage of belonging to 'a good family,' and being enabled to boast of relatives of consideration in the world. Her earliest years are too often passed amid all the horrors of genteel but biting penury; in witnessing, daily, cares that have become familiarised, though not lightened, to her by frequent recurrence; and sharing anxieties which, though studiously concealed from her, experience has enabled her to divine, without suggesting any means of alleviating. Her duties are sufficiently multifarious: she shares the labours of

> 'The little maid some four foot high,'

by taking upon herself the lighter portion of the house work; and adds to this the heavier burthens of unremitting attendance on an ailing mother, and constant endeavours to divert the anxieties of a careworn father. She is the governess of such of her half-dozen brothers and sisters as are old enough to profit by her instruction, enlightening them with such gleams of knowledge as her own limited opportunities may have enabled her to acquire; and is at the same time the playmate and nurse of the younger members of her family. Thus matters usually stand until our heroine is about fourteen years old, when some pressing emergency induces the wife, notwithstanding her own repugnance, and the strong discouragement of her husband, to apply to his family for pecuniary assistance. The welldoing uncles or cousins, though at first astonished at the assurance of the world in general, and their own poor relation in particular, are not more hardhearted than is usual with persons who have all their lives enjoyed an uninterrupted tide of prosperity, and a family council is therefore held to consider what should be done in the matter. It is agreed at once, without a dissentient voice, that any pecuniary advances would be entirely out of the question; that they would only patch matters for a time, without being of any permanent service to the family; and, what is not the least objection, might afford an inconvenient precedent for similar applications in future emergencies: and it is finally determined that the aid which will prove eventually of most service to the family, at the least cost to themselves, may be afforded by assuming the charge of the education of the eldest child. The matron of the conclave is therefore deputed to make known to the applicant that, although they feel themselves precluded from complying with the specific request contained in her letter, yet that, being desirous of serving her family in consideration of the blood relationship subsisting between her husband and themselves, they have determined on relieving her from the burthen of Maria's education.

The first feeling of the anxious circle on the receipt of this announcement is one of unmixed disappointment. The father had not been without hopes of the success of the application, though he professes that the result is just what he had expected from the beginning. Maria is but young, and her education at this precise period is comparatively unimportant, while he is convinced that a compliance with the original request would have relieved him from all difficulty, and have enabled him satisfactorily to provide himself for his children's education; while the mother, though by no means so sanguine on this head, has nevertheless her own cause of disappointment in the cold and measured tone of the communication, which she feels with all the sensitiveness of misfortune. The matter, however, is talked over in all its bearings, and by degrees a brighter light seems to break in upon them.

The father begins to consider that, although the aid offered is not precisely that which he desired, it is nevertheless an important assistance; and the mother soon loses sight of the affront to her own *amour propre* in the chilling tone in which the favour is proffered, when she thinks of the advantages it promises to her child. Both parents remember having noticed particularly the young ladies of Miss Wilson's establishment at church, their superior gentility both of appearance and deportment, and forthwith follows a bright daydream on the advantage of Maria's becoming a day-boarder at that establishment—thus securing the double benefit of the good education for herself, without losing the advantage of the evening instruction for her sisters, and the solace of her society to them all. A letter of thanks for the consideration of the uncle or cousin is cheerfully penned, a card of the terms of Miss Wilson's school is procured and enclosed, and, for one entire evening, the whole family rejoice together in the midst of their cares at this stroke of good-fortune.

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For a whole week no reply is vouchsafed to the letter, and they begin to feel anxious lest some stray word or unconsidered sentence should have given offence to the persons they are most interested in conciliating. At length, however, they are relieved on this head: a brief note arrives, in which the writer regrets that they cannot fall into the plan sketched out by the parents; but as their motive in consenting to undertake the charge of the child at all, is to give her the means of securing her own livelihood in a respectable manner, they are of opinion that that object will be best attained by removing her altogether from her own family, and placing her as half-boarder, for a term of years, in some well-known school, for which they are already on the look-out. The letter concludes by professing, with extreme humility, that should this arrangement not coincide with the parents' views, they would by no means desire its adoption; in which case, however, it is very clearly intimated, they would of course feel themselves relieved from any further responsibility in the matter.

The dictatorial tone and startling brevity of this communication fall like an ice-bolt on the assembled group. The first impulse of the father is to reject the offer altogether; but when he looks on the anxious countenance of his child, he feels that he has no right to sacrifice her permanent benefit to a mere consideration of feeling on his own part. He accordingly smothers his resentment at the manner in which the boon is offered, and tries to rejoice that the comforts of a respectable home, and freedom from home cares and menial drudgery, are by any means secured to his child.

An anxious consultation next ensues on the subject of her outfit: the family wardrobe is produced in the little parlour; the least mended of the under-garments are selected, and a clean white tucker is appended to the well-worn best frock; the Sunday bonnet is relined with an eighteenpenny sarsnet, and retrimmed with a threepenny ribbon; the cost of half-a-dozen home-made muslin collars is calculated; and the propriety of a new merino frock is finally canvassed and determined on. The father looks on with an aching heart and a moistened eye as the last article of absolute necessity is provided for by a cheerful surrender, on the part of the mother, of her own squirrel boa and scarlet shawl.

A few days elapse, during which our heroine endeavours to soften the loss her absence will occasion in the household by redoubled diligence on her own part. The fortnight's wash is anticipated by a few days; she works early and late to mend up all the stockings; the children are doubly tasked on the score of lessons; the sister next in age to herself is enjoined to be very attentive to poor mamma, and the younger children to render due obedience to her deputy. On the evening of the Saturday following the father brings home a letter from his munificent relative, announcing that a school having been found for the child, she is to repair, on the Monday following, by Dawney's Wimbleton Coach, where a place for her has been taken and paid for, to their country-house; and intimating that it will not be necessary for the father to be at the trouble of accompanying her himself, as her safety has been secured by an order already issued to the gardener to be in attendance at the end of the avenue on the arrival of the vehicle.

The intervening Sunday is a day of restless anxiety to the whole family. Advice on the minutest particular of her future conduct is affectionately bestowed on our heroine. A faint attempt at cheerfulness is maintained by the whole circle, till the arrival of night and darkness permits each individual to give free vent to the pent-up feelings by an unrestrained burst of tears. The heart thus lightened of its load, they sleep calmly, and rise in the morning of separation conscious of a feeling of hope and cheerfulness, to which anxiety has kept them strangers since the first opening of the important negotiation.

The middle of Monday sees our heroine, for the first time in her life, surrounded by all the refinements of a well-appointed English gentleman's household. On her arrival she is conducted to the school-room of her young cousins, where she joins the party at dinner, and undergoes a somewhat unceremonious scrutiny on the part of the young ladies. They are good-natured, thoughtless girls, however; and though they do not fail to remark that her hands are rather coarse, and that she wants the self-possession of a lady, the circumstance is noted to each other in a carefully-subdued tone, and does not in anyway influence their kindly dispositions towards her. They exhibit, by way of amusing her, their toys and trinkets, and question her of her own possessions and attainments; but meeting with little response on this head, they try another resource, and considerately propose some merry game. The young novice, alas, has never had time to play! but she feels their kindness, and does her best to participate in the gaiety around her. The lady-mother returns from her drive barely in time to dress for dinner; and thus the awful period of introduction to her is deferred until the accustomed hour of dessert summons the denisens of the school-room and nursery to the dining-room.

I wish that truth would enable me to endow my heroine with that best letter of introduction—personal beauty; but what girl of her age was ever even pretty! The beautiful roundness of the features of childhood is past, and the skeleton only of womanhood has succeeded it: hence the falling-in chest, the long, thin arms, the bony ankles, the squareness of figure, and, above all, the vacant or anxious school-girl face. It is utterly impossible to conjure up beauty out of such materials; they belong less to the individual than to the age, and nothing short of time itself can remedy the evil. But when, to such disadvantages, a frightened awkwardness of manner is superadded, as in the present instance, by the unaccustomed appearance of everything around, and the consciousness of a dubious position, it is hardly to be expected that the result could be of a nature greatly to conciliate the favour of an indifferent, not to say prejudiced, spectator; and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that a reception perfectly civil, though rather cold, is all that awaits the protégée in the halls of her benefactors. The hostess fills her plate with fruit, and the host, without asking her consent, adds a glass of wine; and then both turn to listen to the wit of their own offspring, and talk over the events of the day. In the course of some half-an-hour the gentleman exhibits signs of an inclination to take his siesta, and the rest of the party adjourn to the drawing-room, where a confidential conversation ensues between madam and the resident governess, in reference, apparently, to the dependent child, who, with the quick instinct of inborn propriety, retreats towards the other end of the room, where she endeavours to amuse the younger children; in which she is so eminently successful, that the stately manner of the lady gradually begins to relax. Previously to the arrival of coffee, she is heard to request some trifling service at the hands of her little relative; and before the conclusion of the evening, finds herself even addressing the child as 'my dear!' The rest of the circle take their cue from the lady-in-chief; and the young stranger, by degrees, feels herself on a footing of intimacy almost approaching to equality.

With the earliest dawn our heroine is wide awake, the

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unaccustomed luxury of down pillows having, she thinks, prevented her from sleeping well. She wonders whether they are thinking of her at home, and how her sister performed her new duties; and ponders with some anxiety on her own future lot. Her father's relations have been very kind to her, far more kind, indeed, than she had expected; and she does not despair for the future. She is, however, rather annoyed at being obliged to admit the assistance of a servant in dressing her, and rejoices when the morning salutation with her cousins is over. However, a walk round the extensive grounds tends somewhat to brace up her nerves; and she receives a personal summons to attend her benefactress in her dressing-room without experiencing any serious trepidation. On her arrival in this sanctum she is desired to take a seat, and has to undergo a rather minute cross-examination as to her personal attainments, as well as in regard to her late habits and occupations. Her replies elicit no further remark than a caution, not harshly given, against bestowing any unnecessary confidences on these points upon the lady, her future governess, and the companions of her future home; whereof the advantages are forcibly pointed out to her, and a due appreciation of their benefits earnestly enjoined. Then follows the expression of a confident hope on the part of her monitor that the great expense incurred to secure for her all these benefits will be met by proportionate exertions on her part to profit to the very utmost by the advantages thus generously placed within her reach. This exordium brought to a close, and a dutiful acknowledgment returned thereto, she is next interrogated as to the extent and quality of her wardrobe, and replies with cheerful alacrity that she is well provided for on that score; but whether a hint dropped to the governess by the under-housemaid of the result of her observations at her toilet may have suggested a doubt on this head, or whether a feeling of curiosity is entertained by the lady as to what is considered a good provision by a poor relation, is uncertain, but the poor girl is required to produce the wardrobe, the extent of which does not preclude her from fulfilling the mandate in person. The carpet-bag is brought down, and hastily opened, and, with an involuntary gesture of distaste, as hastily closed. The services of the maid of the young ladies are in instant requisition, and an order is given to her to make a selection of the more ordinary garments from the wardrobes of her young mistresses. The damsel, though by no means approving of this wholesale appropriation of what she has been accustomed to regard as her own ultimate property, obeys her instructions, and soon returns with an ample supply of half-worn garments, which, with an air of subdued sullenness, she places before her mistress. The lady, who fathoms at once the origin of her dissatisfaction, desires her, in a voice of some asperity, instantly to pack them up; and secures a more cheerful compliance with the mandate by an intimation that compensation will be made to her in another way. These preliminaries adjusted, luncheon and the carriage are ordered to be in readiness an hour before their usual time; the lady announces her intention of personally introducing her protégée to her new home; and then intimates that her presence may for the present be dispensed with.

At the hour appointed the carriage is announced, the lady sweeps in, followed by her young relative, and an hour's drive brings them to the end of their journey. The aristocratic peal of the footman remains unanswered for a period sufficiently long to admit of a brief investigation of our heroine's future home. It is a large, red brick house, old fashioned, but perfectly respectable in appearance, with a multiplicity of windows, carefully veiled by blinds from top to bottom. A small front garden intervenes between the house and the public road, and is surrounded by a low brick wall, surmounted by a lofty hedge of laurustinas, under which blooms a perpetual growth of the blue periwinkle. The box-edges of the parterres are more than usually luxuriant, and the gravel walk, though carefully swept, presents visible signs of the moss of ages. The brass-plate on the outer gate, and the ample steps leading into the house, are scrupulously clean. On either side of the entrance hall, which is spacious, and even handsome, stand two large professional-looking globes, appropriate introductions to the world of knowledge beyond; while from the centre branches off a square flight of broad, well-carpeted oak stairs, which, if any criterion of the size of the rooms above, promise well for the domestic comfort of the establishment.

In the absence of a footman—a functionary not admissible in a seminary for young ladies—the party is conducted by a smart parlour-maid to a well-proportioned, though somewhat chilly drawing-room, handsomely furnished with chairs, guarded from use as carefully as 'the throne' of Lady Margaret Bellenden at Tillietudlem, and footstools which, though preserved by oil-silk covers, are yet guiltless of ever having been pressed by the foot of human being. The chimneypiece exhibits hand-screens as smart as gold paper and water-colours can make them, in which the conflicting styles of the pupil and the master, though ingeniously blended, are easily to be distinguished; and on the principal table stands a valuable work-box, which the lady of the house will not fail incidentally to remark was a present to her from her affectionate pupils. The room, in short, is redolent of professional decorations, from the Berlin wool and embroidery of the present day, to the bygone glories of filigree and shellwork. The visitors have only time to look around them, and select two chairs upon which they can sit with a good conscience, before the mistress of the house presents herself in the person of a very upright, ladylike woman, attired in black silk of glossy freshness, and leading by the hand a beautiful little girl, the pride of the school. The child (who is exquisitely dressed for exhibition) has been committed to her charge by its doting parents the day before they sailed for India, and she cannot, therefore, persuade herself to lose sight of her for an instant. This is said by way of apology; and the little piece of sentimentalism having produced its desired effect, the child is quietly dismissed to amuse herself at the other end of the room.

The important subject of terms and length of engagement having been adjusted at a previous interview, the patroness has little to do beyond introducing the new pupil to her new protector; and the identity of the family name unhappily preventing her début as the orphan child of a deceased schoolfellow, no alternative remains but to name her as Miss Maria Armstrong, a young person in whose welfare she feels a lively interest, the young lady being, in fact, a distant relative of Mr Armstrong himself, the offspring, she is sorry to add, of an imprudent marriage. How far her education may already have proceeded, the lady has had no means of ascertaining, never having seen any member of the family until the previous evening. She, however, without solicitude, confides the child to her maternal care, in the fullest confidence that whatever talents she may possess will receive the highest culture at her hands, and in the hope that the same will be met by a corresponding degree of diligence on the part of the young person herself, as on the exercise of these talents, be they great or small, her future wellbeing must depend. The lady believes that every necessary for the use of one in the position of her protégée has been provided; but should anything indispensable have been forgotten, she begs Mrs Sharp will have the goodness to procure it. She has only further to request, that no unnecessary intercourse with her own family may be encouraged on the part of the child; such communications, if of frequent occurrence, having a very obvious tendency to unsettle the mind, and unfit it for its manifold duties. With these sentiments Mrs Sharp entirely coincides. The lady rises, bestows a kiss on the little fairy—a shake of the hand and half-a-guinea on the young dependent—and a bow expressive of mingled cordiality and condescension on the mistress of the house—and then, with a measured step, regains her equipage; and, as the nursery rhyme has it—

'The carriage drives off with a bound.'

As the new-comer is only a half-boarder, it cannot of course be expected that the head of an establishment of pretensions equal to the one of which we are speaking

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should herself introduce the stranger to her dormitory; and as the attendance of a housemaid might lead to unwarrantable expectations of future service, the little girl is deputed to convoy Miss Armstrong to the room over the kitchen, the left-hand closet of which will be found vacant for the reception of her clothes. When this is accomplished, should any time remain previously to the tea-bell, she had better inform herself of the names and localities of the various departments, with which her little guide will have pleasure in making her acquainted. The clothes are unpacked, and put away, and the tour of the house is hardly accomplished when the expected peal is rung. A rustling sound, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet, is heard in the distance; the little girl safely pilots her companion to the parlour door, leaving her to make her *entrée* alone, and then skips off to join her companions in the refectory. The young novice waits a few moments to gather both breath and courage, and then gently taps at the door; a voice from within desires her to enter, and she stands before half-a-dozen smart ladies at tea. A pause of a moment succeeds, which is broken by the governess, who thinks (aloud) that it will perhaps be the best plan for Miss Armstrong at once to enter upon her duties. She is therefore desired to proceed along the passage till she arrives at a green baize door, on opening which, a second door will introduce her to the apartments of the young ladies. She makes her exit from the parlour in the best manner she is able, and experiences but little difficulty in discovering the eating-room, from which issues a cheerful buzz of voices. She wisely resolves not to give her courage time to cool, and so enters without observing the preliminary ceremony of self-announcement. The sound of the opening door produces an instantaneous hush, and at the same time directs towards her the glance of four-and-twenty pair of curious eyes, besides a piercingly-black individual pair appertaining to the French governess at the head of the table. She stands perfectly astonished at her own temerity; then thankfully sinks into a chair pointed out by that lady on her left hand; accepts a cup of tea, which a choking sensation in the throat prevents her from swallowing, and is conscious of an unwilling suffusion of colour from the crown of her head to her very fingers' ends. Tea and the tea things at length despatched, the usual half hour supervenes previously to the period for preparing lessons, advantage of which is taken by madame to inquire the name, age, &c. of the new-comer; whilst the little figurante, whose position renders her a sort of *avant-courier* to the school-room of the proceedings in the drawing-room, is captured by one of the elder girls, who, on pretence of plaiting her hair, seats her on her knee in the midst of her own peculiar set, and proceeds to extract, with very commendable ingenuity, all the events of the day, reserving to herself the liberty of drawing her own inferences from the detail, copious or meagre, as the case may be. One circumstance connected with the arrival of the young stranger does strike the privileged set with inexpressible astonishment. If, as is asserted, she came in a private carriage, and that carriage the veritable property of her friends, and not a 'trumpery glass-coach'—how, then, could she be going to sleep in the room over the kitchen?—that chamber of Blue-Beard reputation, strongly suspected of harbouring mice, and convicted, beyond question, of being subject to a very disagreeable odour! The thing is pronounced impossible, and unworthy a moment's credit. In vain the child assures them, upon her word and honour, she helped to put away her clothes; the proposition is not to be believed for an instant. The informant, indignant at having her veracity impeached, calls aloud on Miss Armstrong to verify her assertion. The appeal is, however, happily overpowered by a simultaneous shuffle of the feet of the inquisitors; she is quietly slided from the knee on which she had been sitting, and the discussion proceeds in the absence of the witness. There certainly is something very unusual attending the new-comer: no note of preparation announced her advent; no cheerful congratulations had been offered to themselves on the prospect of a new companion; no hopes expressed that they would do their best to make her home a pleasant one. And then the circumstance of her taking her *first* tea in the eating-room, to which she was not even introduced; such a mark of contumely had never before been suffered within the memory of the oldest school-girl present; and of this fact they were themselves eye-witnesses. It was inexplicable: they could not understand it. A single hour, however, suffices to solve the mystery: the period at length arrives for preparing lessons, and with it the housemaid to curl the hair of the younger children; and in this labour of love Miss Armstrong is requested to lend her assistance! A glimmering light as to her real position flashes across the minds of the bewildered spectators. But when she is further required to attend the children to their respective rooms, and light the candles preparatory to the arrival of the elder girls, the matter is put beyond a doubt: she is—she must be—a half-boarder!

Reader, picture to yourself, I beseech you, the estimation in which a Christian slave is held by a follower of the true Prophet, a Nazarene by a Jewish rabbi, a Pariah by a holy Brahmin of immaculate descent, and you may then have some faint, some very faint idea, of the depths to which this fact has sunk our heroine in the estimation of the major part of her schoolfellows!

The young ladies are at length fairly disposed of for the night; and the half-boarder, having completed her duties, descends again to the school-room, which she finds in the possession of the housemaid and a cloud of dust, the French teacher having joined the party in the parlour. Thither she also repairs, and requests permission to retire to her room. The concession is readily granted to her, and she gladly seeks her bed, to sleep with what soundness of repose she may. Anxious to fulfil the duties of her post to the spirit as well as to the letter of the bond, she is dressed even before the school-bell rings, and is ready on its summons to assist in the ablutions of the little ones. She saves many a heedless chit a fine by herself folding up the forgotten night-clothes; an indulgence, however, not to be taken as a precedent, her duty being to aid in the reformation of evil habits, not to slur them over. Having had no lessons marked out for her on this first morning, she watches the order of proceedings, and helps the little favourite to master the difficulties of a column of spelling.

After breakfast, the pupils having dispersed themselves in the garden to taste the morning air (young ladies have no playground), the half-boarder has a private audience of the superior, in order that, her mental standing having been duly ascertained, she may be drafted into class second or third, as the case may be. After rendering a true and particular account of her acquirements in reading, writing, needlework, &c. &c. and admitted her total ignorance of French, music, and dancing, the order is given for her admission into the third class, and beginning French forthwith. Dancing and music are held out as stimulants to quicken her diligence in making herself 'generally useful,' in consideration of having been received into the establishment at one-half the usual charge. Her duties cannot very clearly be defined, but she will soon comprehend them. Soon, indeed, poor girl! they being, in fact, to do all that is neglected to be performed by the other members of the household—to stand in the alternate relations of nursemaid and instructress of the younger children, and of butt and fag to the elder ones. She must be prepared to consider herself the link between the lower teacher and the upper servant, willing to lend her aid to each, and to bear the blame due to either; to labour with untiring diligence to improve her mind and increase her accomplishments, and thus eventually supersede the necessity for an under teacher at all.

These are multifarious duties, it must be admitted; but, as Dr Johnson says, 'few things are impossible to ingenuity and perseverance.' She has not been brought up in the lap of refinement, and therefore misses not its comforts: she is blessed with a strong constitution and a willing mind, loves learning for its own sake, and never

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forgets that every member of her own family may be ultimately benefited through her means.

It is true that at first it is painful to stand up with the little class—herself a giant among pigmies; to be conscious of a sneering smile on the part of the teacher as she draws a parallel between her bodily height and her dwarfish information. It is mortifying to know that her dresses have been discovered, by their misfit, to have belonged to other parties—that the discrepancies between her own initials and those on her linen have not been overlooked—and to feel that the absence of a weekly allowance, and regular home correspondence, are never-failing sources of unsympathising wonder.

All this is mortifying enough, but it is not all she has to undergo. After rising early, and lying down late, and eating the bread of carefulness, she finds that even the rigid performance of her own duties, and the neglected work of half-a-dozen people besides, meets at first with but little encouragement from the mistress of the house, who receives it purely as a matter of course, while it does not fail to awaken the distrust and jealousy of her subordinates. The cook remembers her refusal to connive at the abstraction of 'a dust of tea,' even when the key of the storeroom was actually in her hand; and the housemaid bears in mind that Miss Johnson would have bestowed upon her her last year's cloak on the arrival of her new *visite*, had not the half-boarder suggested the necessity for asking leave. The French teacher does not forget that, on the only occasion in which she indulged in a little harmless flirtation with a whiskered cousin of her own, the half-boarder looked reproof; the English teacher remembers her refusal furtively to procure sundry little delicacies not included in the daily bill of fare; while her assistant notes her strenuous efforts to qualify herself to supersede her in her own department.

All these offences are registered and retaliated. The cook, when reproved for any omission, stoutly declares that orders transmitted through Miss Armstrong never reach her; the housemaid, in waiting at table, contrives that the least savoury *plat* shall fall to her lot; the Parisienne shrugs her shoulders as she comments on her air *bourgeois*; the English teacher frankly declares she never could like her; whilst her subordinate sister 'hopes' that Miss Armstrong may prove as simple as she appears.

But a Sacred Authority has assured us that though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning; and the experience even of a half-boarder demonstrates that a patient continuance in welldoing is not without its reward. By degrees the lot of our heroine is considerably ameliorated: the prejudice against her begins to wear away; and even the English teacher, who has held out the longest, having a character for consistency to maintain, is constrained to admit that Miss Armstrong is an estimable and well-conducted young person. Her desire to please is at length appreciated, and her poverty is even admitted to be rather her misfortune than her fault. The great girls cease to despise her—the little girls learn to love her. The higher powers readily second the exertions for self-improvement which promise to relieve them from the drudgery of initiatory instruction; and the prize held out for the successful fulfilment of her humbler duties is in process of time secured. Instruction in dancing and music commences with the second half year, and glimmerings of still greater glories are pointed out in the distance.

The governess, though an exacting, is not an unjust taskmistress. If she requires much during school-hours, she allows the unusual luxuries of fire and lights when school duty is over; and furthermore advances the interests of her pupil by a statement, under her own hand, to the benefactress of the half-boarder, that she promises to do honour to that lady's patronage no less than to her own establishment.

Her successful progress in the road to learning, and in the good graces of those around her, coupled with the encouragement afforded by a kind word, and now and then a small present bestowed on her by the grateful mamma of some infant prodigy, all combine to quicken her steps in the race towards the grand object of her ambition—the qualifying herself for the situation of a nursery governess. In the meantime, in the words of Crabbe, her duty is—

> ——'to feel
> Dependent helper always at the wheel;
> Her power minute, her compensation small,
> Her labours great, her life laborious all;
> Set after set the lower tribe to make
> Fit for the class which her superiors take.
> The road of learning for a time to track
> In roughest state, and then again go back,
> Just the same way on other troops to wait—
> Doorkeeper she at Learning's lower gate.'

This is her lot for some two years; but she has the encouragement of knowing that her apprenticeship, though a hard one, is gradually fitting her for the object of her ambition; while, as she advances in her career, the experience of the past inspires her with confidence for the future, since it proves to her that right principle and steady perseverance are invincible, or they could never have enabled her to overcome the trials and difficulties which beset the path of a Half-Boarder.

INDIAN POLICE REVELATIONS.

We have frequently had occasion to observe that travellers differ widely from each other, even as to such matters of fact as must have come under the cognisance of their senses. The late Mr Rae Wilson, for instance, who observed personally the falls of the Narova, gives the measurement of the descent of water at something so comparatively enormous, as to prove that he had unconsciously blended in his imagination the whole of the rapids into one cataract; and we ourselves, when gazing upon those troubled waters from the wooden bridge that spans them, looked with such surprise upon the 'Yarrow Visited,' as must, we fear, have coloured, in an opposite way from Mr Wilson's, our impressions, and consequently our report. If travellers who desire, both from interest and inclination, to be impartial differ so widely in matters of fact, what shall be said of matters of opinion? A compiler is frequently taunted with presuming to write critically of countries he has never visited in person; but if he will only take the pains to collect, and sift, and compare the jarring and often opposite accounts of residents and travellers, we have a strong suspicion that he will be found better qualified for his business than any of them!

India has always been *the* Debateable Land of authors, both as to fact and opinion. The books published upon that country contain the most outrageous mass of contradictions extant; and each successive writer gives the lie, without the smallest ceremony, to those who preceded him. This cannot be wholly owing to our ignorance of the country and the people. The Hon. Robert Lindsay was shut up with the natives almost exclusively for twelve years; and he represents them as being so honest, that he could intrust three or four thousand pounds' worth of his property to a menial servant, wandering to the farthest extremity of the country, and absent for twelve months at a time. Colonel Davidson resided for many years, and travelled much in India; and he turns the reverse of the medal, representing the native inhabitants as thieves and vagabonds to a man. We must go further, therefore, than the mere question of knowledge; for these two witnesses (whom we take as the types of two numerous classes) are men of both knowledge and honour. We must seek for an explanation of the mystery in the depths of the human character.

The colour of an object, although really one of its inherent properties, is always modified by the medium through which it is seen; and nothing but care and reflection, or at least lengthened experience, will enable us to correct the error, and trace the actual through the

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apparent hue. In the same way, the qualities of a people in one stage of civilisation cannot be judged of intuitively by a people in another stage, because they are viewed through an uncongenial medium. The Indians can no more be comprehended at once by Europeans, than Europeans can be comprehended at once by the Indians. Much care will be required to enable the two to arrive even at an approximation to a true understanding of each other. Virtue and vice are not the substantive and unbending terms we commonly imagine them to be. They receive a new meaning, or a new force, in every new form of civilisation; the *lex talionis* of the ancient Jews, for instance, was abrogated by the more advanced law of Christianity; and we meet with a hundred things in history—

'Things light or lovely in their acted time'—

which, in the present day, would be considered indications of positive depravity. Few of the heroes of the middle ages would escape hanging or the hulks in the nineteenth century, and fewer still of the heroines would be received in a modern drawing-room!

To form a correct estimate of the Indians, we must compare them with other Asiatic nations, and not with the inhabitants of Europe, where the human character received a new and extraordinary development through the collision of different and distant races of mankind. According to the former standard, the Indians are much in advance, which can only be accounted for by the vast extent of their country, and the fluctuating movements of its population, interrupting in some degree what is called the 'permanent' form of civilisation peculiar to Asia. To estimate their moral and social prospects, however, and the moral and social prospects of the Eastern world in general, we must compare them with our own ancestors of a few centuries ago, among whom we shall find quite as much grossness of taste, obtuseness of feeling, tyranny, dishonesty, antagonism of classes, and puerile and debasing superstition. The conflicting views of the Indian character arise simply from the opposite idiosyncrasies of the observers. Colonel Davidson finds theft common, and stigmatises the people with the English name of thieves; while Mr Lindsay, marvelling at the singular fidelity of his servants, ascribes to them the English virtue of honesty. Both are deceived; for these two apparently opposite qualities may, and do, meet in the same individuals, and are therefore not of the nature of the English qualities of the same name. If we encountered such passages in history, we should comprehend the seeming anomaly, and at once refer it to a particular stage of civilisation; but falling in with them in the course of our personal experience, and suffering from the bad, or deriving advantage from the good quality, we take no care to discriminate, but give praise or blame according to the religious and moral dispensation we live under in Europe. The tendency of this want of discrimination is adverse to Indian progress. The people are at this moment undergoing, but more slowly, the change which revolutionised the West; although this time Mohammed goes to the mountain, since the mountain does not come to Mohammed. Europe flings itself upon Asia, and Western knowledge ferments in the inert mass of Eastern ignorance. We are numerically few, however, though intellectually powerful; and it is of the utmost consequence that we should comprehend clearly what we are about, so that our efforts towards the advancement of those we have taken forcibly under our tutelage should proceed in the right direction.

We have been led into these reflections by a very slight matter—a little book, as coarse, vulgar, and tasteless as can well be imagined; which professes to be the revelations of an orderly, or police subordinate, attached to an Anglo-Indian provincial court.* According to this authority, all India would appear to be one bloated mass of crime and tumult, and the calm and beautiful pictures of such writers as Sleeman would therefore require to be set down as impudent fabrications. But we do not look for an account of English manners in the Newgate Calendar; and the native scribe who in this little book withdraws the curtain from the mysteries of Indian police may be thanked for his contribution, partial as it is, to our knowledge of the country. In fact it is impossible to talk with too much reprobation of the police system of India. In venality and oppression it was never surpassed even by the most corrupt nations either of the East or the West, either in ancient or modern times. The reason is, that an effective police must be spread like a network over the whole country, and the Europeans are far too few for reasonable superintendence. Old abuses thus remain unchecked, and vast multitudes of hereditary scoundrels combine to cheat their superiors and oppress the people. The police, in fact, are the objects of universal dread; and numberless crimes escape unpunished, and even unexposed, because their victims will rather suffer than invoke such fatal assistance.

At present, however, our business is more with the criminal than the policeman; and the rough pictures of our Orderly show that the peculiarity of Indian crime is its resemblance to the crime of old and modern Europe at the same time. We see in it, under Indian characteristics, the offences of mediæval Europe, extravagantly combined with those of our own day. The priestly transgressors of the dark ages are reproduced in the Pundahs and Poojarees of Benares; and the English swindler who takes a handsome house, and victimises the neighbouring tradesmen, has an Indian brother in the *soi-disant* rajah, who confers his patronage as a prodigious favour.

The priests, it seems, perpetrate all sorts of crimes with perfect impunity. 'Many a dark deed has been done, and is done, in the extensive houses of these Pundahs and Poojarees. While the gong is loudly sounding, and scores of athletic priests are blowing *sunkhs** in the numerous temples that are dotted about and around the houses, the last expiring shriek of some victim is perhaps suppressed by the noise. Disobedient *chelas*,† victims of jealousy and crime, die by slow torture, or poison, or famine. No intimation is, or can be, given to the police, for none but the initiated and privileged may enter these houses, sanctified by the numerous temples. And who but the most devoted and trustworthy are ever permitted to see the dark places where crime is committed? It is believed generally—but I speak not from experience (for being of the faith of Islam, I am not permitted to approach such places)—that in the innermost recesses of several temples is a shrine devoted to "Devee," or "Bhowanee;" those infernal deities whose delight is in blood, where children of tender age are enticed, and offered up on certain occasions. Frequent are the reports made to the police that children are missing; the informants suspect nobody, and no trace of the innocents is ever found.'

Another pest are the *dullals* (brokers), who haunt the markets, and levy a handsome per-centage on everything that is bought and sold. 'Go into the *chouk*,‡ and attempt to purchase the most trivial article: take up a pair of shoes, or a shawl, and you will find a *dullal* at your elbow. The man praises one thing, abuses another, beats down the price of the vender authoritatively; and you are surprised that such disinterested officiousness should be shown to a stranger in a crowded chouk. The man civilly offers to take you whithersoever you please, and to assist you in purchasing whatever you may require. You return home, wondering what was the man's inducement to waste his own time in chaffering for you. I lift the curtain to show you that the venders

* The Revelations of an Orderly, being an Attempt to Expose the Abuses of Administration by the Relation of Every-day Occurrences in the Mofussil Courts. By Panchkouree Khan. London: Madden, 8 Leadenhall Street. 1849.

* Large shells. † Disciples—scholars. ‡ Market-square.

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and your *chaperone* are in league; that your complaisant friend is a dullal, who takes very good care to lower the vender's price only so much as to admit of his coming in for a handsome *dustoree*.* The difference between the bazaar price and the amount price of the article sold is the *huq*† of the dullal. You will ask whether the vender may not himself pocket the whole of the money? I answer that he dare not. The whole of the dullals would cabal against him; would cry down his wares; would thrash him within an inch of his life; would by force prevent purchasers from attending his shop. Can such things be? you ask. Can the authorities submit tamely to such outrages? Why do not the parties who are cheated or bullied complain to the magistrate? They have tried the experiment; and although in a few instances successful, they have generally failed in obtaining redress from want of judicial proof. Moral conviction is one thing, and judicial proof another. And were a magistrate to punish on moral conviction alone, his judgment would in all probability be reversed by the judge in appeal; who, having to form his judgment by the written evidence, must be guided by judicial proof alone.'

The *Budmashes* practise a trick that is not unknown in England, although known there chiefly under the modification of bills of Exchange obtained from the unwary by means of advertisements in the newspapers. 'Another common trick of the Budmashes is to entice people of decent condition into their private houses with seductive solicitations; and after amusing them, to keep them there until they put their names to papers, just by way of showing specimens of their autographs. They have documents ready cut and dry on stamp papers of different value, duly witnessed by people who are in their pay, or who participate in their frauds, to be converted into penal bonds for value received. Months afterwards the unfortunate visitor is accosted in any public place, in the presence of numerous witnesses, and asked for the amount of his (extorted) bond. Of course the debt is denied, and the demander is cursed only for his pains. But the Budmash calls people to witness that he did ask his debtor to pay the amount of his bond, which he refused to discharge. An action for debt is instituted. The Budmash produces the bond before the *Moonsiff*. The witnesses are summoned, and are merely asked, "Did you witness this *tumassook*?" "I did, your worship," is the reply: "this is my signature." The witnesses before whom the Budmash demanded the amount of the bond also confirm the plaintiff's allegation. The defendant can only deny the claim, and submit that the bond was extorted. "Where is the proof?" says the Moonsiff. "I have none," is the reply. And a decree is given in favour of plaintiff with costs. It is only when "Greek meets Greek" that the result is different. Then the defendant acknowledges the deed, but alleges that he has paid the amount with interest; and files a receipt for the amount of the bond, with interest at twelve per cent., duly attested by three "credible" witnesses, who appear before the *kuzoor*, and swear to their signatures, as well as to having seen the money repaid to the plaintiff.'

We come now to the swindling rajah, whose proceedings are almost amusing in their rascality. 'A common mode of swindling in the city of Kashee, as practised by the clever Budmashes, is for one of the party to personate a rajah on a visit of ceremony to the holy city, while his companions pretend to precede him, and hire a stately *huvelee* in Dal-ka-Munduvee, which they furnish for the nonce. Bulbhuddur Singh sits in state as Rajah Guchpuch Rae, bedecked in false gems, and dressed in shawls and *kimkhabs*.‡ His retainers go about the city, and entice shawl-merchants and jewellers to the rajah's house. They arrive with costly wares, and eagerly proceed to expose them; but the rajah turns an indifferent eye upon them, and declares they are not sufficiently choice for *him*. The *Soudagurs** promise to return next day. In the meantime the song and dance proceed with fierce rivalry. Six sets of the best dancing-women exert their lungs and limbs, and go through every fascinating movement to delight and amuse Rajah Guchpuch Rae. "Where is my treasurer?" exclaims the rajah. "Bid him bestow a largess of 100 *ushurfees*† on these soul-enslaving, terrestrial houries." A retainer, after going through the farce of a search, respectfully approaches his highness, and intimates that the treasurer has not yet arrived. "The *nimukharam! behasyah!*" ‡ exclaims the rajah. "Here, fellows, see that a proper treasurer be in attendance on the morrow, to whom we shall deliver our treasure and *toshekhkanah*." § The rajah enjoys himself until no longer able to sustain excitement; and then the *Gundrupins* ‖ retire, and the torches are extinguished.

'Next day there are several candidates for the honour of the treasurer's office, who eagerly offer to serve. "The salary is 200 rupees a month," says the rajah; "and I hate accounts. Constant attendance and implicit obedience are all I require." After rejecting some, his highness fixes upon Lalla Umbeka Sahaee, who receives a well-worn shawl as a *khillut*,¶ and an immense key. He ventures to ask where the treasury is? and is told to wait until the *kuzrut* has leisure to show it to him. In the meantime the rajah suddenly recollects that he has an immediate occasion for 1000 rupees, and he shouts out, "Here, Bahadoor, take one thousand rupees from Lalla Umbeka Sahaee, and give it to Bisheshur Singh, and be sure to take a receipt for the money. Tell him it is the price of a ring I bought of him for my favourite Goolbehar." Bahadoor asks the treasurer for the money. The poor man looks aghast, and shows a huge key as all he has received of the rajah's treasure. But Bahadoor tells him that Rajah Guchpuch Rae never fails to cut off the ears of a disobedient servant. So the hint is taken, and Lalla gives an order on his *shroff* in the city for the amount; and Bahadoor at once proceeds to realise the money. As evening approaches, shawl-merchants and jewellers again appear, and press their wares on the rajah. They see Lalla Umbeka Sahaee figuring as treasurer. They are old acquaintance, and they ask him the amount of Guchpuch Rae's treasure; in reply to which he simply shows *the* key, about a foot in length. The merchants open out their wares to entice the rajah, but he says he will wait until all his things arrive. They offer to leave their bundles for the rajah and his ladies to choose, which is agreed to with apparent indifference. The song and dance proceed, as usual, until midnight, when the torches are extinguished.

'Next morning, what a change has taken place! One old man is seated at the doorway, dozing over a *chillum of ganjah*. No other sign of life is visible in Rajah Guchpuch Rae's palace. The treasurer arrives first, opens and rubs his eyes, and asks the old man where the rajah and his people have gone? He replies that they decamped before dawn. In due course the Muhajuns, the jewellers, and birds of song arrive, but nothing of the rajah is to be found; and smoke-stained walls, and filth, and litter about the rooms, alone betray that revelry *had been* there! The jewellers and Muhajuns turn in wrath upon Lalla Umbeka Sahaee, and tax him with having aided to cheat them. They proceed first to abuse, and then to beat him. In vain the poor man shows the huge key, and laments his thousand rupees lost for ever. They drag him to the *kotwal*, and charge him with having cheated them; and the defrauded treasurer remains in durance vile for a week at least, and gets off at last on proving himself to be one of the victims of this system of swindling, and after feeing the police myrmidons pretty roundly.'

* Customary douceur. † Right. ‡ Kincoobs.

* Tradespeople. † Gold mohurs.
‡ Unfaithful to salt—shameless. § Place for keeping valuables.
‖ A caste of Hindoo Nautch-girls. ¶ Dress of honour.

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Here we close, without further remark, a book from which the reader will learn that the crimes of India are not remarkably different from those of earlier England, although fostered by the worst police system that ever disgraced and demoralised a country.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

GOTTENBURG TO CHRISTIANIA.

At six o'clock of the morning of the 4th July, Quist duly appeared with the carriage at the door of the Gotha Kellare. It was a dull, cool, drizzling morning, and I mentally rejoiced in having, against many advices, resolved upon a vehicle which could afford me protection from the elements. My baggage being arranged beside me in the carriage, so that I could readily command anything I wanted—one of the greatest of all comforts in solitary travelling—I hastily swallowed the cup of coffee presented to me in my bedroom—the common custom of the country—and was soon on the road to Christiania. I observed that two hardy little horses were yoked to the carriage with rope-traces. Beside Quist, who drove them, sat a man who was to bring back the cattle, the first of a long series of such persons whom I was to see in that situation during my journey, of all varieties of age, from twelve years to threescore, in all kinds of clothes, from stout *wadmaal* down to bare decency. The robust, bulky frame of honest Quist generally made these people appear like dwarfs by his side. As we drove rapidly along the swampy plain surrounding Gottenburg, we met an immense number of small market-carts, driven by peasant men or women, or both, generally very lightly laden, and going at a trot, the people being usually seated on a sort of chair, perched on elastic beams passing back at an angle from the beams of the vehicle, so as to give somewhat the effect of springs. I felt affected at seeing such a multitude of people engaged in a labour so uneconomical, and which must consequently remunerate them so ill; for of course where a man or woman give a day of their own time, along with a horse's labour, to the business of selling a single pig or lamb, a few chickens and eggs, or some such trifling merchandise, the remuneration must be of the most miserable kind. The poor too often struggle on in this manner, always busy, as they allege, often working very hard, and wondering that, with all their exertions, they make so little, when the plain truth is, that their labour is so ill-directed, or is so uneconomically conducted, and in the result of their labours they consequently do so little for their fellow-creatures, that their little gains are exactly what is to be expected, and what is strictly their due. The very best lesson that we could teach a poor man, with a view to improving his fortunes, would be that which led him, as far as possible, to extend his usefulness, to substitute economical for uneconomical labour, and to concentrate and divide employments. I beheld, with interest, in this exhibition of the Swedish peasantry, the first aspect of an economy out of which it has been the business of the last hundred years to reform the farming population of my own country.

At the first station, which we reached in little more than an hour, the horses which had been ordered were in waiting, along with a new *loon* of some kind to take care of them. The man in charge of the used horses was then paid at a rate which appeared nearly equivalent to threepence-halfpenny per English mile. But something more was needed—*dricka-pinge*, or drinks-money, as Quist called it. In England, something like half-a-crown would have been expected. In Sweden, a few skillings—about twopence of our money—was given, and most thankfully received. We then set out with our new horses. The station, it may be remarked, is a place like a carrier's inn. Travellers of a humble class may stop and refresh at it; but it expects no gentlemen customers, and is unprepared for their reception. One or two out of a long series are tolerable places, and it is necessary to calculate so as to have any needful meals there, instead of the meaner houses; but even with these better-sort of houses it is necessary to order meals by the forebud, for a guest is so rare, that they have no standing arrangements for his reception. My breakfast had been ordered at the third station. It proved a decent, plain house, with clean-boarded floors, and a few rude prints along the walls; and, had there been wheaten bread, the eggs and coffee would have enabled me to make a tolerable meal.

The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills of soft outline, with alluvial plains between. It is impossible for any person of common powers of observation to fail to be struck with the appearance of the rocky surface presented around Gottenburg and along the road upon which I was now travelling. All the abruptnesses and asperities usually seen upon rocks are here ground off: all is smooth and rounded. Here you see great ridges, resembling the hull of a ship turned keel uppermost, both in the general form and the smoothness of surface. There you see great slopes, as straight and smooth as an ashlar wall. Sometimes a kind of trough or channel is seen between rising ridges, and of this the sides are usually quite smooth. In general, there has been a certain weathering of the exterior, though leaving the general plane—if I may use such an expression—in its original state. Where the surface has been from any cause protected from the elements, the smoothing is clearly seen to be a true mechanical polish; that is to say, not a result of some causes connected with the formation of the rock, but an effect proceeding from some external agent which has operated on the rocks after they had been thrown into their present arrangement as a surface for this part of the earth. On these preserved surfaces we find striæ or scratches, evidently a portion of the general operation, whatever it was; and these striæ, as well as the channellings and ridges, lie in one direction—namely, *compass* N. E. and S. W. In numberless instances in travelling to-day I took out my compass to test this point, where much struck by the appearances, and the result was invariable. The valley of the Gotha Elv lies from north to south; but this seems merely to have exposed it to being impressed with these singular appearances. There are several hill-faces which may be considered as an exception, being rough and cliffy, sometimes with a talus of débris descending from below the cliffy front, as in Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. In all such instances the face of the cliff is to the *south-west*; and where this occurs in a valley, the opposite hill-face is invariably smooth, with rounded surfaces, showing as if the smoothing agent had moved from the north-east, failing to press against faces turned away from that point of the compass, but bearing hard upon such as were presented towards it. It was most impressive and interesting to read in these facts so strange a tale of grand preterite operations of nature. I had seen some of the few and scattered markings of the same kind which exist on the surface of my own country, but was nevertheless unprepared for the all but universal grinding to which Sweden has been subjected. In Scotland one has to seek for the appearances in nooks of the country; but here they are met at every step. Very often farm establishments, and the inns at which the traveller stops, are placed on smoothed plateaux of rock, the place thus acquiring from nature all the benefit of a paved courtyard, as well as of a perfectly firm and dry foundation. Often you can trace in these natural pavements the primitive channellings and striæ, though hob-nails and wagon-wheels have clattered over them for centuries.

The matter massed up against the smoothed valley-sides has all the appearance of that of *moraines* amongst the Alps. A moraine, as must be known by many persons, is the accumulation of loose matter which a glacier brings down in its course, and deposits at its base. The matter seen here, as at the skirts of the Alpine glaciers, is a coarse, pale, sandy clay, mixed with

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rough stones of all sizes up to many tons—mixed confusedly—with here and there little nests of matter, where the clay and sand have been separated and laid down by water. Over this matter in some places are stratified sand and gravel, coming to flat, terraced forms, like sea-beaches. These, however, are rare objects. The tendency of the whole appearances, in an unprejudiced mind, is to convey the idea that ice has been the cause of the main phenomena. That water in any form could have produced them is utterly inadmissible, though this was the supposition formed by the first scientific observer, M. Sefstrom. Persons who have only read descriptions of the appearances may think them explainable upon an aqueous theory; but if they visit Sweden, and look at the surface with their own eyes, they must, if open to conviction at all, see that no such agent could have produced such effects. Only some agent applying forcibly, pressingly, and with an equable, continuous motion—like a plane going over a deal, or a plough in a furrow—could have so dressed the original surface. Such an agent is ICE. The identity of the loose matter with the moraines of existing glaciers points to the same conclusion. I therefore believe, with M. Agassiz and others, that ice has been the means of smoothing the surface of Sweden—ice on a scale of grandeur beyond what we are accustomed to see; though how such a glacial sheet was originated, and how it could move across the whole irregular face of a large country, up hill and down hill, maintaining over wide provinces one direction, I think it would be difficult to explain. We perceive clearly the nature of the agent, and we see this agent still at work upon the earth, though in a limited manner: the only difficulty is as to the different physical circumstances on which depended the magnitude of the phenomenon and the manner of its application. The superficial arrangements of the loose matter speak of a subsequent dip under water, a fact of which I shall have occasion to show other evidences.

The country passed over in this day's journey is not interesting to any but the geologist. It presents only a series of humble-looking farmsteads, and one or two small and unimportant towns. The farmhouses bear a general resemblance to those of Switzerland, but want the overhanging eaves, and are less picturesque, though some are painted of a red or ochrey colour, which gives a cleanly effect. Unlike Switzerland, too, barns, byres, and all sorts of store-offices occupy detached buildings, an arrangement by which the risk of fire is materially reduced. The scenery, though sufficiently rude, is not romantic; for the hills are in general only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, and their outline has been rendered tame by the glacial polishing above described. The ice, as I sometimes surprised my Scandinavian friends by remarking, has been a great enemy to the picturesque in this region of the earth. Though there is no want of population, the country is dull. One misses even the little taverns and huckstry-shops which everywhere give a sort of life to the roadsides in England and Scotland. In the afternoon we came to a fiord, and found at its upper extremity the town of Uddevalla, containing from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants. Uddevalla is a name of no small interest in science, because of a great bed of ancient shells found near it. This, too, is a kind of object very rare, and only seen on a most limited scale in the superficial formations of Britain. The effect was novel and startling when, on the hill-face overlooking the fiord, and at the height of two hundred feet above its waters, I found something like a group of gravel-pits, but containing, instead of gravel, nothing but shells! It is a nook among the hills, with a surface which has originally been flat in the line of the fiord, though sloping forward towards it. We can see that the whole space is filled to a great depth with the exuviæ of marine mollusks, cockles, mussels, whelks, &c. all of them species existing at this time in the Baltic, with only a thin covering of vegetable mould on the surface. That surface has been broken in several places by the peasantry, who dig and carry away these spoils of ancient seas to spread them over their lands. I feel sure that some of their excavations are twenty feet deep; yet that is not the whole thickness of the shell-bed. Of course it is a proof of the sea and land having formerly been at a different relative level; and one more convincing could not be desired. I was familiar with this as a geological fact; but the shell-bed of Uddevalla presented it with a freshness and liveliness of evidence beyond what I would have expected. Seeing these shells so entire, so like in all respects to any bed of shells on the present shore, one looks upon the period antecedent to the assumption of the present relative level as a thing of yesterday; the whole series of intermediate events, including, what is probably but a small part of it, the course of the written history of the human race, seems concentrated into that brief space which, relatively to the entire history of the universe, it actually occupies.

My halting-place for the first night was at Quistrom, ten and a-half Swedish, or about seventy English miles from Gottenburg. This reminds me to remark that the mile in Sweden, in consequence of an arrangement adopted during the last century, is fixed at the tenth part of a geographical degree, which, it will be remembered, is about 69½ English miles. For such spaces as we require the term *mile* to designate, the Swedes speak of quarter and half-quarter miles. The roads exhibit formidable 'milestones' for each quarter, usually adorned with the initials of the king under whose reign they were erected. In the whole of this day's journey I had passed only one gentleman's house—a pretty place with a park, near Quistrom; and I was afterwards informed that it belonged to an Englishman. Country-houses, of a character approaching that of an English gentleman's mansion, are objects scarcely existing in either Sweden or Norway, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns.

At Quistrom I was shown into a large room in an upper floor, uncarpeted, but strewed thickly with small pieces of pine spray and juniper bush, the scent of which is abundantly pungent. This is a description applicable to most public rooms in the country inns of Scandinavia, the vegetable sprinkling being designed for exactly the same effect as a sprinkling of yellow sand in British houses of a humble class. In obedience to the forebud order, a meal was ready to be laid down for me, consisting of two small dishes of animal food, with milk, cheese, and hard cakes of rye. Everything was clean, though homely. A married pair with a child had arrived in a light vehicle about the same time with me; and as soon as I was done with eating, I retired to my bedroom, that they might sup in privacy at the same table. They had a bedroom at one side; I one at the other, a plain small room, also uncarpeted, and possessing little furniture besides a small couch of plain deals. I mention these things as characteristic of the roadside inns all over the country. Here, as everywhere else, there was snowy bed-linen. I feared the entomology of the house, but was agreeably disappointed. The stories told of Sweden and Norway in this respect are surely exaggerations. At least I can say, with a safe conscience, that of the *cimicidæ* I never saw one example, and of the species *pulex irritans* only two, during the whole time I was in the country. It is a point not unworthy of notice, for, under different impressions, I had for many nights much less steady sleep than is desirable for a traveller.

An early walk next morning showed me the situation of the inn in a pleasant valley, where a river terminates in a fiord. The river, I was told, contains abundance of fine fish, and I bethought me that for an angler such an opportunity of sport, with so cleanly an inn to live in, might be very attractive. Quist having contrived the night before to get several forebud notices sent on by a private hand free of expense, I started at eight o'clock, with some uncertainty as to the conclusion of

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my day's journey. The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills, all smoothed, with spaces between, filled up to various heights with detrital matter. This matter usually composes flats, and the ground therefore joins the rocky hills almost as mountain lakes join the sides of the basins containing them—a feature speaking significantly of the operations of the sea upon the stuff left at the conclusion of the glacial action. Contrary to my expectation, very few boulders appeared upon the hills. Sometimes a rill cuts down the alluvial flat, and then we see a series of cultivated fields on the bisected level spaces, frontiered by steep pastoral banks, all in a flush of wild-flowers. The rounded gray rocky hills; the alluvial flats, sometimes cultivated, sometimes in moorland; low, gray, stone enclosures; red wooden houses scattered at wide intervals; now and then a whitened church, with a red wooden spire, topping a low height—such were the predominant features of the landscape during this morning's drive. The people are remarkably civil and inoffensive: not a man or boy do I pass or meet who does not take off his hat. I feel this as courtesy, not as servility, and am careful to return each greeting duly, in order that so amiable a custom may not suffer by me. There is one singular impediment in travelling: almost every few hundred yards—though often at very much wider intervals—a gate crosses the road, being part of the system of farm enclosures, and having a regard to the exclusion of cattle from the corn-fields. Generally some cottage child or group of children is ready to run and open the gate for the approaching vehicle; and for this service a minute coin, such as the third or sixth of a skilling, is regarded as a rich reward. Where no such aid is at hand, the charge-taker of the horses has to descend and throw up the bar. Another novel feature of the roads is the frequent appearance by the wayside of little posts bearing small boards, which contain an inscription—as 'Hede, 200 alnar,' 'Hogdal, 134 alnar,' &c. The explanation is, that the roads in Sweden and Norway are kept up by the bonder or peasants, each taking charge of some small section near his farm. The boards show for what piece each is answerable, the space being indicated in ells. A public officer makes periodical rounds, to see that each person executes his portion in a satisfactory manner, and to impose fines where the duty is neglected. This system partakes of the character of the compulsory furnishing of horses, and imparts a curious idea of the state of public opinion in these countries as to personal liberty. It appears that, let there be never such liberal or democratic forms established on the continent, the state of individual liberty remains the same: the central government is still permitted to bandy about the simple subject at its pleasure. And the oddest consideration is, that, amidst all the democratic struggles and revolutionary writhings which occasionally take place, no one thinks of complaining of these trammelments, or getting them corrected.

In the evening I approached a fiord called Swinesund, which forms the northern limit of Sweden in this direction. At the last station on the Swedish side an elderly officer-like man came up with great politeness, and addressed me, first in Swedish, and afterwards in German. It was his duty to search the baggage of travellers before they should pass into Norway, though I cannot imagine for what reason, unless the exaction of a rigs dollar, or some such trifle, which I paid to save myself from detention, furnish one. At a house on the Norwegian margin of the fiord something more was paid, my passport inspected, and my name entered in a book. The tendency on the continent to petty impositions of this kind is so great, that here, even between two countries under one sovereign rule, they are kept up. At this point a bag of Swedish money, with which I had been furnished at Gottenburg, and with which I was just beginning to become familiar, ceased to be useful, and a new kind became necessary. Laying down rigs-gelt dollars and skillings, I had to take up with specie dollars and marks. A rigs-gelt dollar, I may remark, is equivalent to 13½d. of English money, and the skilling is its forty-eighth part. Calculations are, however, made in an all but imaginary denomination called dollars and skillings *banco*, which are as 3 to 2 of the actual rigs-gelt. The prevalent monies are, in reality, notes of 1, 3, 5 rigs-gelt dollars, and for 8, 12, 16 skillings banco, the smallest of this paper-money being for 3½d. English. As may readily be imagined, the threepence-halfpenny note is generally found in no very neat or cleanly state; yet though it may be a mere clot of dirty paper, not much different in appearance from a huddled-up spider's web, it will be preferred by the natives to coin, provided it only retain the signature of the government banker. In Norway, they have notes for 1 specie dollar (about 4s. 6d. English), 2, 5, and 10 dollars, with silver marks and half-marks (9d. and 4½d.), and copper skillings. I need scarcely remark that the plunge into a new money in the course of continental travel is always a painful thing, and that it is a vexation which occurs the more frequently the more rapidly you travel. On this occasion I had had to make acquaintance with three kinds of money in about a week.

I spent the night at Westgaard, the first station within Norway, and one somewhat superior to the last. I here observed the first examples of a piece of substantial furniture very common in the north—namely, large chests or arks, usually bearing the name of a person, and an old date in quaint lettering, such as 'Agnes Olsen, 1783.' During the two previous days the weather had been dull and ungenial. The third morning proved bright and clear, and I started at an early hour for Frederickshald with elevated spirits. This place was a few miles out of the way; but I was anxious to see the scene of the death of that extraordinary prince who, as Johnson says—

> ——'left a name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

It was yet scarcely past seven o'clock when we drove into the inn-yard at this little town. The landlord soon came, and being able to speak well in French, and a little in English, he proved a most serviceable ally. I was quickly on my way, under proper conduct, to the scene of the assassination of poor Carl Tolv. Frederickshald is a neat, cleanly town, at the head of one of the smaller fiords, and the fort lies close by, perched upon a rocky eminence of considerable extent, at the foot of which runs a river, noted for several fine waterfalls. A painful ascent of two or three hundred feet, along zig-zagging causeways and fortified walls, brings us to the fortress, which seems to be now chiefly a mere post for soldiers, like Edinburgh and Stirling castles. Behind the main buildings is a space of irregular rocky ground, enclosed within the exterior defences. Here an enclosure of trees and shrubs, and a little tumulus of stones, one of them bearing a half-obliterated inscription, marks the spot where Charles XII. was slain. He had invaded Norway in his usual madcap style; one of his armies, consisting of 7000 men, had there been literally buried in a snow-storm; he was now directing in person the siege of this fortress, when an unknown hand despatched him by a shot which penetrated his temple (December 11, 1718). He was found dead, but with his sword half-drawn, as if to defend himself from some enemy, or to punish an assassin, and it is accordingly believed that the wound was inflicted by one of his own people. A survey of the ground supports this view of the matter, as at such a place one does not readily see how the fatal shot could have come from the fortress. I had afterwards an opportunity of examining the dress worn at this time by the king, in the Riddarsholm Church at Stockholm. The plain cocked-hat shows the hole by which the bullet entered, and the right glove is stained with blood, as if the unfortunate monarch, under the first impulse of the moment, had clapped his hand upon the wound.

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After breakfast, I took a walk around the town, and very much enjoyed the views almost everywhere presented, but particularly one from a noted place within a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. Frederickshald appears to me a more pleasing and interesting place than the guide-books allow. In the little park alluded to I found a private cemetery, containing the graves of eight adults and three infants. Each grave is a well-defined heap, with turf sides and ends, but a top of bare earth, on which is laid a single wreath; all the rest of the ground bare earth. Such is a prevalent style of sepulture in the north; it has a neat and pretty effect. One likes to see a grave well-defined. That smoothing of the ground, introduced in some of the improved modern cemeteries of England, is not, I think, an approvable step. We desire the 'mouldering heap,' so affectingly significant of what is below, and so associated with all our old literary ideas upon the subject.

After receiving a lesson in Norwegian money from my intelligent landlord, Mr Stein, and so many civilities of various kinds, that I felt ashamed of the small bill which I had to pay, I set out on the way to Christiania, returning for some miles along the way by which I had come from Westgaard. As we drove out of the town, I was, as a stranger, honoured with a sufficient quantity of observation by the people. To add to the fracas produced by the carriage, a foal came clattering along by our side, apparently under a filial mistake as to one of our horses. Presently a cart was heard making a furious rattle along the stones behind us, as if still further to make my poor equipage an object of public attention. It was the mamma of the foal, who, having missed her progeny in the market-place, was now anxious to recover the lost one: there she came, with mouth distended, and eyes glaring, the whole aspect expressing the utmost excitement, and saying as plainly as words could have spoken it, 'What's all this?—taking away my child!' The whole was so vividly like human affairs, that I felt inclined to stop and apologise for our unintentional concern in the elopement; but Quist settled the matter more summarily by a smart application of his whip to the haunches of our undesired attaché. It may be remarked that in Norway the foal is often allowed to accompany its parent, even in coach-travelling. I have seen it come the whole stage, never missing any opportunity afforded by a pause of our machine to come up and indulge in the mode of nutrition appropriate to its age. Horses are altogether less under strict rule in the north than with us, and it appears to me as if they consequently were more *natural* in their conduct. For one thing, they are eminently social with one another. In the course of a long stage over a thinly-peopled country, if we come at length to a park where a horse is feeding, even I could almost say though out of sight, our own pachyderms are sure to get up a great skirl of recognition, just as much as to say, 'How are you?—how are you?' My predecessor, Mr Laing, alleges that they have a rational way of eating not observed in the horses of less democratic countries—taking first a quantity of their hay or corn, and then a drink; but I cannot say I ever could observe them acting in this bite-and-sup manner. Of their amazing steadiness, sureness of foot, and hardiness, abundant evidence is presented to every traveller.

In the middle of the day we arrived at the brink of the river Glommen, a copious stream, which contains the drainage of a large district in the centre of Norway, and which is here remarkable for a cascade of great grandeur. The fall is at a place about an English mile above the ferry: the flood pours in one mass through a narrow channel, and makes a descent of about seventy feet. It would be an unexceptionably fine sight but for the details of an enormous timber-sawing and exporting establishment which press in upon its beauties, and usurp not a few of its most romantic points. The river runs fourteen English miles below the waterfall, but so gently, that ships come up for the timber; and the river is there accordingly an active commercial scene. I observed at the falls specimens of the smoothed and dressed rocks, over which the water streamed in an oblique direction—a fact than which nothing could be more convincing as to the incompetency of water to produce the effects attributed to the ice. The country is here low, and not marked by any features of grandeur. There is an alluvial plain of the most absolute flatness for fully a mile in every direction around the ferry; and from the measurements which I made (starting from the surface of the river at that point), I suspect this to be identical in elevation above the sea with the terrace at Elsinore. This is, however, a point which must be left for determination to the native inquirers.

We stopped for the night at Moss, a town on the Christiania Fiord, where my servant and I had each an evening and morning meal, with lodging, at a charge of one specie dollar. Yet this was a good large house, very tolerably furnished. A small silver coin (value about 5d.) laid in the hardened palm of the blithesome lass who served as an attendant in all capacities made her the happiest of the happy. As a serving-girl in Denmark, Sweden, or Norway, only gets about 30s. a year of wages, it may readily be imagined that even so small a gratuity as this is a great prize to her. It is necessary, however, to be careful to give such a gratuity directly to the person for whom it is designed, as it will not otherwise reach its destination. At this place there are alluvial terraces at various elevations above the sea, and precisely resembling the ancient sea-margins of the British coasts. A circumstance worthy of note occurred in the business of measuring their elevations, which I did with a regular levelling apparatus. The sea is here presented in two detached bays, embracing a peninsula of several miles in extent, yet approaching within two hundred yards of each other, with only the division of a low isthmus. One of these bays appeared by my survey as 0·9 foot above the level of the other. The cause was in the wind, which blew up the one bay, and down the other.

There remained only a forenoon's journey to Christiania. As we approached this capital, there was no observable improvement in the appearance of the country; no better houses, no trimmer or larger fields, no smarter-looking people; the same rough and homely character over all things. The roads are made of the sand and gravel found everywhere near their borders; no cuttings anywhere for improved gradients. A rise of 1 in 5 is not uncommon when any of the rocky ridges between the plains has to be crossed. Two miles from Christiania we come to the brow of a hill, whence we see the bright white city with its blue and red-tiled roofs lying below at the head of its fiord, backed by green slopes ascending to the pine-clad hills. The descent of this hill is terrible, from the extreme steepness of the road, especially at its somewhat sharp turnings. Having a geologist's clinometer in my pocket, I measured the slope in some places with all possible care, and found it actually on an angle of 16 degrees, implying a rise of 1 in 3½ feet. I deemed this a strange sight so near one of the capitals of Europe; but I must do the Norwegians the justice to say that a better road is in the course of being made.

On the two last days' journeys we met many parties of Norwegian infantry on their march or exercising. They are a good-looking soldiery, neatly dressed in white duck-trousers and green frock-coats, with burnished-leather hats rising to a metal peak, each bearing the arms of Norway—a ramping lion holding a battle-axe. As to this ensign, by the way, though gratifying to the national vanity, and poetically conveying the idea which its originators intended, it belongs to a class which cannot be scientifically contemplated without a shock. The philosophical zoologist reflects on the adaptations of the natural organs, and knowing the very peculiar formation of the anterior extremities of the feline family—so well contrived for clutching and tearing a prey, so useless for every other kind of prehension—he cannot endure the idea of one of these

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animals being supposed to hold a weapon only adapted to the hand of man. Heralds, if they could think of anything beside their own profession, should study these things! R. C.

PLAN FOR MAINTAINING THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE LABOURING-CLASS.

It has often occurred to us, and we have once or twice hinted at the idea in the Journal, that the working-classes might make a provision for themselves in times of want, whether occasioned by failure of employment or natural disability through disease or old age, if they could be induced to agree to a system of stoppages like that which has existed for ages in the mercantile navy for the support of Greenwich Hospital. We find that, in 1843, probably before the date of any reference of ours to the subject, though unknown to us, Mr David Milne, a patriotic country gentleman of Scotland, and member of the Scottish bar, made a suggestion to this effect to the commissioners who conducted the Poor-Law inquiry in Scotland. His idea was this:—Let some small sum, say sixpence a month, be deducted from the amount of wages under a law to that effect, and thrown into a fund upon which every contributor would have a claim. He conceived that, in five years, so much would be accumulated, that the managers might begin to give support to any number under a twentieth part of the original contributors. Some one had suggested to Mr Milne that it might be well if the law taxed the masters to an equal extent for the benefit of the fund; but he rejected this idea, on the ground of its injustice, and because it would induce employers to be less anxious to carry on their works in unfavourable times for the sake of giving bread to their people. 'It is also to be considered,' says Mr Milne, 'that the duty of sixpence a month for each workman would, in ordinary times, when trade is prosperous, and labourers in demand, actually fall upon the employers, because the natural competition of trade would make up for the deduction of duty by a corresponding rise of wages.' Mr Milne was, however, not unwilling that appeals to, and even a general assessment upon, the rich should be resorted to when the fund failed under the pressure of any unusual calamity.

There cannot, we think, be a doubt that if this plan were practicable, it would be a great improvement in our social economy. At present, the bulk of the working-people of this country have scarcely anything to save them from a state of dependence whenever they fail in getting work, or are no longer fit for it. In Scotland, the able-bodied man who cannot obtain work and wages, has no legal recourse to the poors' funds. In England he has, but accompanied by conditions calculated to lower the man in his own eyes; and therefore the privilege is no true advantage. Even though the poors' funds were more available than they are, the honest workman who wishes to maintain his self-respect can never complacently place his trust in them; for though it is not uncommon to hear individuals in humble life proclaiming that they have a *right* to them, the fact really is, that these funds are only a product of the humanity and economy of the country, designed to insure that there shall be no class left to misery and the barbarism attending it, but not to interpose between any one and his obligation to gain his own subsistence if possible. In plain truth, he who accepts parochial relief sells away some of his very best rights as a citizen, as well as his dignity as a man; and any one who wishes to exalt either the social or political position of the labouring-class, should desire nothing so much as to see them in the first place superior to all but a remote chance of coming to this wretched expedient. If any feasible and easy-working plan could be devised for enabling them, mainly by sacrifices on their own part, to defy the prospect of becoming paupers, or leaving their children to pauperism, they would certainly have received the greatest boon that any philanthropist could confer upon them.

We fear that no such plan is at present practicable. There is too much prejudice among the labouring-class against their employers to admit of its being received with general favour. While an honourable minority would be glad to see their independence secured, the great mass would undoubtedly prefer going on upon their present footing, careless how soon the failure of business or the occurrence of sickness should deprive them of an independent subsistence. Some such plan, however, may be expected to be realised when the labouring-class shall have acquired a just feeling for their own character, and a just sense of their relation to the rest of society. It would only be a fair and proper part of a social system in which the highest behests of a true civilisation were worked out. How soon it may come about will depend on the rapidity with which the education of the masses of the people shall proceed. If, from any narrow views of whatever kind, a member of the middle or upper classes in this country finds himself thwarting the movements towards universal and improved education, let him understand what he pays for the gratification he thus obtains. He pays for it in large poor-rates and prison-rates, and in the distress which his humanity must be continually receiving from the spectacle of a multitude of his fellow-creatures lost to the sense of self-respect, and consequently subjected to a vast load of misery.

THE LATE DR ZUMPT.

At an early stage of our labours, many years ago, we took occasion to offer, for the consideration of the young, a memoir of Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest scholars of the age, and who, by dint of perseverance, rose from a very humble to an exalted station in life. Heyne presented not an uncommon instance of German enthusiasm in scholarship. In our own country, erudition seems to be pursued chiefly for the sake of professional advancement, and consequently it seldom attains to any very lofty pitch. How few of our scholars, it may be asked, know anything critically of the ancient classics? How few write or speak Latin with elegance or purity? How few ever saw any more recondite exemplars of Roman literature than elementary school-books—the copy of a copy? In Germany, where no sort of painstaking seems to be grudged, scholarship has gone, and still goes on, immeasurably farther. As in the case of Heyne, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Vater, Gesenius, and others, men are there found devoting themselves to a whole lifetime of earnest study in complete forgetfulness of self. Living perhaps on the merest trifle, they bury themselves in a library surrounded by old vellum-bound classics; and there, poring over dingy yellow pages, they compare words with words, examine into the merits of punctuation and orthography, and detect new meanings, till they transfuse into themselves, as it were, the very soul of their author. In this way, by collating old and priceless versions of the classics—some of them in manuscript, and unique—they are able to produce modern editions, which are greedily accepted throughout European universities, and which have usually formed the basis of elementary works for British compilers. We at least know of few works in Latin common in our schools which have not been copied in a reduced form from the painfully-constructed editions of German scholars. We have been led into these observations from a desire to do honour to the memory of one whose name has gone to swell the already long list of German philologists.

Carl Gottlob Zumpt, the individual to whom we refer, was born at Berlin in 1792. His parents were not wealthy: but in the circumstances in which Prussia

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was placed at the beginning of the present century, this was a matter of little importance. The oppressions of France pretty nearly brought down all ranks into one common mass of distress and poverty. To meet the cruel exactions of Napoleon, families gave up every article of value to the state. For their gold they received tokens in iron; and these acknowledgments are still treasured by families, as lasting memorials of an adversity which took away almost everything but life. Amidst these national sufferings and humiliations, Carl Gottlob Zumpt received such an education as could then be procured. Fortunately he required no incitement to learn: from childhood he had been a diligent porer over books; and the acquisition of languages cost him no trouble. Nature made him a scholar. After passing through a series of schools and gymnasia in Berlin, he was sent, by the advice of Buttman, the well-known grammarian, to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Kreuzer, Voss, Boeckh, belonged to it, all of them men of talent, and celebrated for their philological learning. During Zumpt's residence at Heidelberg, the university of Berlin was founded; and returning home, he finished his education in his native city.

Though still a young man, Zumpt was already noted for his remarkable attainments in the Greek and Roman languages. Thrown upon his own resources, he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed a teacher in one of the principal seminaries. From this position he subsequently rose to be Professor of History in the Royal Military Academy, and finally to be Professor of Roman Literature in the university of Berlin.

The life of a scholar is usually barren of incident. There is little to tell about Zumpt. Amidst the cares of public teaching, he found time to occupy himself in writing various works, critical and historical, all connected with his favourite branch of study. To improve his knowledge of antiquities, he made a tour through Italy and Greece, which, while of considerable service to him as a man of letters, unfortunately tended to injure his health. This tour was made in 1835, and after that year Zumpt laboured still more assiduously at his critical editions of the classics, unmindful of aught but that love of digging among ancient words and thoughts which seems a fanaticism in the German mind. His great aim was to be a Latinist worthy of the Augustine age itself. Nor was he unsuccessful; for he wrote Latin with great elegance. He was seldom required to speak the language; but when called on to do so, he delivered himself with correctness and fluency. In this respect he is supposed to have had no superior among his learned countrymen.

Holding this man in respect, not alone for his intellectual, but his moral and social qualities, we shall always consider it as something to say that we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance. In the course of a tour in Germany, and short residence in Berlin in 1847, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his house in the Burgher Strasse—a terrace-like street on a branch of the Spree. We found Zumpt entombed amidst his books. Tall in person, emaciated from study, and wrapped in a dressing-gown, he rose and affectionately welcomed us to Berlin in tolerable English—a language which, in compliment, he insisted all his family should speak on every occasion of our visit. At this time he was engaged on his edition of 'Quintus Curtius'—a work which will long be regarded as a monument of his industry and learning.

One of the objects of our visit to Zumpt was to consult with him on the subject of an enterprise in which he had recently engaged—the joint editorship, with Dr Schmitz of Edinburgh, of a series of Latin classics for use in schools. The projectors of this undertaking were the publishers of the present sheet. Having in our own early days experienced the dreary heaviness of ordinary school classics, unrelieved by the slightest explanations in English touching the subject or the authors, we were glad to be instrumental in putting into the hands of youth a series which they could peruse with some degree of pleasure, or at all events not with absolute weariness and disgust. As Dr Zumpt entered heartily into the design, the arrangement promised to have the advantage of naturalising in Britain a set of editions drawn freshly from comparatively original sources, in place of the bald reprints of antiquated copies. The task occupied the amiable scholar during the remainder of his too short life, at the close of which he had prepared the whole series excepting a portion of Horace, which has consequently fallen into the hands of his nephew and son-in-law, A. W. Zumpt. A victim to his study of ancient literature, his failing eyesight first, and afterwards disordered viscera, admonished him to take some species of relaxation. This counsel he took when too late. In the hope of relief from his sufferings, he repaired to Carlsbad, a watering-place in Bohemia; and there, to the great grief of his family and friends, he died on the 25th of June last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The decease of the illustrious Zumpt, together with the loss of Orelli, and the veteran Hellenist, Gottfried Hermann, both of whom died within the last eighteen months, leaves a blank among European scholars which will not soon be filled up. W. C.

COLA MONTI.

THE conceptions of female beauty which men form for themselves are frequently, if not always, overturned by some plain face, in which they find the mystic influence they had supposed to belong only to features of a particular and more perfect mould. In like manner our theories touching certain departments of literature are liable to be damaged now and then by the appearance of a work which fulfils not one of the conditions we had laid down as absolute necessities. Now here, for instance, is a volume of fiction without even an attempt at a plot, and yet with a perfect enchainment of interest—a hero without adventures and without a heroine, yet whose fortunes we follow with a true excitement! How does this come about? Why do we love plain women, and admire ill-constructed books? Because there is an innate power in the irregular features to excite our sympathies, and a quality in authors, called Genius, to command them. No man, we will venture to say, possessing common sensibility, can read 'Cola Monti,'* although it is of the class of books for young people, without a thoughtful brow and a glistening eye; and we have heard a family circle declare that 'they had found it impossible to lay down the volume till they had finished it.'

Cola Monti is an Italian boy educated economically at a boarding-school in England. His talent for drawing exhibited itself first in caricatures of his companions, and he then ventured to try his hand upon the master himself. 'This was irresistible; and when the Doctor stood out in relief from the slate in all his peculiarities—his stiff collar, his upright hair, and his spectacles—the likeness was such, that the boys gave a general hurra. So much noise did they make, and so intent were they, that no one heard the door open, until the original of the portrait looked over Cola's shoulder and beheld—himself! It was a terrible moment in schoolboy annals. The Doctor looked, frowned, glanced round at the young rebels, then again at the slate. Whether it was that natural vanity made him feel rather pleased to see the only likeness of himself which had ever been taken, or whether Cola's sketch had less of caricature than nature, it is impossible to say; but Doctor Birch smiled—absolutely smiled! He was a good-tempered man, and the boys knew it: they took advantage of it sometimes, the naughty fellows! So the smile gradually went round, until it became a laugh, and the schoolmaster could not help laughing too.' The boy-artist then, at

* Cola Monti; or the Story of a Genius. By the Author of 'How to Win Love,' 'Michael the Miner,' &c. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1849.

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the instigation of his companions, resolved to try his chivalrous friend and patron Archibald M'Kaye:—'Archibald looked surprised, and rather vexed; for one of his weaknesses was, that he could not bear being laughed at; however, he took his station. Cola finished the sketch, but it was no caricature: it was a capital likeness of Archibald's thoughtful head, with the soft curling hair, and the calm, serious eyes. "Why, Cola, you ought to be an artist," cried the boys when they saw it. Cola smiled, and his eyes kindled. "I will try!" he said in his own heart, and from that day he drew no more caricatures.'

Cola Monti's national and personal sympathies were now strongly excited in favour of a poor little Italian organ-boy, who was found dying of starvation by the roadside. He had no other means of permanently assisting him than by supplying him with drawings to sell, in the hope of thus enabling him to collect a fund sufficient for the purchase of a new organ, his own having been destroyed. This fund at length amounted, by slow accumulations, to L.10 in silver; but the organ-boy, who had become devotedly attached to his patron, could not consent to be thus paid off. Poor Cola was now in destitution himself. His mother had died; his stepfather refused to contribute longer to his support; and in fact he was thrown adrift upon the world. The generous debate between him and his protégé was terminated by both proceeding to London upon the fortune of L.10—Cola to pursue his career of an artist, and Seppi in the quality of his servant.

Arrived in London, 'Cola woke the next morning, dreaming that he was at school again, and that, somehow or other, his class was all composed of great stout farmers, who would persist in repeating their Italian verbs with a strong Staffordshire accent. The dream vanished under the influence of a bright sunbeam that crept through the small uncurtained window, and just reached his nose. In London, the good-natured sun is more partial to attic windows than to any other, and it made Cola's tiny room quite cheerful. From thence he looked, not at the street, which lay many feet below, but skywards, where, above the tops of the houses, he could see the great dome of St Paul's lifting itself up, grand and giant-like, with its ball and cross glistening in the clear light of early morning. This was the first sight that struck Cola in London. His artist-mind felt it to the uttermost. The numberless streets below seemed so solemn and quiet, lying in the shadow of the scarcely-risen sun; and though even now the sounds of life were beginning to stir, they were but faint as yet, while over the dark and half-awakened city watched its great temple, already illumined with the sunbeams. It was a scene that Cola never forgot, and never will while he lives.' He finds his way as soon as possible to the National Gallery. 'I shall not enlarge upon the feelings of the boy-artist when he beheld for the first time this grand collection of paintings. He had seen many in his childhood; but the memory of them was grown dim. He looked on these with the sensations of one blind, who re-enters a long-forgotten world with his eyes opened. He began to understand and to feel what Art really was. This new sense dazzled and overwhelmed him; his heart beat wildly; he trembled; and fairly subdued with emotion, he sat down in the darkest corner he could find, turned his face away into the shadow, while the tears rose, large and silently, to the long lashes, and dropped on the arm which he raised to hide them.'

Cola worked, played, and starved by turns, like other friendless adventurers in London; and then came the grand event of his life—his first Academy picture—which was very near being too late. 'Night and day Cola worked, allowing himself only an hour or two for sleep, and scarcely taking any food. His wild and desperate energy sustained him to a degree almost miraculous. Under the influence of this terrible excitement his powers seemed redoubled; he painted as he had never painted before. Archibald, evening after evening, walked up from Islington, not to talk or reason—he dared not do that in Cola's present state—but to sit quietly in the painting-room, watching his labours, and at times encouraging them with a few subdued words of praise, which Cola sometimes scarcely heard. Even M'Kaye was astounded by the almost miraculous way in which, day after day, the picture advanced to completion beneath the young artist's hand; and as he looked, he could not but acknowledge that there is nothing in this world so strong, so daring, so all-powerful as genius.

'The first Monday in April came—there were but four-and-twenty hours left; Tuesday—there were but twelve! Seppi stood by with the untasted dinner, his bright black eyes continually filling with tears. He dared not even speak to his young master, who, with wild and haggard looks, was painting still.

'The clock struck six as Cola's now trembling hand put the last stroke to his picture, and sank on a chair.

"It will do now, I think; it will not disgrace me at least."

"No, indeed it will not, dear Cola! It is a beautiful picture," whispered the gentle, encouraging voice of Archy, who had come direct from Bread Street hither. "And now, do have some dinner, or, what will be better for you, some tea."

"No, no; I can't eat: we shall lose the time: the Academy will be shut. Seppi, I must have a cab, and go there at once."

'Archibald saw resistance would have been vain and cruel, so he quietly suffered his friend to step into the cab, and followed him. All the long ride to Trafalgar Square Cola did not utter a single word, but sat motionless, with his picture in his arms. M'Kaye offered to hold it; but the other rejected his aid with a slight motion of the head. At last Cola relinquished this darling first-fruits of his genius with a look something like that of a mother parting from a beloved child, and then sank fainting into his friend's arms. That night Cola Monti was in a brain fever.' The picture was successful, and the boy-caricaturist grew at the same time to be an artist and a man.

Although Cola Monti, artistically speaking, is an imperfect story, it possesses both power and promise of no ordinary kind. The power is evident in the book itself: the promise rests upon the fact, that the author is a young lady now struggling, by her own unaided genius, through the stony and thorny paths of the literary profession. But we would not have her rely upon genius alone, or consider 'Cola Monti' as anything more than a promise or a pledge. It is like a gleam of light disclosing partially, and for a moment, a scene which in some measure owes its beauty and value to the mind of the beholder. It is suggestive of high thoughts, fine aspirations, sad memories. It throws the intellectual man back into his experiences, and impels the daring and generous youth forward in the path of his hopes and resolves. But in all this it relies upon those it addresses, pointing mysteriously before and behind, and accomplishing nothing of itself. But this is obviously owing to want of effort, not want of power. The author must follow the example of her hero, and give her days and her nights to the labour of her calling. She must look upon her heretofore attempts as so many separate studies, and construct with toil and determination a work of art not only harmonious in colouring, not only accurate in drawing, but skilful in Design.

LADY SETTLERS IN AUSTRALIA.

Dr Lang, in his description of the Port-Philip district, alludes to the success which may there attend female settlers who carry on the business of sheep-farming on their own account; and mentions the following facts on the subject:—

'On the morning after our arrival at Geelong, Dr Thomson accompanied me on a visit to Miss Drysdale, an elderly maiden lady from Scotland, whose acquaintance and friend-

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ship I had had the honour of making on my first visit to Geelong in the year 1843, when I had the pleasure of spending a day or two under her hospitable roof. Miss Drysdale is a lady of a highly-respectable family, and of superior intelligence, her brother having been the late Sir William Drysdale, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh. Having a considerable patrimony of her own, and being of an active disposition, and fond of rural pursuits, she had rented a large farm in Scotland, of which she superintended the management in person; but being a martyr, as she told me, to the coughs and colds, and other ills that flesh is heir to in our hyperborean Scottish climate, she resolved to emigrate to a milder region, where she might hope to enjoy better health, while she continued to indulge in her favourite pursuits, and endeavour to exert a salutary influence on some at least of her fellow-creatures, wherever Divine Providence might fix her lot. And, I am happy to add, Miss Drysdale sees no reason to regret the step she took, in pursuance of this resolution, in emigrating to Philipsland. She has uniformly enjoyed excellent health; she is in the midst of such scenes, and scenery, and occupations as she delighted in at home; the property she invested in stock on her arrival in the colony must have increased greatly during the interval that has since elapsed; and she has not only exhibited the goodly and influential example of a highly-respectable family living in the fear of God, and in the zealous observance of all the ordinances of religion, in a country in which, I am sorry to say, such examples are rare, but she has had it in her power to render the most valuable services to some who really required what she has proved to them—a friend indeed. At the period of my first visit to Geelong Miss Drysdale had two of the younger daughters of the late Mr Batman residing with her, to whom she was benevolently discharging the duty of a parent; and her character as a doer of good was generally known, and gratefully acknowledged, in the vicinity.

'On her arrival in the colony, Miss Drysdale determined to "squat," as it is styled in the phraseology of the country; that is, to settle on a tract of unoccupied crown land, of sufficient extent for the pasturage of considerable flocks and herds, with their increase for several years—a tract, in all likelihood, from twenty-five to fifty square miles in extent. For this land the occupant pays a yearly license-fee to the government of L.10, which insures to him for the time being the full possession of the entire tract; and it is universally understood that while this fee is paid, and no offence committed against the laws and the customs of squatting, the occupant shall not be disturbed, unless the land is sold in the meantime to a *bona-fide* purchaser, at not less than L.1 an acre, or required for government purposes—neither of which events is, in ordinary circumstances, at all likely to happen. It has not been allowed, for a good many years past, to give a squatting license of this kind to any person within a considerable distance of a township or village; but Miss Drysdale was allowed, as a special exception from this general rule, to occupy a station within four miles of the town of Geelong. On that station she accordingly erected a neat thatched cottage, with glazed rustic lattice-windows, which she had carried out with her from home, formed a garden, and fenced in a sufficient extent of superior land for cultivation. The cottage had been greatly improved, both externally and internally, at the period of my visit in 1846, and three years had made a wonderful change for the better upon the garden, which had gravelled walks dividing the different parterres—the only instance of the kind I had seen in the country, and strongly reminding me of home.

'The situation of Miss Drysdale's cottage, to which she has judiciously given the native name of the locality, Barrangoop, which signifies a turf, is on a gentle grassy slope towards the Barwon River, with the garden in front. The cottages of her farm-overseer and servants are close at hand, and remind one of a respectable farming establishment in *the old country*. On my first visit to Geelong, I found a respectable young man, who had been three sessions at the university of Glasgow, as an intending candidate for the Christian ministry, but who had subsequently abandoned his studies, and gone out as a bounty emigrant to Port Philip, acting in the humble capacity of tutor to the children of Miss Drysdale's overseer, a respectable Scotch farmer, with a large family. Upon the whole, there was something of a domestic character about Miss Drysdale's establishment generally which is but rarely seen at the squatting stations of the interior; and I could not help thinking that the very horses and cattle seemed to consider themselves more at home than elsewhere.

'After passing Geelong to the left, the Barwon River, which in this part of its course is a beautiful stream, pursues a south-easterly course, nearly parallel to that of the western arm of Port Philip, to the great Southern Ocean. About nine or ten miles below Barrangoop it spreads out into a series of lakes, as picturesque as any sheets of water of that kind I have ever beheld. On my first visit to this part of the country in 1843, I rode down to these lakes along with Miss Newcome, another maiden lady, whom Miss Drysdale had some time before taken into partnership with herself—partly, I presume, that she might have some kindred spirit—which, I am happy to say, Miss Newcome unquestionably is—to whom she might be able to whisper that "solitude was sweet." Miss Newcome was quite at home on her high-spirited steed, and we gallopped along through scenery of the richest description, beautiful grassy plats alternating with clumps of trees of the most graceful and ornamental foliage, till we reached the lakes. These extensive sheets of glassy water, variegated with headlands and islands, were absolutely alive with black swans, and other waterfowl, sailing quietly along on their silent surface. There must have been at least five hundred swans in view at one time on one of the lakes. They were no "rarae aves" there. Their deep solitudes, however, are effectually invaded now; for the white man will soon thin their ranks in all probability, and force them to retreat before the progress of civilisation.'

SCOTTISH BANKING.

THERE is now reason to think that in pursuit of this object our Scottish neighbours have got considerably ahead of us here in England. The subject, indeed, seems congenial to the shrewd faculties of our northern fellow-countrymen. The founder of the Bank of England was a Scotchman: a native of the same country originated the idea of the Savings' Bank: and for a long period of time the facilities and accommodations of banking have been known and practised beyond the Tweed to an extent very much above what has been attained in this country. Here banks may be said to exist solely or chiefly for the wealthier classes of society; in Scotland the advantages which they afford are widely diffused among the middle ranks, and are shared in a large measure by the petty capitalists and retail traders of the towns and villages. As a proof of the great extension of the system, we find that throughout Scotland there is a bank for every 7500 of the population—in some districts for every 5000. In London, the proportion is stated to be only 1 for every 32,894; in some parts of England 1 for every 16,000. The rapid progress in wealth and civilisation which has been made by a country naturally so poor and sterile, has been attributed by many sagacious observers to the multiplication of its banks, and to the facilities afforded by them. Capital has been made to stimulate industry in a double ratio, by the increased activity and quickened speed with which it circulates through the channels of commerce. Above all, this great desideratum has been attained without any sacrifice of the other prime requisite of sound banking—stability. Within the last century and a-half it is computed that the loss to the community in Scotland by the failure of the four or five public banks which have stopped payment has not exceeded L.26,000. In England, during a much shorter period, the loss occasioned by those fearful catastrophes, both in London and in the country, with which experience has made us familiar, has certainly exceeded as many millions. It is also a fact of much significance, that in 1793, in 1825, and in the late crisis of 1847, the Scottish banks rode out the storm which proved fatal to so many English establishments. It seems, therefore, no undue claim which is set up on the part of our northern neighbours, to a better knowledge and more mature development of the principles of banking than have been attained in this country.—*Morning Chronicle.*—[There is no more than justice done, as we believe, to Scotch banking in this paragraph. During the last twenty years and upwards, there have been many banks set up in England *on the Scotch principle*, as it is called; but there have been many noted failures among them. The fact is, that in England they introduce every feature of Scottish banking *except the Scotch brains by which banking has been so successfully conducted.* It is true Scotchmen have been got to act as managers, secretaries, and cashiers; but what were all these in the hands of a set of English direc-

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tors, who necessarily hold the chief sway? In an English joint-stock bank, the bulk of the funds of the company will be found ventured out in the hands of a few grand speculators, on whose good or bad fortune the fate of the establishment depends. No such thing was ever done in a Scotch bank, from the beginning down to this day. On the contrary, the life of the institution lies in a quick circulation and frequent turning over of a moderate capital amongst a *multitude of traders of good credit*. The capital of an English joint-stock bank too often is an African river losing itself in sands: that of a Scotch bank is a river dispersed in a thousand channels of irrigation, to reappear in its entire form, and with increased volume, after it has done its work. We do not believe, after all, that there is any great witchcraft about banking in Scotland. The prudence shown there is no more than what might be expected of rational men. The failures in England are to be accounted for not by their want of some extraordinary gift which chances to have been vouchsafed to their northern neighbours, but by the fact, that England is full of people hastening over-much to be rich, and in whose circumstances there are of course great vicissitudes. If ever England shall cool a little in Mammon-worship, and pursue business objects with the moderation of the Scottish mind, it may succeed in joint-stock banking to as great an extent as Scotland has done.]

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

I cannot give you, my young friends, a better description of a successful professional struggle, and the wear and tear of life, than that which the commentary of Dr Johnson upon the life of Cheyne affords. It is drawn by the graphic pen of the late editor of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' an eloquent Irishman, himself a successful struggler. He adds—'We have followed Cheyne in his march up-hill—we see him at its summit—we are to see him going down. Such are the objects of human desires—sought with avidity—obtained with difficulty—enjoyed with disappointment—and often, in themselves, the source of irreparable evils. *Success* in a profession now-a-days has entailed, and entails, such labour on its possessor, that few who know its real nature can envy it. Success means wealth and eminence bought with the sacrifice of all healthy recreation both of body and mind. The daily toil is relieved only by the nightly anxiety; and, worn by almost uninterrupted exertion, the *fortunate* man is deprived of most of the social pleasures of life, and debarred from indulgence in its most cherished affections. He acquires property, loses his health, and often leaves the wealth of his industry to be squandered by children whom it demoralises.' Besides all this, remember that it has been truly said, in the most elevated position there is the least liberty, because that very elevation invites observation, and excites *envy*. That merit and that ability which would have carried a man successfully through the crowd, will be found insufficient for him who is the object of general scrutiny. You should recollect, gentlemen, that even the position won by merit and ability may be lost by a want of that continued energy and persevering struggle which overcame all the obstacles opposed to your pioneering ascent. The champion in our profession, like in that of Christianity, must be ever progressing. A fall from an eminence is always perilous—in the medical sphere, *fatal* to *fame*. The world, in respect to our calling, may be esteemed as a school; the boy who has obtained head place must labour assiduously to *retain* that position against his less fortunate competitors. Remember that sympathy is enlisted for the swimmer to the shore, against the buffeting billows, rather than for the individual who had encountered the same obstacles, the same dangers, and the same difficulties, but who has now apparently surmounted and escaped all.—*Lecture by Dr Hayden.*

MRS FRY'S RULES.

1. Never lose any time: I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Too much—too much we make Earth's shadows fall
Across our thoughts, neglecting, in the dark,
The sunshine we might woo in lane or park,
By listening to the hopeful skylark's call!
We fear too much, and hope too little: all
That's threatened is not lost: each one an ark
Of safety well might build, if he a wall
Would raise 'twixt rashness and despair! The lark
Soars bravely towards the sun—but not too high;
And we, like it, should dare and do; but dare
As soldiers, urged by courage, not despair,
To win a wise and bloodless victory:
Though Life shrinks back before its vassal—Death;
We know it springs again, undimmed by mortal breath!

ROUGES DE L'ISLE AND THE 'MARSEILLAISE.'

There appeared recently in this Journal the *fabulous* account of the origin of the 'Marseillaise:' the following is said to be the *fact*:—In April 1792, at the opening of the campaign against Austria and Prussia, Rouges de l'Isle was a captain of engineers stationed at Strasburg. The day before the volunteers from that city were about to join the main army of the Rhine, M. Dietrich, mayor of the city, gave an entertainment, at which Rouges de l'Isle and several other officers were present. A question arose as to what air should be played on the departure of the new levies; and it was thought desirable that some appropriate and spirited national song should be chosen. Various pieces having been tried and rejected as unsuitable to the occasion, Rouges de l'Isle left the company, retired to his own rooms, and in the course of the evening wrote the words and music of 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin.' Before the party at the *mairie* broke up, he returned with his composition. Mademoiselle Dietrich accompanied him on the piano, and he sang the inspiriting song to the delight of all present. It was immediately put in rehearsal, played at parade the next day, and its popularity at once established. Gradually it spread through France, the Marseillaise sang it on entering Paris, and the name it now bears was irrevocably substituted for the original title. It was produced on the stage of the Opera at Paris in October 1792, much in the style in which Rachel gave it in 1848, and was received by the audience as enthusiastically as it had been by the populace.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—*Elihu Burritt.*

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 309. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1849. Price 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA.

It was very agreeable, after more than three days of incessant coaching through a rude country, to drive into a good large town, enter a respectable hotel, and sit down to a civilised dinner. I was somewhat surprised by the regular cleanly streets of Christiania, the stately public buildings, and the goodly aspect of the people; for somehow we always form mean anticipations of what is *north* of our own ordinary locality, and Norway has no reputation for the fine or the elegant. The fact is, that Christiania is, comparatively speaking, a modern town, an expression of the contentment and prosperity which this country has been enjoying for between thirty and forty years; it has therefore quite properly a thriving and respectable appearance. Its best streets, as the Dronningen's Gade (*Queen Street*), Prindsen's Gade (*Princes Street*), contain many really handsome houses. Its environs present the usual array of those pretty villas in which wealthy citizens delight to live. There is a harbour, all in a bustle with little vessels loading and unloading. Then the city has its fine objects strongly relieved from the general mass—a large, white palace, newly built on an eminence overlooking the town, for the reception of royalty during its yearly visits—a suite of superb buildings in the course of erection for the university—and a grand old fortress by the side of the fiord, styled the Castle of Agershuus. For a town of 33,000 inhabitants, the public buildings may be said generally to be above the average. One of the most conspicuous is a jail, finely situated on a neighbouring rising-ground. Unluckily the Norwegians are just about to try the Pentonville plan with their criminals, when that plan is beginning in England to be found a disappointment. The natural situation of the place at the head of a fiord, with pine-clad hills all round, is very fine. There are many good shops; and I was glad to find that the Bog og Musik Handels (*Book and Music Shops*) were not few, and of the first class in point of appearance.

Having settled myself comfortably in the Hôtel du Nord, which is reputed as the best hotel, though it is not incapable of improvement, and having despatched some letters of introduction to their destinations, I took a ramble about the town and its environs. The gneissic series of rocks here gives place to the slate and the Old Red Sandstone, of which last rock the neighbouring hills are composed, but without any fish fossils. The rocks, where presented above the soil, are rounded and polished like those already described farther to the south; indeed it is stated that the whole of the surface along the borders of the Christiania fiord has been dressed by the ice. Near the fortress of Agershuus I found some of the polished and striated surfaces descending into the sea, and to a considerable depth below it, without being in the least affected by that element, exactly as is the case with the similar surfaces on the Gare Loch in the Firth of Clyde, first described by Mr Maclaren.

Next morning, being Sunday, it was delightful, on waking, to remember that there was no long journey before me calling for an early start, and to feel that consequently an extra dose of sleep could be indulged in without self-reproach. In a life of activity and self-taxation, one needs such little *délassements* now and then: I believe the machine could not go on well without them. I was nevertheless up and breakfasted in time to attend the church at ten o'clock. A fine sunshiny morning; the streets quiet, empty, and bright. Being anxious to witness the religious service of the country under the most distinguished circumstances, I proceeded to the Dom Kirk, which I found to be no ancient Gothic structure, as is generally the case, but a plain brick building, of perhaps a century old, with scarcely any mediæval feature but that of being in the form of a cross. It may here be remarked that Christiania is wholly a modern town, having been commenced early in the seventeenth century, near the site of an elder city called Oslo, which was burnt down. The interior of the Dom Kirk presents only plain white walls; tall, narrow, round-topped windows; a semi-cylindrical roof of short planks, painted a dull white; and pews along the side of a broad central walk, pervading both body and wings of the building. At the west end, over the principal entrance, is an organ, a fine large instrument, with a gallery for the choir; at the east end is a Communion-table, exhibiting two gigantic candles, over which is a glaring carved altar-piece, presenting the Crucifixion and Last Supper in coloured figures as large as life. At a few minutes past ten, when I entered, the bulk of the congregation was assembled; the men sitting on one side, the women (a majority) on the other; a large proportion of them a humble class of people, many evidently strangers from the country: others were of the class of ladies and gentlemen, but much less handsomely attired than the corresponding portion of a metropolitan congregation in England. Though aware that the established religion of Norway is Lutheran, and less reformed than ours, I was unprepared for the effect produced by seeing, in the east end of the church, all the more conspicuous objects usually presented in the same part of a Catholic place of worship, even to the robed priest with the figure of the cross upon his back. The organ was sounding and the choir singing. Presently, on a pause taking place, the priest turned round—showing some other devices on the front of his robe, underneath which was a white gown. He chanted a few words from the book in his hand, and then the choir recommenced singing. This

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went on for some time, while the people continued to come in and take their seats. At twenty minutes to eleven, a person advanced to the clergyman, and took off the crimson robe and white gown, when he appeared in a black gown and white quilled ruff, exactly like the stiff pictures of the English bishops of the seventeenth century: a pale, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five, with a well-elevated head. He advanced to the pulpit, which is a superb structure of gilt scroll-work, projecting from the angle between the choir and north transept. I had now time to observe that along the walls, for a considerable height, are galleries with glazed windows and curtains, like the boxes at the Opera-house, probably for special families of superior importance; but on this occasion they appeared to be empty. It is an arrangement common throughout the better order of churches in Scandinavia. The minister preached thirty-five minutes — a *read* sermon, delivered with a very moderate amount of gesticulation. I was of course unable to understand any part of it, and only remarked that at the name of *Yesous Chrestous*, as it is sounded, all the females made an inclination. At the conclusion there was a prayer, and thereafter a benediction, at which the people for the first time rose to their feet. A second more elderly clergyman in black gown and ruff then appeared at the Communion-table, and chanted a prayer or collect. When the singing had concluded, there was a second benediction, at which the people rose again. Many now began to retire, but a considerable number remained. A man like a teacher, and I have no doubt actually one, stood up in front of the Communion-railing, and, with the points of his fingers placed together, addressed a few sentences to the audience. He then proceeded to marshal a multitude of boys and girls along the central walk, the boys facing the girls as far down as their inferior numbers extended, and the elderly clergyman then began to catechise them, mingling much discourse of his own with his questions and their answers. In the midst of this tedious procedure I left the church.

The effect of the whole was novel and striking. To find a church which has undoubtedly cleared itself of all those features of Romanism most exclaimed against by Protestants, nevertheless maintaining many of those externals of dress and ritual which give the Church of Rome such a hold upon the imagination and æsthetic feelings of its adherents, was peculiarly interesting to an observer from the north of the Tweed. The catechising is an important part of clerical duty in Norway, being connected with a system of confirmation which forms one of the strongest anchorages of the church. The being confirmed is established by law as a previous step to all mingling in actual society. No priest is allowed to marry a couple, one member of which is unconfirmed. No unconfirmed person can be a student at the university, or attain any office. The girl of humble rank would not be received as a servant, nor the boy as an apprentice, without being confirmed. It is a diploma essential to the gaining of daily bread in all classes. A fee given on the occasion is likewise important to the clergy, as a part of their income. I heard that the common people are beginning to express a sense of oppression under this system, complaining, however, only of the hardship of the fee; but so rooted a custom could not easily be reformed.

Christiania is evidently a rising place; and though this is mainly to be attributed to its only having recently assumed the character of a capital and seat of government, I became convinced that no small portion of it is owing to that general progress of the country of which the growth of a metropolis is always a sure exponent. Ever since 1814, when Norway settled down, with its democratic constitution, under the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, it has enjoyed internal peace and security; and the resources of the country have been undergoing perhaps as rapid a process of development as could be expected in a region so peculiarly formed and circumstanced, physically and morally. I took every opportunity, in Christiania and elsewhere, of inquiring into the political fortunes of the country, and, on the whole, I think they are good. The machine is certainly not without its jarrings and jammings any more than others, and there is no reason, from this case, to believe that democracy involves that consummation of political good which its admirers claim for it. Yet Norway is, in the main, happy in its government, the national will being freely and fully expressed through its Storthing, while it seems to derive a certain steadiness from monarchy, without being exposed to any of the corrupting influences of a court. In consequence of Sweden being under an aristocratic system, there is in Norway a sleepless jealousy regarding it; and this I always felt to be the most unpleasant feature of public feeling which came under my attention in the north. It has, however, the effect of binding the people very much together, as far as themselves are concerned, and rendering internal faction and party little known amongst them. It is also to be remarked that the king is completely exempt from Norwegian jealousy and ill-will; his uncommon personal virtues, and his liberal tendencies, render him, on the contrary, highly popular, as was lately demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when, a certain sum being asked by him to complete the furnishing of the palace, the Storthing instantly voted one much larger — a very uncommon fact, I believe, in parliamentary history. Owing to the general satisfaction of the country with its constitution, the year 1848 passed over Norway without ruffling its political plumage in any appreciable degree. The Norwegian people would be above human nature if there were not among them a set whose predominant feeling is towards concentration of power, and another whose main anxiety it is to make the voice of the masses as real and as influential as possible; but these parties have at the same time so much unity of feeling, that they cannot be said to be in collision. There is a movement party, feeble in the Storthing, but strong in the press. Its demands are of a nature apt to excite strange ideas in an Englishman. With us, as is well known, the clamour of such politicians is for the aristocracy of talent and education—the aristocracy of nature—as against that of mere human appointment or the creation of law. In Norway, the men of the movement, finding an aristocracy of this kind actually exercising rule, as far as there is any rule in the case, loudly demand that it should be put under check. 'Away,' they cry, 'with clever lawyers and astute officials, and let the honest, rustic representatives bear the bell!' We need scarcely ask what their cry would be if things were actually put under a committee of *bonder*?

During my few days in Christiania I felt unflagging pleasure in wandering about the neighbourhood, and enjoying the fine views almost everywhere presented, in which the flord and its numerous islets always formed a distinguished part. The day was generally very warm; but the evenings were deliciously cool, and these might be said to last till within an hour of midnight. Again I felt how surprised many of my friends would have been to see what I now saw—the glassy waters and clear blue atmosphere of Leman Lake rivalled in a spot adjacent to the sixtieth parallel of latitude. I remarked that though there might be particular plants wanting, the general effect of the ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds at Christiania was much the same as with us. The winter is of course severe in comparison with ours; yet even here we must not be too ready to give the disadvantage to Norway; for the air, if colder, is drier, and therefore bites less than the same temperature would do under our humid Jove. A middle-aged man, accustomed in his youth to live in England, told me that, for walking in winter about Christiania, he never thinks of adding more to his ordinary clothing than a light paletot, exactly as he would do in London, though in driving in an open carriage thicker dress is necessary.

The university has about thirty-three professors,

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and is usually attended by between 400 and 500 students. It is said that the young men obtain here a good education, but that, after it is completed, they experience a difficulty in getting suitable appointments and situations in life. The only professor with whose name I was previously familiar is M. Keilhau, the author of an immense number of treatises, chiefly geological, of which a distinguished series refers to the proofs which exist in Scandinavia of comparatively recent changes in the relative level of sea and land. Although a victim to bad health, this amiable man offered to conduct me to a spot near Christiania where the remains of *serpulæ* still adhere to the face of the rocks at a considerable elevation above the sea. It was some time since he had been at the spot, and quarrying operations are going on at it; but he still hoped to be able to show me some examples of this singular curiosity. I was conducted by him to a small hill called Mærre-hougen, little more than a mile from the streets of the city. It is composed of beds of soft slate, mingled with strata of noduled limestone, which seem like strings of black beads crossing the rock. Under the cliffy side of the hill excavations are actively going on: I much feared that they might have led to the destruction of all such memorials as we were in search of; but after a few minutes of diligent research, the professor announced that he had found some of the serpulæ still remaining. He attracted my attention to the base of a low vertical cliff, parts of which exhibit lateral polishings and scratchings; and there undoubtedly I saw, with a feeling approaching to surprise, a few small calcareous masses projecting from the face of the rock, which, on near examination, proved to be remains of the marine animals in question. The spot is 170 Norwegian, or about 186 English feet above the level of the sea. It must have been lying high and dry for an enormous period of time, during which vast changes have been going on in the world; nevertheless there are the frail domiciles of these sea-worms still clinging to the rock on which they had been originally fixed, surviving the palaces of Assur and Pul, the tomb of Alexander, and nearly all the pomps of that antiquity which, in all probability, is so much younger than they! What is perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with the case, is the rigid nature of the evidence. The serpula is an invertebrate animal, which forms a crusty house for itself on rocks which are daily bathed and exposed by the tide; it can live and work nowhere else. Nature, in such things, is absolutely invariable. Here, then, when we see a rock a mile inland, and 186 feet above the sea, bearing the remains of serpulæ, we know, with the utmost possible certainty, that that rock was once a sea-cliff on which the tide daily rose and fell.

Professor Keilhau was afterwards so obliging as to conduct me through that part of the university museum which contains what he calls objects illustrative of the *soulèvement* of Scandinavia. Amongst others, there were examples of shells and shell gravel, found in beds at various elevations; specimens of the Mærre-hougen rock-surface, with the serpulæ adhering; numerous examples of other rocks found in various districts of the country, and exhibiting remains of sea-animals. There was one remarkable piece from a spot at Sarpsborg, near the borders of Norway and Sweden, stated to be twenty miles inland, and 450 Rhenish feet above the sea. In this case the evidence was unusually strong, for clay and sand are deposited at the place, covered with a peat-moss containing remains of marine plants. The whole of this curious and unique collection is in the very nicest order.

Christiania is less remarkable for the cheapness of articles of necessity than the country generally, which again ranks in this respect below Sweden. Elegant life in Christiania may be described as expensive; yet in winter much gaiety is indulged in. The inquiries which I made satisfied me that the numbers of poor people, and the expense which they occasion to the other classes, are not much below what they are in our own country; wealth and luxury being here apparently, as elsewhere, in direct polarity with misery. Hence I was not surprised to find mean and filthy suburbs in very near neighbourhood to the palace recently erected at the expense of a quarter of a million. Here is a theatre with a Danish company, well attended in its season. I made careful inquiry after the business of literature, and learned that there are twelve printing-offices in Christiania, four of them having machine-presses driven by human labour, and that about a hundred books of one kind and another, including, however, only a few new works, are published in a year.*

There are about eighty English people, of different ranks, resident in Christiania. Mr Crowe, the English consul-general for Norway, collects such of them as feel inclined, in his house every Sunday, and reads the liturgy and a sermon. He informed me that about a hundred and thirty of our countrymen usually come to Christiania in a year; and to all of these persons, I understand, when they possess proper credentials, he shows civilities, rendering their stay in the city as agreeable to them as possible, and furnishing all the information that may be required to facilitate their movements through the country. Most of these strangers are gentlemen in quest of sport. It is seldom that an English lady makes her appearance so far north. Though a matter in which I had not the slightest personal concern, I made inquiries here and in various other parts of Norway as to rural sport, and became convinced that, excepting for salmon-fishing in the northern rivers, it is not a good field for that kind of amusement. The museums in the large cities afford evidence of there being an abundance of species of wild birds in the country; but abundance of species is a different thing from abundance of individuals. Game birds, excepting ptarmigan, may be described as rare. A man may walk a whole day and scarcely see a feather. How comes it, then, that the markets are well supplied with game in winter? It is, I understand, because the birds are then driven nearer to the haunts of man for food, and so are snared by the common people. Things are better than they were a few years ago, in consequence of a game-law—one, however, having for its object merely a good regulation, for the general benefit, as to the time when shooting may be commenced. As this law is not a defence of the interests or pleasures of one part of the community against another, it obtains the support of public opinion, and offenders are informed against without mercy. Still, Norway presents but a limited amount of sport for the gun. In passing over its immense wildernesses, I wondered that birds were not more plentiful. I marked with some surprise that few living creatures of any kind met my eyes, rooks and magpies being the only birds at all common. I soon found an explanation in the paucity of food presented in a country so thinly peopled, and so little cultivated, and which, for so large a portion of the year, is covered with deep snow. England, with its dense population, seems at first sight a less favourable field for animal life; and yet animal life is there abundant in comparison with what it is in Norway. The reason is, that food is more important for animals than space or exemption from molestation. England, full as it is of people, many of whom are said to gain their bread with some difficulty, has yet more to spare for the wildings of creation than a country which has only a few inhabitants of any kind, and is but little way advanced in civilisation. Nor is food alone concerned. In England the great wealth of the upper classes is used in fostering all animals which can afford

* The enterprise of the booksellers, and the advanced state of lithography, are evidenced by a work recently completed under the title of *Norge Fremstillet i Tegninger*, being a series of views of Norwegian scenery, accompanied by letterpress. Christiania: Wilhelm C. Fabricius's Bogtrykkerie. 1846-8. This work, which costs about L.2 of English money, I would recommend to such as desire to obtain at home a good idea of the physical features of Norway, and the aspect of its principal towns.

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any amusement. The country, in addition to its other duties, is obliged to serve as a kind of nursery for these creatures. They are themselves fed, and their enemies are destroyed. Nowhere else in the world is this the case. Britain, therefore, in addition to all its other high qualities, is the country where game is most plentiful. The Highlands of Scotland may be said to be *a preserve* in comparison with Norway.

At Christiania I had for the first time an opportunity of examining the favourite travelling-carriage of the country, yclept a *carriole*. It is a vehicle of spider-like lightness, with a pair of large wheels, and long springy beams, and a seat for one person, so extremely low, that the traveller is obliged to sit with his legs straight out before him. Room for luggage there is none; or, at the most, a carpet-bag may be strapped on. The person required to bring back the horse to its own station assumes an anomalous position in the rear. I cannot imagine it an agreeable means of travelling, although I am told that young Englishmen soon come to manage it well, and to like it; and I met with one gentleman of that country who had travelled by one, with his wife occupying another. I saw a gentleman purchase a smart new carriole on the street in Christiania for a sum equal to four pounds ten shillings; but I believe they generally cost a little more. It is a matter of considerable difficulty for an English traveller to arrange at Christiania for the means of passing through the country. There are no stage-coaches. The mail is a gig for carrying letters alone. He must either hire a carriage, under the burthen of having perhaps to send it back at a considerable expense, or purchase one, which he may sell at the end of his journey. Then he hears strange stories of the difficulties of his route, and generally is advised to trust to nothing but a carriole, and to take scarcely any luggage. The necessity of having a vehicle to himself must be admitted to be a great impediment; and in the choice between a hired and purchased vehicle it certainly is difficult to decide, though I believe hiring is, on the whole, the better plan. But as to the alleged difficulties of travelling in a carriage, I humbly think them exaggerated. I travelled many hundreds of miles in a four-wheeled hooded vehicle, which gave accommodation for a sufficiency of luggage, and never once was in any serious *embarras*, much less danger, although I had neither a patent drag, nor, what is common, a trailing pike behind, to serve as an arrestment in the event of the horses failing in an ascent. I would therefore recommend any future traveller not to be deterred by what he hears from taking a carriage above the character of a carriole, if he feel so inclined, providing only that he makes sure of its strength, and has a trusty servant to act as driver.

I made an excursion from Christiania to Drammen, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of another branch of the fiord about twenty-eight miles distant. Here, it is said, 40,000 tons of shipping are employed annually in exporting timber, and it is accordingly a place of considerable consequence. The road passes along sufficiently near the sea to allow occasional glimpses of it with its pretty islands, while the hills rise to the right in greater elevation and roughness than any I had yet seen in Norway, exhibiting smoothings only in the lower grounds. After a five-hours' drive, we passed over the brow of a hill into a valley, and beheld Drammen beautifully situated at the embouchure of two rivers which almost join before reaching the sea. On one of these rivers there is a lake only a few miles up; and on the banks of this stream at Drammen we see scarcely any alluvial formations. The other, in the lower part of its course, is skirted with terraces of clay, rising one above another to the height of several hundred feet. The cause of this difference I would explain thus:—At the time when the land was submerged to a considerable depth, the latter river brought down detritus, which it deposited in the valley in a thick bed, and this detritus was formed into terraces during the subsequent change of the relative level of sea and land, each terrace marking a pause in that progressive change. In the original circumstances, the detritus brought down by the other river was intercepted by the hollow which afterwards became a lake; so that there was none to form terraces at a lower point. A careful levelling showed that the principal terrace, and that which was best defined and most perseveringly marked on both sides of the river, was just about the same elevation above the sea as that at Elsinore. To the south of the town I found a still more remarkable phenomenon—namely, an exposed face of rock all smoothed in the usual manner, but with a double set of dressings at one limited place, one being in a north and south direction up the hill, while the other was from east to west. Such a circumstance would seem to imply an occasional change in the direction of the smoothing agent, probably under the influence of local causes.

R. C.

THE TRIAL BY CAÏMAN.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

CERTAIN philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilisation, and regretted in pathetic tones the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, wafted on the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralising effects of civilisation upon a primitive people. The Madagascarites—whether Malgaches, or Antancars, or Belsimsarses, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore birds and animals, they kill children born in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of ready money with every rich man, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short currency thereby; while, worst of all, their criminal justice consists in giving the *tanghin*. The tanghin (*Tanghinia veneriflua*) is a subtle vegetable poison, which is administered to persons accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and demand the application of the tanghin, or the (*lela-bi*) tongue and iron. The accuser goes before a judge and states his case; the judge sends him to the *ampan 'anghin*, who is half priest half executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them tanghin in water, and says, 'If thou art come forth from a bull, die!' If it dies, the presumption against the accused is strong. He then tries again, 'If thou camest from the shell of an egg, die; if thou hast for father a bull, live!' If the fowl dies, the evidence is startling.

This trial takes place seven times, and if there be three results in favour of the prosecution, the ampan gives the heads and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a *sahali*, or trial. A *traon-fadi*, or hut of repentance, is built, in which the judge, witnesses, accused, ampan, and all to be present at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accused, stript of all clothing, is placed on the green sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the ampan gives the tanghin mixed with water on a *ravinala* leaf, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretched being dies in ninety cases out of a hundred, confessing all he is asked to confess. The *lela-bi* consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, when, if a blister rises, the spears of the bystanders immediately terminate his life. This barbarous and savage legislation is observably effectual in checking the increase of population. Scarcely a day passes but some head of a family perishes. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the

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celebrated king of Madagascar, when shown the absurdity and wickedness of the practice, replied, 'Find me another tax which will so easily fill my treasury.'

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the river of the same name, lived Rakar, a young girl of sixteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the aristocratic cast of the Zanak-andia. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and, containing 800 houses, is not of small importance in the land, being, moreover, fortified. Rakar was a beauty, and rich, her father having left her much property at his death; and she owned numerous slaves. She had many suitors as a matter of course; but she was more fastidious than the generality of her people, and none seemed to touch her heart until young René, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rakar saw and loved. The semi-white was handsome, tall, and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and frank in character. But René scarcely saw Rakar, or, if he did, he distinguished her not from the multitude of dark women who flitted around him in a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve in Paradise. He was present at the dances of the village; he admired the supple and elegant forms of the girls who demonstrated their talent before him; but his eye seemed to favour no one in particular. Rakar was stricken with despair, and went to an old woman, learned in the science of futurity, for counsel. The old woman took her fee, ordered incantations without number, and promised to turn the heart of the cold youth towards her; but more piastres in pure gold went than results were produced, and Rakar almost regretted having used any other charms than those she had been endowed with by nature.

Still, love is a passion which, in this primitive state of society, is not easily to be conquered by reflection, or even its apparent futility. In civilisation the feeling would have been concealed by the female for ever, unless called forth by the addresses of the man. Rakar attempted not to convey to René the least suspicion of her emotions, the more that she had heard him declaim against the idea of settling in a wild, out-of-the-world place like Matatana. But she put faith in Derafif, the protective genius of the Malgaches, and one morning early she crossed over to the mainland in a piroque to pray for his intercession. The vegetable productions of Madagascar are varied and rich, and the wooded shore was composed of a vast tangled mass of trees and parasites, whose appearance, despite their hard appellations, was gorgeous in the extreme, each vying with the other in the beauty of leaf and flower. Amid a dense thicket of this verdure Rakar concealed herself, neither listening to the songs of the strange choristers of the woods, nor dreading the snakes, nor scorpions, nor wild boars and cats, which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the *ravintsara* sent forth its delicious perfume from nut and leaf, and where also grew the plants she made use for her incantation.

The place selected was a hollow where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rakar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odorous leaves and nuts of the ravintsara being added, the young girl set fire to the whole, and sitting down, began to chant a monotonous ballad, beginning,

> 'He! hé! he! zala hé, the moon looks down,
> The moon in the blue sky, he! he! he!'

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The dry grass and twigs crackled, flamed, and smoked, while the young Zanak gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an instant manifestation of the will of Derafif. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was about to rise and return, when a step was heard, and Ratsimi, one of her suitors, stood before her.

'Rakar is burning incense to the Angatch' (evil spirit), said the young man coldly.

'And why not to Zanaar!' asked the girl shuddering, and quoting the good angel of her faith.

'You do not answer!' continued Ratsimi.

'I own no right in you to ask me,' said the Zanak, moving as if to go.

'Rakar knows well that Ratsimi loves her; that he has told her so two moons ago; and that, like Raafou—who dared the enemy of man in the Mount Tangoury for love of Fihali—Ratsimi would brave any danger for Rakar.'

'I have spoken once,' replied the young Zanak coldly; 'the daughter of the great chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Ratsimi, much less one of his wives.'

'Rakar!' cried the lover impetuously, 'do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery.'

'Give me up to the ampan then!' said the girl indignantly. 'Your threats have less value than your protestations; and Rakar ran lightly through the wood, leaving Ratsimi in a violent passion, thinking over vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civilisation.

Rakar was not without alarm. She knew Ratsimi to be a young man of violent passions, sometimes uncontrollable; but she still doubted his descending to denounce her because she could not return his love. She paddled quickly across the river to the village, and met René smoking his pipe before breakfast on the strand. René complimented the girl, without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

'A Malgache girl is not always flying from a lover,' replied Rakar, as she was about to pass.

'What mean you? Flying from a lover! That's not like your age and race,' said René curiously.

'Rakar is different from her race, and runs to avoid the anger of Ratsimi, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not.'

'And who, pretty one, is the favoured brave?' asked René, gazing on her with admiration.

'Rakar never accepted love from any one,' she cried, and darted away.

René filled his pipe, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Zanak a strange girl, and then he went to breakfast, and forgot the subject.

That evening there was solemn council held in the camp of Matatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold luminary had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though its light already pervaded the sky. A marshy space near the river's bank was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs—around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle. René leant against a tree behind Ova the old head of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy beside them, its swift current glancing by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the vast ocean. Beyond was the great island of Madagascar, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by caïmans of the most ferocious and ravenous character, as are most of the rivers in those parts. Suddenly the moon rose in the sky, the water danced pellucid and sparkling in the light, the trees waved clearly their dark outlines, and the whole tribe could be distinguished. It was ten o'clock, and the affair of the night commenced.

Rakar stood before the chief, accused by Ratsimi of sorcery.

As soon as the moon had risen, Ova stood up, and, like most of his countrymen, fond of speech, addressed the assembly at length on the atrocious crime of sorcery. He pointed out its fatal consequences, visible in the ailments which it produced, and the many deaths yearly in the village, all to be attributed to the wickedness of male and female conjurers. He was sorry that a girl so excellent and worthy should be there on so terrible a charge, but he must see justice done.

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Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

A judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have been giving herself to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

'I am innocent,' she cried aloud. 'Ratsimi is a false coward: the caïmans will decide between us!'

'As you will; so be it,' said the judge.

'What are they about to do?' whispered René to a Malgache near him.

'Rakar will swim out to yonder island. If guilty, the caïmans will devour her: if innocent, she will come back in safety.'

'But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent: I swear it—I know it!'

'She must bear the trial,' said the superstitious Malgache: 'if innocent, there is no danger.'

'This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!'

'And die,' said his friend solemnly. 'The people will spear you if you dare to interfere.'

René ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

'Rakar,' said Ova, 'confess: once more I conjure you.'

'The caïmans shall decide,' replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

'Ombiach,' cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, 'she is yours.'

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

'Rafara,' said she, turning to one, 'give me that ribbon to tie my long hair: it may prevent my swimming freely.'

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and aided her herself to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seidek*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

René shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illumined the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind: every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. René felt sick: he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caïmans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials, which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. René thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles: but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. René held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good-fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

'The worst is now to come,' thought René; 'the savage animals must be alarmed by all that noise. God help her!' he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caïman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy René fired the two barrels of his fowlingpiece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror: still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by René for the purpose, a white African *bumoore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

'People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!' he cried wild with enthusiasm and joy. 'I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her for something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation.'

'As for claiming the girl as a wife,' said the chief, 'that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastres, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repent his folly.'

'Worse than folly!' cried René: 'the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!'

'Is this true, Rakar?' asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that René had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; and according to her native customs, she felt a pride in her public avowals.

'Ratsimi,' said Ova, when she had concluded, 'you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caïman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl.'

'I forgive him all!' cried Rakar warmly; 'for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love: that was worth the race.'

René's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm: the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that very evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. René settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing *trial by caïman!**

MADAME CATALANI.†

It were superfluous to inform our readers that the name appearing at the head of this article belonged to one of the most celebrated singers of the present century; for who has not heard of the wondrous syren by whose voice thousands, nay, millions, have been enchanted, and whose career was mingled up with some of the great events in contemporaneous history?

Familiar, however, as the name of Madame Catalani may be to us all, yet many amongst us are perhaps but little acquainted with her history, and we hope it may not prove an ungrateful task if we communicate some

* The above scene is no fiction: it was witnessed by Lequével de Lacombe.

† Abridged from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

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authentic details of a life which forms so memorable an epoch in the annals of art.

Angelica Catalani was born in October 1779, at Sinigaglia, a small town in the Roman states. Her father, a very estimable man, was a magistrate, a sort of judge of the peace, who had much difficulty in providing for his numerous family, consisting of four girls and two boys. In order to supply the deficiencies of his small income, the father of the future *prima donna* traded in diamonds; nor was this plurality of occupations altogether unprofitable in a place which boasts of its annual fair as one of the largest and most brilliant in Italy. Signor Catalani, nevertheless, found himself so straitened in his circumstances, that he decided on providing for his daughter Angelica by placing her in a convent, where in due season she should pronounce the solemn and irrevocable vows of monastic life. Accordingly, Angelica entered at an early age the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio, which is not very far distant from Sinigaglia; and this establishment being exclusively devoted to the education of noble young ladies of the province, Signor Catalani only secured the admission of his daughter by proving her distant parentage with the House of Mastaë, a family which has recently obtained celebrity of a very different sort by the elevation of Pius IX. to the papal chair.

It was in the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio that the youthful Angelica received her earliest knowledge of the art of music. There, as in all the monastic establishments of Italy, music constituted a large portion of their religious services. On Sundays more especially, and on high festivals, the nuns and the novices made the vaulted roof of their chapel resound with the melody of their hymns. Among those sweet voices was soon distinguished that of Angelica Catalani, on account of its flexibility, its compass, and the rich brilliancy of its tones. The nuns, wishing to profit by so rare a talent, made her sing short solos, which attracted a great concourse of worshippers to the shrine of their patroness Sta. Lucia. 'Let us go and hear *la marvigliosa Angelica*,' was wont to be said upon the days of great solemnity; and the doors of the chapel were so thronged, that many were obliged to withdraw without gaining admittance. Some devout people, being scandalised by the somewhat *profane* success of Angelica, complained of it to the bishop, who commanded the superior to put an end to the solos of the young novice. The lady-abbess was equally loth to disobey the bishop, and to give up a practice which was so useful to the poor pensioners of her convent: accordingly, she sought to satisfy her conscience and silence the murmurs of the scrupulous by placing Angelica behind a group of novices, who concealed their companion from the crowd, and tempered the brilliancy of that voice which, at a later period, was destined to fill all Europe with its triumphs. The throng of worshippers would not suffer themselves, however, to be thus robbed of their idol, and rising upon tiptoe, head above head, peered into the gallery, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the young girl by whose voice they were so entranced. On one day of festival more especially, when the charming Angelica, clad in white, sang an 'Ave Maria stella' in such sweet and touching tones, that the whole congregation melted into tears, the enthusiasm was so great, that every one pressed towards the spot where she stood, desiring if it were only to kiss the hand or the garment of *la virginella* whom God had so richly endowed with the gift of song.

Signorina Catalani remained in the convent of Gubbio until she had attained the age of fourteen years. Her father, in spite of the earnest intreaties addressed to him from all parts, could not decide on allowing his daughter's talents to be devoted to secular purposes. His own strict piety, as well as the nature of his office, made him regard with extreme repugnance every profession which was connected with the theatre. At length, overcome by the tears of Angelica, and the urgent solicitations of his family, Signor Catalani consented to send his daughter to Florence, to take lessons from Marchesi, who was at that time one of the most celebrated sopranos in Italy.

Angelica Catalani studied for two years under the direction of this master, who taught her to moderate the extreme facility of her voice, which was as extended in its compass as it was brilliant in its tone. Unfortunately she also imbibed from him too exclusive a taste for the pomp and tinsel of the Italian vocal school. While the youthful Angelica was thus preparing to achieve the brilliant destiny which awaited her, she chanced to hear at Florence a very celebrated *cantatrice* —it is supposed to have been Gabrielli—whose performance filled her with the deepest emotion. Overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at the talent of this singer, Angelica burst into tears, and naïvely exclaimed, 'Alas, alas! I shall never attain to such perfection!' The fashionable cantatrice expressed her desire to see the young girl who had paid her so flattering a compliment, and after having made her sing in her presence, she embraced her tenderly, saying, 'Reassure yourself, my child; in a few years hence you will have surpassed me, and then it will be my turn to weep at your success.'

Mademoiselle Catalani made her début at the Théâtre la Fenice at Venice in 1795, in an opera of Nicolini's. She was then just sixteen. A tall and finely-proportioned figure, a skin of dazzling whiteness, a swan-like throat, lovely, and yet noble-looking features, all combined to render the young cantatrice a very charming person. As for her voice, it was a soprano of the most exquisite quality, and embracing a compass of nearly three octaves. There was a perfect equality, as well as an incomparable flexibility, in all her tones. With such advantages, it may readily be supposed that she found no difficulty in conquering the sympathies of an Italian public, and her success at Venice was as instantaneous as it was brilliant. Surrounded by her family, and in presence of her master, Marchesi, who wished to encourage her first steps in the profession, Angelica was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and her musical fame quickly spread abroad throughout Europe.

The fair songstress was destined, however, soon to leave these scenes of her earliest triumphs; for her father, wishing, if possible, to withdraw her from the perilous glory of a dramatic career, accepted the offers of the prince-regent of Portugal, a great amateur of music, who earnestly desired to secure her services as the first singer in the Chapel-Royal at Lisbon. Accordingly, she quitted her native land in 1796, and, accompanied by her family, became domesticated in Portugal.

After having for a while devoted her talents exclusively to the religious services of the Chapel-Royal, Angelica found that the emoluments of this situation but ill sufficed for the wants of the numerous family, of whom she now formed the chief support; and whether influenced solely by this cause, or whether swayed by a longing for dramatic fame, she soon made her appearance on the Lisbon theatre, where she was greeted with the most overwhelming enthusiasm. Here also, under the direction of the celebrated Crescentini, she learned to correct some of those defects of style which she had acquired from the clever yet too florid Marchesi. Mademoiselle Catalani quickly became as great a favourite in private as in public life. During six years, she was the idol of the court as well as of the city of Lisbon. The reserve of her manners, her gentle piety, and the goodness of her heart, procured for her the esteem, as well as the love, of those who formed her acquaintance. The regent treated her like one of his own children.

When General Lannes was sent as French ambassador to Lisbon, he brought with him a young French officer, who was destined to exercise a great influence on the fate of the celebrated cantatrice. M. de Valabrègue, captain in the 8th regiment of hussars, was an agreeable man, of very distinguished address and appearance. He had many opportunities of meeting Mademoiselle Catalani in the circle of the French ambassador, and she appeared pleased with his lively conversation, his noble aspect, and perhaps a little attracted too by his elegant and becoming uniform. M. de Valabrègue was no less struck by the beauty and naïve yet earnest simplicity of the fair singer, nor was he altogether unmindful of the rich promise of fortune contained in her splendid voice.

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so he sought her hand. The family and friends of Angelica Catalani felt an extreme repugnance to the proposed union; but to all the representations which were made to her on the subject she only replied with a sigh, 'Ma che bel uffiziale!' and before long, the handsome officer carried off the prize, and the marriage was celebrated at the court chapel, in presence of the prince-regent and of General Lannes. Madame de Valabrègue, who continued to bear her own family name, quitted Lisbon early in 1806. She had just formed a most advantageous engagement for the Italian Opera in London. She went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which brought her in a considerable sum of money. Then passing through France, she arrived in Paris early in June 1806. Her fame had already preceded her in that great capital, and the public curiosity was so strongly stimulated, that, on her giving three concerts at the Opera-House, every part of the building was crowded to excess, although the tickets were raised to threefold their ordinary price. With the exception of Paganini, no musical artist since that time has kindled the same glowing enthusiasm at Paris as was awakened by this celebrated singer.

Among the hearers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera-House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *fioriture:* she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. 'Where are you going, madame?' inquired the master with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation — that is settled. Adieu, madame!' And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid L.150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life.

Madame Catalani arrived in London in December 1806. The partiality of the English for Italian music and musicians dates from an early period of our national history. In the sixteenth century, we hear of Italian lute-players, as well as singers of madrigals and canzonets, performing at the splendid entertainments which were given to Queen Elizabeth by her nobles and courtiers. The Italian Opera was opened in London early in the eighteenth century, and within its walls, which were ever frequented by the higher classes of London society, shone forth successively the most celebrated Italian singers nurtured in the schools of Naples, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, for the amusement of the 'barbarians.'

Never, however, had any cantatrice obtained in London the same success as Madame Catalani, whose appearance seemed to be regarded as a public event in which multitudes were interested. The wonderful compass of her voice; the equability and fulness of her tones; the magnificence, the *bris* of her vocalisation, which seemed to expand itself in its sparkling rapidity, like some fountain playing in the sunshine; the distinguished elegance of her person, her noble bearing and fine character—all contributed to excite a universal enthusiasm in her favour. Madame Catalani was, during eight years, the idol of England. Admitted into the most aristocratic circles, who were gratified by her having resisted the seductions of Napoleon, courted by the Tories, admired by the Whigs, she held the whole nation under the charm of her chromatic gamut; and her enchanting *gorgheggi.* Whenever the season was over in London, Madame Catalani visited the provinces, giving concerts wherever she went; and no sooner did her name appear upon a bill, than it acted as an irresistible talisman, drawing around her crowds even in the smallest market-towns of the British empire.

The effect which Madame Catalani produced upon the English public was not solely that of a great artist or even of a charming woman. By her sympathy in their national feelings of loyalty to their sovereign, and of antipathy to Napoleon, she won many a heart which might have been insensible to her beauty as well as to the enchantment of her voice. Perhaps this influence was never so perceptible as at those moments of public depression when Napoleon had gained some unexpected victory, and Madame Catalani would step forth upon the boards of Drury-Lane, and sing *confiechi,* 'God save the King,' or 'Rule Britannia.' When her magnificent voice launched upon the thrilling multitude those words so full of national pride, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,' or when she gave utterance in the voice of song to the prayer of the country, 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' then would the excited audience rise en masse and applaud with passionate enthusiasm the noble-looking cantatrice, who was compared by many to Juno uplifting the waves with one glance of her queenly eye. Thus was our fair Italian virtually enrolled in the grand coalition formed by England against her implacable enemy.

Madame Catalani came to Paris in 1814, with the Allies, to enjoy her share of the common triumph. On the 4th of February 1815 she gave a grand concert at the Opera-House for the benefit of the poor; when her success was as brilliant as it had been in 1806. During the Hundred Days she disappeared from the scene, having followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where her house became the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After an excursion into Holland and Belgium, Madame Catalani returned to Paris on the second restoration of the Bourbons. It was at this period that Louis XVIII., wishing to reward the attachment that Madame Catalani had ever evinced for his person, as well as for the cause of legitimacy, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, together with a grant of 160,000 francs. This enterprise became to her the source of endless contrarieties and vexations; for M. de Valabrègue, being a man of restless mind, and jealous of any one who seemed likely to compete with his wife in the popular favour, sought to dismiss from the Théâtre-Italien the most talented artists. At length Madame Catalani found herself obliged to abandon this unfortunate direction, after having lost the good graces of the Parisian public, together with 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order to repair this double misfortune, the celebrated cantatrice undertook a long journey in the north of Europe. She visited Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, being greeted everywhere with triumphant applause, and amassing a vast sum of money by the exercise of her splendid talent.

In 1817 Madame Catalani visited Venice, where, about thirty years before, her youth and her fame had burst into such early and such glorious bloom. Here the same laurels awaited her as had been laid at her feet when she made her first appearance at the Fenice. *Then* was she breathing the poetic atmosphere of hope, with all its joyous dreams and bright illusions; *now* all her youthful fancies had been more than realised; but had her successful and triumphant life been productive of all the happiness predicted by a fond and glowing imagination? This was a question to which perhaps she scarcely dared to answer even within the recesses of her own heart.

We shall not attempt to follow the steps of our indefatigable traveller, who visited the most remote corners of Europe. Suffice it here to mention her journey to St

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Petersburg in 1823, where she met with the most cordial and gracious reception from the Emperor Alexander. The last time of her appearance in public was, we understand, at a concert which she gave in Dublin in the year 1828.

After having thus, during so long a period, enchanted the world by her musical talents, Madame Catalani retired to a noble property in the neighbourhood of Florence, where the later years of her life were passed in the midst of a refined and opulent ease, and in the enjoyment of that public esteem which had been won for her by the dignity of her character, the serenity of her mind, and the unfailing charity of her heart. In the charming solitude that she had formed for herself, she continued to cultivate the art to which she was so passionately attached. She sang to please herself, as well as for the enjoyment of her friends; nor was she ever deaf to the solicitations of the miserable or necessitous when they came to invoke the magic of her name and talent in their behalf.

The tumults and intestine broils by which Florence was disturbed towards the close of 1848 excited her alarm, and caused her precipitately to leave the pleasant villa which had been her home for so many years. She came to seek a refuge in Paris among her children who are settled there, and who, by the right transmitted to them by their father, are citizens of France. The cholera, during its recent visitations in that capital, carried off this celebrated woman, after a few hours' illness, on the 12th June of this present year (1849) at the age of sixty-nine.

A few days before her death, Madame Catalani, who was sitting in her saloon without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women: bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!' Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish Nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview, they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path: the one, to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other, to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

ANGLERS' FANCIES.

Walton has given a very seductive description of angling, and has connected with the art scenes of meditation, innocence, and rural enjoyment. An angler, in his view, must be a good man. Now, without detracting from the general merits of the character, it has occurred to me, after mixing for a time with the lovers of this gentle craft, that there are some peculiar tendencies in these gentlemen which call for a certain degree of animadversion. Isaac, I think, goes a little too far. A fisher has his fancies and foibles like other men; and without meaning to decry the general respectability of the craft, I would just hint at a few points in which he suffers his imagination to run away with him.

One of these is a tendency to look at things through the water—to magnify, as it were; a kind of unceremoniousness in dealing with facts, as if these were small matters, which fishers were entitled by their calling to overlook. For instance, with regard to the number, size, and species of the fish taken, the sportsman, whatever his age, rank, or general character, exhibits an elasticity of conscience which is not observable in his common life. Dozens count for hundreds, an ounce for a pound, and a par or minnow for a trout. On the subject of salmon-fishing, this largeness of vision is the most remarkable; for a grilse of three pounds thinks nothing of weighing eight or ten in the angler's scales, and those of larger size leap at once into a gigantic salmon. As to the quality of the fish, it suffers a sea-change too; and a yellow kipper blazes like the brightest silver.

It may be said that it would be easy for a well-meaning friend to bring these matters to the test of experience, and convince the deluded sportsman that he laboured under some degree of glamour; but I have often tried this, and have always found very considerable difficulty in the way. I have accompanied fishers of high repute to the burn; have stood shivering at their elbow from morn till dewy eve; and, after all, have seen only a few par committed to the roomy basket. Nevertheless, when I left them in despair, I have been told, to my utter confusion the next day, that ever so many dozens were caught in the twilight just after my departure. I would walk twenty miles to see a salmon taken with the rod, but my curiosity was never yet gratified. What exploit, however, is more common than this? I have been living for some time in a country town on the banks of the Tweed; and in the evening you see, sauntering at the door of the inn, jolly-looking fellows redolent of cigars, with fly-hooks twisted round their hats, and their breast-pockets swollen out with hook-books, their tall rods leaning aristocratically against the wall, as if reposing, like their masters, after the fatigues of the day. The whole has a grand look; and one cannot help thinking of what the results must be of all this preparation. In the evening you hear the story from their own lips, as they converse over their toddy—how nicely a monster of a salmon was hooked; how he plunged; how he twisted; how he sulked; how the angler stumbled into a pool; how he swam with the rod in his teeth; how at length, with the merest gossamer of gut, he hauled the leviathan on his side to the bank; and with what precision he then struck him with his gaff—although not without spraining his wrist in the conflict, which he incontinent exhibits to the company, still blackened, if not swollen. The sprain clenches the anecdote; and he would be an infidel indeed who, as the company warms into emulation of the narrative, and similar heroic details circulate round the table with the glass, would parody between his teeth the lines of the poet—

> 'Thus, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
> You talk of nibbles that you never felt,
> And fancy salmon that you never knew!'

In such meetings of the brotherhood there is often a mutual inspection of hooks and lines, which leads to a great display of piscatory lore. Each hook has its history. One is taken out with becoming reverence; and the fortunate proprietor, after drawing the gut carefully between his lips, and stroking its somewhat scanty plumage, will tell who was its dresser—what were its adventures—the number of its victims—and all 'its moving accidents by flood:' how it was found in the mouth of a fish which had been lost and rehooked; and how it had succeeded in some desperate day, when younger and better-appointed hooks had failed. This distinguished instrument is then handed round and commented on; and the young fisher—whose hook-book is a series of illumined pages, each gleaming with flies of Oriental lustre—gazes with envy and awe on the little gray veteran as it passes. Now comes a trial of the strength of snoods, and a discourse on the plaiting of lines. Haply one has a line wrought by the well-known captain, from the fair hair of one of Edina's loveliest daughters; and a murmur of applause is heard through the room as its elasticity and strength are displayed by its proud possessor.

This competition in wonders may perhaps be considered a fisher's foible; but I would rather give that name to the mutual depreciation to which it leads. The angler demands belief, but will give none in return. In such scenes as I have alluded to there is much whispering and eye-dilating among the company; and I have observed that even when a fish is drawn triumphantly from the basket in evidence, it is by no means considered to be conclusive of the fact. It may be that a noted poacher was on the river that day—but what then? The fellow himself makes his appearance in the evening in a state of dreamy drunkenness; but you may see by his air of resolute denial, and the dull, ox-like stare he fixes upon the successful angler, that there is nothing to be

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got out of him. It may be remarked that fishers seldom see each other's fish caught, and that they shun one another on the river. They are very fidgetty when people look into their baskets, as if they came to spy the nakedness of the land. A noted fisher of my own acquaintance, on seeing a tyro undoubtedly hook and draw ashore a fish, remarked with some spleen that the creature had very *bad teeth*. Even the gift of a salmon from a fishing friend to another of the craft, though in itself acceptable, appears to occasion some sort of uneasiness; and often there is a minute inspection, to discover if the fish be not a regular capture of the net, with a mouth unconscious of the hook. This I hold to be ungenerous. We should not look a gift-fish any more than a gift-horse in the mouth.

It cannot be denied, however, that many things occur to sour the temper of an angler. The weather, for instance, is a fertile subject for theory; and it is to be observed that a true fisher, although contradicted every day of his life by the event, never gives in, but lives and dies in his faith. Indeed I have never been able to hear two opinions on the weather alike, even from the indigenous fishers of the place. One would guess that 'there was ower muckle fire in the air;' another believed 'the wind was in the east;' a third that 'it was too warm;' and a fourth that 'it was too cold.' The water was at one time too high, at another too low; now too dark, now too clear; in short, there seemed to be necessary to successful fishing such a combination of circumstances as must occur but rarely. Then I could never ascertain what colour of fly was suitable for the day. Some advised me to consult the hedges on the subject, and observe what fly was in vogue at the time. But even if all was right at last, the chances were, that I returned unsuccessful, and profanely voted fishing a drudgery, a delusion, and a bore. I have been assured, notwithstanding, that there are some philosophers who go to work scientifically, and fill their baskets with certainty, and with little fuss. I believe it; but these men I have never yet happened to meet. There was a report one morning in the village where I lived that a salmon had been caught, and I immediately went through the place in quest of the captor—to look at him as a curiosity. But he multiplied himself as fast as the men in buckram, and took as many forms as Proteus. He was a weaver lad at first, then a ploughman, then an exciseman, then an old pensioner. A suspicion is abroad here that the trout which occasionally appear at the inn-table are the victims, not of the rod, but of the poacher's nets, which silently, but surely, sweep the pools at night.

I have already remarked, as one of the peculiarities of this sport, the tendency of an angler to multiply his fish, magnify their size, and improve their species; but it is no less strange that all the trouts which are lost are greatly larger than those caught. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the knowingness of the elder trouts.

Fishers are accused by the uninitiated of conceit and incivility, inasmuch as it is the custom of the craft, when they fall in with any inexperienced sportsman, to examine his tackle with undisguised contempt. They try his rod by shaking it, and then dismiss it from their hands with a look of pity, handling his hooks, meanwhile, with such a look as they would bestow upon curiosities from Central Africa. They make no scruple of peering into the basket of the benighted individual; and this perhaps emboldens him to a retaliatory inspection—when he is probably rejoiced by the sight of some small fry as innocent and imponderable as his own. This fancy of fishers is shared by the whole fraternity, gentle and semple. I have observed the contemptuous air of mere hinds when conversing with gentlemen beginners. If they are asked, in a courteous manner, if such a kind of fly will suit the day, their dry assent leads you to believe that it is the respondent's opinion that it is a matter of absolute indifference what sort of fly *you* employ, and that, in fact, you are beneath the serious attention of a real fisher.

Selfishness is another foible charged to fishers. Angling, indeed, is the most unsocial of all amusements. A man may be excellent company on the road to the stream; but the moment his line is in the water, he cuts his friend dead, and minds his own business. So far from lending his aid in any dilemma, the fisher exemplifies in his covert smile the dogma, 'that men find something agreeable in the misfortunes even of their dearest friends.' A curious instance of the anti-social effect of the sport occurred in my own family. One of my boys, who usually came to fish with me, was very useful at first in emergencies; several times a day he has stripped, and waded to clear away my hooks; but such is the natural tendency of the pastime, that he soon seized every opportunity of deserting me, that he might fish independently of his father. This, however, was an instinct in the young vagabond; but if we listen to the conversation of fishers in the great crises of the harvest, we shall be surprised at an enthusiasm which considers a bad day's sport as something far worse than a national famine. The failure of this year's crop would have been a fearful calamity; and every good man's first movement, on awaking in the morning, was to rush to the windows, and scan the appearance of the sky. For myself, I was so stupid as to rejoice in the prospect when the east was sown with orient pearl, even although aware that the day's fishing would be indifferent; but in the inn, when I called one morning, there was unbounded congratulation among the angling guests on a discharge of rain, prostrating, at the moment, the standing corn, and deluging the potatoes. Nay, a wish was openly expressed that the torrent would continue to fall for days; and a hum of deep delight buzzed among a number of them as they kept tapping on the barometer, and saw the mercury go slowly yet resolutely down. I confess I could not enter into this feeling, but rather enjoyed the mortification which followed the subsiding of the river, when the only fish taken was a single grilse. This was caught by a mechanic, who, after the gentlemen amateurs had returned to the inn, weary and savage, went down to the river after his day's work, with a simple knot of worms at his hook. He sold the much-prized fish at the inn-door to one of the brethren, who immediately packed it up, and directed it to a friend in Edinburgh.

I am little inclined to speak of the cruelty of fishing, as the subject is so hackneyed, and as I have been assured by certain philosophers that fish are not susceptible of much pain; but the impalement of worms on the hook is, I must say, a most harrowing business to the inexperienced. The catching of eels is also peculiarly painful to more than the fish; for in most cases the hook is swallowed some inches down the creature's body. It is no doubt a weakness; but on such occasions I have found myself quite unfit for the task of extricating the barbed steel, and, with the habitual selfishness which fishing gives, have ordered one of my boys to lay open the eel with his penknife. While this process went on, I was obliged to avert my eyes; and cruel as many boys are, it was not without pain that mine succeeded in embowelling the living and struggling creature. It was no doubt some compunctious visitings of conscience for my barbarity both to the fish and the boy which that night haunted my dreams, in the shape of a thousand eels twining round my limbs and body, and hissing like serpents in my ear.

Such various discouragements had cooled considerably my angling propensities; but the calculations of a great statistician of my acquaintance made me finally resolve on abandoning the sport, at least as the business of my vacations. He set down with much exactness the price of my wading-boots, rod, reel, lines, hooks, gaff, &c. with the various repairs consequent on breakage, and I was a little confused to find that the aquatic outfit of myself and boys amounted to nearly L.10 sterling. The per-contra to meet this was six pounds' weight of trout, which, averaging at the rate of 4d. per pound, produced the congratulatory total of 2s., leaving a balance against me of L.9, 18s. This does not include the expense of a doctor who attended me for a fortnight for a sore throat, which was the only thing I caught during my first week's fishing. I must add, since I am at confession at anyrate, that I have been much disconcerted by

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the ingratitude of my family as regards the fruits of my fishing. At first it gave me excessive delight to see my wife and daughters pick a par or two of my catching for breakfast; but I soon perceived that their approbation was hollow, and that at last their gorge rose at the dainties. I overheard the servants say that they *scunnered* at them; and, in fact, the only individual in the house who patronised me was the cat, who, by some unaccountable accident or other, always came in for the lion's share. For myself, I did not half like the notion of eating what I had killed; and on one occasion the fishiness of my hands, caused by taking a few par off the hook, had so entered my soul, that when I saw the victims on the table, I had merely strength to order their removal.

In addition to all this, I have just received a hint that reports of my poor success as a fisher had reached the world in which I live, and that I may expect some roasting in the winter circles. This has brought my discontent to a climax; and feeling myself to be pretty considerably fished up, I am now *resolved* to take my rod to pieces for the last time, wind up my pirn, return to town, strike out for amusement in a different line, convinced that, with all my endowments, I fall lamentably short in that poetical imagination, which is the life and soul of a TWEED FLY FISHER.

THE RED HILL REFORMATORY FARM.

WHEN country gentlemen visited London some years ago, one of the most interesting sights to them—especially if they were magistrates — was the Philanthropic School in St George's Fields. This establishment was formed about sixty years ago for the reception of juvenile criminals, and of the destitute offspring of convicted felons. When in the school, the pupils were subjected to two processes of education—the first combining religion with the rudiments of commerce and literature, and the next such practical instruction in some useful branch of industry as should enable them to maintain themselves in after-life by their own skill. This being the earliest institution whose system combined the prevention of crime with the reformation of young criminals, it was, for many years during the commencement of its history, watched with interest by the comparatively few who then were actively desirous of the welfare of the poor and the debased.

To such, an inspection of the establishment produced much gratification. The visitor entered at a lodge in the London Road, and found himself in a large irregular area, surrounded on one side by shops for tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, basketmakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, printers, &c. There was also a rope-walk, and a manufactory for mats. Opposite were the superintendents' residences. The girls' school—in which they learned to knit, sew, and were trained to become domestic servants—was walled off from the boys' department. It was, however, found necessary in 1817 to discontinue the admission of criminal girls, and more recently, the change of plan in the institution has necessitated the exclusion of that sex altogether. At the end of the enclosure there was a chapel, which still faces St George's Road. The space occupied by the entire range of buildings was therefore great—so great, that, since the removal of the establishment to Red Hill, near Reigate in Surrey, a not inconsiderable 'neighbourhood' of houses has been built upon only a part of it.

It was here that the old prejudices against the irreclaimability of criminals first received a check. The old-school gentleman or magistrate saw convicted felons of tender years, whom he had dismissed in Quarter-Session sentences as 'hardened young rascals,' working at their various avocations with diligence and cheerfulness. On inquiring into their general character or conduct, he found they were pretty much, or, if anything, a shade better, than those of other lads; and—if he were not one already—the chances were very much in favour of his becoming a subscriber to the institution.

More than fifty years' experience showed that, upon the whole, this reformatory plan worked well; but the society became rich, and followed out the seldom-failing law of affluence by falling also into a slothful routine. Although everything went on with rigid propriety—abating now and then the escape over the walls of an impatient and untameable pupil—the sphere of the society's usefulness was not extended. The energy of its managers got consolidated into an undeviating regularity; so many children were apprenticed out during each year, and so many were elected in to fill their places. This sort of slumber was not, however, of long duration; for fortunately, about eight years since, the control of the institution devolved upon an energetic philanthropist, who saw by what means the society might be rendered more extensively efficacious, and how many of its disadvantages might be removed. It will be useful to enumerate a few of these:—

When first formed, the establishment was literally 'in the fields,' but gradually these were built over, and inhabited; consequently the inmates were obliged to be kept almost prisoners. It was found impossible to give the boys occasional holidays, or even to afford them little offices of trust—such as executing errands, or carrying letters—without exposing them to the temptations and associates it was the object of the school to rescue them from. Again, when placed out as apprentices, once free of restraint, they frequently relapsed into evil. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the directors, they got into bad hands, and boys of apparently the steadiest character and most promising disposition fell into crime from the ill-treatment or neglect of their masters. It is admitted in one of the more recent reports of the institution that only two-thirds of those who had passed under its influence permanently benefited by it. Since, also, the earlier years of the society's operations, competition among members of the different trades to which the pupils were bred has become more severe, and when out of the hands of even the best masters, they have gone back into dishonesty from sheer want of employment. Indeed the useful articles manufactured in the school, which at one time found a ready sale, would, more recently, have remained on hand but for the exertions and purchases of the subscribers.

In this state of things, there is no knowing how the value of the Philanthropic Society might have languished but for a vigorous effort to resuscitate it. Instead of a benefit, it might possibly become almost a cruelty to pen up young people in a comparatively confined space, and train them to trades, by the after-exercise of which they would have small chance of obtaining a livelihood. When sent into the world, they would only swell the multitudes of artisans, whose greatest good-fortune is barely to keep themselves in life by their labour.

It was this basis upon which Mr Sydney Turner, the resident chaplain and manager of the Philanthropic institution, seems to have built the beneficial improvements he has prevailed on the committee to introduce into the plans of the society. With the example of the government reformatory at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, and of Mettray, the *colonie agricole*, near Tours (frequently alluded to in this Journal), before him, as affording examples for avoidance or guides to success, he, seconded especially by the present humane and enlightened treasurer (Mr William Gladstone), set about altering the system then in force. In company with Mr Paynter, the police magistrate, who takes a warm interest in the reform of young criminals, he visited the Mettray colony; made himself acquainted with its details; and in taking it as a model, rejected what appeared unsuitable to an English reformatory, and only retained such as seemed excellencies. He saw at once the truth of the principle laid down by the originators of this noble penitentiary:—that farm labour should be the basis of every system of industrial reform, and that trades and handicrafts should be deemed secondary.

It was therefore decided, on the return of these gentlemen, that the operations of the Philanthropic School should be removed into the country—a change presenting many advantages in England over even the reformatory system by means of agriculture and handicraft

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pursued in France. There, when reformed, the pupil has to take his chance with the rest of the overstocked community; which is as bad a chance there as in this country. France has no foreign colonies to which his skill and labour can be transferred; Great Britain has. While our home labour market overflows almost to the point of starvation, our colonists are stretching forth their hands to us, imploring help to gather in their harvests; and, despite the distress which prevails here, the call is but sparingly answered. This, therefore, is the grand opening for the absorption of reformed criminals: they are removed from evil influences, and their employers are put in possession of skilled labour. Besides, this is a calling in which no competition exists: as yet, so far as we know, it has nowhere become a branch of education to train up *an emigrant*—to deal, in short, with practical colonisation as a profession to be taught.

After some difficulties, the Red-Hill Farm was obtained, and this interesting experiment commenced by the admission of seventeen lads, mostly above fourteen years of age, and from country districts. Farm labour, although the basis of the plan, did not exclude the handicrafts already taught and practised in St George's Fields. If, in addition to a knowledge of ordinary agricultural operations, the candidate for employment in the colonies could make a cart, a spade, a gate, or a coat; a pair of shoes, a bedstead, or a table and chairs—if he could mend a plough, shoe a horse, make bricks and draining-tiles, build a wall, or thatch a roof—his value to his master and to himself would be increased in proportion. Nor would emigration be his only resource. He would be much prized by the home farmer; for, despite all we hear about the distress of the agricultural population in England (and it is indeed in winter truly severe), skilful labourers are scarce, and not ill-paid.

The excellence of these plans, and a small printed history of the Philanthropic institution, occupied my thoughts, and formed the subject of conversation with my companion, while travelling on the Brighton Railway some weeks since, on our way to the Red-Hill Farm-School, to which the major part of the Philanthropic pupils had been by that time removed.

On alighting at the Red Hill station, we were received by a neat young groom, who drove us in a small vehicle, very carefully and well, over a mile and a-half of roughish road to the chaplain's residence, into which we were politely ushered by another youth, who announced us to our host.

'Surely,' I said when that gentleman arrived, 'neither of those lads were ever convicts?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'one was convicted once—the other, who is from Parkhurst, twice; but they are both so thoroughly reformed, that we trust them as fully as we do any of our other servants—sometimes with money to pay small bills.'

On advancing to a sort of balcony to look around, we found ourselves on the top of one of that low range of eminences known as the Surrey Hills, with, if not an extensive, a cheerful and picturesque landscape to look upon. Immediately to the left stood a pretty group of buildings, comprising the chapel, a school-room, and two houses, each to contain sixty boys; the foundation-stone of the first having been laid by Prince Albert no longer ago than the 30th of April. These unpretending but tasteful Gothic edifices, relieved, as they were, by a background of thick foliage, which stretched away at intervals to the boundaries of the estate, gave a sylvan, old-English character to the scene, which will doubtless be endeared to the memory of many an emigrant when labouring out his mission in the Antipodes. In front, in a dell, beyond a cutting through which the South-Eastern Railway passes, and half-hidden by tall trees, the farm-house in which the boys, now on the farm, are accommodated, partially revealed itself; while beyond, a cottage, in which the bailiff of the estate lives, was more plainly seen. The view stretching westward is bounded by what geologists used to call a 'crag and tail,' of no great elevation, but bearing a miniature resemblance to the foundations of Old Edinburgh, and this association is strengthened when one learns that it is called 'Leith Hill.' Under it stands the town of Reigate.

Dotted about the farm—of which our terraced point of view afforded a perfect supervision—were groups of juvenile labourers steadily plying their tasks. One small party were grubbing a hedge, their captain or monitor constructing a fire-heap of the refuse; a detachment of two was setting up a gate, under the direction of a carpenter; a third group was digging a field of what we afterwards found to be extremely hard clay; and a fourth was wheeling manure. We could also see flitting to and fro, immediately about the farm-house and offices, several small figures, employed in those little odd jobs that the 'minding' of poultry, the feeding of pigs, the grooming of horses, and the stalling of oxen, entail upon the denizens of a farm-steading.

The systematic activity which pervaded the whole estate, and the good order in which everything appeared, bespoke rather an old-established than a recently-entered farm. Indeed, were it not for the noise of a few bricklayers' trowels at work upon the chapel, and here and there a dilapidated hedge in process of repair, or a field of rough farming that looked like neglected land in process of being reclaimed, we should have imagined ourselves upon that exception (unhappily) to the English system—a farm held upon a long lease which had nearly run out.

Having been gratified with this *coup d'œil*, we descended, under the guidance of our reverend host, to take a nearer view of the operations. On our way, he informed us that the extent of the farm is no more than 140 acres; but that, small as it is, he hoped, with some additions readily obtainable, that as many as 500 boys would be eventually trained upon it. It appears to have been admirably chosen for the purpose. These acres include every variety of soil, from light sand to the stiffest clay, the generality of it consisting of ferruginous marl, the colour of which doubtless gave the name to the hill over which it is chiefly spread. The more stubborn part of the estate will not only supply what is chiefly required—labour—but will also be the means of instructing the pupils in the proper method of cultivating consolidated soils; while the modes of dealing with lighter land will be exemplified in the more friable sandy earths.

While approaching the nearest knot of young labourers, it happened that the recollection of a visit I had paid some years ago to the townhouse of the society arose vividly in my mind. I remembered well, that although generally healthy, some of the boys seemed pale, and when you addressed them, answered furtively, and did not look straight into your face. But the ruddy, smiling countenance which was now turned up to return the pastor's greeting, formed a striking contrast to what I had noticed on the previous occasion. It beamed with health and pleasure: the first due to a free life in the country, changed from a pent-up existence in town; and the latter to the affable kindness of his treatment. The boy was 'puddling' (ramming earth round the foundation of) a gate-post, and replied to certain suggestions respecting his mode of doing his task in a frank, fearless, but perfectly respectful manner. We passed on to the hedge-grubbing. This is hard work, and the boys were plying away manfully. Will lent force to every stroke of the pick, and every incision of the axe. The moment the director came in sight, a smile rose to every face. A large, spreading, obstinate root was giving a couple of the young grubbers a vast deal of trouble, and the superior, supposing the boys were not going about their task in the best manner, suggested an alteration in their plan. It was pleasing to see, instead of a servile or a dogged acquiescence in this hint, that the elder lad at once gave his reasons for the mode he had chosen for uncarthing the root. A short argument ensued between the master and pupil, which ended in a decision that the latter was right. This showed the terms on which these two individuals—who might be described as antipodes in station, in morals, and in intellect—stood towards each other. The law of kindness (the only code practised here) had brought both into perfect *rapport*. No re-

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straint existed, except that imposed by propriety and respect. The monitor or captain of this group was also 'drawn out' by our *cicerone* to explain the means by which he kept up ventilation in the burning heap which he was replenishing with refuse. This he did not manage very scientifically, but in a manner which showed he thoroughly understood the principles of combustion, and that his mind, as well as his hands, were engaged in the task.

In wandering from this group to another part of the farm, I could not help remarking on the wide difference exhibited between these boys and those at Mettray, whom myself and my companion had chanced to see, during the November of last year, drawn up, rank and file, in the noble square of the colony. The latter seemed, one and all, the victims of excessive discipline. Fear sat upon their faces. They are not encouraged to speak; and visitors are requested not to address them. At Red Hill, on the contrary, free intercourse is cultivated and courted. No discipline is enforced which involves punishment so severe as to be much dreaded, and not the slightest restraint upon personal liberty is imposed. Any boy is free to leave the farm if he chooses to make his escape; there is neither wall, nor bolt, nor bar to hinder him. Five instances only of desertion have occurred since the school has been in actual operation. Of these misguided youths, who were all of the youngest class of inmates, three have returned of their own accord, begging to be again admitted; two others were sent back by their friends, the desire of seeing whom was the motive of their elopement. Although the labour is severe, the clerical chief has managed to instil into those under his charge a patient endurance, if not a love of it, and a tolerance of the restraints it imposes, far superior to the temptations of the miserable lawless liberty of their previous career of crime. It should, however, be remarked, that the lads in the Farm School have all suffered for their offences, by imprisonment, or some other penalty, before their admission to it, and come mostly as volunteers under the impulse of repentance, and a desire to do better for themselves. The 'colons' of Mettray, on the contrary, are all 'détenûs'—are literally convicts still under the sentence and restraint of law.

'Those boys whom we have left,' I remarked, 'are possibly the best-disposed in the school, and never were deeply dyed in crime!'

'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'among them are youths who have not only been frequently convicted and imprisoned for felonies, but were, before coming here, habitually addicted to faults which the laws do not punish. They seldom spoke without an imprecation, were frequently intoxicated, and were guilty of other vices, which one would imagine their youth precluded them from indulging in. Yet you now find them expressing themselves with propriety, and conducting themselves quite as well as most of the farm-boys in this parish.'

At the extremity of the estate, beyond the bailiff's house, was a party of younger boys digging a field of obstinate clay nearly as hard as unbaked brick. The superintendent, who directed their operations, gave them a good character for perseverance, and added, that he was sometimes surprised at the aptitude displayed by the boys when farm-tools were first put into their hands. Although their previous mode of life proved they could never before have been used to delving, draining, trimming hedgerows, &c. yet the intelligence many of them displayed when set about such work for the first time caused their instructor—whose former experience had lain among country parish apprentices—to marvel greatly. The truth is, the schemes and contrivances—criminal though they were—in which these lads were forced to engage to relieve the miseries of their old mode of life (and to which we adverted in a former article), have a tendency to sharpen their wits and brighten their intellects. As the most hardened metal takes the highest polish, so these youths, when thoroughly reformed and trained, are most often the brightest workmen.

To each their benignant pastor gave a kind word, even if it were one expressive of disapprobation for some fault; of which he pointed out the evil consequences with such plain and convincing reasoning, that the delinquent expressed contrition either in words or by a more expressive, because more spontaneous, look. He had manifestly tried to study each character, and adapted his arguments to suit its peculiarities, using such means of cure as were most efficacious for the special moral diseases under which the patient happened to labour.

In this lies the true secret of all reformatory efforts undertaken for the young. As in medicine, so in morals much depends upon adapting the remedies to the character and kind of disease. To bring every sort of mental obliquity under one mode of treatment, or one set of rules, is as irrational as if a physician were to treat his patients in classes, and administer to each class the same physic. Nothing can be more plain, than that, to cure immorality, the moral sentiments must be addressed; and this is impossible, or at most ineffectual, where the peculiarities of each moral ailment is not studied, and where any system of general routine is followed. The disappointment occasioned by the expensive government experiment at Parkhurst must be in a great measure referred to too great a degree of generalisation and systematising.

Conversing on this topic, we arrived at the farmhouse, where we saw the scholars engaged in a variety of home duties; from baking and storing bread to mending stockings, in which useful avocation we detected two juniors in an outhouse.

In the evening, at six, the boys were assembled in the school-room for instruction and prayers. An additional interest was occasioned by the circumstance of the resident chaplain having only the day before returned from a second visit to Mettray. After a prayer, and the reading and exposition of an appropriate chapter from the Testament, he gave the assembly an account of what he had seen; and read the answer to an address he had taken over to the Mettray boys from themselves. This document is interesting, and we were favoured with a copy of it, which we translate as follows:—

'The Boys of the Agricultural Colony at Mettray to the Youths of the Philanthropic Farm-School.

'Dear Friends and Brothers in the Lord—Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner, your respected directors, have come to visit our colony, and we can hardly tell you how much pleasure we felt when Mr Gladstone, after speaking to us about the farm-school, read to us your address.

'Thanks, dear friends, for this generous impulse of your hearts. You have well understood our feelings. Yes, we are, we shall always be, your brothers. The same love of what is good animates us both.

'Tears of joy and thankfulness glistened in our eyes as we heard your kind wishes for us; and our honoured and excellent directors, the Viscount de Courteilles and M. Demetz, have been equally moved by them. Your sentiments are indeed noble and Christian.

'Dear brothers, we all owe much to God, who has directed the honoured friends by whom both we and you are superintended. Do you pray, let us pray, for the founders of both our schools. Let us pray for their happiness, and for the welfare of the asylums which they have opened. When you kneel down each night before God, think of us in France, who, on our part, will add to our petitions a prayer for you in England.

'Like us, you say you have erred—you have known trouble. But like us, too, you have resolved to have done with your past life of disorder. You will succeed in this, dear friends, for the providence of God has sent you enlightened and Christian friends. You have found in Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner what we have found in our worthy founders and directors. Let us follow their lessons. So shall we march among the foremost in the path of honour and virtue in which they lead us.

'Dear friends, we form this day an affectionate alliance with you—one that shall last. The ring which our directors send will be the substantial symbol of this union of our hearts with yours. You will see these words engraved on it, "God, honour, union, recollection"—words which are our motto. Let them be also yours.

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Let us be grateful. Let us join together in strife against what is evil. Let us support one another in what is good. Let us love each other to the end.

'Dear friends and brothers, health and happiness to you all.

(Signed by the elder brothers and monitors)

'Langs, Bellonet, Angey, Mauchin, Guy, Josset, Mari, Collot, Souvigne, Hebert, Chevalier.'

This was, the bearers of it were assured, the veritable composition of the subscribing boys. It was read on this occasion amidst the most profound attention. When the assemblage broke up, the lads separated to their playground in an orderly manner. The young groom, however, departed for the stable to prepare the vehicle for our departure; for our most interesting visit was nearly over.

In a parting conversation with the resident chaplain, he told us that thirty-six reformed boys had already been sent to Algoa Bay; and that, despite the storm of disaffection raised in Cape Colony against the introduction of convicts, the lads were well received. They had scarcely stepped on shore, before every one of them was engaged, and the accounts since received of them were highly favourable.

Although the important results which will assuredly flow from this experiment can only be carried out by the extension of its plans, yet large numbers of pupils in such establishments would, for the reasons we have given, be an evil. Centralisation and generalisation would be as inevitable as they are much to be dreaded. To do any good, the mind of each boy must be influenced separately; and in a large school, this would be impossible for one superintendent to accomplish. The Philanthropic School is now within manageable bounds, and the chaplain knows each lad almost as intimately as he does his own children; but when the establishment is extended to 500 pupils, as is contemplated, much of his influence over individuals will cease. To obviate this, it is intended to make each 'family' consist of sixty individuals, guided by a master (with an assistant) and his *wife*—a vast stride of improvement upon the *maître* and *sous-maître* system of Mettray. The softening restraint instinctively imposed by the mere presence of a woman—setting aside her higher influences—will be most beneficial. Much—*all*, we may venture to say—will, however, depend upon the tact, temper, demeanour, and patience of these most important functionaries. It is here, indeed, that the point of difficulty in effecting the reformation of vicious habits and impulses in the young presents itself. Nearly all reformatory *systems* have failed from the unskilfulness, from the want of long-suffering forbearance, and of prompt but kindly firmness, on the part of those to whom the task of reformation has been confided. It is the possession of these qualities by the reverend principal in an eminent degree which has brought about the pleasing state of things we have described at the Red-Hill Farm, and we look with some anxiety to the time when, notwithstanding his general supervision, the smallest of his functions will have to be delegated.

As we arrived at the Red-Hill railway station for our return journey some time before the train started, we employed the interval in making inquiries as to the character the Philanthropic boys bore among their neighbours, who, we were previously informed, had at first looked upon the new colony with dread.* Every account we received was, we were happy to find, favourable: the ex-criminals had not occasioned a single complaint.

In less than an hour we were again amidst the murk of London, almost envying the young criminals of Red Hill the pure air they breathed; at the same time fervently hoping that the example and objects of this farm may gradually be extended to every county in Great Britain; and that its founders—to borrow a quaint trope from Bishop Latimer—may have not only 'lighted a candle in this country which, by God's grace, shall not be put out again,' but that many others may be kindled from it.

* A bargain had nearly been concluded at one time for a farm to the north of the metropolis; but so great was the horror of the contiguous gentry, that one of them actually presented the society with a donation of L.1000, on condition that the scene of reformatory operations should be removed; and accordingly it was shifted to Surrey.

TOIL AND TRIAL.*

This is the somewhat commonplace and unsuggestive title of a book which, aspiring to little, will probably effect much. It is a story of the people, written for the people, and published in a form which is within the people's reach. Its text is the early-closing movement, and thereon the author bases that best of homilies—the sterling truth which lies hidden under the allurements of fiction. 'Toil and Trial' will do more than half a dozen prosy public meetings to aid the cause for which it is written. Of the worth and usefulness of that cause there can now be but one opinion; and therefore the critic, in dealing with Mrs Crosland's book, has but to consider how far she has attained her end.

This has been done by extreme simplicity—almost homeliness—in narration, plot, and characters. It is a chapter in London life, such as any one might read when walking into some of the great linendrapers' shops, each of which seems a little world in itself. From such an one the hero and heroine, Jasper and Lizzie Rivers, are taken. They are assistants in the same shop—have been married some time, but conceal their union, for fear lest that stringent and most evil custom of London mercers—the exclusion of married men—should take from both the poor pittance which is their only support. Most touching is the account of the privations, miserable contrivances—even imputed shame—to which both, and especially poor Lizzie, are exposed by the maintenance of this galling secret.

'It was the beginning of a bright and glowing summer's day. As usual, Jasper Rivers and his wife left home between seven and eight o'clock, Lizzie previously giving the most exact directions to the maid-of-all-work respecting the care of the child—how she was to be taken into the Park before the heat of noon came on, and again at five or six o'clock—apportioning the hours for sleep and food with the most precise attention. With their minds full of the coming disclosure (of their marriage), they naturally talked about it—wondering what the result would actually be, and scarcely realising that this might be the last time they should thus walk together, threading the same streets, as they had done, till every stone and post had become an acquaintance; usually parting at the piece of dead wall, whence sometimes one, and sometimes the other, made a longer circuit to their destination; thus arranging not to arrive together. This was only one out of twenty petty degrading plans that had become a habit, and called not for either thought or comment.

'They pass through London streets, seeing everywhere the pale drapers' assistants drowsily commencing their daily toil by "dressing" shop-windows.

"Street after street it is the same story," said Jasper with a sigh; and he added, "well, I suppose we ought to find consolation in knowing there are thousands who suffer as much as ourselves."

"My dear Jasper," exclaimed his wife; "think a moment, and I am sure you will never say that again. Is it not extraordinary that such an argument can ever be put forth? Surely the very fact that thousands do suffer ought to rouse us to the heartier exertions, and make us the more willing martyrs in the cause, if need be."

"Lizzie," he replied, turning towards her, and almost stopping in the street as he spoke, "I always thought you the most sensible woman I ever knew; but latterly you have often surprised me. You seem to have so many just opinions, which strike me as much by their freshness as their truth."

"I am afraid," said Lizzie smiling, "that my opinions are not very profound; but latterly, as I told you yester-

* Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life. By Mrs Newton Crosland (late Camilla Toulmin). London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1849.

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day, I have had a little time to *think*; and as I had previously *suffered* many sorts of sorrow, therefore my thoughts may be the better worth remembering. But here we are at —— Street; we had better separate. Yet wait a moment: I declare I had forgotten my ring. Hold my glove, dear; I will be quick."

'And Jasper held her glove, while Lizzie drew off her wedding-ring, and suspended it to a black ribbon which she constantly wore round her neck, and to which alone was visibly attached a locket containing the hair of her dead mother. With the adroitness of long habit, the slender golden badge was carefully hidden nearer her heart. Now this necessary operation was a perpetual annoyance to Jasper Rivers; but one of which his wife was so unconscious, that it was a mere accident whether it was performed in his presence or not. There is a petty, frantic jealousy about most men, with which women, calm in the haven of confidence, find it hard to sympathise; and perhaps it was a dim suspicion of this fact which made him half-ashamed to betray the irritation this trifling circumstance occasioned; but it galled him none the less. He felt as if, by the withdrawal of her ring, she ceased to belong to him; as if she fell away from his care and protection into the shadow of a doubtful position; and just in proportion as it ought to have been cheered by the light of his confidence, unfortunately a host of fretful fancies invaded his peace. Lizzie often wondered that, in the hours of business, he should show an irritation of temper she but seldom witnessed at home; yet little suspected that the stray look or careless word of another might have occasioned the ebullition.'

One of these 'ebullitions'—which, together with other qualities, make Jasper not half so worthy a personage as his patient, self-denying, much-enduring wife—cause the impromptu disclosure of the secret, and the consequent dismission of both. Troubles threaten to gather round the young pair, but are evaded by an incident which, we cannot but observe, diminishes greatly the lifelike and simple force of the narrative. Lizzie, seeking for work, finds, in the usual sudden unforeseen way of romance, an old friend, Mr Matthew Warder, who helps Jasper to a situation, and in fact proves the 'good angel' to everybody in the story. This is a fault in the moral of the book. Not chance, but their own exertions and worthy endurance, should have brought success to the young couple. Every struggling draper's assistant cannot hope to find a rich early-closing friend to help him out of his difficulties, but every one can be taught that, by truth, honesty, and a little patience, the right will conquer at last. There is another mistake in the literary construction of the story. Mrs Crosland makes her characters speak chiefly on early-closing in long moral homilies of a page or a page and a-half, which, though excellent and true—even eloquent at times—are in no cases appropriate either to the station, education, or feelings of the individuals in whose mouths they are put. The matter on which they debate might easily have been brought forward by suggestions rather than lecturings; by acts, not words. The simple facts of the narration furnish its best moral.

There are a few good sketches of character rather hinted at than developed, which indeed the space of the small volume would seem to forbid. Among these are Mrs Denison, the stepmother of Lizzie, 'a little, dark-eyed, fussy, had-been-pretty woman, of five-and-thirty, with a disagreeable voice and will of her own. She wore rich silks and expensive jewellery the first thing in the morning, though, to be sure, her "first thing" was not very early. But to make amends for her own indulgences, the servants, inclusive of Miriam Lowe, the young governess, were up betimes.' This Miriam Lowe is another half-defined sketch, pleasing enough to make one wish for more of it. A third is indicated by poor little Ellen, Lizzie's first child, blighted into premature decay for want of that care which the unacknowledged wife and mother dared not give; and even in the coming shallow of prosperity, dying at last. This circumstance, we may mention by the way, furnishes the authoress with an excellent half page on intra-mural interment—an opportunity which, together with others in the course of the book, she never lets slip. Indeed there are few women who wield so fearless and at the same time so clever a pen against the crying evils of society. An extract to show the occasional power which the book exhibits will conclude our notice. It describes a fire on the adjoining premises of Messrs Lorimer, the early-closing firm, and their opponents, Jasper's late masters, Messrs Frong:—

'Long he sat (that is, Frank Warder, shopman of Messrs Lorimer, and lover of Miriam Lowe); and a slight shiver through his frame, together with the click of the cooling cinders, had reminded him that it must be growing very late, when a sudden noise still more completely aroused him from his dream. It was a dull, hammering sound, and evidently proceeded from the direction of the Frong's premises, the back of which immediately adjoined those occupied by the Messrs Lorimer; the two together cutting off—isolating—the corner houses, whose convenience had probably been entirely sacrificed for the commercial purposes of the two larger buildings. The noise increased—in a minute or two was followed by screams—and at the instant that a sudden suffocating smell burst on the senses of Frank Warder, the terrible word "Fire!" was shrieked by a score of voices.

'It awoke the whole household; but Frank had a great advantage over those thus fearfully aroused from heavy slumber. Already the bright flames darted from the back windows of Messrs Frong's, their pointed tongues, directed by the dry wintry wind, sloped towards the rival shop, till they almost seemed to lick its walls. Frank saw in an instant the imminence of the peril; but his strength of mind did not desert him. He leaped rather than stepped up stairs to the sleeping-chambers, taking care to close the door of every room in his way. On the first landing he met Mr Lorimer flying to the nursery, and his half-fainting wife refusing to stir until the children were safe. Meanwhile came the din of voices, and the terror of fifty human beings drawn from their beds by the alarm of fire; nevertheless there was something in Frank's appearance, entirely dressed as he was, and in his collected manner, that gave confidence to the rest, and his words were listened to by all.

"Dear sir!" he exclaimed to Mr Lorimer, "be calm, and there is no danger. You have not only good time to leave the house, but to save whatever valuables may be at hand. Let me take Mrs Lorimer safely to some house opposite—there I see the dear children have each a protector—and then we must see what can be done in the shop and warehouse. I'll be leader! Who'll follow me!"

"I—I—I!" was shouted by so many, that it seemed as if every one not personally engaged in assisting the women and children was eager to be of service. * * *

"Listen to me a moment," exclaimed Frank, as he re-entered the house, where a stifling sensation warned him of the approaching catastrophe. "Who'll follow me to the inner warehouse, and snatch up the bales from Paris that came yesterday! Who'll save the firm five thousand pounds, for which they are not insured, and show that we are of different metal from the Frong's people, who are running away like frightened rats!"

"Ay—ay," they shouted as with one voice: "who's afraid; we don't mind a singeing. Keep Mr Lorimer back: make him go over the way to his wife: tell him we'll save his shawls and the Lyons silks, and that, too, before the smoke ruins them. Now for it—hurra!" and with a rush they made their way up staircases and along passages, every step leading nearer to the lapping flames, the light of which almost blinded them. The inner warehouse was a room where the most valuable property was usually kept: it abutted on the Frong's premises; and now the iron-bars which protected the back-windows were hotter than the hand could bear, every pane of glass was broken, and the paint on the window-shutters was blistered. Dried in this manner by the heat—prepared, as it were, for the coming flames—it was a service of great danger to enter this part of the building. Had the fire caught it while Warder and his companions were there, as it did three minutes after they left, bearing on their shoulders the bales of precious merchandise, it would

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have been a struggle of life and death to reach a place of safety again, with such wonderful rapidity did the flames leap from spot to spot, truly meriting the name of the "devouring element." The brave band were received with shouts of applause by the crowd on the street, who made way for them to cross over. The English mob is pretty sure to recognise an act of heroism when they find it, and the daring exploit of "Lorimer's young men" had reached their ears.'

Frank Warder is not the only hero: as soon as Jasper Rivers, now his fellow-assistant, roused from sleep by the distant glare of a 'great fire,' reaches the spot—'a scene far more terrible than any which had preceded it was about to appal the spectators. A rumour arose that a man was still on the Frong's premises, or rather in the upper storey of one of the houses forming the corner already mentioned. Every one wondered that he could not escape as the other occupants of the house had done, except those who knew that the floor in which he was confined was cut off from the rest of the house by a walled-up door, having been let to the Messrs Frong, and a communication opened with their premises. Jasper, who well remembered the arrangements of the house, comprehended the whole tragedy in a moment. He knew that the "shop-walker"—he who had been for three years a tyrant to Jasper, and to whom at last he chiefly owed his dismissal—slept on that floor; and he was able to recognise the miserable creature as he stood at the window, wringing his hands, his countenance distorted by the anguish of his almost hopeless condition, and looking down on the sea of upturned anxious faces, glaring in the red light of the flames, and all alike expressive of terrible commiseration. The height from the street was tremendous, and many feet above the tallest of the fire-escapes. Jasper saw that the one faint chance of this man's escape rested in the door of communication with the now-deserted house being burst open, and this could only be done by main force. The brave men of the fire brigade were ready, in the fulfilment of their noble duty to run all risks; but their ignorance of the localities of the different premises was a great hindrance to their usefulness. Rivers knew this; and helping to wrench an iron bar from an area-grating, to use as a weapon, he made his way up the staircase of the now-deserted corner-house, which was already to his senses like a heated oven. The flames were ready to clasp it every moment; for the experienced firemen dared not bring the full force of their engines to play while life had yet to be saved, knowing that the suffocating flames of smoke that would instantly arise might be yet more fatal. What a moment of breathless suspense ensued! It lasted till, in the hush that prevailed, Jasper's ponderous blows on the fastened door could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the fire. Then the figure from the window turned away, raised its arms with a gesture of thanksgiving, and was seen no more till, amidst deafening shouts, the two, wounded and bleeding, emerged from the house: they had leaped more than one flight of stairs, round which fire and smoke were already writhing.'

INFLUENCE OF BANKING ON MORALITY.

Banking exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society: it tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, for their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal: they inquire whether he be honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal; and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals, than to a man of large property, but of inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. There are numerous instances of persons having arisen from obscurity to wealth only by means of their moral character, and the confidence which that character produced in the mind of their banker. It is not merely by way of loan or discount that a banker serves such a person. He also speaks well of him to those persons who may make inquiries respecting him: and the banker's good opinion will be the means of procuring him a higher degree of credit with the parties with whom he trades. These effects are easily perceivable in country towns; and even in London, if a house be known to have engaged in gambling or smuggling transactions, or in any other way to have acted discreditably, their bills will be taken by the bankers less readily than those of an honourable house of inferior property. It is thus that bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial virtues. From motives of private interest, they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual, and the honest—while they discountenance the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave. They hold out inducements to uprightness, which are not disregarded by even the most abandoned. There is many a man who would be deterred from dishonesty by the frown of a banker, though he might care but little for the admonitions of a bishop.—*Gilbert's Practical Treatise on Banking.*

JAQUES BALMAT,

THE PIONEER OF MONT BLANC.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

The mountain reared a lofty brow
Where footsteps never trod;
It stood supreme o'er all below,
And seemed alone with God.
The lightnings played around its crest,
Nor touched its stainless snow,
The glaciers bound its mighty breast—
Seas where no currents flow.

And ever and anon the blast
Blew sternly round its head,
And clouds across its bosom vast
A changeful curtain spread.
But changeless in its majesty,
The mountain was alone,
No voice might tell what there might be—
Its secrets were its own.

He should have worshipped poetry
Who trode its summit first,
He should have had a painter's eye
On whom the vision burst:
The vision of the lower world
Seen from that mountain's crown,
'Mid storms, where humble rocks were hurled
To mole-hills dwindled down.

Yet 'twas a lowly peasant's lot
To find the upward road,
He earliest trod that lofty spot
Where solitude abode.
Thus Truth sits in her wasted power
For ages long and lone,
Till opened in some happy hour
A pathway to her throne.
Then let this thought the humble sway,
And hope their bosoms fill—
The lowly oft have led the way
Up to the sacred hill.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them "Sing;" and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.'—*Mrs Sigourney.*

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 310. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1849. Price 1½d.

KNOWLEDGE.

It was for a long time the custom to recommend knowledge to the attention of the people by depicting the material advantages and pleasures incident to its pursuit. Glowing and attractive pictures were exhibited of the career and progress of meritorious and successful persons, who had been elevated by their intelligence to positions of consideration and distinction. Universal history and biography were ransacked to furnish instances of a persevering and well-rewarded prosecution of knowledge 'under difficulties;' and the general mind was invited to contemplate and reflect on these, as worthy exemplars for its imitation. The inference, moreover, that was almost uniformly intended to be drawn, was such a one as was naturally acceptable to the crude and undisciplined understanding—the obvious purpose of all such representations being to stimulate the energies and enterprise of the ambitious, by the offer or indication of material rewards, and to make intelligence respected and desirable for the sake of its sensible compensations.

There might perhaps be reasons adducible to justify the employment of such incitements, as there may doubtless be circumstances under which the cultivation of knowledge might, for a time, be more effectually advanced by means of interested considerations, than by an appeal to motives more strictly rational, and accordant with a disinterested reverence for its spiritual worth and dignity. There are evidently stages of human progress when a regard for their personal interests has a more powerful efficacy in urging men into improvement, than any of the finer influences of which they are susceptible, or which an advanced culture would probably awaken. Thus, as an exoteric or introductory intimation of the value and desirableness of knowledge, it may not be amiss to attract a people, otherwise indisposed to its acquirement, by an exhibition of the conventional advantages and distinctions which it may contribute, more or less successfully, to realise. And though it cannot be allowed that the culture of the intellect is to be subordinated to the acquisition of any of the temporal benefits of life, yet inasmuch as an increase of intelligence and sagacity may be reasonably applied to the promotion of such comforts and conveniencies as tend to enhance the rational satisfactions of existence, it is not to be questioned that the latter may be innocently, and even serviceably, urged upon the attention, as reasons and motives for stimulating the slothful or indifferent mind to an appropriate activity, whensoever higher and worthier considerations may have been found to be ineffectual, or are in any likelihood of being imperfectly apprehended. The sole condition needful to be observed by those who thus endeavour to promote the education and enlightenment of the people, is a clear and firm persuasion in themselves that such a method of interesting men in the pursuits of literature or science, can only be considered as initiatory, and preparatory to something higher, and that at last knowledge must stand recommended to the mind by its own intrinsic charms, and by its grand and native tendency to further a man's spiritual advancement.

It is scarcely to be doubted that the oversight of this has greatly contributed to occasion the failure of many of those popular schemes and institutions which have had for their object the intellectual improvement of the people. Starting with the flattering assumption that literary and scientific information possessed the power of raising men to social consequence, it was presently perceived that the result was not answerable to the expectations which had been excited, and that the more generally intelligence was spread, the greater was the competition for the advantages in view, and the less the chance of attaining them. By being taught to regard their education as a means or process whereby they might be more readily and securely inducted into positions of emolument and honour, not only were the people misdirected with respect to the real and authentic signification of manly culture, but even the inducements held out as the encouragements of their efforts were found to end mainly in disappointment. The generality were not, and could not be enriched, nor very sensibly elevated in the estimation of the world; they did not usually attain to what they had been taught to aim after, which was, in most cases, antecedence of their fellow-men, distinction and exalted notice in the eyes of accredited respectability. The conditions of society to which they were subjected limited most of them to their old employments and pursuits, and it only occasionally happened that a man's personal fortunes were very materially promoted by the intelligence he had gained through studious exertion. If, by some favourable concurrence of circumstances, one might chance to attain eminence, or realise any considerable share of the substantial possessions of life, for every individual thus fortunate, there has probably been a thousand whose efforts were utterly unproductive of any such success. Upon the whole, it is evident that the more universally the benefits of instruction are extended among a people, the casual prizes which were formerly accessible to rare examples of ability and intelligence become less and less easy of attainment, and have an eventual tendency to become distributed altogether without reference to that intellectual superiority which, when education was less general, more invariably commanded them. The peculiar distinctions which knowledge is competent to confer must be looked for in other directions than those which are supposed to lead to the acquisition of wealth or mere conventional re-

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putability—must be sought, indeed, among the inner laws and necessities of the human mind. The power which we ascribe to intelligence must be exercised for ends and objects which have hitherto been too commonly overlooked, and the purposes and aims of education will need to be more intimately adjusted to the essential demands of character.

A notorious consequence of the popular instruction most prevalent within the last twenty years, has been the elicitation of a certain superficial cleverness, valuable principally for marketable or ostentatious purposes, and no more indicative of intellectual elevation than the frivolous accomplishment of rope-dancing. It is for the most part an affair of memory, a mere mechanical agility, expertness in acts of routine; and in its superior developments takes most commonly the shape of a keen vulpine perspicacity, which may very readily be cultivated independently of any coincident development of the reflective reason or the moral attributes. The practical understanding, being trained into separate activity, and exercised apart from its constitutional connection, may obviously be used like an implement, in subordination to the propensities or the will, and for the accomplishment of purely selfish, or even discreditable ends. Thus, while it is perfectly true that a liberal and complete education—using the word in its largest and strictly philosophical significance—is the sole and certain means of human elevation, it is not to be denied that very considerable acquisitions of information, and much intellectual ability and shrewdness, may subsist together with a manifest unscrupulousness or depravity of disposition. And hence it is evident that the power of knowledge is good or evil according as it is used; and so long as its cultivation is enjoined out of motives involving a primary regard to worldly advantages and promotions, there will never be wanting persons to pursue it out of mercenary, and in other respects questionable considerations. The entire grounds of the common advocacy of education must be abandoned; we must ascend from the low places of expediency and selfish benefit to the nobler platform of that universal and inborn necessity in man, which demands a circular and simultaneous culture of his whole nature—that essential and inward law of being whose perfect and successful development shall be answerable to the destination contemplated in the origin and intention of the human constitution.

The true reason for individual cultivation is undoubtedly to be sought for in the native requirements of the soul. The essential worth of knowledge lies not so much in its adaptations to our temporal conveniencies or ambition, as in the service it performs in promoting spiritual enlargement. What we more especially understand by education is a progressive process whereby the intellectual and moral powers are expanded and developed to the extent of their capabilities, and directed towards objects of action and speculation which have a tendency to advance the effectual wellbeing of the individual—a wellbeing whose character is not to be determined arbitrarily by opinion, or considered as consisting in conditions accordant with mere conventional preconceptions of mortal happiness, but one which preexists as an ideal prefigurement in human nature. That only is a right and sufficient education which aims at the perfect culture of the man—which, as far as is possible with objective limitations, educes and invigorates his latent aptitudes and gifts, to the end that he may employ them in a manner which is consistent with the pure idea of his own being. The consideration to be kept continually in view is, what is a man by natural capacity destined to become?—what heights of intellectual and moral worth is he capable of attaining to?—and, on the whole, what courses of discipline and personal exertion are most suitable, as the means of raising him to that condition wherein he will most admirably fulfil the design of his creation? To instruct and educate him with respect to this design is the highest and ultimate purpose of all knowledge. It has thus a grander aim than the mere promotion of the conveniencies of our material life. Prosecuted with reference to this loftier end, it is exalted into the appropriate guide of a man's endeavours—acquainting him with the laws and relations of his existence, and shaping for him the authentic course of his sublunary conduct.

It is accordingly obvious, that in order to obtain its lasting and most prizable advantages, the pursuit of knowledge must be entered on and followed as a *duty*. A man must esteem his personal culture as the noblest end of his existence, and accept his responsibility in regard to it as the most paramount of obligations. To this one pre-eminent aim all other aims and aspirings must be held as inconsiderable and subordinate. Let him know, and lay earnestly to heart, that all his efforts at cultivation are to be everlasting in their results—fruitful for ever in blessed consequences to himself and to the world, or otherwise miserably and perpetually abortive, according to the character and spirit of his activity. All learning and experience have an intimate and natural respect to the progressive perfection of the human soul. The original idea of a man—what he individually ought to *be* and *do*—that is the basis whereon he is to found and build up his entire being. He must therefore prosecute knowledge with a reverent and religious earnestness, strive diligently to comprehend the relations in which he stands to God and his fellow-men, and sedulously endeavour to fulfil his true and peculiar destination, which is, to make his temporal existence correspondent with the inner laws of his own soul, and to leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal consequence.

This view of the intrinsic worth and significance of knowledge must be admitted to be far more exalting and salutary to the mind than any which has reference exclusively or principally to its agency in simply secular affairs. It leads a man inevitably to respect the integrity and rightful exercise of his capacities, by discountenancing all employment of them which might tend in anyway to invalidate or impair the natural supremacy of the moral sentiment. Considered as the power whereby he may cultivate and enlarge his being, knowledge is invested with a lofty and perennial momentousness, which cannot, and may not, be disregarded without derogation to our highest interests as human and spiritual intelligences. It is indeed a revelation, in all its manifold departments, of that vital and sustaining element of things which is designated Truth, and whereon every effort that can reasonably be expected to be lastingly successful is most intimately dependent. As man liveth not by bread alone, but by every gracious word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, by every just and everlasting law which He has established for the guidance and edification of mankind, so assuredly is it of primary concern to men to be qualified to interpret those sublime utterances, and to apprehend their import and significancy, in relation to the aims and hopes of life. This is the great and inestimable excellency of knowledge, that it acquaints us with something of the reality and nature of the mysterious frame of things wherein we live, and are necessitated constantly to work, and unfolds for us the laws and reasons of that obedience which we are constrained to yield to the established economy wherewith our existence and essential welfare are connected. The highest and most binding obligation for us to know anything at all, is our natural need of intellectual enlightenment—the soul's unquestionable necessity for an intimacy with Truth, and the joy and satisfaction which it finds in its contemplation. And thus it is that all knowledge is eminently sacred, as being the stream through which a human mind draws insight from the central source of all intelligence; as being that which informs us of self-subsistent Law and Power, and consciously connects us with their reality and operations. That baneful divorce between intelligence and holiness which a sceptical and frivolous age has so disastrously effected, will need to be set aside as altogether founded

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on a serious mistake; and indeed men are already beginning to apprehend that no pure faith can be sustained, no sound or abiding virtue inculcated and established, which is not deeply grounded in that mental certainty and assurance which clear, indisputable knowledge alone can furnish.

Let knowledge, then, be recognised as a primary indispensability for the mind, the natural and appropriate inheritance of every human soul; and let us esteem it as a sufficient and authentic plea for its universal dissemination, that it is ever needful for the soul's health and welfare; and condescend not to demand it on any inferior pretext. If there is one right of man more essentially sacred than another, it is his right to as complete and perfect an education as his own capacity, and the attainments and adaptations of the age he lives in, are adequate to supply him with; and again, if there is one human duty more paramount and obligatory than the rest, it is that which enjoins upon a man the use of his best energies and efforts to advance himself in intellectual and moral vigour, and to turn every talent and capability most honestly to account; since upon the depth and extent of his own inward force will depend the essential worth of his subsequent performances. The rational enlargement of the individual is indeed the one great end of life. Nothing has so high a claim on us as the cultivation of ourselves. 'It is most true,' as a vigorous and thoughtful modern writer has remarked—'it is most true, and most fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive. But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required to urge, that a man's first vocation is to be a man—a practical, personal being, with a reasonable and moral existence, which must be kept strong, and in working order, at all expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is easy to lose one's self, or, as the Scripture has it, one's own soul, in the midst of the many and glittering forms of good which the world offers, and which our life apprehends: but to know any of these as realities, it is necessary to begin by being real in our own human ground of will, conscience, personal energy. Then will the world also begin to be real for us; and we may go on through eternity mining deeper and deeper, and in endless diversities of direction, in a region of inexhaustible realities.'*

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A TALE.

Mr and Mrs Davenant especially prided themselves on their worldly wisdom and on their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but susceptible of being carried to an injurious excess. If it be true that in our faults lie the germ of virtues, no less true is it that almost every virtue is capable of being exaggerated into vice. Thus was it with the Davenants: in their code everything was made subservient to *worldly wisdom:* all their own and their friends' actions were measured by that standard; consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action decried, if it could not be reconciled to their ideas of wisdom. In course of time Mr and Mrs Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they exalt in their own wisdom, and condemn as foolish and Quixotic everything charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power they brought up their children in the same principles, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as shrewd and prudent as they could wish. Mrs Davenant would often express her maternal delight in her Selina: there never was a girl possessing such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some people might have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that divided it from mere cunning; but mothers are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. When Lucy Davenant was but five years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady residing in Wales, had, at her own earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Moore was very rich, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, so Mr and Mrs Davenant at once acceded to her request, never doubting that she would make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Moore till that lady died; but although she left her nothing in her will but a few comparatively valueless mementos, she owed more to her care and teaching than thousands could repay. Under the influence of her precepts, and the admirable example she afforded, Lucy became generous, unselfish, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, unhappily, were blind to these virtues, or rather they deemed that, in possessing them, their child was rather unfortunate than otherwise. Lucy was utterly astonished when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange manner and stranger conversation of her parents and her sister. Her father had accompanied her from Pembrokeshire, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole of the journey; but, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this to his grief at the loss of his relation. But when she arrived at her father's house in the city of B——, where he was the principal banker, she could not avoid perceiving the cause. Her mother embraced her, but did not pause to gaze on her five-years-absent child; and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, 'Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will.'

'You don't mean it?' cried Mrs Davenant. 'Why, how in the world, child, have you managed?' turning to Lucy. 'Did you offend Miss Moore in anyway before she died?'

'Oh no, mamma,' murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death thus rudely conjured up.

'Then what is the reason?' began her mother again; but Mr Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieved girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with Selina, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

'My dear Lu,' said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, 'what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress.'

'So I should have been,' sobbed Lucy; 'but'——

'But what? Don't cry so, Lucy: what's past can never be recalled,' said Selina oracularly; 'and as you're not an heiress'——

'Oh, don't think I am vexed about *that*,' said Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. 'I have no wish to be an heiress: I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love.'

'Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu, but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown ideas were vastly interesting and becoming, I daresay, among your wild Welsh mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden-bonnet. But, seriously, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good-fortune?'

'Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is striving very hard to fight his way at the bar: he has a mother and two sisters entirely depending on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him.'

'Well, but why at least not shared with you?'

'I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and papa is rich, and so'——

'And so, I suppose, you very generously besought Miss Moore not to leave her fortune to you, but to her nephew?' said Selina with a scornful laugh.

* Sterling's Sayings and Essayings.

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'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up'——

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would!'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this!'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise.

'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have: you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communications to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of great anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so *very* much this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy almost every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly inquire, 'What *could* mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was greatly to be feared that Lucy would *never* possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving *what* it was that her parents dignified by so high-sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manœuvring that daily went on with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her lively, thoughtless sister contented herself with laughing loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, *very* scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong! I daresay you'd be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little *ruse* I was forced to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there *was* a ruse.'

'Surely, Selina, you don't exult in it!' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been *too* particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have been introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy timidly, but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you *love* Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undisguisedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungirlish!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manœuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B——, and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B—— inspirited by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy

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even after he was gone. She heard from him frequently; and his letters were always hopeful, sometimes exulting, with regard to the prospect which was opening before him. Selina used to laugh at her when she received one of those precious letters, and ran away to read it undisturbed in her own room. Little cared she for the laugh—she was too happy; and if she thought at all about her sister's sneers or sarcasms, it was to pity her, sincerely and unfeignedly, that she could not comprehend the holiness of the feeling she mocked and derided. Selina's destined husband meanwhile was absent on the continent. He had an estate in Normandy, and was compelled to be present during the progress of some improvements. On his return they would be married, and Selina waited till then with considerably less patience and philosophy than Lucy evinced. Fifty times a day did she peevishly lament the delay; but not, alas! from any excess of affection to the man she was about to marry: it was always *apropos* of some small inconvenience or privation that she murmured. If she had to walk into the town, she would sigh for the time 'when, as Mrs Forde, she would have a carriage at her own exclusive command;' or if she coveted some costly bauble, the name of Alfred was breathed impatiently, and a reference to 'pin-money' was sure to follow. The marriage might have taken place by proxy with singular advantage: if Mr Forde had sent a cheque on his banker for half the amount of his income, Miss Selina would have married it with all the complacency in the world!

Mr Davenant's worldly affairs at this juncture were not in such a prosperous state as a man of his wisdom had a right to expect. In fact he was involved in considerable difficulties, from which he scarcely saw a way of extricating himself, when most fortunately, as he averred, an old uncle of his, from whom he had what is called 'expectations,' voluntarily proposed visiting him at B——. The night before his arrival, the *wise* portion of the Davenant family sat in solemn conclave, discussing the proper method of turning this visit to account. Lucy sat in a corner, silent and unnoticed, quietly sewing, while the family council went on.

Of course Mr Davenant never thought for an instant of pursuing the truthful and straightforward course of stating his difficulties to his relation, and honestly asking him for assistance.

'If old Atkinson suspected my affairs were in the disorder in which they unfortunately are,' said Mr Davenant gravely, 'he would instantly alter his will, and leave the considerable sum, which I know he intends for me, to some one who is not so *imprudent*, as I suppose he would call it, as I have been. I shall not easily forget his anger when my Cousin John ran into debt, and applied to him for the money to save him from prison. He gave him the money; but you'll see John wont have a sixpence more: so much for being candid and sincere, as the silly fellow said to me.'

At length it was arranged that Mr Davenant should ask his uncle to lend him L.5000, in order to make a singularly-profitable investment which was then open.

'I shall tell him,' said Mr Davenant, 'that I could easily command the money without troubling him, by calling in part of my capital, but that I scarcely think that a prudent course at the present juncture, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my *prudence*, and the last thing he will suspect will be that I really need the money: so that will do excellently.'

'Dear papa,' ventured Lucy, bent on making one attempt to induce him to adopt the simpler course of conduct—'dear papa, are you sure this is really your most politic plan? Would it not be *safer* to tell Mr Atkinson your position, and ask him to assist you? Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy.'

'Doubtless,' said her father contemptuously, 'my *candid* Cousin John found it so, and will find it so when Mr Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name is struck out. Leave me alone, child; you understand nothing of such things—you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom.'

Thus was poor Lucy always repulsed when she attempted to advise. She could only comfort herself with the hope that one day perhaps her parents would think and act differently.

Mr Atkinson came the next day: he was a cheerful, pleasant-looking, silver-haired old man, and was cordial and affectionate to the whole family. Sincere and truthful himself, he was perfectly unsuspicious of deceit or design in others. Thus everything promised well for Mr Davenant's plan, more especially as the old man had rapidly become much attached to the two girls: Selina, with her liveliness and spirit, amused; and Lucy, gentle, and ever anxious for the comfort of all about her, interested him.

On the fourth day, therefore, Mr Davenant commenced operations. He alluded to a particular foreign railway, the shares of which were then much below par, but which were certain, at a future and no very distant period, to arrive at a considerable premium. He said that he would willingly invest L.5000 in these shares, certain that in a short time he should quadruple the sum, if it were not for the payment of his girls' marriage portions, for which he should soon be called on. And after a great deal of preparatory 'beating about the bush,' he *candidly*, as he said, asked his uncle if he would lend him this L.5000 for twelve months.

Mr Atkinson looked grave, which his nephew observing, *he* looked grave also.

'You see, Samuel,' said the old man, 'if it were really to do you a service, you should have the money. If your *business* required it—if you were in temporary embarrassment, and needed these thousands to help you out of it —*they should be yours;* but'——

He paused, and fixed his eyes on the ground in deep thought. Mr Davenant started, and coloured as he listened; and involuntarily he thought of poor Lucy's slighted advice. Her earnest words, 'Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy,' rung clearly in his ears, and he felt now that she was *right:* but it was too late now (or at least *he* thought so) to repair his error, and return to the straight path. He had made a point, ever since his uncle's arrival, of boasting to him of his improved prospects, of the solid basis on which his fortune stood, and of the flourishing state of his business. He could not now retract all he had said, and lay bare his difficulties—his necessities. Besides, even now perhaps that would not be *prudent:* old Atkinson might be but *trying* him after all. Mr Davenant's little moment of right feeling soon passed away, and he was, alas! 'himself again' by the time his uncle again began to speak.

'I don't like these speculations, Samuel,' said he; 'they are dangerous things: if once you get involved in them, you never know when to leave off: besides, they distract your attention from more legitimate objects: your business might suffer. The business of a man prone to speculate in matters he is unused to deal with rarely flourishes.'

Mr Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by *speculation* that he was brought to his present embarrassments; but he said nothing.

'Take my advice, Sam,' continued Mr Atkinson, placing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, 'and have nothing to do with these railways. Whether you gain or lose by them, they distract your attention, you see, from your business, and so you lose one way at all events. Don't meddle with them.'

Mr Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

'Nay, my dear uncle,' he said smiling, 'whether you can accommodate me with this sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my scheme. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares; and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall not worry myself respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall turn them into money again, and whatever they produce is (but this is *entre nous*, you understand) to be divided equally between my two girls.'

Mr Atkinson's face brightened. 'Oh, I begin to see,

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he exclaimed; 'I perceive—it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the L.5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.'

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for L.5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matitutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the L.5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive, that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy—rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I can assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind *quite* easy. The girls shall have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling-carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B——. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the —— Railway immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he intreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:—

'My Dear Sam,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect, I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't *say a word about it to them*, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest, trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to *sell out* when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed; for instead of *lending* you the money, I *give it* to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't *say a word to them* till you give them the money. Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares.—Yours faithfully, Samuel Atkinson.'

Poor Mr Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for the L.5000)—documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded: Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the L.5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in *worldly wisdom*.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to this suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't sell them, you know,' she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of *nonchalance* in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course?' said Mr Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it wont do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

'You refuse your permission then?' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head, and left the room. Mr Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonizing ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of woman to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson which he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a *wiser* man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use *her* portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter; for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr Forde, and be married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr Atkinson, tell him the *whole truth*, and intreat his assistance. 'He is so kind-hearted, dear papa, that he *will* do what you want: he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He set off instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs Davenant and Lucy awaited his return may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary, and hopeless.

Mr Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose *wisdom* Mr Davenant had so decried.

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'Because,' said the will, 'I have reason to know that he is in difficulties; and as he has a wife and family depending on him, he must need the money more than my other nephew, Samuel Davenant, whom I visited a short time since for the express purpose of seeing if his affairs were prosperous. I have reason to suppose that they are so, and that any increase to his means, so far from adding to his prosperity, would induce him to speculate, and perhaps so lose all he has acquired by years of industry. Therefore I revoke a former bequest to him of L.20,000, and bequeath it instead to my third nephew, George Charles Atkinson,' &c. &c.

'You were right, Lucy!' exclaimed Mr Davenant penitently; 'the truth *is* the safest, surest policy.'

Fortitude and perseverance were among the virtues of both Mr Davenant and his wife. They met their difficulties steadily and firmly, and got ultimately through them with credit. But they were now too old to commence life anew, and gladly availed themselves of the affectionate intreaty of Lucy and her husband — for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister—to take up their house with them.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all imaginary; he was, in fact, a ruined spendthrift; and all they had to subsist on after they were married was the money arising from those oft-named railway shares. Selina could not reproach her husband for deceiving her, for she had deceived him. Not till they had been three weeks wedded did Mr Forde know that his bride's father was ruined, and that he need expect no marriage portion further than that she already had. 'Had you told me the truth,' he said to her, when one day she reproached him with his poverty, 'I would have told *you* the truth. But I thought you would be a rich woman, and that your fortune would be sufficient to support us both.' Selina could not reply.

Mr and Mrs Davenant, when they contrast the melancholy accounts of the end of Selina's scheming with the happy married life of their younger daughter, cannot but own how superior was the *wisdom* of the latter; and they now cordially acknowledge the veracity of that golden sentiment of one of our modern sages—'One who is always *true* in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.'

THE TAMARIND-TREE.

Everybody knows the agreeable tamarind preserve we receive from the West Indies; everybody has occasionally produced by its aid a cooling and welcome beverage; and everybody (at least in Scotland) has conferred, by its means, upon the insipid gruel recommended for a cold a finely-acidulated taste. Everybody likewise knows that the tamarind is pretty largely employed in our Materia Medica, and that its effect, when eaten uncompounded, is gently aperient: but for all that, very few persons are acquainted with certain curious particulars connected with the tree which produces this popular fruit.

The tamarind-tree is one of the *fabaceæ*, or order of leguminous plants; 'an order,' says Lindley, 'not only among the most extensive that are known, but also one of the most important to man, whether we consider the beauty of the numerous species, which are among the gayest-coloured and most graceful plants of every region, or their applicability to a thousand useful purposes.' To give an idea of the wide extension of this order, we may say that it includes the acacia, the logwood and rosewood of commerce; the laburnum, the furze, and the broom; the bean, pea, vetch, clover, trefoil, indigo, gum-arabic, and other gums and drugs. There are two species of tamarinds—the East and the West Indian—exhibiting some considerable difference, more especially in the pods, which are much shorter in the latter species, and the pulp less rich and plentiful. In the West Indies, the shell is removed, and the legume preserved, by being placed in jars intermixed with layers of sugar; or else the vessel is filled up with boiling sugar, which penetrates to the bottom. The Turks and Arabs use this fruit, prepared either with sugar or honey, as an article of food; and for its cooling properties it is a favourite in journeys in the desert. In Nubia it is formed into cakes, baked in the sun; and these are afterwards used in producing a cooling drink. In India, likewise, it is used both as food and drink; but there it is never treated with sugar, but merely dried in the sun. When eaten as food, it is toasted, soaked in water, and then boiled, till the taste, it is said, resembles that of the common bean.

In India the tamarind-tree is a very beautiful object, its spreading branches flinging even with their tiny leaves an extensive shade. In one season its pretty straw-coloured flowers refresh the eye; and in another its long brown pods, which are shed plentifully, afford a more substantial refreshment to the traveller. The Hindoos, however, prize it chiefly as a material for cleaning their brass vessels, although they likewise use it as a condiment for their curries and other dishes, and likewise make it into pickles and preserves. For the last-mentioned purpose a red variety is the most esteemed, both the timber and the fruit being of a sanguine hue. The tamarind, however, is chiefly planted by the roadside, or on the rising banks of a tank; and in the lower parts of Bengal, where it grows in the natural forests of the Sunderbunds, it is the most common kind of firewood, being never used for any more dignified purpose. The native never chooses this beautiful tree, as he does the palm, the neem, or the mourungosh, to overshadow his hut; and it is never admitted into the mango groves sacred to the gods, although the silk-cotton and the mouwha are not forbidden that consecrated ground.

But the prejudice goes further still. No *khitmutgar*, or cook, will hang a piece of meat on a tamarind-tree: he believes that meat thus exposed does not keep well, and that it becomes unfit for salting. A traveller, though very willing to eat of the fruit, will not unload his pack or rest under its branches; and a soldier, tired as he may be with a long march, will rather wander farther on than pile his arms in its shade. There is an idea, in fact, at least in Bengal, that there is something unlucky or unhealthy, some antique spell or some noxious vapour, surrounding this beautiful tree; although we are not aware that science has yet discovered that there is anything really hurtful in its exhalations.

Another strange notion connected with the tamarind-tree is thus mentioned by a correspondent:—'Often have I stood as a youngster gazing with astonishment at a couple of bearers belabouring a large knotty root, of some eight feet in girth, with their axes, making the chips fly off in every direction; which, upon picking up, I used to find covered over with unintelligible scribbles, which the bearers gravely told me was the writing of the gods.'

Here we have our tree in a new light: this outcast from the sacred groves is inscribed with holy characters! Who shall interpret their meaning? Are they like the mark set upon the forehead of Cain? Or is the legend intended as a perpetual consolation under the prejudices and indignities of men? All we know is, that the white fir-like grains of the tamarind wood are written over in an unknown tongue by means of a small thread-like vein of a black colour.

There is a similar superstition connected with another Indian tree, the kulpa briksha, or silver-tree, so called from the colour of the bark. The original kulpa, which now stands in the garden of the god Indra in the first heaven, is said to have been one of the fourteen remarkable things turned up by the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons. But however this may be, the name of Ram and his consort Seeta is written upon the silvery trunks of all its earthly descendants! Colonel Sleeman, when travelling in Upper India, had the curiosity to examine many of these trees on both sides of the road; and sure enough the name of the incarnation of Vishnu mentioned was plainly enough discernible, written in Sanscrit characters, and apparently by some supernatural hand—'that is, there was a softness in the impression, as if the finger of some supernatural being had traced the characters.' The traveller endeavoured to argue his attendants out of their senses; but unluckily he could

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find no tree, however near or distant, without the names; the only difference being in the size of the letters, which in some cases were large, and in others small. At length he observed a kulpa in a hollow below the road, and one on a precipice above, both in situations accessible with such difficulty, that he was sure no mortal scribe would take the trouble to get at them. He declared confidently his opinion that the names would not be found on these trees, and it was proved that he was right. But this was far from affecting the devout faith of his Hindoo followers. 'Doubtless,' said one, 'they have in some way or other got rubbed off; but God will renew them in His own time.' 'Perhaps,' remarked another, 'he may not have thought it necessary to write at all upon places where no traveller could decipher them.' 'But do you not see,' said the traveller, losing patience, 'that these names are all on the trunk within reach of a man's hand!' 'Of course they are,' replied they, 'since the miracle could not be distinguished by the eyes of men if they were written higher up!'

A shtub called the trolsee is a representation of the same goddess Seeta, and is every year *married* with great ceremony to a sacred stone called Saligram, a rounded pebble supposed to represent the good Vishnu, of whom Ram was an incarnation. On one occasion described, the procession attending this august ceremony consisted of 8 elephants, 1200 camels, and 4000 horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. Above 100,000 persons were present at this pageant, at which the little pebble was mounted on the leading elephant, and thus carried in state to his tree goddess. All the ceremonies of a Hindoo marriage were gone through, and then the god and goddess were left to repose together till the next season in the temple of Sudora.

Indian trees, however, it must be said, are, from all accounts, much more worthy of the honours of superstition than those of less fervid climes. A traveller mentions an instance of the 'sentient principle' occurring among the denizens of an Indian forest. Two trees, he tells us, of different kinds, although only three feet apart, had grown to the height of fifty or sixty feet, when one of them took the liberty of throwing out a low branch in such a way as to touch the trunk of his neighbour, and thus occasion much pain and irritation. 'On this the afflicted tree in turn threw out a huge excrescence, which not only enveloped the offending branch, but strangled it so completely as to destroy it utterly; the ends of the deadened boughs projecting three or four feet beyond the excrescence, while the latter was carried on a distance of three feet across to the shaft of the tree, so as to render all chances of its future movement wholly impossible!' This appears to our traveller to display as much forethought and sagacity as taking up an artery for aneurism, or tying splints round a broken bone.

But in a country where trees are the objects of such veneration, and where those that are neither holy nor sagacious are admitted without scruple to the best arborical society, how comes it that the beautiful, the umbrageous, and the beneficent tamarind is looked upon as the outlaw of the plantation, the pariah of the forest? This is a very puzzling circumstance, and one that, in the present state of our knowledge, we can only set down to the caprice and ingratitude of man.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA TO LAURGAARD.

A LAND journey of 334 English miles, which usually occupies five or six days, was now before me. The road passes along one of the finest as well as most extensive valleys in Norway, and is further distinguished by crossing the celebrated range of mountains called the Dovre Field [Dovre pronounced *Dovra*], which may be called the backbone of the country, as the Grampian range is that of the Scottish Highlands. Along this road, as usual, there is a series of stations, but none of them is of so high a character as to present the luxury of wheaten bread. One of my duties, therefore, on the last day of my stay in Christiania, was to obtain a bag of biscuits for use on the way. Being anxious to secure a passage in a steamer which was to leave Trondheim on the 18th July, I allowed seven days for the journey, and started at one o'clock on the 11th, thus allowing an extra day for any accidental delay upon the road.

The first two or three stages being across certain intermediate valleys, we have much up-hill and down-hill work along roads by no means good. It was pitiable to see the little heavy-laden carts of the peasantry toiling up the steep ascents, each with its forked pike trailing behind it, on which to rest the vehicle, while the horse should stop a few minutes at a time to recover breath and strength. Many were conducted by women; and I could not but admire the hardy, independent air of these females, as they sat, whip in hand, urging their steeds along, though, as might be expected from such a rough out-of-door life, their figures exhibit little of the attractions of their sex. At many places I found rock-surfaces with dressings generally in a north and south direction, being that of the valleys. It is not unworthy of remark that two of the rivers are crossed by modern wooden bridges, where a pontage is paid; and these were the only charges approaching to the character of a toll to which I was subjected throughout the whole of my travels in Scandinavia. Of the valleys, one is full of sandy, a second of clay terraces, marking some decided difference in the former submerged condition of the two districts. On passing into a third at Trygstad, we find a vast plateau composed of clay below and pure sand above, bearing magnificent pine-forests, and which extends, without any intermission, to the foot of the Miösen Lake. It would be a curious study to any native geologist to examine this formation, and to trace its source, and the circumstances under which it was deposited. There are remarkable generalities about such things. Instructed by what I had seen in Scotland, as soon as I observed the valley filled with sand up to a certain height a few miles below where I knew a lake to be, I mentally predicted that this formation would terminate at the foot of the lake, and that there would be no terraces on the hill-sides above that sheet of water. Such proved to be the case.

A short stage before reaching the foot of the Miösen Lake, we pass one of those objects so extraordinary in Norway—a country mansion; that is to say, a handsome house adapted for the residence of a family in affluent circumstances. It is called Eidsvold, and was once the property of a family named Anker, but now belongs to the public, in consequence of the interesting distinction conferred on it in 1814, when a national assembly sat here and framed the constitution under which the country is now so happily placed. The purchase of this house by a national subscription is an agreeable circumstance, as it marks that deep and undivided feeling which the Norwegian people entertain regarding their constitution—a feeling perhaps more important than the character of the constitution itself, as it is what mainly secures its peaceful working. This constitution has now stood for thirty-five years, with a less amount of dissent and dissatisfaction on the part of the people than has happened in the case of any other experiment of the same kind in modern Europe. It is entitled to be regarded as a successful experiment; and, as such, of course may well be viewed with some interest by the rest of Europe, especially at a time when so many political theories are on their trial, and so few seem likely to stand good. The main fact is the election, every three years, of a body called the Storthing, which separates itself into an Upper and Lower House, enacts and repeals laws, and regulates all matters connected with the revenue. The royal sanction is required for these laws; but if

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the people are bent upon any measure disapproved of by the king, they have only to re-introduce and pass it in two more successive Storthings, when it would become law without the royal assent. Thus the Norwegians may be said, in Benthamian language, to *minimise* the monarchical principle. But how is the Storthing constituted? The right of voting depends on a low property qualification. The qualified voters in small districts elect persons called election-men, who again meet by themselves, and elect, usually, but not necessarily, out of their own number, representatives of larger districts, who in turn form the Storthing, the whole numbers of which are somewhat under a hundred. It is a system of universal suffrage, exclusive only of the humblest labouring-class. It may be said to be a government of what we call the middle-classes, and all but a pure democracy; but it is essential to observe that the bulk of the people of Norway are of the kind which we recognise as a middle-class, for of hereditary nobility they have none, and the non-electors are a body too humble in circumstances, and too well matched in numbers by the rest, to have any power for good or evil in the case. There are other important considerations: land is held in Norway, not upon the feudal, but the *udal* principle, which harmonises much better with democratic forms; there being no right of primogeniture, estates are kept down at a certain moderate extent; in the general circumstances of the country, there can be no massing of wealth in a few hands, and therefore little of that species of influence. The apparently ultra-liberal system of Norway being thus adapted to many things more or less peculiar to the country, it may have attained a success here which it would not obtain elsewhere, or at least not till a proper groundwork had been laid in social arrangements. This is a proposition which seems to derive much support from recent political failures in Germany, Italy, and, shall we add, France? The abrupt decreeing of a democratic constitution, in supersession of a government which has been absolute for centuries, is seen to be an absurdity, though one, perhaps, which nothing but experiment could have demonstrated.

It was still far from night when I arrived at Minde, at the foot of the Miösen Lake. This sheet of water, sixty-three English miles in length, terminates here in a curve formed in the sandy plateau, through which its waters have made for themselves a deep trench. The little inn nestles under the steep bank on the west side of the outlet, commanding from its back-windows a view along the lake. As the point where the river must be ferried, and whence the steamers start on their course along the lake, it is a place of some importance. It has even been proposed to have a railway from Christiania to Minde, and the ground has been surveyed by Mr Robert Stephenson; but this is not likely to be realised for some years to come. I found the porch of the inn filled with guests enjoying their pipes; two or three of them were officers, and one of these, I was told, had the duty of superintending the post stations of a certain district. Amongst others was one of those dirty young men of the student genus who are so prevalent on the continent; travelling with only a little satchel slung from their shoulders, and thus evidently unprovided with so much as a change of linen or a set of night-clothes, yet always sure to be found lugging along a tobacco-pipe half as big as themselves, together with a formidable pouch of tobacco depending from a button-hole. The inn consisted of two floors, in the lower of which was a good-sized public room, gay with prints of the royal family and such-like; from this on one side went off two bedrooms; on the other adjoined a kitchen, and other family apartments. Stables, sheds, and store-houses of various denominations stood near by, so as to form what Allan Ramsay calls a rural square. It was a comfortable establishment, and the females who conducted it were respectable-looking people. There was also a landlord, who was always coming in, apparently under an anxiety to do something, but never did it. I had a good meal served up in the public room, and enjoyed the evening scene on the lake very greatly, but found the occasional society of the other guests in this apartment disagreeable, in consequence of their incessant smoking, and their habit of frequent spitting upon the floor. It is seldom that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might and ought to be managed in perfect silence. In Norway the case is particularly bad, as the gentlemen, in addition to everything else, assume the privilege of smoking and spitting in every room of every house, and even in the presence of ladies.* To a sensible and wellbred person all such things are as odious as they are unnecessary. It is remarkable throughout the continent how noisily men conduct themselves. They have not our sense of quietness being the perfection of refined life. At Minde a gentleman over my head made an amount of noise with his luggage and his personal movements which astonished me, for it created the idea of a vast exertion being undergone in order to produce it, as if it had been thought that there was some important object to be served by noise, and the more noise the better.

I had intended to proceed next morning by the steamer along the lake, but I had been misinformed as to the days of sailing, and found it necessary to spend my reserve day at Minde. It was less of a hardship to me than it might have been to others, as I found more than enough of occupation in examining the physical geography of the district. The sandy plain runs up to the hills on both sides at an exceedingly small angle of inclination, and perfectly smooth. On the east side, near a place called Œvre, there is, close to the hills, a stripe of plain of higher inclination, and composed of gravel, so that the whole is exceedingly like that kind of sea-beach which consists partly of an almost dead flat of sand, and partly of a comparatively steep though short slope of gravel, adjoining to the dry land. That the sea did once cover this plain, and rise against the gravel slope, I could have no doubt: the whole aspect of the objects spoke of it. There were also terraces in the valley below, indicating pauses in the subsidence (so to speak) of the sea. It was of some importance, since the point formerly reached by the sea could here be so clearly marked, to ascertain how high that point was above the present sea-level. My measurements, which were conducted with the level and staff, using the lake as a basis, set it down as just about 656 feet above the sea, being, as it chances, the height of an ancient sea-terrace at Bardstadvig, on the west coast of Norway, and also that of certain similar terraces in Scotland.† This coincidence may be accidental, but it is worthy of note, as possibly a result of causes acting to a general effect, more especially as it is not in this respect quite solitary.

The dinner presented to me on the day of my stay at Minde might be considered as the type of such a meal bespoken at a tolerable country inn in Norway. It consisted of a dish of fried trout from the lake, with melted butter-sauce, and something like Yorkshire pudding to take with it: no more animal food, but a dish of cream prepared in a manner resembling *trifle*, and accompanied by a copious supply of an over-luscious warm jelly; finally, a salad. It is common in small Norwegian inns to put down, with one dinner-like

* I am told that these habits do not exist in good society at Christiania.

† The greatest summer height of the Miösen Lake is 430 feet; the winter height, 410. Finding the level at this time ten feet below the mark considered as that of highest water, I considered the lake as being now 420 feet above the sea.

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dish, a large bowl of what we call in Scotland *lappered milk*, but bearing a creamy surface, along with sugar: it seems to be a favourite regale with the natives; but I never could get into a liking for it. In the clear warm day which I spent in the Minde inn, the lake presented a beautiful placid scene; a boat was now and then seen rowing lazily across its mirror-like surface; but more generally nothing studded the silver sheet but the image of a passing summer cloud.

In my rambles to-day I saw many of the peasantry, and the interiors of a few of their houses. The women are poor-looking creatures, dressed in the most wretched manner. They want the smart taste seen even among the poorest young females farther south, as is particularly evidenced in their head-dress, which consists merely of a coarse handkerchief tied under the chin —a sort of apology for a hood rather than a head-dress. There are great differences in the interiors of the peasants' houses; but certainly many of them are miserable little cabins. As yet, I see few symptoms of a prosperous life for the labouring-class in Norway. It is different with the peasant proprietors or yeomen, called *bonder* in their own country. The house of a *bonde* is a long, double-storeyed, wooden house, painted a dull red or yellow, with gauze window-curtains, and very neatly furnished within. The life of this class—the leading class of Norwegian society—seems generally comfortable, though not to the degree which is alleged in the glowing pages of Mr Laing; for they are very often embarrassed by debt, mostly incurred in order to pay off the claims of brothers and sisters to their inheritance. At present, the labouring-class are leaving Norway in considerable numbers to settle in America. There is one particular district in Wisconsin which they flock to, and which, I am told, contains at least 6000 of these poor people. A government officer, whom I conversed with at Christiania, says it is owing to the superabundant numbers of the people. The land, he alleges, has been brought to the utmost stretch of its productive power. Meanwhile, to use his expression, there is *trop du mariage:* the food being insufficient for the constantly-increasing numbers, they must needs swarm off. There is a like emigration of the humbler class of peasantry from Sweden. Thus we see that equally in the simple state of things which prevails in Scandinavia, and in the high-wrought system of wealthy England, there is but a poor life for the hireling unskilled labourer. Nowhere does it afford more than a bare subsistence; often scarcely gives this.

The weather was now becoming very warm, while, with the increasing latitude, the day was sensibly lengthening. On the evening of the 12th of July I went to bed at ten o'clock under a single sheet, with the window fully up, and read for an hour by the natural light. Next morning at six I went on board the Jernbarden steamer, and was speedily on my way along the Miösen Lake. A raft behind contained my own and another carriage. It proved a pleasant day's sailing, though there is nothing very striking in the scenery of the lake. The gentlemen sauntered about, or sat upon deck, constantly smoking from their long pipes. There were a few ladies, who seemed not at all discomposed by the smoke, or any of its consequences. A tall old general of infantry, in a dark cloak, exhausted I know not how many pipes, and his servant seemed to have little to do but to fill the tube afresh from a *poke* of chopped tobacco not much less than a nose-bag. Notwithstanding these barbarian practices, there is a vast amount of formal politeness among the native gentlemen and ladies; there is an incessant bowing and taking off of hats; and whenever one is to leave the vessel, he bids adieu to the company, though he perhaps never met one of them before. The captain could converse in English, as is the common case in steamers throughout Norway and Sweden, this gift being indeed held as an indispensable qualification for the appointment. I had also some conversation with the engineer, an intelligent German, who had been some years in England. Along with these circumstances, the idea that the engines had been made in Glasgow caused me to feel more at home on the Miösen Lake than I could have expected. We had, however, a more tedious voyage than usual, in consequence of the drag upon the vessel's movements which we carried behind us, and we consequently did not reach the landing-place beneath the town of Lillehammer till four o'clock.

This being the only town between Christiania and Trondheim, I was desirous of stopping at it; but we had left ourselves barely enough of time to reach the station of a steamer at the foot of a second and smaller lake a few miles onward, by which I hoped to make out a hundred miles of travelling before we should sleep, and thus leave myself comparatively at ease about the remainder of the journey. I therefore reluctantly drove through this pleasant-looking little place. Soon after leaving Lillehammer, the hills, which as yet had been low and rather tame, became steep and rough. We pass along the left bank of the *Laug*, a large, fierce, and rapid stream, of that green colour which indicates an origin among snow-clad mountains. My journey might now have been described by a line from a Scottish poet—'By Logan's streams that run sae deep'—for, by the usual affix of the article *en*, the name of this river is sounded Logan, and thus is identical with a name attached to more than one stream in Scotland.* Nor is this, by the way, a solitary case. The river which enters the sea at Trondheim is the Nid, identical with the Nith of Dumfriesshire fame. Even the generic name for a river in Norway, *elv*, or, with the article, *elven*, appears in our numerous tribe of Elvans, Alwynes, Allans, Evans, and Avons.

About a couple of miles before reaching Mosshuus, the first station from Lillehammer, we meet a steep rough barrier, which crosses the valley, curving outwards from the hill-face towards the river, and leaving only a narrow space between itself and the opposite hills for the stream to pass. On mounting to the top, we find that it has a flat surface of considerable extent. It is composed of blocks of stone of all sizes, up to that of a cottage, mixed with a pale clay. Presently another such mass appears, in a terrace-like form, on the opposite bank of the river. A very little reflection, aided by the recollection of some Swiss observations of the preceding summer, enabled me to detect in these strange objects the fragments of an ancient *moraine*. A glacier had once poured down the valley, terminating at this place, and here depositing the loose materials which it had carried along with it from the higher grounds. Such loose materials come to form what is called the terminal *moraine* of the glacier. Norway must have then had a much colder climate than now, for there is not permanent snow in this district except upon the tops of the mountains—though in Western Norway there are still glaciers which descend almost to the level of the sea. On an improved temperature becoming prevalent, the glacier of the Logan valley had shrunk back, leaving its moraine as a memorial of the point it had once reached. In connection with this object, it is important to remark that the exposed rock-surfaces in the bottom, and a little way up the sides of the valley, are smoothed; but the higher parts of the hill-sides are extremely rough and angular, and have evidently never been subjected to the action of ice. So far there is a difference between this glen and the southern parts of the country. In the latter, where the eminences are low, the ice has passed over hill and vale in its own proper direction. Any ice that has been here has, on the contrary, followed the direction of the valley, forming in it one local and limited stream.

While Quist waited for fresh horses at Mosshuus, I walked on before to examine the country. I found the rocks to be of a schistous character, generally having their sharp angular sides presented to the road. The

* Laug in Norwegian signifies *water*. It is a generic term here specially applied.

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contrast which they presented to the smoothed surfaces lower down, and to the general surface of Sweden and Southern Norway, was striking, and such as to leave no doubt that the one set of objects had been exempted from a mechanical agency which had powerfully affected the other. Amidst the thin woods of pine and birch which clothed the hill-sides I found abundance of the wild strawberry, and made my acquaintance with this pleasant fruit for the first time. Here and there were piles of cut wood, and the woodman's stroke sounded through the glades. The declining sun threw the one side of the valley into deep shade, and brought out the other into equally strong light. Now and then a wain was heard moving up the steep parts of the road, cheered by the voices of a rustic cortège, whose red cowls would have been keenly appreciated by the eye of a painter. It was a beautiful scene, and a beautiful season—one of those opportunities which the heart sometimes finds to fall in upon itself in perfect satisfaction and repose. I was glad, however, when, after what I thought a too long delay, my carriage made its appearance. We pushed rapidly on towards the bottom of the lake, and were fortunate enough to reach it just as the steamer was about to move off, about nine o'clock.

It was a small and plainly-furnished vessel, which seemed to have exceedingly little custom, for there were not more than three other passengers; and as I only paid about 1s. 8d. for myself, servant, and carriage, the general receipts must be very small. The vessel is, however, conducted on so economical a principle, that comparatively few passengers must suffice to make it pay. A chatty old gentleman, who seemed to be the sole or chief owner, took me down to the engine-room, and showed me the pile of wood required for one of its voyages (sixteen English miles); it measured a fathom each way, and cost 4s. 6d. English! A good-looking, middle-aged woman, attended by a daughter, was there to furnish refreshments, and I supped at an expense ludicrously trifling. While light served, the view from the deck was fine, the immediate banks of the lake presenting slopes of intense green, divided into small farms, each provided with its snug little suite of wooden buildings; while over these spaces rose the dark, steep mountains, shaggy with rock and scrub. A little before midnight we arrived at the landing-place under Elstad station, which is situated pretty far up the hill-side, and to which it was necessary to send for horses to take up the carriage. Walking on before, I soon found myself at the house, but had some difficulty in attracting attention, as the inmates were all in bed. After a little trouble, a stout lass came and bustled about for the preparation of a couch in a very plain upper chamber, and I consigned myself to Morpheus with all possible despatch, as it was necessary that I should be on the road at an early hour on the morrow.

Rising between six and seven, I found Elstad picturesquely situated on a prominence commanding extensive views of the valley. The house is black with age: the date 1670 appears by the door-cheek, showing that these wooden edifices are more durable than might be supposed. There is, however, no observable difference between this and more modern houses as regards the internal arrangements or the size of the apartments. All such things are stereotyped in Norway. We started at seven, and had a fine morning drive along the valley, which is enlivened by some cataracts of the river, and by the inpouring of two fierce side streams—the Vola and Fyre. At Oden, while they were procuring fresh horses, I obtained breakfast with some difficulty, using some tea of my own, but indebted to the house for sugar, eggs, and butter. The charge for all, besides Quist's breakfast, was a mark (9½d.); and it probably would have been less if I had not been regarded as an Englishman. In the space between this station and the next, at a place called Toostamona (spelt as pronounced), I found a detrital barrier across the valley, very much like that at Mosshuus, but so little charged with large blocks, that I felt doubtful whether it was a second moraine, the mark of a second position of the skirt of the glacier, or the spoils of some side stream, the product of a later though still ancient time. Things are now becoming very simple. The internal economy of the stations is manifestly getting more rude. When, after a stage is done, I give, at Quist's dictation, four or five skillings to the man who has come to take back the horses—and four or five skillings are only about three-halfpence—the poor fellow takes off his cowl, thrusts a huge coarse hand into the carriage to shake mine, and utters his 'Tak, tak' (thanks, thanks) with an *empressement* beaming in his honest visage which affects while it amuses me, it being impossible to see a fellow-creature so profoundly gratified by anything so trifling, without at once seeing that his share of the comforts of life must be small indeed, and feeling contrite at the recollection of the very slight impression which blessings incomparably greater make upon myself.

At Sletsvig occurs an undoubted ancient moraine, exactly like that at Mosshuus, being composed of huge angular blocks mixed with clayey matter. As it lies opposite a side valley, which here comes in from the west, it may have been a product of that valley; though I am inclined to regard it rather as the accumulation left by the glacier of the Logan vale after it had shrunk up to this point. On the inner side, looking up the main valley, there is a bed of sand, evidently laid down by water, and which it seems allowable to regard as the memorial of a time when this moraine served as a barrier, confining the waters of the river in the form of a lake. In this part of the valley there is a system of irrigation extensively practised by means of wooden troughs laid down along the hill-sides. The cheapness of the material makes it of course highly available. On my journey to-day I met few persons of any kind: amongst these were children offering little platefuls of the wild strawberry for sale. A couple of skillings for a plateful was evidently received as a great prize. Owing apparently to a change in the stratification, the valley makes a rectangular bend at *Viig*—a word, by the way, expressive of a *bend*, being identical with Wick, which so often occurs in Britain in names of places signifying a bay. The Viig station, which is a superior one, is said to contain in its walls some of the timbers of the house in which St Olaf was born—a fact strange if true, seeing that this saint, who was a king of Norway, lived in the tenth century.

Having sent on no forebud to-day, I experienced some delay at each station while fresh horses were procuring from the neighbouring farmers. Leaving Quist to bring on the carriage from Solheim, I walked forward to examine at leisure the scene of a remarkable historical event in which some countrymen of mine were concerned. Above the junction of a tributary from the west, the valley of the Logan becomes still more contracted than formerly. The hill-side, steep to an unusual degree, and rough with large blocks fallen from above, descends to the left bank of the river, leaving no level stripe to form a road. The public road is, in fact, by a preference of circumstances, conducted along the hill-face fully a hundred feet above the stream. In the year 1612, when the king of Denmark and Norway was at war with the king of Sweden, a Colonel Mönnichhofen was despatched to Scotland to hire troops for the assistance of the latter sovereign. He, with 1400 men, landed near Trondheim, and after an ineffectual attempt to surprise that city, made his way through Norway by Stordalen into Sweden. A second party of 900 men, under Colonel George Sinclair, landed a fortnight later at Romsdalen, and endeavoured to pass into Sweden by a different path. As all regular troops had been draughted away from Norway to fight the king of Denmark's battles, there seemed little likelihood of any difficulty being encountered on the march. The peasantry, however, became exasperated by the extortion of free provisions, and those of three parishes in this district assembled for the purpose of opposing the

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Scotch. According to a Norwegian ballad, which has been spiritedly translated by David Vedder—

——'the news flew east, the news flew west,
And north and south it flew;
Soon Norway's peasant chivalry
Their fathers' swords they drew.

The beacons blazed on every hill,
The fiery cross flew fast;
And the mountain warriors serried stood,
Fierce as the northern blast....

The boors of Lessie, Vaage, and Froen,
Seized axe, and scythe, and brand—
"Foredoomed is every felon Scot
Who stains our native land!"'*

A guide in the interest of the peasants conducted the Scottish party towards the narrow defile which has been described. The peasants themselves were gathered in force on the mountains above. As it was impossible for them to see what was going on in the pass, they caused a man mounted on a white horse to pass to the other side of the river, and move a little way in front of the advancing enemy, that they might know when he was near at hand. At the same time a girl was placed on the other side of the Logan, to attract the attention of the Scots by sounding her rustic horn. When the unfortunate strangers had thus been led to the most suitable place, the boors tumbled down huge stones upon them from the mountain-top, destroying them, to use their own expression, like potsherds. Then descending with sword and gun, they completed the destruction of the Scots. There is a romantic story, which seems far from likely, that Sinclair had been accompanied on this occasion by his wife. It is added that a young lady of the neighbourhood, hearing of this, and anxious to save an innocent individual of her own sex, sent her lover to protect the lady in the impending assault. Mrs Sinclair, seeing him approach, and mistaking his object, shot him dead. Some accounts represent the immediate destruction of the Scottish party as complete, excepting only that two men escaped. One more probable states that sixty were taken prisoners, and kept by the peasants till next spring, when, provisions failing, and the government making no movement in the matter, the poor captives were put into a barn and murdered in cold blood, only two escaping, of whom one survived to be the progenitor of a family still dwelling in these wilds. Such were the circumstances of the bloody affair of Kringelen, to commemorate which a little wooden monument has been erected on the wayside, at the precise spot where the Scottish party was surprised. The grave of Sinclair is also pointed out in the neighbouring churchyard of Quham. An inspection of the scene of the massacre gives a thrilling sense of the utterly desperate circumstances of the Scottish troops when beset by the Norwegian boors. One looks round with horror on the blocks scattered along the hill-side, every one of which had destroyed a life. 'Now all is peaceful, all is still,' on the spot where this piece of savage warfare was acted, save that which only marks the general silence—the murmur of the river. Resting here for a while, I could not but enter a mental protest against the triumphant spirit with which the affair is still referred to by the Norwegians, seeing that the assailants fought at such advantage, not to speak of the safety in which they fought, that nothing but the grossest misconduct could have failed to give them a victory. The grace of a generous mercy would have been worth twice their boast. I walked on about a mile to a hamlet where there is a sort of rustic museum, devoted to keeping certain relics of the Scottishmen. In the inner chamber of a little cottage a woman showed me, ranged along a wall, five matchlocks, two of them very long, two Highland dirks, a broadsword, a spur, two powder flasks, the wooden tube of a drum, and a small iron-hooped box. The sight of these objects so near the scene of the slaughter helps wonderfully to realise it; and it is impossible for a Scotsman at least to look on them without emotion. I thought, however, of the mercy of Providence, which causes the waves of time to close over the most terrible and the most distressing things, sweeping away all the suffering—exhaling calamity, as it were, into air—and leaving only perhaps a few tangible objects to remind us by association that 'such things were.'

In the evening I arrived at Laurgaard, where it was necessary to spend the night. R. C.

* See Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, September 1837, where the original ballad is also given.

LONDON GOSSIP.

November, 1848.

The long vacation is over—cholera has flown away, or gone into winter quarters—the raising of blinds and unclosing of shutters in stylish streets indicate the return of families whose absence has been prolonged by fears of contagion—business, long stagnant, is reviving—street-traffic is resuming its wonted density—the new Lord Mayor has 'showed' himself, as of old—the November fogs are entombing us in their fuliginous darkness—all of which, whether fact, figure, or fancy, is an intimation that we are in the advent of another London season.

Butchers and bakers are of course busy under the influx of mouths, and not they alone, for booksellers are 'looking up,' and making proclamation of literary supplies. Some famous names are already announced—Guizot, Grote, and Lord Campbell in matters of history; Washington Irving in a trio of biographies of individuals so opposite in character—Washington, Mohammed, Goldsmith—as to make one imagine that Knickerbocker must have written all three at once, on the principle that change of work is as good as play. Reprints are in force; travels and adventures are not lacking; while fiction is as copious as ever, or more so, for we are promised a republication of the works of two well-known writers of romance in shilling and eighteenpenny volumes. Quite a boon this for travelling readers who love the exciting, and patronise railway libraries. Besides these, there is the usual inundation of pocket-books, almanacs, *et id genus omne*, which for a time urges printing-presses into preternatural activity. 'Cooking up an almanac,' as the old song has it, must be a profitable business: the 'throwing off' of that delightful periodical vouched for by 'Francis Moore, physician,' to the extent of hundreds of thousands, is divided among three of our 'city' printers—no small item in the Christmas bill. The wide sale of a work relying on credulity for its success is no compliment to the intelligence of the age; yet, as I myself know, there are hundreds of people, especially in rural districts, who would rather give up fifty pages of their Bible, than forego the almanac with its annual prognostications. Power-presses are kept constantly at work for weeks to supply the multifarious demand.

Among other literary gossip is Fredrika Bremer's visit to the United States. Perhaps the contrast to Scandinavian manners which she will there perceive, may have the effect of giving her a new inspiration, which by and by will awaken the sympathies of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and in Northern Europe. Talking of the United States, reminds me that Mr Bancroft has taken up his residence in New York, and intends to devote himself to the completion of his history, in which, like our own Macaulay, he may possibly win higher honours, and effect more lasting good, than in active political life.

You have heard of the sultan's generosity towards a celebrated French writer. A large tract of land in the vicinity of Smyrna has been granted by his highness to M. de Lamartine, and it is said the author of a 'Voyage en Orient' will go out to take possession. A fact highly honourable to M. de Lamartine has lately come to my knowledge, and as it illustrates a point of character, I may communicate it. You are aware that the extemporised minister of foreign affairs has been compelled to sell his family estate of Macon to satisfy his creditors. Some of our members of the Peace Congress proposed, on their return home, to get

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up a subscription on this side the Channel, which should enable them to purchase the paternal acres, and restore them to their late owner. M. de Lamartine was written to on the subject, but declined to accept the proffered generosity, being 'determined to rely solely on his own literary exertions for the re-establishment of his affairs.' Such a resolution is worthy of all respect.

Some very curious and instructive facts have come to light in the evidence taken before the late parliamentary committee on public libraries; and the 'blue book' in which that is reproduced is one of the most valuable that have of late been published 'by authority.' Certain results come out which are said to make unfavourably against our country. For instance, the proportion of books in public libraries to every hundred of the population is, in Great Britain and Ireland, 63; while Russia and Portugal show from 76 to 80; Belgium, Spain, and Sardinia, 100; France, 129; Italy, 150; Austria and Hungary, 167; Prussia, 200; Sweden and Norway, 309; Denmark, 412; some of the smaller German states, 450. There has been a good deal of talk about this; but those who point to British deficiencies omit to inquire whether the books in countries so liberally furnished are really read by the people. The presence of books does not necessarily imply much reading; and if it were possible to poll real readers, there is reason to believe that the balance would be on the other side. We Britons are a domestic race; we like to see books on our own shelves, and to read them at home. It does not follow that a comparatively small number of public books betokens a deficient number of readers.

With the return of short days and long nights come the season's pursuits, pleasures, and recreations. Our twenty-two theatres are doing somewhat in the way of amusement: casinos, saloons, bowling-alleys (an importation from the United States), and exhibitions, are getting into full swing. Music—concerts and oratorios—is liberally furnished, of good quality, and at little cost. The improvement of public taste in the matter of sweet sounds within the past two or three years is not less striking than gratifying. But with the decline of coarseness, care must be taken to avoid the creation of a censorious fastidiousness: a willingness to be amused is by no means an unfavourable trait of character.

Mechanics' Institutes are publishing their programmes, and in several of these there are also signs of improvement. A course of fifteen or twenty lectures on as many different subjects is no longer considered as the most improving or desirable. Real instruction is not to be conveyed by such means; and now two or three suitable topics are to be chosen, and each discussed in a series of four, five, or six lectures. In this way we may hope that hearers will be able to carry home with them clear and definite ideas, instead of the meagre outline hitherto furnished.

Apropos of lectures: a striking characteristic of the time must not be overlooked. The attempts recently made towards a just acknowledgment and recognition of the worth and *status* of the working-classes in society have aroused similar efforts here in the metropolis. To mention only one instance: a course of lectures to working-men is to be delivered during the month of November, by gentlemen whose name and character are a guarantee for the value of their teachings. The subjects are—On the advantages possessed by the working-classes for their social advancement—On the importance of this advancement to the nation at large—On the franchise as a public trust—and On the favourable influence of religion on the intelligence, liberty, virtue, and prosperity of states. Each lecture, after having been given at the London Mechanics' Institute, Chancery-Lane, will be repeated the same week at Finsbury. The topics are good ones; and if the working-classes do really feel an upward tendency, now is the time to prove it.

Another fact which I must not forbear to notice is the 'Evening Classes for Young Men in London,' first set on foot last winter by several public-spirited clergymen and others. A few passages from the prospectus will not only explain the objects, but serve as a guide to those who may wish to bestir themselves in similar efforts in other places. 'The range of subjects,' thus it proceeds, 'will be nearly the same as that adopted at King's College, London; but, generally speaking, of a more elementary character, so as to suit the requirements of young men whose time is otherwise much engaged. All young men of the metropolis and suburbs are admissible on producing a note of introduction from a clergyman, a subscriber, or a respectable householder, and paying 2s. 6d. per term for each class. . . . The year of study will be divided into three terms—Michaelmas, Lent, and Trinity; that is, from October to July, with short vacations at Christmas and Easter. A record of the attendance of pupils will be kept in each class: certificates of regular attendance can be obtained; and these may be found very useful in after-life, as indicative of steadiness of conduct, and of a wise application of leisure time.' There is a liberal spirit in this programme, which is no unimportant essential towards a realisation of the promoters' aim. As soon as twenty young men in any part of the metropolis unite to form a class, a teacher is appointed for them. For the present (Michaelmas) term there are more than forty such classes, the subjects of study being Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English; history, general, Scriptural, and ecclesiastical; natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, drawing, writing, and singing. When I tell you that Dr M'Caul conducts the Hebrew, and the Rev. C. Mackenzie the Greek class, you will be able to form a fair idea of the value of the instruction imparted. Besides the weekly class-lesson, a lecture, free to all the members, is given on two evenings of the week. Those who have long laboured to prove the rectifying and elevating influence of education, will take courage from the facts which I have here set down.

After this long discourse about learning and literature, I may turn to a few minor subjects of gossip. One is the Westminster improvements: the new line of street by which it is proposed to connect the royal palace at Pimlico and Belgravia with the grand centre of law and legislation, is now laid open nearly in its whole length. It is to be 80 feet wide; and with a view doubtless to its becoming the royal route, a good breadth of building-land has been reserved on each side. The making of this avenue has removed a mass of squalid dwellings, nests of filth and fever, which is of course a public benefit; but it is hard to imagine what becomes of the late squalid occupants; one can only suppose that they force themselves into dismal districts already too thickly peopled. Southey discovered the 'lost tribes,' and a few others, in London; and it would not be difficult to find a Dismal Swamp here as well as in Virginia.

Besides this, there is again talk of a new bridge at Westminster, to be built a little lower down the stream than the present unsightly structure, by which means a better view than at present will be obtained of the nine-acre legislatorial palace. We shall perhaps learn something definite on this pontine business when Sir John Burgoyne's report comes out. Meantime a 'lion' is not lacking; for sight-seers go to look at Mr Hope's new mansion at the corner of Down Street, Piccadilly. It is a magnificent building, in the Renaissance style, and makes one long to see whole streets of such architectural innovations on the dreary uniformity of West-end thoroughfares. With slight exceptions, the whole of the works have been executed by foreign workmen. Some silver-plate for the dining-rooms was 'on view' at the last exhibition by the Society of Arts, and was greatly admired by those who love revivals of ancient art.

Of course you have heard of the dismissal of the first Sewers' Commission, and the appointment of a new one, with Lord Ebrington as chairman? we must hope not without an intention of *real* work. The call for competing drainage-plans was answered by not less than 143 projects being sent in, among which no single one is found efficient; the schemes, in fact, comprise all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities. A good many are mere modifications or reproductions of the plan proposed by Mr J. Martin many years ago, which included a continuous sewer on each side of the Thames from Vauxhall to

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Rotherhithe, to be surmounted by a terrace to serve as a public thoroughfare. Could this noble scheme be realised, Londoners would have what has long been a desideratum—a river promenade. Cleaning of streets and water-supply come in as part of the same subject: in some parishes bands of 'street orderlies,' as they are called, have been set to work. They wear a broad-brimmed, black-glazed hat, and a blue blouse, and in appearance remind one of the 'cantonniers' who work on the roads in France. The orderlies are provided with a broom and shovel, and remove all litter as fast as it accumulates. So well do they do their work, that crossing-sweepers are not needed in their districts. As regards water, it is a prime subject of discussion at present, and it is to be hoped that something will come of it. Several schemes are advocated: to bring water from the Thames at Henley, some thirty miles distant; to tap Bala Lake, and so introduce the pure element from North Wales; to bore Artesian wells. If Bala will give us all we want, in name of the Naiads let us have it! for those who are learned in subterrane matters declare the Artesian supply to be an impossibility, and we don't want to drink the out-poured refuse of Reading or Henley. At all events, the Duke of Wellington has authorised the sinking of an Artesian well within the precincts of the Tower, that the garrison may, for once in their lives, know the taste of good water. It will be a proud day for Cockneydom when it ceases to drink the superflux of sewers and cesspools!

Touching miscellaneous matters, there is the machine for making envelopes lately invented at Birmingham, where it was exhibited to several members of the British Association. It is constructed on the pneumatic principle, is beautifully simple and effective, and can be produced at a cost of L.25. You are to imagine the prepared sheets of which the envelopes are to be formed placed in a small chamber or receptacle, upon which a bellows-box descends, lifts off the upper sheet, transfers it to a mould, which gives the size, and pinches the corners; then, instead of metallic thumbs to rub down each angular flap, a blast of air enters and effects the purpose; away goes the envelop to be gummed, and drops finished into the receiver, at a rate, it is said, exceeding anything yet accomplished. Then there are Professor Schroeter's experiments on phosphorus, producing what he calls the 'allotropic condition.' In few words, when exposed to light and heat of different temperatures, phosphorus undergoes remarkable changes; no real chemical alteration takes place, yet there seems to be an entire conversion into other substances. One effect of the modifications is to render the manipulation of phosphorus harmless without destroying its properties; and the professor, more fortunate than scientific men generally, has received a liberal sum from a Birmingham manufacturer as the price of his discovery. And *last*, what think you of a mechanical leech, to supersede the little black snake which so often makes patients shudder? A scientific instrument with such a name has been invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer in Paris. It has been tried in some of the hospitals, and according to the reports, is a more effectual leech than the natural one.

In a former 'gossip' I mentioned Dr Mantell and his iguanodon: he (the doctor, not the reptile) has a batch of new 'Wonders of Geology.' An arm-bone of a *saurian*, nearly five feet in length, the original possessor of which must have been as much larger than the iguanodon as the latter is than a modern crocodile: the monster is to be called the *Colosso-saurus*. In addition there is a 'consignment' of *dinornis* bones from New Zealand, still further exemplifying the gigantic scale of pre-Adamite creation. They will doubtless be brought before the public in some of the doctor's popular lectures.

The return of Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson from the Arctic regions without any intelligence of Franklin and his adventurous band of explorers has created both surprise and pain. Sir James, it appears, was driven home by ice-drifts against his will and against his instructions, and the consequence will be another expedition next spring, should nothing in the meantime be heard of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits or Russia. Notwithstanding the sums already lavished on these next to useless expeditions, a search must still be made for the party who have now been four years exposed to polar frosts.

A CHEAP CLASS OF RAILWAYS.

A SHORT time ago (October 13) we took occasion, in speaking of the present railway system, to hint at the possibility of constructing a class of useful railways, auxiliary to the great lines, at a very moderate expense. Our observations have drawn the attention of the conductors of 'Herapath's Railway Journal' to the subject, which is discussed by them in two able articles (Nov. 3 and 10), of which we take the liberty of offering an analysis, along with some general remarks.

The first thing noticed by Herapath is the unnecessarily large cost at which most of the existing railways have been constructed. While the railway mania lasted, cost was of inferior consideration. In the inordinate hurry of the moment, engineers gave only a rapid glance at the proposed route; they thought nothing of tunnelling hills and crossing deep valleys, rather than go a mile or two out of their way; and then, to avoid local opposition, or to promote local jobbing in land, enormous sums were recklessly promised or expended. 'To show how lines are projected,' says Herapath, 'we remember that there was one for which a bill was actively and zealously prosecuted in parliament in the eventful year 1845, which tunnelled and cut nearly all the way from Liverpool to Leeds. From the extent of its works, this line, though not a very long one, would have taken fifteen or twenty years to make. At the head of this hopeful project was an engineer ranking high amongst the talents of the day, a gentleman who had made one of our longest railways, and in support of it as a feasible project it numbered amongst its directors or committeemen gentlemen of the first respectability. It narrowly escaped the sanction of the legislature, which would no doubt have been granted had not a strong opposition been raised to it by parties interested in a competing line. But even where there is opposition to expose merits and demerits, it is not always that parliament can be depended upon to sanction the better of two lines proposed; the best line remains most likely undiscovered by engineers. In the case of the Brighton line, of three proposed, parliament actually selected the worst, the most expensive, and the shortest only by a trifling distance. There was a route proposed, which, passing through a natural gap in the hills, avoided the necessity of tunnelling, and the enormous outlay and permanent inconvenience consequent upon it. This superior route parliament discountenanced, and favoured the present long-tunnelled and costly line.' The parliamentary expenses, caused by the opposition of rival companies and landowners, told also most seriously on the initiatory cost of the lines. 'There probably never was a bill passed without having to encounter great opposition, because there probably never was a bill for a railway prosecuted in quiet ordinary times. There must be, it would seem, a *mania* to bring forth railways, and then all the world comes out with railway schemes. It is opposition which engenders expense; and a mania is the hotbed for the raising of opposition. One of our railway companies had to fight so hard for their bill, that they found, when at length they reached the last stage—namely, that of receiving the royal assent—that their parliamentary expenses had mounted up to half a million of money. Half a million of money spent in barely acquiring from parliament the *right* of making a line of railway which is to confer a benefit on the nation! Such is the fact. Without opposition, the same bill would have been passed into an act at a cost not worth naming by the side of that enormous sum.'

The result of all this was, that the cost of constructing railways went far beyond what was warranted by prospects of traffic; and in point of fact, had the traffic not turned out to be greater than was contemplated by the

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projectors, scarcely a railway in the country would ever have paid a shilling of profit. The usual expense of construction and putting in working order—all outlays included—was L.30,000 to L.40,000 per mile; some lines were executed at L.20,000 per mile; but in several instances the cost was as high as L.300,000 per mile. The mere parliamentary expenses of some lines were L.5000 per mile; and a railway got well off at L.1000 per mile for expenses of this nature. But the primary cost of railways is only one element of calculation as respects the chances of profit: another large item is the expense of working. It is now discovered that a railway cannot be worked, to be at all efficient, under the present heavy locomotive system, at a less cost than L.700 per mile per annum. 'Several branch lines owned by wealthy companies,' says Herapath, 'do not receive more than L.500 per mile per annum, while the expense of working them cannot be less than L.700 per mile per annum. Here the loss is L.200 per mile per annum in addition to the loss of the capital expended' for construction. 'The [present] locomotive railway system is of too costly a character to admit of every town having its railway. It is too costly in *working* as well as in *construction*. A vast number of places have not traffic sufficient to support railways, though the capital cost of them should be nothing. The working of trains is too expensive to allow of any profit being derived from the traffic conveyed.'

The announcement of these truths brings us to the consideration of a new and cheaper kind of railway system. It will naturally occur to every one that there are towns and districts which might find a paying traffic for some species of thoroughfare superior to what is afforded by a common road. A road is a general pathway on which so many cart-loads of stones are laid down to be ground to mud annually, at great labour to horses, and no small pain and loss of time and money to passengers. The way they are supported by toll-bar exactions is in itself a pure barbarism. It is not an advance beyond the rudest stage of social economy. We pity towns that are cut off from the general intercourse of the world by so miserable a class of thoroughfares; and the question we propound is—whether something better, yet not so stupendous as ordinary railways, could be brought into operation? We think there could; yet only provided certain concessions were made. The following is what we propose:—

Railways to be constructed with only one line. The rails to be of a somewhat lighter make than those ordinarily employed. The routes to be accommodated, as far as possible, to the nature of the country. Tunnels, deep cuttings, high embankments, and expensive viaducts, to be avoided. The best levels to be chosen, even although the route should be some miles divergent. No sidings of any kind, so that local superintendence to shift points would be altogether avoided. Small locomotives, of not more than ten-horse power, to be employed. Light omnibuses for passengers, and light wagons for goods, only to be used. On the supposition that the lines of this nature shall be made only of from ten to twenty miles in length (larger lines not being immediately contemplated), there ought on no account to be more than one locomotive in use: if there were a second, it should only be as a reserve in case of accidents. This rule for locomotives to form a main feature in the whole plan. The locomotive, with its one or two omnibuses for passengers, or its short train of wagons, or with omnibuses and wagons mixed, to be kept almost constantly going. Instead of standing during long intervals doing nothing, with its steam uneconomically escaping, and its driver idle, let it be on the move, if necessary, the whole twenty-four hours. As soon as it comes in at one terminus, let it return to the other. Let it, in short, do all the work that is to be done; and as by this means there can be only one train at a time in operation, so there can never be any collisions, and sidings would be useless. The speed to be regulated according to circumstances. Trains with coal, lime, or other heavy articles, may go at the rate of six or eight miles an hour; those with passengers may proceed at an accelerated rate of twelve to fifteen miles, which we anticipate to be a sufficient maximum speed for railways of this kind, and more would not be expected. The width or gauge might be that commonly employed, and the lines might be in connection with the existing railways. But we would not consider it indispensable for the light trains here spoken of to run into the main lines. It might be proper to run the same wagons on both; but the shifting of passengers would be of less importance. At present, people shift into stage-coaches at certain stations, and they would have no greater trouble in shifting into the omnibuses on the single branch lines. To leave nothing untried as regards saving in the working expenses, it might be preferable to have no station clerks. Stations need only be covered sheds, to afford shelter from the weather; and instead of a class of clerks and porters fixed to a spot, a conductor to sell tickets, and a porter as an assistant, might travel with every train.

Such are the leading features of a plan for establishing cheap railways. If no fallacy lurk under our calculations, the expense of working such lines would be comparatively small. The number of attendants would be on the most moderate scale, and so likewise would be the amount of the engines and carriages in active operation. Possibly, in some instances, horse-power would be preferable to that of steam; but on this point it is needless to say much, for the question would be determined by circumstances. Herapath seems to indicate that horse-power might be deemed sufficient in the first instance. He observes, 'It is probable that on railways of the character recommended for local purposes the average traction would be about one-tenth of the common road traction. One horse on a local railway would therefore draw as much as ten on a common road, perhaps more. But even this gives a great advantage over the common road. Horses, in the room of the heavy locomotives now in use, would effect great saving, in carrying a limited amount of traffic, in working, as well as in the repairs of the permanent way. Should the traffic of these local lines increase much, it may then become advisable to put on light locomotives equal to the duty. Improvements are every day being made in the locomotive; and it is highly probable that in course of time we shall have light locomotives fit for the working of branch lines, where there is but a meagre supply of traffic, and where the expense of the giant locomotive now in use cannot be borne.'

The only matters remaining to be discussed are the mode and cost of construction. It may be as well to say at once, that unless the landowners and general inhabitants of a district cordially concur in establishing such lines, they cannot be made, and the whole project falls to the ground. It must be regarded in every instance as assumed, that the parties locally interested wish for the lines, and will earnestly, and without selfishness, promote their execution. It will, we believe, be very generally found that on a line of ten to twenty miles in length there are not more than six to eight principal landowners. We could mention instances in which lines would go six miles over one person's property. In a variety of cases the lines might run for certain distances alongside the public roads, so as to cause the least possible damage to property or general amenity. In any case, supposing that nothing more than the fair price of the land taken is to be paid for—no contest in parliament, and no great works to be attempted—it is reasonable to conclude that the first cost of the lines would be little more than a tenth of what is ordinarily charged. According to Herapath—'instead of L.30,000, L.40,000, or L.50,000 a mile, the cost of a town's or landowner's branch line, constructed on the above principle, would only be a few thousands—probably as low as L.2000, L.3000, or L.4000 a mile. The expense, however, would vary according to the nature of the country to be traversed. Where the ground is flat and sound (not boggy) the expense would be lightest. But in each case an estimate could ascertain—not to a nicety, but nearly—what a line would cost. We should advise that, prior to entering upon the construction of a line, the parties

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should carefully estimate the cost of construction, the charges for working—say by horses—and thus see, before they commenced, that there was no chance of their being on the wrong side. We imagine that lines constructed and worked so cheaply as these would be, would pay well; in dividend far outrival their more costly connections, the great locomotive lines. A wide field is here opened for legitimate and safe speculation; for benefiting all parties, if it be only properly carried out. To raise funds for this purpose, the townspeople and landowners could form themselves into partnerships or companies. We have no doubt they would amply benefit their pockets in a direct manner, by the profitable return such a railway would make upon its capital, as well as obtain railway communications which would enhance the value of their estates and the importance of their towns.'

With these explanations, the subject may be left in the hands of the public. Only one obstacle seems to present itself—and that is the present disheartened condition of the country respecting all railway schemes whatever. On this account projects such as we speak of would have a difficulty in obtaining a hearing. At the same time, the penalties of neglecting opportunities must be borne in mind. To conclude in the words of Herapath:—'The local parties interested in lines of this description should not delay directing their attention to the subject; for while they are waiting and dreaming, the trade of their towns may permanently pass away from them, and centre in places provided with railway accommodation. Trade remains with a place for a long time after another place has possessed itself of superior advantages for carrying it on; but when it *has* passed away, owing to neglect to retain it, it is almost impossible to regain it. Certainly, it may be said, the sooner the inhabitants of isolated places in want of railway communication bestir themselves in this matter, the better for their own interests. In self-defence they will be called upon in the course of years to do so; when they find their trade slipping through their fingers they *must* have railways; and as railway companies will never be allowed to do it for them, they must needs make the lines themselves. Is it not better to set about this work before it is a matter of necessity, before they lose their business, and before others take it away? To our mind there is not a doubt of the propriety of local parties attending to this notice at once; not in haste, but with deliberate judgment, reviewing the local position in which they stand, the capability of forming a cheap line, and the advantages of it both directly and indirectly to themselves.'

W. C.

CURIOUS PECULIARITY IN THE ELEPHANT.

The Bombay Times notices a paper by Dr Impey in the 'Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society,' containing an account of the rise of a malignant pustule from contact with the flesh of a dead elephant. It furnishes a curious new fact in the natural history of the animal. 'It is so seldom,' says the Bombay Times, 'that tame elephants amongst us die from natural causes, or under such circumstances as permit of dissection, that this peculiarity of the carcase has not, we believe, till now been described, though perfectly well known to the natives. A baggage elephant accompanying the third troop of horse artillery having died on the march betwixt Mhow and Poona at the commencement of the hot season of 1846, the elephant was cut up by some of the artillerymen and attendants, under the supervision of Dr Impey, to see, if possible, to determine the cause of its death. The *mochee* was ordered to work amongst the rest, but could not be induced to touch the carcase until he had smeared his hands and arms with oil, assigning as the reason of his aversion the certainty of disease supervening, and its liability periodically to attack those who had once suffered from it. This at the time was heartily ridiculed; but the laugh was on the mochee's side when every man employed in the dissection but himself was two days afterwards attacked with acute disease. The character of this was at first purely local: the pain felt like that arising from the bite of a venomous insect; it was accompanied by slight local inflammation. This soon extended, and became a sore. These deepened to the bone, and extended on all sides, manifesting a remarkable degree of sluggishness and inactivity. Fever accompanied the earlier symptoms, exhibiting a remittent type, and being most severe towards evening. After a fortnight, secondary fever appeared, and three weeks elapsed before the sores could be healed. The patient had by this time become emaciated, sallow, and enervated, so that active dietetic measures required to be taken for his restoration.'

DIG DEEP TO FIND THE GOLD.

Dost thou seek the treasures hidden
Within earth's rocky bed,
The diamond for beauty's tresses,
Gems for the queenly head?
'Tis not on the dewy surface
That they their rays unfold,
But far in the distant hollows—
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou long thy fields should brighten
With golden harvest ears,
And thy pastures yield in verdure
Riches for coming years?
Then dream not that while you linger
Earth's bounty you'll behold;
But *strive*, and win her treasures—
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou sigh for wealth of knowledge,
The riches of ages past,
And o'er the bright world of science
Thy longing glances cast?
With love and zeal undaunted,
Seek for the wealth untold,
In the soul-lit mines of genius
Dig deep to find the gold.

C.

SCOTLAND IN ENGLAND.

The great annual Caledonian Ball is soon to come off with its accustomed splendour; the Scottish Nat. pastimes and fêtes are to be celebrated under the influential auspices; and the [late] Scotch Lord Ma continues to keep up the national character for hospi with unwonted liberality and *éclat*. A Scotch noble has won the Derby, an achievement surpassing, in the mation of the Cockneys, all the exploits of Lord C. Another Scotch nobleman has added the splendid ten. of the Five Rivers to the British empire in India; a third is wisely, and ably, and approvingly, suppres rebellion in Canada. Two Scotch noblemen made the speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the Navigation-laws. The porary absence from illness of one Scotch member from the Commons is generally lamented. Scotch mus heard and applauded in the streets despite of the dama and tramontane attractions of Alboni and Lablache: Scotch steamers are universally allowed to be the models of marine architecture in the river. From the bridges over the Thames—nearly all built [of Scotch by Scotchmen—you are perpetually reminded of the nius of James Watt. Scotch banking is getting more vogue, and is trenching on the originally Scotch or Bank of England. Scotch cakes, Scotch shortbread, S gingerbread, Edinburgh buns, and Selkirk bannocks. Scot whisky, ale, salmon, herrings, haddocks, and oats, m tain their accustomed supremacy. Scotch plaids an tans are in the windows of every clothier, draper, tailor's shop; and you scarcely meet a smart female in streets without some part at least of her person being d rated in tartan array. In the printshop windows you the departure of the 'Highland Drove'—the Illicit Sco the mountain side—the Stag at Bay—the Lassie her Sheep, in juxtaposition with her Majesty the Queen her Court at the Coronation.—*London Correspondent Inverness Courier.*

[Might we be permitted to add, in the most delicate possible, that little is now read but Scotch periodi The only thing which seems to keep patriotically at is Scotch sectarianism.]

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh; sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. & 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 311. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1849. Price 1½d.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE DOVRE FIELD.

Mr Laing, who spent some days at Laurgaard, gives such a favourable account of it as a sort of Norwegian Arcadia, replenished with milk, strawberries, trouts, and so forth, that I was curious to experience its hospitalities. I quickly found my way to a detached chamber, which he describes with great minuteness as a neat and comfortable place, and within an hour a meal was spread on the board before me. When I looked round the plain little room, furnished with two deal curtainless beds, and observed the homely old landlady coolly tasting with her fingers one of the dishes which she was about to remove, quietly conversing with me all the time, I felt inclined to speak more moderately of travelling in Norway than Mr Laing has done. This was not the only instance in which I found things painted somewhat too attractively in the 'Residence in Norway.' The Norwegians themselves acknowledge that Mr Laing has been partial with respect to them and their country. The Laurgaard station seems, on the whole, a poor one: yet there was good coffee, along with superb cream, at breakfast next morning. The former article is used to an immense amount in Norway, and is generally good. The latter may be described as the one redeeming gastronomic feature of the country. It is an article, by the bye, which civilisation does not, perhaps cannot improve. Bear witness, London, where no mortal living has a true personal acquaintance with the genuine products of the dairy! This is one point in which barbarism must be admitted to have the advantage. Civilisation, it may be said sententiously, sophisticates butter, and annihilates cream.

Something set me a-thinking this morning on the value of Norway to the antiquarian traveller, as presenting an unchanged picture of an ancient state of things and of ancient life—the country no more cultivated than ever it was, the houses of the same form and material as they ever have been, the people dressing much as they have done for ages, and thinking as men thought in the days of old. It is affecting to reflect on the eternal sameness of the human condition in this country. One generation simply supersedes another—is merely a link in the chain of our specific immortality—does not advance upon it—or become in anyway distinguished from others. The life of the individual is thus more touchingly presented than in other circumstances. It appears more as the one waking day between the two long sleeps.

At Laurgaard the mountains begin to be more lofty; some to the westward are 6000 feet above the sea. The road, after passing the station, enters a deep, narrow, rocky passage called Gulbrandsdalen, beyond which we advance into a comparatively open district of hill and valley, lying very high, being in fact the summit of the Dovre Field. Now at Laurgaard, it is seventy miles from Mosshuus, where the first ancient moraine of the Logan valley occurs.* A second we have seen at Sletsvig. All along the valley between Mosshuus and Laurgaard large blocks are seen lying about. One isolated cubical mass I measured, and found to be 45 feet by 24, and about 15 feet high. These have probably been left by the glacier in retiring; for it is evident from their position that they cannot have fallen from the neighbouring hill-faces. At Laurgaard, a *third* ancient moraine, and one much larger than any of the two former, appears. It is, in reality, a kind of mountain—a pile of huge stones, standing quite out from the sides of the valley, and perfectly distinct from the talus of comparatively small blocks which rests thereon, the modern product of the cliff above. Presently, as we enter the pass, we see that this tremendous pile is connected with certain long sloping terraces composed of detached blocks, which mark the left side of the valley at two different elevations. All the way through the pass we see such piles laid in terrace fashion along the hill-sides. At one place called Rooskalen they are three in number, and the road descends from one to another after passing a little way along each. Altogether, it is a marvellous exhibition of the work of ancient ice. At the same time, the rocks far up the mountain-sides are rounded or mamillated in the usual fashion, insomuch that the trees with difficulty get a footing amongst them. This, it appears, has been a grand though confined passage for the outlet of the mass of permanent snow now shrunk up to the tops of the highest mountains. At one period the glacial stream has gone as far down as Mosshuus; at another and subsequent time it has stopped short at Sletsvig; at a third, it has only been able to disgorge its charge of stones at Laurgaard; and so on. I trust it is not superfluous, even to the most unscientific traveller, to describe these objects so minutely. I found that the tracing of them served exceedingly well to beguile the tedium of a road generally deficient in objects of interest, and which would have otherwise been dull.

It was not later than six o'clock when I started from Laurgaard, designing to have a long day's travel, and to surmount the Dovre Field. Although the sun was three hours up, the inn and neighbouring fields still lay beneath the deep shade of the mountain to the eastward. It was exhilarating, half an hour after, to dash into the bright sunshine at the entrance to Gulbrands-

* The surface of the moraine at Mosshuus is 720 feet above the sea. The Laurgaard post-station is 1060 above the same point. Here, as throughout the ensuing pages, English measure is used, the authority followed being that of Mr Keilhau, in his laborious work entitled *Gaea Norvegica*.

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dalen, which I found to be a piece of valley scenery rivalling the Pass of Killiecrankie. But here we were quickly brought to a moderate pace. From the steepness of the valley-sides near the river, it has been found necessary to carry the road high up the hill-face, and at a considerable inclination. While walking, in tenderness to the horses, I measured the ascent at many places, and found it equal to the severe inclination of the road at Christiania already described, being 16 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 3¼. At home I would have believed such gradients impracticable, but the bold engineering, or rather the no-engineering of Norway, showed me the contrary. The scenery was superb, and its solitude unbroken save by one small cottage, near which I met a poor old woman, its only tenant, gathering a breakfast of herbs. The air filling the profound hollow was palpable in its intense brightness, like some fine liquor; yet it was not perfectly pure, for insects floated along, and there was also a refined dust now and then visible, possibly the sporules of cryptogamic vegetation.

I learned at the second station onward that my forebud, a young man, had walked all the way (13¼ miles) during the night, in order to give notice of horses being wanted, looking for nothing beyond the usual remuneration, which was about 1s. 7d.

Early in the forenoon I left the valley of the Logan, in order to pass over the Dovre Field. The upper part of the valley has some remarkable features. It ends in a lake called Lässöverks-Vand, which reposes in the summit-level of the country between Gulbrandsdalen and Romsdalen. This lake has an issue at each end, one stream being the Logan; the other passes through Romsdalen, and falls into the Northern Ocean at Molde. Thus Norway may be said to be divided into two parts by a continuous tract of natural water. For many miles of the upper part of the Logan Vale there are lofty terraces and isolated mounds composed of a fine sand, and very much resembling formations which I have traced near the summit-level of various similar *valleys of passage* in Scotland, this term being one which I have ventured to apply to hollows not forming an ascent to high grounds, as river valleys usually do, but penetrating high grounds from side to side. Such valleys were the basins of sounds when the sea was at a higher relative level, and the deposits are the siltings produced by the sea in that situation. The tract we are now speaking of is eminently a sandy one. So abundant is this material, that there is a positive difficulty in carrying the road over it, and at one place, where it assumes the character of a quicksand, the mail cart has occasionally, in rainy weather, been detained a day for want of firm footing. On one of the isolated mounts of sand, Dovre parish church rears its picturesque form, clothed all over with slates bound together with iron. Though Dovre kirk is 1543 feet above the sea, the neighbouring hill-sides are studded with little farms, and the whole district is evidently very populous. In the British islands, I may remark, there is no such abundant population at above half the elevation. It is the warm, though brief summer, which enables man to find a subsistence in Norway on so high a platform of country. In addition to the many sandy terraces at different and indeterminate heights, I discovered one of a much more remarkable character, passing along both sides of the valley for fully twenty miles, always at one elevation, and specifically identical as a terrace with the celebrated *roads* of Glenroy in Inverness-shire. It first became visible at a place called Oue (pronounced *Ouya*), on the west side of the valley, where it truncates the ancient delta of a side stream far up the mountain-side. It is seen thence passing along through the scraggy woods without any interruption, till, on our turning out of the valley, we lose sight of it among the high grounds near Lässö Lake. On the east side of the valley, perhaps 150 feet above the level of the road at Lie Station, I could distinctly trace this terrace by its hummocks of water-laid sand, and the farmhouses perched on its favourable points. A long series of hamlets on the road to Molde is placed upon it. As an object in physical geography, in its form, its uniform level on both sides of the vale, and its relation to the lakes at the summit-level, this terrace precisely resembles the lowest of the Glenroy terraces as it approaches Loch Laggan. It must, however, be more than twice the elevation above the level of the sea.

We now passed over a high open valley, presenting that sort of dismal moorland scene which is so common in the upper grounds in the Scottish Highlands. Trees were now reduced to scrub; but near the wayside we saw great peat *hags*, containing large trunks which betokened a heartier vegetation in past times—a phenomenon also common in our Highlands. It seemed as if after the period of extended glaciers, there had been a time of genial climate for these high grounds, perhaps arising from their being temporarily at a lower relative level. Here, too, even thus high, the exposed surfaces of rock exhibited polishing and scratching. For the present, the temperature of the district was as mild as could be wished. At Fogstuen Station, which is 3241 English feet above the level of the sea, I was fain, while taking advantage of the pause for horses, to retreat for shade to the side of a bridge to scribble a few notes. Yet patches of snow were lying in nooks not far from the road. I much question if worthy Mr Macpherson, the innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, ever in his life knew so hot a day at that most elevated of Scottish inns, although it is considerably less than half the height of Fogstuen.

This station being a quarter of a mile from the road, I did not go up to it; but I was amused, when the horses were getting harnessed, to observe the group which had come from the house to gaze upon the English stranger. It consisted of five women, four men, two boys, and an infant in arms, doubtless the entire strength of the station. It was a treat to observe the look of awe-struck gratitude of the poor horse-boy when Quist put three skillings (rigidly the eighth part of 9¼d.) into his hand by way of *dricka-pinge*. Such a look one might have expected from a faithful old butler in England on his master informing him that he had settled a retiring pension upon him for life. I mention these things because they struck me as significant of the very limited acquaintance which the Norwegian peasantry have with money. They remind one of the stories told of the Highlanders in Prince Charles's army in 1745, who, in their march through the Lowlands, would hold out their guns threateningly, and before asked what they wanted, answered, 'A penny!' which being given them, they recovered arms, and went away content. My own inclination always was to give sums more conformable to English usages; but, being reminded by Quist that it was entirely a piece of gratuitous benevolence, as the true remuneration of the man was involved in that for the horses, and finding Quist moreover, under an impression that the ordinary payments were rather more than they ought to be (this being generally cheaper in Sweden than in Norway), I compelled myself to leave the matter much in his hands. Perhaps, too, it would scarcely be justice to future travellers to change the ideas of the people on this class of gratuities. Their simplicity is at present beautiful to contemplate, and 'why should I unsettle it?' The honesty of the peasantry on this very road is illustrated by a circumstance which was related to me by an English traveller not above a month after it happened. Having tied up thirty sovereigns insecurely in his carpet-bag, and imprudently arranged the bag with its mouth downwards on a carriole, he found, on arriving at a particular station, that twenty-four of the coins had made their escape. Before it was possible to make any announcement on the subject, a peasant, the owner of a small farmer, came to the inn, and gave up eighteen of the sovereigns, which he had found at intervals upon the road. The bearing of the man, and the act itself, left no room to doubt that he had surrendered every coin which he had found; and indeed the wonder is, that

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he had found so large a proportion as the three-fourths of those missing. The worthy fellow looked only to the reward customary in such cases in Norway, amounting to about two pounds, which the gentleman gave in specie dollars, as the coin most convenient for the receiver. He seemed, however, to have an inadequate idea of the value of the money, and immediately after, with a simplicity which there was no resisting, he came and asked for one of the sovereigns, which he said he would much like to keep as a memorial of the event!

The Lie and Fogstuen Stations, and three farther on, were established so long ago as 1120, with some peculiar privileges, to make the keeping of them worth while, as otherwise there could be no such places of entertainment for travellers in so desolate a region. Being connected with good farms, they are in the hands of persons far above humble circumstances. Near Fogstuen I observed some houses at a still higher elevation, and a few others not less elevated were within sight in Gulbrandsdalen; but these, I was told, are only inhabited in summer. They are examples of a kind of establishment called a *Soeter*, common all over Norway, and which either had or has a parallel in the Scottish Highlands, being connected with grazing-grounds where the cattle are kept in summer, in order to save as much as possible of the fodder raised in the low grounds for use during the winter. Tidemand, the Wilkie of Norway, has a pleasant picture descriptive of the march of a family to the Soeter. 'It is a delightful moment,' we are told, 'when, at the end of the long winter, the joyous cry, "Till Soeters!" is heard from every mouth. . . . It is quite a fête when they go to these summer stations. There the days pass smoothly along, one like another, while the people tend the herds, make butter and cheese, and gather berries and wild-flowers. From time to time they receive visits of the inhabitants of the valleys, and from travelling strangers. But the grand fêtes of the Soeters do not commence till near the end of summer, when, the labours of the low country being over, the men and boys come there to feed their horses, and fish in the mountain lakes. They then indulge in national dances, seen at no other time, and which, one would think, it requires sinews of iron to go through with. Meanwhile no one is left to take care of the house at home, but some old person who has ceased to be able to climb the mountains.'* One can imagine ample scope for the pastoral poet in these charming scenes of natural primitive life.

The next stage continues to pass along the high moorish grounds already described; and now we have the mountain of Snaehatte and others, covered with eternal snow, at the distance of a few miles to the left. Though Snaehatte is 7614 feet high, much of its effect is lost, because, as a detached hill starting from the table-land over which we are passing, it does not tell as above half that height. It is, nevertheless, a fine object, the sides being in some places so steep, that the snow cannot lie upon them. Once considered as the first mountain in Norway, it now ranks only second, there being one called Skagstöls Tind on the west coast, one point of which is stated at 8087. After passing many miles over a dreary wilderness, where not a human habitation is to be seen, nor any vegetation superior to brushwood, it is with a feeling of relief that one drives through an arch into a group of buildings forming the station of Jerkind, which hangs on the skirt of the ridge forming the summit of the country at this point. One naturally expects great rudeness at a solitary habitation placed in so wintry a region, and so far from the haunts of men; somewhat unexpectedly he finds several neatly-appointed chambers, in one of which a comfortable meal is served up to him. He sees all the symptoms of a thriving mountain-farm, and sensible, happy-looking people engaged in their various duties. I was indulged with a sight of the *kleid kammer*, a room devoted, as is customary in Norway, to the keeping of the clothes of the family. A wonderful variety of male and female attire hung round the walls; but what chiefly interested me was an assortment of voluminous cloaks and pelisses of bear and wolves' skins for winter travelling—an apparatus conveying a striking idea of the exigencies of the climate in this northern latitude. As at some other lonely stations, I here found that the landlord amuses himself in winter with carving in wood, and some of his productions of this kind were not devoid of a certain cleverness, though very much inferior to the pretty carvings which are executed at so many places in Switzerland. He rears horses upon a considerable scale, and the groups of nags seen here and there about the fields are of some avail in dispelling the sense of melancholy arising from the scene. Sportsmen haunt Jerkind in summer for the sake of the game, which is here rather more abundant and reachable than is usual in Norway. Trouts, deer, and even occasionally elk, add to the attractions of the place as a scene of amusement. A man named Per, who must be a person of extraordinary character, acts as a guide and assistant to the Jerkind sportsmen: his house, the only one in the district besides the stations, is perched on the skirts of Snaehatte, and there he lives with his wife and children throughout the whole year, the nearest approach to the perfect romance of hunting-life which is now perhaps attainable.

It was late in the afternoon when I set out from Jerkind on foot, it being out of the question to think of being driven over a hill of such steepness. I was now about 4000 feet above the sea-level; yet the upturned edges of the schistous rocks were everywhere seen cut sharp through, and the surfaces polished and striated in the down-hill direction, or from north-east to south-west. Upon these surfaces travelled blocks of gneiss reposed. It would be worth while to inquire after their original seat, as upon that some curious conclusions might depend. The summit-level of the road is said to be 4105 feet above the sea, being nearly as high as the loftiest mountain in the British islands. Nevertheless I passed it sitting in an open carriage, without a coat of any kind but a thin linen blouse, and feeling my face all the time half-blistered with heat. Snaehatte looked well here, presenting an open, broken part, like the ruins of some Titanic structure half-shrouded in snow.

We now descended through a great basin of naked uplands, beside dashing streams and hopeless morasses, towards Kongsvold. In passing along, I overtook two youths who had been fishing in the infant river Driv. I found the fish-basket of one of them formed of very simple materials, yet tolerably neat. It consisted mainly of a piece of birch bark, a section of the entire girth of a small tree, about nine inches long. This had been cut open, and fitted upon two elliptical pieces of wood serving as ends, and from which there was a strap to carry it by over the shoulder. A little carved wooden box, having a sliding shutter, held the bait of the young angler; for, I may remark, fly-fishing is unknown in Norway, except where introduced by the English. In 'Murray's Hand-Book' there is a story of a simple Norwegian, who, being asked if there were many trout in the Etnedal's Elv, 'replied that the people about here never caught any; but that an Englishman had been there, and had put some queer-looking things like flies upon his line, and with these he took great numbers of trout.'

Kongsvold lies at the entrance to a narrow cliffy valley, forming an outlet for the Driv from the basin-like upland already spoken of, and is 2984 feet above the sea. On the rough hill-face, from 400 to 600 feet above the bottom of the valley at the station, there is a sloping terrace of loose materials, about half a mile long, and at one place above thirty paces broad. It is unequivocally the moraine of a glacier which has at one time descended through the Driv Valley. The station is fully as comfortable as that at Jerkind. Having an hour of daylight remaining, while it was unadvisable to proceed any

* La Norvège Pittoresque. Christiania. 1849.

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farther, I examined the whole place carefully under the guidance of one of the people. The buildings form a sort of square, with the road passing through it. There is one principal house, containing a large kitchen, and a good-sized parlour with a bed, where I am to sleep: over this, a suite of apartments. Then there is a second house, the ground-floor of which contains a dairy full of dishes of milk and cream, and an apartment occupied by a female who seems to attend to this part of the establishment. Here also there is an upper floor containing a set of bedrooms. Another neat house detached from these is occupied by the mother of the innkeeper, a respectable old person like a Scotch *granny*, and appropriately occupied at the time of my visit in reading a book of devotions. I remarked of this house that though it was only a cottage, it contained a great number of substantial articles of furniture. There seemed to be nothing wanting for comfort, though all in a plain way. Stables, cow-houses, and sheds there were in plenty, likewise storehouses for fodder and provisions, the place being, in its *tout ensemble*, rather like a little village than a farm or an inn. The interior of one of the family provision-stores presented huge bunkers and girnels full of various kinds of bread, prepared against winter. Another was stuffed full of sacks of meal, and other articles needful for sustenance. The whole reminded one of a city prepared for a siege—a condition from which that of a mountain station during seven months of deep snow is not greatly different. It also conveyed the idea of an affluent sufficiency of the necessaries of life being enjoyed by the proprietor and his dependants, as well as by the cattle and the stranger that was within his gates, though with perhaps an almost total ignorance of the delicacies that are within the reach of poorer people in the towns and cities of England. Finally, I inspected the corn-mill of the establishment—a small timber-house striding over a precipitate mountain streamlet. It contains space for little more than the mill-stones, the upper of which moves on the lower by virtue of a vertical beam descending into a socket in the bed of the stream. The lower part of this beam is furnished with horizontal fans, against which, on one side or the other, the water pours down a sloping trough, so as to wheel it round. It is the very first mechanical effort after the use of the hand-mill of primitive times; and the name given to that hand-mill in the Scottish Highlands—*quern*—is still retained for the simple establishment now described. I beheld it with the feeling of an antiquary, as the living reality of what is elsewhere to be sought for as an obsolete curiosity, or only survives in description and literary allusion. Mr Laing finds a plausible excuse for the rudeness of the enginery of these Norwegian mills, on the plea that it is less apt to be interrupted by frost than an overshot wheel would be. But I have no doubt it is adhered to, as many other rude and ungainly systems are in Norway, merely on the principle that so our forefathers ground their corn, and so will we.

In the course of the evening the post from Trondheim to Christiania arrived at the station, consisting of a single-horse gig driven by one man. It passes on this journey twice a week. The man I found to be a handsome, young, active fellow, clothed in a long green frock-coat, adorned with bugles, and wearing at his broad leathern belt a short, light sword, having two pistols connected with the hilt. From the bustle it created, especially among the womenkind, I could see that the arrival of the postman was an important event at Kongsvold.

The first stage which I had to encounter next morning is the most difficult and the most terrible of the whole road. Having taken breakfast, and paid a specie dollar (4s. 6d.) for the whole evening, night, and morning's entertainment of myself and servant, I started at six o'clock on my way down this frightful valley, drawn by three horses, and having two extra attendants. It was a splendid morning, and the magnificent scenery of the valley appeared to the best advantage. A deep, rushing river, steep hill-sides scalped at top, scraps of dwarfed birch and pine to half-way up, side streams tumbling down through deep-cut channels and over lofty ledges; such were the prominent features of the scene. Most readers will be familiar with the smooth circular pots which cascades generally make on a precipice, by whirling loose stones round and round within them: the Caldron Linn in Clackmannanshire is a good example. Among the cliffs above the road, quite out of the reach of any side streams, and fully forty feet above the present course of the Driv, I observed wearings of this nature on the rock, indicating that cascades had once been there. Circular pots of this kind are not uncommon objects in Norway in connection with dressed surfaces of rock. The common people call them *Reisentopfe*, or Giants' Tubs, and probably assign them a mythical origin. The modern geologist believes them to have been produced by cascades connected with glaciers in the age of the dressings. Farther down the valley I found another example of the Reisentopfes, fully 150 feet above the river.

The great difficulty of the stage is to get over the shoulder of a hill, which, descending at a steep inclination right down to the river, leaves no room for the passage of the road below. We rise, I think, fully 800 feet, and descend rather more on the other side. It was hard work to the three horses to drag the empty carriage up this slope, and hard work to three men to cheer the poor animals, help them with their draught, and keep the carriage from dragging them back when they paused for a minute to draw breath. To avoid the vagueness of general description, I measured the gradients at several places, and found an angle of 12 degrees the gentlest anywhere existing, being the ordinary inclination of the steepest closes in the High Street of Edinburgh. An angle of 16 degrees, implying, as before mentioned, a rise of 1 foot in 3½, was common. In some places (*horresco referens!*) there was an inclination of 20 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 2¾. I *sat in the carriage* when it was afterwards going down declivities at this angle, not much unlike the slope of the roof of a house. There was one particular turn of the road producing a sharp curve, and in the inner part of this curve I traced a wheel-track on a piece of ground (believe it who list) at 26 degrees! The aspect of the horses in ascending these slopes was that of animals climbing, not walking, and I acquired a forcible idea of the powers of Norwegian nags. The road, inclusive of a drain close to the hill-side, was rigidly twelve feet broad. It was in many places unprovided with any parapet or other defence, though, for a human being or vehicle falling over, there could be no stoppage till they should reach the bed of the stream, several hundred feet below. I traced wheel-tracks exactly *ten inches* from the naked verge of the precipice!

At a projecting angle of the valley, near where the road attains its utmost height, I found the faces towards the upper part of the valley, and those looking right across, smoothed, with striæ from south to north, or in the direction of the valley, while the faces looking downward were rough. It was the clearest proof of a glacier having once come down this valley, filling it up to a height of fully 800 feet, smoothing the surfaces against which it pressed in its descent, but leaving untouched those over which it would pour freely, after passing through the strait. A little way on, the striæ assumed a direction from south-west to north-east. Another curious feature of the valley was an ancient delta of a side stream—that is, the remains of a quantity of detritus which had been brought by the side stream into this valley, when it was filled up to a certain height with water, but which had been cut through by the stream after the recipient water had been withdrawn. Such a fact I hold as a proof of the former presence of the sea in this inland valley, up to a height of at least 3500 feet above its present elevation—a condition subsequent to that under which the rock-smoothings were produced—a reign of water succeeding that of ice.

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While my mind was wrapt in contemplation of the grandeur of the valley, and its many indications of a past state of things, Quist was taking an economical view of the prodigious water-power which was flowing uselessly along far below our feet. 'If we had Englishmen here, sir, we could put him up some nice fabrique.' Not a doubt of it.

It was a pleasant relief from the wildness of the stage when, after a long descent, we came to a wide space forming a green level meadow, close to which was the station of Drivstuen, 2243 feet above the level of the sea. The Dovre Field is considered as ending here. The valley, nevertheless, continues to present fine scenery as far as the next station, that of Rise, where population at length recommences, after being intermitted for fully sixty miles. The remainder of this day's journey was not remarkable. It crossed from one valley to another over high and rather uninteresting grounds. At Stuen Station, as part of a very poor dinner set before me, I met for the first time a dish of lappered milk, designed to be eaten with sugar. The place interested me, as absolutely identical in name with Stowe in Edinburghshire, not to speak of a well-known mansion in Buckinghamshire, and the termination of many names of places in England, of which Walthamstowe is an example. Stowe, in Norwegian, signifies a room or cottage, and the terminal *en* is merely the article. It occurs as part of many names of places; for instance, two of the very last spoken of, Fogstuen and Drivstuen. It was not less interesting, at the end of my day's journey, to rest on the banks of the Gula, a name identical with Gala, the Scottish stream on which Stowe is situated, as well as with the Gwala in Pembrokeshire. Such traits of affinity have a peculiar value at a distance from home.

In the latter part of this day's journey, near a place called Vangbro, I passed a country mansion, finely placed in a well-wooded park, like an English squire's house, being almost the first object of the kind which I had seen in Norway. I was told that it is called Slieper, and is the residence of the *landsman* of the district. It was towards the close of evening when, after a journey of eighty-three miles, I arrived at Soknaes. The sense of lassitude and soreness which I experienced on alighting made me aware that I had exceeded the amount of travelling which is prudent by at least fifteen miles. The error was the greater, as it had thrown me upon a station of a poor tumble-down character, where there was neither food nor lodging of a tolerable kind. It was consolatory, however, to reflect that I had now only half a day's journey remaining, and having a whole day remaining for it, was tolerably sure of my voyage to the north. I was somewhat surprised to find at this station, which is about 500 feet above the sea, hops growing in the garden. The hop is thus cultivated in little patches connected with ordinary farms throughout a great space in Norway and Sweden, about the 64th parallel of latitude. Are we to suppose that it is hardier in Scandinavia than in England, or is the fact owing to the greater heat of the summer? We hear nothing here of the delicacy of the plant and the precariousness of its culture, which are so notable in England. In this part of Norway, a favourite and conspicuous piece of furniture is a colossal corner cupboard or amry, on which there is usually an inscription, such as 'CHRISTIAN OLSEN'S DATTER,' or 'MARIET IVRET'S DATTER,' with the addition of a date. The like inscriptions are seen upon beds. These are pieces of furniture which the father or mother of a bride has given at her marriage, and of this the inscription is meant to be commemorative. My old deaf landlady at Soknaes had a formidable amry dated in her matrimonial year, 1792. In various districts of Scandinavia there are petty things not seen elsewhere. Throughout the Dovre Field I remarked that all the men wore knives in a little coarse case suspended from a leathern girdle. The chief legitimate use of the instrument is to cut their meat; but in times not long past, it was common for a couple of Norwegian peasants who had quarrelled to get themselves bound together within one girdle, and then fight each other with their knives. In a particular district of Sweden, near Upsala, I found the peasants universally wearing leathern aprons. I thought at first that I had got into a country of shoemakers; but they were of all kinds of trades, and only wore leathern aprons as being peculiarly economical.

The greater part of the remaining journey was along the valley of the Gula, which is more rich as a scene of agriculture than picturesque or beautiful. Symptoms of population and of prosperous life increase as we go along; and it would become clear to one ignorant of the fact, that we are approaching a large town. Passing out of the Gula valley, over some high grounds, we at length come within sight of the sea—always a striking sight after long land travel. It is a bay, with lofty hills beyond. Along its near shore is seen a dense cluster of white houses with blue roofs—this is TRONDHEIM; and, resting there at the Hôtel Bellevue, I have finished one important section of my journey. R. C.

ESTELLE ST ANGE.

PHILIPPE ARMAND, a Paris notary, and probably the youngest man of the ancient and honourable fraternity to which he belonged—for he had but lately succeeded to his father's business—entered late one evening, during one of the most terrific phases of the first French Revolution, a back sitting-room in the house of Madame Colardeau, a court *modiste*—when there was a court—established for many years in the Palais-Royal. The year was waning towards its close, and the weather was cold, wet, and gloomy—the time itself was out of joint; but spite of all depressing, exterior influences, Monsieur Philippe Armand—a handsome, but somewhat pale and delicate-looking young man—appeared, very contrary to his wont, in exuberant spirits.

'Ah, Madame Colardeau, I am delighted to see you. You look charmingly; and Mademoiselle Estelle?'——

'Is quite well, Monsieur Armand; and you, too, seem to have wonderfully recovered from the despair with which you pretended to be overwhelmed but a few weeks since. I expected every day to hear you had been fished out of the Seine; and here you are, not only very well alive, but apparently as merry as a Savoyard. Oh, you men—you men!'

'Times are changed, madame. Events ripen quickly in the wondrous days in which we live.'

'Oh, par exemple!' rejoined Madame Colardeau; 'there is nothing surer than that. It required twenty years under the old régime to establish this business; but your charming Republic has thoroughly demolished it in less than as many months.'

'Courage, Madame Colardeau—courage! Better times than you have ever known are coming, rely upon it. A tempest is unpleasant, dangerous even whilst it lasts, but it clears and purifies the air. I have news for you.'

'News for me?'

'For you and Mademoiselle St Ange. Eugène Duvernay, son of ci-devant Count Duvernay, is, thanks to my assistance, safe across the frontier.'

'Comment!' screamed Madame Colardeau, turning pale as death. 'Eugène Duvernay left France, and without us?'

'Certainly he has left France, and evidently without you; but I do not understand'——

'Oh, Monsieur Armand, you do not know—you were not told. *Mon Dieu*, can it be possible? But I have had my suspicions. The count's son gone! What will become of us—of Estelle especially?'—and the excited modiste paced up and down the apartment in an agony of grief and terror.

The countenance of Philippe Armand lost in an instant its joyous expression, and his white lips quivered with ill-defined apprehension as he demanded the meaning of so strange an outburst.

'We are undone, ruined, lost!' sobbed Madame Colardeau. 'Unhappy, deceived Estelle'——

'Who is ruined, lost, deceived?' interrupted the no-

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tary fiercely. 'You must have lost your senses. In what manner can the enforced departure of so light, so worthless a coxcomb as Eugène Duvernay, permanently affect the peace of Mademoiselle St Ange, or your welfare?'

Madame Colardeau continued to wring her hands, and utter broken exclamations of grief and passion, but vouchsafed no other answer.

'Hark you, madame;' cried M. Armand, grasping her rudely by the arm, and forcing her into a chair, 'by all the saints in heaven but you *shall* answer me! What, I insist upon being told, is the meaning of these frantic outcries?'

'Oh, Monsieur Philippe,' whimpered the startled modiste, 'Estelle should have told you—should have explained—I cannot, must not. If what you say is true, there is no faith, no honesty in man.'

'I think I comprehend you,' rejoined the notary in a calmed voice. 'I trust at least that I do; and if so, you must permit me to view the event which has so much discomposed you in a very different light and aspect. Now, listen as patiently as you can whilst I relate to you what Estelle *did* confide to me, and then tell me if I have anything yet more sad and terrible to learn.'

'Go on, monsieur; go on—I listen.'

'It is now about six weeks since I sought a decisive interview with your niece, Mademoiselle St Ange; not for the mere purpose of revealing to her, in coloured phrase and words of passion, the deep, heart-seated devotion which for long, patient years, I had cherished for her—with woman's ready quickness she had long since divined that secret—but to offer her, then for the first time in my power, an honourable home, a position in the world, to be rendered daily brighter, more enviable, by the exertions of a brave, honest, respected man. Estelle listened to me with sympathy, with tears, with almost tenderness; but at the same time confessed a preference for the son of Count Duvernay, to whom she said her faith was plighted. I was stunned, bewildered, almost mad! I knew the man upon whom she had lavished the priceless treasure of her love; and after passionately warning her—vainly, I could see—against trusting in the promises or oaths of one of the basest, the most specious hypocrites that ever brought contempt and scorn upon high station, left her presence, as you know, in a frenzy of despair. Now tell me, madame,' added the notary, after slightly pausing, and in a voice which, spite of his efforts to speak calmly, quivered with emotion, 'can you have a revelation more terrible than that to make?'

'Go on, monsieur,' sobbed Madame Colardeau; 'you said he was gone—had passed the frontier?'

'After parting from Estelle I endured an age of grief, anxiety, and despair, until last Thursday evening, when Eugène Duvernay suddenly presented himself in my apartment.'

'Monsieur Duvernay visited you?'

'Yes; he was pursued, and in imminent danger of the guillotine, or he might not perhaps have so greatly condescended. You are aware that he and his father, like many others of their class, have all along affected acquiescence in the new order of things, and were in some sort pets of the "Gironde." Their friends themselves being just now in imminent peril of Samson's terrible axe, could of course no longer afford them protection: an order for their arrest had been issued, and Eugène Duvernay, and his equally estimable sire, had been for several days lurking in obscure hidingplaces from the agents of the *Salut Public*.'

'That accounts, then, for his strange absence,' interjected Madame Colardeau, somewhat reassured.

'He threw himself for protection upon my honour and generosity; at the same time declaring that he had for some weeks withdrawn all pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle St Ange, who, moreover, knew of his application to me, and had expressed a confidence that I would, for her sake, aid him to escape the bloody doom which awaited him.'

'*Ciel!*' exclaimed Madame Colardeau with much emotion. 'Can it be possible?'

'It is true as Heaven! I consented, so adjured, to assure his safety at the risk of my own. I immediately procured passports in a feigned name for him of course; and to make all sure, saw him on his road till danger of pursuit or recognition was over. At parting, he presented me with this ring, as a token to Estelle that I had vindicated the confidence she had reposed in my devotion to her wishes, and that he thereby resigned in my favour all claim or pretension to her hand.'

'Claim!—pretension! But, *mon Dieu*, Monsieur Armand, they are married!'

'Married!' echoed the astonished notary with frenzied vehemence. 'Married! But no, no; you are jesting: he could not be so utterly a villain!'

'I repeat to you, Maître Philippe Armand, that Eugène Duvernay and Estelle St Ange were married a month ago at the Hôtel Duvernay, in the Faubourg St Germain, by the Abbé Bonjeau: he who was arrested and executed but last week.'

'Whilst Madame Colardeau was speaking, the door leading to the interior of the house was gently opened, and Mademoiselle St Ange, death-white, affectedly calm, but evidently struggling with frightful emotion, glided into the apartment.

'Estelle!' exclaimed Philippe Armand in a voice broken by grief and indignation, and approaching as if to take her hand.

'The ring—the ring!' gasped Mademoiselle St Ange, waving him from her with an expression of passionate disgust. 'I have heard all: the ring—where is it?'

The notary placed it on the table; she seized it eagerly, and after minutely examining it, murmured, 'It is indeed my father's ring—the troth-plight which Eugène vowed never but with life to part. And so, monsieur,' continued the unfortunate girl, turning her beaming, tearless glance upon Philippe Armand, 'you are come to claim as a bride the woman you have widowed? This ring is part of the spoils of the accursed scaffold where my husband has, I doubt not, by your contrivance, perished.'

'What is it you say?' interrupted the notary, aghast with surprise and indignation. 'I swear to you, Estelle, by all that men hold sacred, that Eugène Duvernay placed that ring voluntarily in my hands, with the message'——

'Peace!' broke in Estelle; 'peace, audacious slanderer of the illustrious dead, with whom, in life, you could no more compare than might the wayside weed with the stately monarchs of the forest. My husband was the very soul of faith and honour. But hark you, Philippe Armand,' she added with passionate bitterness, 'even if it were as you assert, were the lying fable you have concocted as true as it is false, I would not, in the veriest extremity of want, of despair, having been once so honoured, stoop to a churl like you!'

The notary reeled and staggered beneath her words as if they had been blows, or rather burning arrows piercing through his brain. 'Estelle,' he at last mournfully exclaimed after a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle St Ange, with sudden revulsion of feeling, had thrown herself, in an ecstasy of tears, into the arms of her aunt—'Estelle, unhappy girl, the time will come when you will recognise, and, I trust, repent the falsehood of the hideous charge you have, in your unreasoning frenzy, brought against me. And now, Estelle, hear from me in this extreme hour, which sunders the sole link which bound me to earth, to life, one solemn word of truth, and, it may be yet, of helpful warning: but for your mad ambition, stimulated and flattered by her who now holds you in her embrace, to ally yourself far above your sphere and honest state, the anguish, the despair which now wring your heart would have been spared you. Farewell! Never more will my presence irritate or disgust you.'

It must be remembered, in extenuation of the unjust violence displayed by Estelle, that the young wife had idolised her husband, and with woman's frequent blindness in such cases, believed him, as she said, to be the very soul of truth and honour. So impressed, it was no

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marvel that she should suspect Philippe Armand of having invented the story he had related, in order to profit by the death of a rival he had himself denounced to the revolutionary tribunal—a deed, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence in the palmy days of Terrorism. Spite of the solemn denial of the notary, she continued firm in this belief, and mourning her husband as dead, resolved to cherish his memory, as that of one whom, when this transitory existence was past, she was destined to rejoin in that better world where life and love are both eternal.

When Philippe Armand again left his apartment, where he had been confined for several days after his last interview with Mademoiselle St Ange, or, more properly, Madame Duvernay, he was a changed man. The fire of sanguine youth, strong hope, high courage, had passed away: his step was feeble, his eye dull, and but for the calm, gentle smile which accustomed greetings of familiar voices had still at times power to call forth, it might have been thought that his spirit had utterly died within him, so purposeless, so sad, so utterly desolate did he appear. Estelle St Ange had been the earliest, the only being that had caught his boyhood's fancy; and each succeeding year had only the more deeply stamped her peculiar and subduing beauty—a mild appealing loveliness, tinted with rainbow smiles, and tremulous with changeful light and tears—upon his heart. A rash, inexperienced player at the game of life, he had staked his all upon one chance, and lost it. He did not feel the slightest resentment towards Estelle after the first angry emotions excited by her cruel injustice had subsided. She, too, he felt, had built her house upon the sand; and a profound pity for the desolate lot which must await the worse-than-widowed wife of Eugène Duvernay mingled with, and heightened and purified, the sentiment he still cherished for Estelle St Ange. To baffle the heartless husband at the iniquitous game he had been playing, would, he felt, almost repay him for his own withered hopes and blighted life; but how, in an affair so adroitly managed, to effect that object? Time, the unthanked and patient solver of all difficulties, was speedy with his answer.

The last day of the devoted Girondists, or at least of all that had remained to brave their fate in Paris, had arrived, and the notary found himself suddenly and inextricably entangled and borne along by the eager crowds who were hastening to witness the closing scene in the lives of the young, the eloquent, the brave, who had sought to govern France by rounded periods and choice moral maxims; and to hear them, in imitation of the Indian of the American prairies, sing their defiant death-song in half-real, half-simulated scorn of their merciless foes, so soon themselves to tread the same dark path to a yet darker eternity! Philippe Armand, though heart-sick at the sad spectacle, remained spell-bound to the spot till the last head of that day's batch of victims had been shorn away by Samson's dripping knife; and then, dizzy and faint with horror and excitement, moved hastily away. His sudden movement, as he turned, displaced the hat and wig of a man standing close behind, and, like himself, apparently absorbed, fascinated, by the terrible drama which had just been enacted. As the man quickly withdrew his attention from the reeking scaffold to readjust his hat and wig, their eyes met, and a glance of mutual recognition was instantaneously exchanged. The countenance of the stranger changed in a moment to a chalky whiteness, and it seemed that he would have fallen, had not the notary, with ready presence of mind, passed his arm through his, and said, 'Come, let us walk home together.'

Not another word passed between Armand and the stranger till they had gained the former's domicile, and then, having carefully shut the door, the notary abruptly addressed his trembling companion.

'That displacement of your wig, Count Duvernay, was awkward, and might have been fatal.'

'True, Monsieur Armand. I was involved in the crowd, and forced, much against my will, to witness that scene of unutterable horror, fearing, as I did, to attract attention by very strenuous efforts to escape. But why have you brought me here?'

'Listen, Count Duvernay: I can save your life, and *will*, on one condition.'

'Name—name it!' gasped the count.

'I am about to do so. Last Tuesday evening five weeks the Abbé Bonjeau married, at your residence, Eugène Duvernay to Estelle St Ange of the Palais-Royal.'

'But Eugène is a minor: the marriage was an illegal one'——

'I am quite aware, Count Duvernay,' interrupted the notary in a peremptory tone, 'that chicanery may hereafter avail to annul the marriage; and that result I am determined, for reasons of my own, to prevent if possible.'

'Oh, my son informed me that you and Mademoiselle St Ange were'——

'Never mind what your son informed you. Here are, in a word, my terms: I will procure you a passport, furnish you with a supply of money—in short, enable you to leave France, on condition that you immediately sign a formal declaration, which I will draw up, reciting the date, names of the priest and witnesses, and that the marriage was celebrated with your full knowledge and consent.'

'But, Monsieur Armand'——

'It is useless to waste words. Either your attested signature to such a paper, or the guillotine: take your choice. I *know* you connived at your son's baseness; and either I will foil you both, or you touch on your last hour. You consent? It is well.'

The notary seated himself at his desk, and for the next quarter of an hour was occupied in drawing up a formal document to the effect he had indicated.

'At what hour did the marriage take place?'

'About seven in the evening.'

The notary rang a bell which stood on the table, and a clerk appeared at the door. 'Call Henri: I wish you both to witness this gentleman's signature.'

In a few minutes the necessary formalities were completed, and the clerks retired.

'Which route do you propose to take?'

'That of Rouen: I have friends in the neighbourhood, who would favour my embarkation for England.'

'You shall have a passport for that place. In the meantime take this rouleau of gold.'

'How shall I express my thanks—my gratitude?'

'You owe me none. Be careful not to stir out of this apartment till I return: I shall not be long.'

The necessary papers were, by the notary's influence at the Hôtel de Ville, speedily procured: Count Duvernay reached Rouen in safety, and after some delay, embarked in the night for England, where, however, he was destined never to arrive. A few weeks afterwards, it was ascertained that he had perished at sea.

Madame Colardeau, whose utterly ruined business left her indeed no choice, gathered together the scanty wrecks of her property, and, with Estelle, engaged lodgings at a respectable farmhouse distant about seven miles from Paris; and there her niece was in due time confined of a daughter. Of her husband Estelle heard nothing directly; but just previous to leaving Paris, a sum of eight hundred francs in gold was left at Madame Colardeau's, directed to her as Madame Duvernay, accompanied by a written intimation that the same sum would be supplied quarterly, provided no attempt was made to ascertain the name of the sender, whom, it was stated, a discovery might seriously compromise.

Estelle and her aunt—who had by this time ascertained that Eugène Duvernay had not, as his abandoned wife at first suspected, perished on the revolutionary scaffold—beheld in this anxious provision for their needs a conclusive proof that the charge of repudiating or ignoring the marriage brought against him by Philippe Armand was thoroughly false; and with a spirit fortified by the sweet consciousness of being still hedged in and sheltered by the tutelary care of him to whom she had given her heart, Estelle awaited with patient resignation the coming on of the happy time which should restore her husband to his family and country.

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Many wearing years had passed away; her aunt's locks were white with age, and the little Estelle had grown up into a graceful, intelligent girl, when a note arrived by post at Sans Souci farmhouse, informing Madame, now Countess Duvernay, that her husband, Count Duvernay—the father, it was stated, had been long since dead—had accepted the Emperor's permission to return to France; and had, in fact, arrived and retaken possession of the Hôtel Duvernay. The handwriting of the note was evidently that of the person who transmitted their quarterly stipend; and the writer suggested the necessity of the Countess Duvernay presenting herself, accompanied by her aunt, to her husband on that very evening.

Flurried, bewildered, terrified, hoping, yet dreading, to verify the announcement so suddenly made, Estelle, arrayed in her richest attire, and accompanied by her daughter and Madame Colardeau, set off about evening in a hired *fiacre* towards Paris.

Count Duvernay was seated in a magnificent drawing-room of the Hôtel Duvernay, laughing and chatting with some military friends on the subject of his return, of the restoration of his property—which, luckily for him, had escaped being 'nationalised'—the apparent favour of the Emperor, and the rich and handsome wife already selected for him, when the door of the apartment flew open, and 'Madame La Comtesse Duvernay' was loudly announced.

'Comment!' exclaimed the count, jumping up. 'What is the meaning of this?'

'It is I—it is Estelle—dear Eugène,' said his wife, staggering forwards, and scarcely able to stand; 'and this is our daughter!'

The count started back in dismay and confusion. 'You—I—wife! The woman must be mad,' he added, regaining by a powerful effort his self-control. 'Who admitted this person?' he sternly demanded of the bewildered servants.

Estelle stood for an instant as if unconscious of, or rather as if unable to comprehend, the meaning of his words; and then, as if the full sense of the count's perfidy had suddenly struck, as with a dagger, to her heart, uttered a piercing scream, and would have fallen prostrate on the floor but for the supporting arms of a gentleman who had followed her into the room.

'Take her, good madame,' said the gentleman, addressing Madame Colardeau; 'I cannot now sustain even her slight burthen. Place her on the sofa.'

'And who, in the devil's name, are you?' demanded the count fiercely.

'Philippe Armand, public notary, at your service,' quietly replied the gentleman, as he turned and confronted the enraged nobleman.

The count's eye quailed before the steady gaze of the notary, and he muttered something about remembering that a silly, illegal ceremony had in his boyhood passed between the lady and himself.

'You mistake, Count Duvernay,' coolly replied Philippe Armand; 'it was a perfectly legal marriage, as this copy of a formal declaration made by your estimable father, and supported by the evidence of Madame Colardeau, will amply testify.'

The rage of the count, after perusing the paper presented to him, was terrific; and a violent altercation, to which Estelle, who had speedily recovered consciousness, listened with breathless attention, ensued between him and the notary. The film by which she had been so long blinded fell gradually from her eyes, and Eugène Duvernay and Philippe Armand stood at last plainly revealed in their true colours.

'Let us leave this house,' she exclaimed, rising from the couch, and though pale as marble, and trembling convulsively, speaking in a firm voice. 'Come! God bless and reward you, Philippe,' she added, seizing his hand, and wringing it with passionate energy; 'and if you can, pity and forgive me.'

The gossips of Paris had full employment for several succeeding days with the numerous versions of the sudden discovery of a Countess Duvernay, which flew from mouth to mouth. The count consulted men of law, and to his infinite chagrin was informed that the marriage could not be impugned. The affair, favourably, because truly represented, reached the ear of the Empress Josephine, and through her influence Napoleon issued a command in the guise of counsel, that the matter should be at once equitably arranged. Estelle of course declined living with a husband who had endeavoured to repudiate her, and a division of the count's property was made, by which affluence was secured to herself, and a splendid succession to her daughter, whose guardianship she was permitted to retain. The count served several years in the French armies, and rose to high rank. He was killed at Montereau; and Estelle took possession of the Hôtel Duvernay, where she long resided with her early-widowed daughter and amiable grandchildren.

About a fortnight after the return of Count Duvernay to Paris, and consequent legal confirmation of his marriage with Estelle St Ange, Philippe Armand lay upon his bed a dying man. The last rites of the church had been administered, the priest had retired, and the flagging pulse of life, rapidly becoming feebler and more indistinct, falteringly announced that a spirit chastened by affliction was about to return to God who gave it.

'It is growing late and dark,' he faintly muttered, 'and still she does not come.'

The darkness was in his own eyes, for the autumn sun was still high above the horizon.

'It is but three o'clock,' answered the attendant in a low soft voice; 'and there has been scarcely time since your message reached her.'

The sound of carriage wheels arrested the words of the speaker; presently light, hasty steps ascended the stairs, and Estelle, her daughter, and Madame Colardeau, entered the death-chamber.

'Philippe, best, kindest, truest friend,' exclaimed the Countess Duvernay, clasping his white, thin hand, and bathing it with tears, 'would I might bid you live for me!'

'Beloved Estelle,' murmured the dying man, and a smile, as of parting sunlight, irradiated his pale features. 'I *have* lived for you; and that life-task accomplished, am now well content to die. Farewell, beloved, till we meet in heaven!' He was gone.

STAR-FISHES.

Among the treasures and curiosities of our seacoasts, few shelless animals attract more attention than the star-fishes; yet how many bestow upon them but a careless, passing glance—a glance perhaps of admiration at the mathematical regularity of their pentagonal rays—or a momentary curiosity as to their office in creation: and yet, unheeded by man, these insignificant creatures are hourly, nay, momentarily, fulfilling in silence their appointed duties; acting as scavengers in the deep water and littoral zones, and devouring from tide to tide the ever-accumulating matter which, if left undisturbed, would ultimately destroy both man and beast. 'So strong, indeed,' says Rhymer Jones, 'is their predilection for such garbage, that we have frequently, when fishing, wished heartily that they would suspend their vigilance; for scarcely could our baited hooks sink to the bottom, ere we felt a "bite," and hauling up the line continually, caught star-fishes until our patience failed.' When the animal lies motionless and supine on the sandy beach, it seems quite unfitted for its destiny; but if we deposit it in a vessel of sea-water, or, better still, in one of the fairy-like pools left amongst the rocks by the receding tide, our preconceived notion is soon destroyed. We will suppose it placed upon its back, the very personification of helplessness, on the seaweed-tapestry with which the little pool is lined; in a few moments we see the minute tubercles, with which the under sides of its rays are longitudinally studded, gradually lengthen themselves into sucker-like feet, which issue like short worms from their holes; then these feet or legs will wave backwards and forwards, as if reconnoitring; and finally, bending down in the direction nearest to the ground, will affix the

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suckers of the first which reach it; and so, by contraction, will pull down a portion of the body: this enables other feet to touch the bottom, and thus the animal proceeds until, by the united action of the suckers, the whole body is restored, with great dignity and equanimity, to its rightful position: and now the star-fish moves, with a gentle, yet rapid motion, on towards the morsel of fish which we have placed for its refection, and its rays are clasped around the tempting feast, which is in a few minutes absorbed into its stomach. More laborious are its exertions when an oyster or a huge mussel is to be attacked in its shelly fortress; for the star-fish does not, as was fabled by the ancients, wait in patience until the besieged opens its portal, and then, by thrusting in one of its rays as a detainer, gradually insinuate its whole body, and thus devour the incautious castellan; but the mode in which it proceeds is to turn its baglike and many-folded stomach *inside out*; it then apparently instils between the shells of the molluscs some 'torpifying* fluid,' which compels the quarry to open its shell, upon which the pouting stomach, distended like a bladder, is thrust in, and enwrapping the prey, digests it in its own shell. We are in possession of a dried specimen of a star-fish which expired in the act of devouring a small mussel, the shells of which still remain closely fixed in the embrace of the stomach-mouth of their captor; the two first feet, or suckers, which are placed at the junction of each ray, are bent inwards, so that, by pressing on the imprisoned shells, they retain them immovable even in death. Mr Ball found one clinging round a *Mactra stultorum* which was pierced with a hole, through which the star-fish had inserted a sucker; and this hole was attributed to the star-fish: but Professor Forbes, with every appearance of probability, supposes the hole to have been the work of some other creature—most likely an annellid—and that the star-fish was merely 'sounding with its sucker the prospect of a meal.' Be this as it may, these animals contrive, in addition to carrion, to consume so large a number of oysters, that there exist in several places local enactments forbidding fishers to throw them overboard without first killing them—an order of which we shall appreciate the value when we reflect that, on casting down a dredge, thousands are constantly brought up at a haul, as if, in the words of Harvey, 'the bottom were formed of a living bank of them, or we had disturbed a submarine hive in the process of swarming;' and, moreover, that each individual of these constellations produces some thousands of eggs in each season. Such, in fact, is their multiplication, that the slaughter committed, and the enactments made by man, would be but as a drop from the ocean, had not God given to every species its own limit, beyond which it can go 'no further;' and as the star-fish is the scavenger of the sea, so is it the prey of fishes innumerable, who in their turn are destined for the food of larger animals, and of man. This prolific nature renders the star-fish valuable as manure in France, and also, we believe, in some parts of our own isle.

From the earliest time star-fishes have attracted much notice, and have, by their singular form, given birth to many beautiful thoughts. Aristotle and Pliny—who named them *Stellæ-marinæ*, 'from their resemblance to the pictured form of the stars of heaven'—affirmed, probably from some train of reasoning by analogy, that they were so hot, that they could *consume* all they touched; but time, with his icy fingers, cools the greatest ardour, and Aldrovandus and Albertus described them as of so hot a nature, that they *cooked* all they came in contact with; then came Llwyd, who, being an *out-door* naturalist, denied the 'notion' altogether. Some lingering and popular form of the same fancy still, however, remains; and the lower class of books on natural history yet whisper mysteriously of the stinging and skin-blistering properties of the family, respecting which that great philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, gives us the following curious note:—'Sea-stars. Whether they be bred out of the *urticæ*, *squalders*, or *sea-jellies*, as many report, we cannot confirm; but the squalders in the middle seem to have some lines or first draughts not unlike!' Truly has it been said by a modern writer that 'a child in our days may possess more *substantive* knowledge than Newton!' Though this very state of things demands the greater watchfulness on our parts, lest the boasted knowledge of facts should neither enlarge our minds nor fill our hearts. Professor E. Forbes remarks that he has handled thousands of star-fishes without ever having experienced the slightest irritation of the skin; and to this we may add our own humble testimony. Doubtless this alleged property has given rise to the name which they bear in some districts of 'Devil's Fingers.' Dr Drummond mentions that on one occasion, when he was drying some in his garden at Bangor [county Down], he heard the children on the other side of the hedge exclaiming, 'What is the gentleman going to do with the bad man's hands? Is he ganging to eat the bad man's hands, do ye think?' It is just within the limits of possibility that the abovementioned 'torpifying fluid' may have caused the first rumour of the burning quality of the fish: this, however—even *if* it possess the power of affecting the human flesh—is contained in the stomach, and not in the skin. The list of superstitions connected with this animal would scarcely be complete did we not add that they were recommended by Hippocrates—and by others after him, ere medicine became a science—as a remedy in hysterical complaints and epilepsy: they were to be taken internally, in a decoction of brassica and sweet wine.

The *first* work which treated exclusively of the star-fish was the splendid folio volume published by Link, a Leipsic apothecary, in the year 1733. This work, which is greatly in advance of its age, commences with this pleasant sentence—'As there are stars in the sky, so are there stars in the sea.' And the *last* is that of Professor E. Forbes, who, not inaptly, heads his valuable monograph with a representation of a graceful spirit moving over the dark waters, in which the rays of glory which surround her brow form, by reflection, the beautiful 'star of the sea:' in the words of Montgomery,

> ——'the heavens
> Were thronged with constellations, and the seas
> Strown with their images.'

In the early geological ages, the order of *Echinodermata*, to which our star-fishes belong, was chiefly represented by a family (*Crinoidea*) whose peculiarity it was to have a stalk by which they were fixed for life to the bottom of the ocean. Whole strata of limestone are composed in great part of the stony fragments of these animals, called in this fossil state *encrinites*. We now, however, possess but one species analogous to the crinoid family: this is the *Comatula*, or Rosy Feather Star of the British seas, of which some curious particulars are related.

In the year 1823, Mr Thompson discovered in the Cove of Cork—or, as it is now, we believe, called, the Harbour of Queentown—a *stalked* crinoid animal, which, unlike its more vigorous forefathers, measured but three-fourths of an inch in height. This was the first animal of the crinoid character which had been observed in the European seas, and the 'first* recent encrinite which had ever been examined by a competent observer in a living state.' The capture led to further observation, and to much discussion, the result of which appears to be a general acknowledgment that the 'feather-star commences life as an encrinite; and thus, as it were, changes its nature from a pseudo-polype to a star-fish,' with rays detached, and power and liberty to range at will through the wide sea. Whether the ancient crinoids also passed through this transformation, is a question which can probably never be set at rest—one on which men can only speculate.

Britain boasts fourteen species of *true* star-fishes, of which the largest is the lingthorn (*Luidia fragilissima*), a fish which frequently attains a diameter of two feet. All the star-fishes possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of casting away their limbs or rays when convenient; but the lingthorn in this respect approaches

* Professor Rhymer Jones.

* Professor Edward Forbes.

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nearer to the brittle-stars than any other species; for it not only casts them away, but it breaks them up into small pieces with the greatest facility. Professor Forbes gives so animated an account of these creatures, that we cannot refrain from once more quoting his words:—'Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench, the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of rejected members. My conservative endeavours were all neutralised by its destructive exertions; and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disk and a diskless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time, I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which star-fishes have a great antipathy:' in other words, fresh water instantly kills them. 'As I expected, a luidia came up in the dredge, a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce luidia to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.' We must here remark that this terminating eye is by no means an orthodox visual organ, but merely a something greatly resembling such an appendage, to which, by general consent, the name of 'eye' has been given, until its use shall have been better ascertained, or until a true eye is discovered. The whole of the star-fishes have the power of gradually renewing the lost rays or processes, and we have a specimen of the common cross-fish (*Uraster rubens*) whose five rays are all of different lengths, and consequently of different ages, two of them being but small horns of half an inch and one-fourth of an inch in length: he is evidently a veteran, who has been in 'manie and greate warres.'

'Why,' saith Sir Thomas Browne—'why, among sea-stars, delighteth nature chiefly in five points?' And again—'By the same number (5) doth nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that number and order disposeth those elegant semicircles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog;' and so, in effect, in the normal types it is—every part, 'even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker, is regulated by this mystic number;' and, as a general rule, such star-fishes as we find quadrate, or otherwise varying from the prescribed number of points, are accidental monsters, and of no material importance. This rule is, however, by no means unexceptional, as some of the sun-stars (*Solasteriæ*) have from nine to fifteen of their beautifully-coloured rays, rays of which perhaps the disk is red, and the points either plain white, or white tipped with red; or the whole surface is of a brilliant red or purple; and in another specimen the body is red, while the spiniferous tubercles with which it is studded are bright green.

The *Echinodermata*, including star-fishes, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, and a few other species, are thread-nerved, and possess no brain or nervous centre, but merely a nervous cord, which encircles the mouth,* and thence radiates into the five points, acting, as it were, as an electric telegraph; yet their structure is most exquisitely complex even in its simplicity. The skeleton, which is of a calcareous nature, is composed of hundreds of minute portions, exactly fitted to each other in a symmetrical pattern, resembling, as Harvey suggests, a piece of elaborate crochet-work. These skeletons may be easily obtained by placing a fresh fish in an ant-hill for a few days without taking any further trouble about their preparation. The stomach-mouth is placed underneath the animal, and the stomach, as before hinted, is a membranous bag-like cavity, capable of extension to an almost incredible amount: the feet of the star-fish are tubes which, when extended, are filled with a fluid; and when the animal wishes to retract them, this fluid is withdrawn into the vesicles of the body, so that, by these alternate actions, motion is accomplished. Each fish possesses a curious organ, of which the use has not yet been ascertained. This body, which is technically known as the *madreporiform tubercle*, is a calcareous column, which, on the exterior of the animal, appears like a small spot between two of the rays: it is most minutely and delicately formed of 'wee' hexagonal plates disposed in the manner of the gill of a mushroom, and is by many considered as the analogue to the stalk of the original Crinoid star-fishes. It has by some been proposed as a specific character for determining the names of individuals.

It is highly probable that attention would add many more most interesting particulars to the history of this fish, and many additional instances of its uses and adaptation to the mode of life for which it is destined; and such attention might be easily given; for it does not, like many of its congeners, creep away into deep, dark, and inaccessible places, but is to be almost universally met with on our shores, whether they be composed of lofty rocks, of smooth and shining sand, of rolling shingle, or of heavy mud. It is cast up by almost every tide, and is seen crawling about quite familiarly in nearly every salt pool.

* Dr Carpenter.

PATRONS OF THE POOR.

It is fortunate for the best interests of humanity that—partly from an advance of intelligence in social and political science, and partly from the imperious dictates of fashion—the wants, the miseries, the vices, the virtues, in short, the general condition of the humble and needy, engage much of the attention of the upper and wealthy classes of this country. Not a few occupying high places are working successfully in the cause of the poor, in a spirit that is producing large benefits. Not content with merely dipping their fingers into their purses, to draw forth an annual and widely-advertised subscription to some gigantic but miscalled 'charity,' the better order of the friends of the poor look with painstaking industry and acumen into the causes of distress, and devote not only money, but, what is more serviceable, time, to carrying out comprehensive remedies. These really earnest and efficient benefactors repudiate alms, except in cases of helplessness, and seek simply to *assist*—to cheer on the struggler, without impairing his self-dependence—to help without loading him with obligations, which sap his energies, and destroy that independence without which the humblest character is of little worth. Although such philanthropists are by no means few, they are little known. We do not hear of them in newspapers; their good deeds are not paraded before an admiring public. Even 'society,' as it is called, is silent concerning their worthiest actions, because society is ignorant of them. They do good so stealthily that they never have occasion to blush to 'find it fame.' Hence it is that they furnish no dramatic stories of startling generosity; no pathetic tales of genteel poverty; of snatching amiable debtors from the fangs of ruthless creditors, or interesting pickpockets from the grasp of the police. These, who rank amongst the highest order of humanists, do not afford, in truth, any such instances; for they deal not with individual distress, but with masses of it: they do not wholly rescue one, but partly relieve thousands; and it is by the enlightened efforts of such philanthropists that general poverty and crime will be eventually mitigated.

These friends of the poor have happily always existed in greater or lesser numbers; but it is to a new and opposite class, whom we shall designate, by contrast, as

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patrons of the poor, that we are first desirous of drawing attention. They mostly belong to the order of those who have more time on their hands than they can employ to their own satisfaction. The fictitious distresses portrayed in tragic novels have ceased to excite them; the simulated misery depicted on the stage has lost its attractions; they have been palled with mere *pictures* of life, and nothing short of originals will serve them. They therefore visit the dwellings of the very poor, and the haunts of the vicious, less with a view of relieving and admonishing, than of obtaining those excitements of which they are no longer susceptible from books and plays. Most of them belong to philanthropic societies, for the purpose of getting upon the visiting committees. In the abodes of struggling poverty they ask the inmates such questions as the poorest person cannot be considered as under any obligation to answer; not with the legitimate view of shaping, from correct information, the best course of relief, but of satisfying a morbid curiosity. Consequently they do not extend their bounty in proportion to the depth, but in proportion to the romance, of the distress. The silent, shamed, and uncomplaining, obtain less of their assistance than the glib and tear-shedding, who have the art of darkening their wretchedness with the sable tints of exaggeration. The patched garments and tidy room of abject penury win their morbid sympathy less than what they conceive to be the natural 'trappings and suits of wo'—rags and filth. Without these, the *mise ên scene* of the dramas of real life they love to witness is deemed not complete. If they visit the abodes of degradation, their conventional notions of degraded poverty are disappointed when they see a sign of elevation: the harmony of the picture is destroyed. Should they, again, go prepared to draw the curtain from a scene of 'genteel' distress, and perceive any sign of vulgarity—should girls be sewing sackcloth instead of fancy-work, or men be seen in shirt-sleeves instead of shabby-genteel coats—they depart without an emotion or a gift. But, on the other hand, when they can bring away a 'telling' anecdote, a tale of privation, or one even of crime—when they can pick up points for animated description and harrowing after-dinner converse—then they are liberal with alms, for they get their money's worth. They give as cheerfully as they pay for a thrilling novel, or for admission to Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors.'

The charity, therefore, of these patrons of the poor is nearly always directed into the least-deserving channels. Blatant, open-mouthed beggary, with the power of deceit and the gift of speech, shares their favours largely and frequently; whilst shrinking, timid poverty (and that which is most to be commiserated and helped, is ashamed to beg) does not interest, and is not therefore relieved. These people are the persevering visitors of pauper establishments and prisons. On entering the former, they invariably inquire out some case of reverse of fortune, and seldom visit the latter without asking the jailor to introduce them to his greatest criminal. The excellent directors of the Agricultural Colony at Mettray were once so pestered with questions of this sort from a party of English visitors, that one of them determined to stop the catechism he had been for an hour subjected to by a little wholesome mystification. The most persevering of the questioners, a lady, looking through her lorgnette at a diminutive colonist of about eight years of age, intreated the patient cicerone to divulge the crime for which he had been imprisoned: 'it was *so* horrible to see one so young imbued in the colours of delinquency,' &c. The director looked serious, and owned that this child's history was indeed a terrible revelation: he had stopped and robbed a diligence!

The lady dropped her glass in astonishment. 'A diligence!' she repeated. 'Why, he is scarcely taller than a horse's knees.'

'Very true, madame; but he had previously provided against that serious disadvantage to a highwayman: in order to reach the bridles of the leaders he stood *upon a chair!*'

The lady saw that this harmless romance was meant for a reproof, asked no further questions, and contented herself with listlessly going round the establishment with the rest of the party. But to her it had lost all attraction. In the details of the great experiment being worked out at Mettray she took no interest: the saving of some thousands of lads from crime and misery was not so much to her as one dreadful historiette, or the revolting details of a single crime: the place in its philanthropic aspect was to her a blank: and as no such prizes as she sought turned up, her account of Mettray to her friends in England was, that 'for the sort of thing it was ridiculously unexciting.'

Better intentioned, because not quite so selfish, is that section of poverty's patrons whose members oppress the needy with tedious and impossible advice; who believe that the occasional assistance they afford purchases the right not only to advise upon, but to interfere in, the domestic and other arrangements of those whom they patronise. They are generally ladies possessing small fortunes, much leisure, untiring energy, some benevolence, and uncompromising opinions upon all subjects great and small. In most instances, however, their power is in inverse ratio to their ability to render sound advice gratis to the poor. It is impossible to persuade them that, as a rule (which we must meantime admit has a wide range of exceptions), everybody knows his own business best; for they persist in the opinion that they are better acquainted with the wants of the poor than the poor are themselves. Having been blessed all their lives with every comfort and some luxuries, and having consequently no practical knowledge either of the exigencies or contrivances of poverty, they persist in erroneously lecturing their clients on what food they ought to eat, how they should cook it, what price they ought to pay for it, where they must buy it, and how little per diem they are bound to eat of it. They have cut-and-dry instructions respecting clothing, washing, and every possible household necessity and employment. Being, peradventure, maiden ladies, they give copious counsel regarding infant management and youthful education—have been known, in fact, to prescribe the exact number that a family, in consideration of the worldly circumstances of the parents, ought properly to consist of. It is wonderful with what arithmetical exactitude they set down the sum to a fraction upon how much each poor family is bound to live, and how much they must deposit in the savings' bank. But, alas, they do not content themselves with merely *giving* advice; they are so unchangeably convinced of its superlative excellence and practicability, that they resent its being rejected or not followed as a personal affront: their laws are the laws of the Medes and Persians, and wo be to those who alter or neglect them! Either offence is summarily punished with withdrawal of patronage and assistance thenceforth and for ever.

We must not permit these too-well-intentioned, although mistaken Dorcases, to be confounded with the truly useful visitants of the abodes of poverty and ignorance, who, by gentle means and judicious assistance, extend the resources of the poor by giving useful information on domestic economy, which, it must be owned, is the least understood by those to whom it is of the most importance. We know instances, especially in rural districts, where it is not too much to say lives have been saved by the perseverance of ladies in first conquering prejudices respecting food—prejudices stronger perhaps than those relating to any other branch of economy—and then cautiously introducing new kinds of edibles, or new methods of preparing old ones. In this line much may yet be done; and we would throw out the hint to those efficient patrons of the poor, the societies for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes, that they would be doing a vast service by introducing into their publications instructions for selecting and preparing different articles of food, and receipts for various dishes. The best means of making such instructions practically available is not to derive them from the experience of eminent cooks or affluent households, as has been already too often erroneously done, but to found them upon a

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searching inquiry into the economical resources of the necessitous, and the expedients and contrivances into which they are driven; not, in fact, like the opinionated patronesses we have already mentioned—to assume the poor to be totally ignorant of their own affairs—but to find out what they know and practise, and, if possible, to improve upon, generalise, and disseminate it. Such information will at least be practical. Let us never forget the lesson taught by the last and most disastrous Niger expedition, and which is in point here. One of its objects having been to teach agriculture to the cultivators of Nigritia, the patrons of the poor blacks sent out Scotch farmers and an abundance of implements. An estate was in due time marked out, and culture begun; but it was soon found that the British system of tillage was totally inapplicable to the soil, climate, and vegetation of those latitudes, and before the negroes could be taught by the model farmers, the model farmers had to take lessons of the negroes. This is nearly the case with many of the best of the poor's patrons. They think they have all to teach, and nothing to learn; whereas, before they can be of real service, they must take the practical information derived from those whom they wish to benefit as a basis on which to engraft their own theoretical knowledge.*

We return from this digression to point out the most mischievous patronage of the poor which can be practised; namely, indiscriminate alms-giving. Assistance of this sort is too temporary to be beneficial to the receiver, and is in most instances too trifling to be real charity in the donor. It is the reverse of the double blessing: blessing him who giveth and him who receiveth. To the latter it is more frequently a curse; for all irregular, intermittent, unexpected income shuts out the exercise of forethought—which is prudence—and produces demoralisation. Who shall venture to blame too harshly the cold and hungry wretch who, living upon chance sustenance, takes the shortest but worst cure for his pangs; and after satisfying the first gnawings of hunger, spends the alms just collected in the spirit-shop? Who shall punish the wretched shirt or slop-clothes maker, who, putting her trust in chance charity, and finding mendicancy less laborious, becomes a public beggar, and finally a thief? to which the step is short and easy. Suppose, instead of a penny or a sixpence, the alms-giver were to devote a little time in inquiry, in endeavours to extend *permanent* relief—to procuring employment for one such individual as we point to, and better pay for the other? Instead of fostering vice, he would then be aiding and rescuing distress. That would be true beneficence; whereas promiscuous alms is, we are bold to say, merely a price he pays to relieve *himself* from the pain caused to him by the supplications or the importunities of misery—most frequently, we admit, the former. The sentiment awaked by the sight or knowledge of suffering in any form is among the most painfully acute of our sensations, but the easiest to smother or to heal. The gaunt apparition of famishing mendicancy powerfully awakens it; but how instantly and how cheaply is it soothed, if not eradicated, by the gift of a small donation?—sufficient, perhaps, for a day's sustenance, but only sufficient to leave the recipient on the next a prey to famine, rendered the less endurable by the former day's comparative plenty. By that time all sympathy has vanished from the breast of the giver, and the suppliant is left to starve, because he is not present; for the commiseration of chance-alms distributors requires constant exercitation. Meanwhile, the pains of pity have been bought off at a meanly trifling cost. Is this charity?

In noticing the cheering characteristic of the present time—that the affluent public are not only looking pauperism fully and kindly in the face, but taking it also benevolently by the hand—we have not feared to exhibit the small vices which are found to accompany this great virtue. Our wish has been, by pointing out a series of small evils, to present a humble contribution of means towards increasing the number of the real friends, and thinning the ranks of the mere patrons, of the Poor.

* In the matter of economy in food, we may mention a practical lesson we were lately taught by the superintendent of a threepenny model lodging-house. We saw him with his comely wife, and a remarkably fine child; one of four who were, he declared, equally robust. Himself is a specimen of high feeding rather than of stint; yet he startled us by the assurance that he never, except on very rare occasions, allowed more than sixpence a day for dinner, or a penny a head. We desired to see some of his receipts; and he promptly gave us two, which we think it will not be uninstructive to transfer here.

Meat-Pudding for 2 Adults and 4 Children.		*Irish Stew for 2 Adults and 4 Children.*	
1 lb. of flour,	2d.	¼ lb. of 'stickings,'	2½d.
¼ lb. of 'stickings' (otherwise pieces cut from joints by butchers in trimming them for the table),	2½d.	5 lb. of potatoes,	2½d.
2 lb. of potatoes,	1d.	Onions,	0½d.
An egg,	½d		5½d.
	6d.		

In the first receipt one potato is left over, and in the second there is ½d. to spare. From this *abundance* pepper and salt are provided. It must be noted that the above are London, and consequently maximum prices.

THE MONEY TRADE.

'The Monied Interest,' we are told, in an amusing and vivacious volume of the day, 'was unknown till 1692.'* But this dry announcement is not enough for the general reader. The author should have explained the position of the country on the completion of the Revolution settlement, and the circumstances which led to the rise of the great rival of the slow and conservative land party. Many things had by that time concurred to give an impetus to trade and manufactures, which is felt to this day. A few years before (in 1685) the revocation of the law in France, known as the Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed the safety of the Protestants, cast abroad over Europe many hundred thousands of the élite of French industry and ingenuity; and of these the wealthiest established themselves in England and Holland. We are supposed to have had about 70,000 to our own share, settled chiefly in London; and to them we owe the improvement of many old, and the introduction of many new, branches of manufactures. Till that time, for instance, we produced hardly any but coarse brown paper, and all the better qualities of glass, hats, and other staples were imported from the continent. Under the teaching of the immigrants, we became skilful in the manufacture of the finer qualities of these articles, as well as in that of the lighter fabrics of woollen stuffs, linen, silks (especially à la modes and lustrings now gone by), ducapes, brocades, satins, velvets, &c. together with clocks, watches, and cutlery ware of various descriptions. In 1689 the Bill of Rights offered a solemn guarantee for the liberties and property of the people, now thoroughly awakened to the advantages of industry; and this was almost instantaneously followed, as might naturally be expected, by a vast increase in our commerce, shipping, manufactures, and colonial trade.

This was the epoch of the establishment of the Bank of England and Bank of Scotland; of projects of various other banks; of numerous schemes for fishing up sunken treasures from the deep; of lotteries; of fisheries of whale, cod, and pearls; of innumerable companies for rock-salt, for curing provisions, for draining lands, &c., and for running away from the new and marvellous field of wealth thus suddenly opened, and planting British settlements at the ends of the habitable earth. It

* Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange. By John Francis, author of the 'History of the Bank of England.' London: Willoughby. 1849.

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is no wonder that the slow and limited profits of agriculture came to be looked upon with contempt by speculators who were no longer at the mercy of the great and powerful, or that a class of adventurous citizens should arise, strong enough to beard the old lion of aristocracy, and make themselves heard and felt as a separate estate in the realm. In a flourishing and peaceful country like England, however, there is always a tendency towards an equalisation of interests. At the present time, it is more common than ever for successful traders to invest their property in land; and one day we may see the merchant plodding in his counting-house, and the next lording it over a goodly number of acres of 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' in the character of a Highland laird.

Before the commencement of the eighteenth century, the persons who dealt in money congregated at the Royal Exchange. 'At this period,' says Mr Francis (about 1695), 'the broker had a walk upon the Royal Exchange devoted to the funds of the East India and other great corporations; and many of the terms now in vogue among the initiated arose from their dealings with the stock of the East India Company. Jobbing in the great chartered corporations was thoroughly understood. Reports and rumours were as plentiful then as now. No sooner was it known that one of the fine vessels of the India Company, laden with gold and jewels from the East, was on its way, than every method was had recourse to. Men were employed to whisper of hurricanes which had sunk the well-stored ship—of quicksands which had swallowed her up—of war which had commenced when peace was unbroken—or of peace being concluded when the factories were in the utmost danger. Nor were the brains of the speculators less capable than now. If at the present day a banker condescends to raise a railway bubble 50 per cent., the broker of that day understood his craft sufficiently to cause a variation in the price of East India stock of 263 per cent.; and complaints became frequent that the Royal Exchange was perverted from its legitimate purpose, and that the jobbers—the term was applied ignominiously—ought to be driven from a spot polluted by their presence. Mines of gold, silver, and copper, were so temptingly promised, that the entire town pursued the deception. Tricks and stratagems were plentiful; the wary made fortunes, and the unwary were ruined.'

The outcry against the brokers became so great, that in 1698 they determined to remove to the then unoccupied area of 'Change Alley; but by and by the more respectable among them acquired the habit of seeking the shelter of Jonathan's Coffeehouse, and this became the grand centre of all the important operations in the money market. Among the jobbers of this time was Sir Henry Furnese, who kept expresses running all over the continent, and was the first to inform the king of the fortune of his arms. 'But the temptation to deceive was too great even for this gentleman. He fabricated news—he insinuated false intelligence—he was the originator of some of those plans which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. If Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time, sell. His movements were closely watched; the contagion would spread; the speculators grew alarmed; prices be lowered 4 or 5 per cent.—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown—and Sir Henry Furnese would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to purchase as much as possible at the reduced price. Large profits were thus made; but a demoralising spirit was spread throughout the Stock Exchange. Bankrupts and beggars sought the same pleasure in which the millionaire indulged, and often with similar success.' Another celebrity was the wealthy Hebrew, Medina, who 'accompanied Marlborough in all his campaigns; administered to the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of L.6000 per annum; repaid himself by expresses containing intelligence of those great battles which fire the English blood to hear them named; and Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Blenheim, administered as much to the purse of the Hebrew as they did to the glory of England.'

King William did not rob, like his predecessors: he borrowed, and was often fleeced by the jobbers. But he borrowed in every way he could contrive—even on irredeemable annuities, and thus created a perpetual debt. Money, however, was necessary, since the nation had resolved to keep out the Stuarts, and any price must be paid for it. When L.5,000,000 were granted as supplies for the war, only L.2,500,000 reached the treasury! The grantees themselves must be paid. 'Mr Hungerford was expelled from the Lower House for accepting a bribe of L.21; and the Duke of Leeds impeached for taking one of 5500 guineas. The price of a speaker—Sir John Trevor—was L.1005; and the secretary to the treasury was sent to the Tower on suspicion of similar practices. Money receivers lodged great sums of public money with the goldsmiths at the current interest. Others lent the exchequer its own cash in other persons' names; and out of L.46,000,000 raised in fifteen years, L.25,000,000 were unaccounted for.'

In 1696 Mr Halifax invented exchequer bills which *represented* money. An admirable resource they must have been, and still are; for when it was inconvenient for government to redeem its securities, the consent of parliament was obtained, and this floating or unfunded debt was added to the fixed debt of the country. Ten years after, the first foreign loan (L.500,000) was negotiated in 'Change Alley. It was given at the instance of the Duke of Marlborough to the Emperor for eight years at 8 per cent., on the security of his Silesian revenues. The pride of the jobbers was now at its height. A speculative Quaker called Quare, a watchmaker to trade, called to the marriage of his daughter the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Marlborough, and three hundred other guests of distinction—and the invited came 'when he did call on them.' The founder of Guy's Hospital was 'one of the many remarkable men who, tempted from their legitimate pursuit, entered into competition with the jobbers of the Stock Exchange, and one of the few who devoted their profits to the benefit of a future generation.' His principal dealings were in the inconvertible tickets with which our seamen were then paid—tickets which the poor and improvident fellows were glad to turn into cash at any sacrifice. 'In these tickets did Thomas Guy deal; and on the wrongs of these men was the vast superstructure of his fortune reared. But jobbing in them was as frequent in the high places of England as in 'Change Alley. The seaman was poor and uninfluential; and the orders which were refused payment to him were paid to the wealthy jobber, who parted with some of his plunder as a premium to the treasury to disgorge the remainder. By these means, and by fortunate speculations during the South Sea bubble, Mr Guy realised a fortune of L.500,000'—at that time an almost fabulous sum.

The influence and the odium of the stockjobbers kept equal pace. 'It was very natural that men's minds should be turned to that portion of the town which, ever and anon, gave signal symptoms of great frauds, great gains, and great gambling; and Sir John Barnard endeavoured, in 1732, to draw the attention of the House of Commons to the dealings and the doings of the Stock Exchange. It had, even at this early period, a complete and organized system. The expresses of its rich members came from every court in Europe, and beat, as the expresses of jobbers always have done, the messengers of the government. Sir Robert Walpole not only declared this, but with great naïveté added, "It is because they are better paid and better appointed." The very fact that brokers did beat the government despatches was regarded as a crime; and the public continued year by year to pour its maledictions on the frequenters of 'Change Alley.' This was the epoch of 'time-bargains'—a species of gambling

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which has continued to be the life and soul of stock-jobbing. The Bank books were closed for six weeks in every quarter, to prepare for the payment of the dividend; and as no transfer could be made during this period, it became a practice to buy and sell 'for the opening.' This means, we believe (but Mr Francis ought to have described the transaction for the benefit of the uninitiated), that you may buy without money an imaginary amount, to be paid for at the expiration of the time in an equally imaginary manner. If the price of the stock has risen, you receive, and if it has fallen, you pay the difference; and this is all the transfer of cash that takes place in a transaction wholly unreal. The broker, we need not say, receives his commission whether the speculator gains or loses. This was of course pure gambling; and Sir John Barnard, who first exposed it, succeeded in obtaining an enactment placing time-bargains without the pale of the law in such a manner that losses on them could not be legally recovered. But Sir John and the legislature strove in vain. The act exists to this hour, but only as a dead letter; for speculative bargains form the chief business of the Stock Exchange. The only difference it made was to make the broker responsible instead of the *quasi* purchaser.

Till the reign of George II., the interest on loans varied according to the state of the money market; but it was then fixed at from 3 to 5 per cent., this being the first public announcement that the debt was perpetual. The effect, it is said, has been to increase the present principal by two-fifths of the sum originally advanced. The first reduction of interest, from 4 to 3 per cent., was effected in 1750. It was a project of the same Sir John Barnard who made war upon time-bargains. 'His pride,' says Mr Francis, 'was indomitable; the members of the Stock Exchange, who were always spoken of with great contempt by Sir John, thoroughly detested him, and greatly helped to fan the unpopularity which fell upon him when he opposed public feeling, as, with a most unbending integrity, he invariably did if his conscience prompted. "He grew," said Horace Walpole on one occasion, "almost as unpopular as Byng." On commercial subjects his opinion was greatly regarded: when any remarkable feature in financial politics occurred, the town echoed with—"What does Sir John say to this?—what is Sir John's opinion?"—and he had the honour of refusing the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1746. It is somewhat at variance with the proud character of the man, that from the time his statue was erected in the Royal Exchange, he never entered the building, but transacted his business in the front. The blood of Sir John Barnard yet flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of a gentleman known in contemporary history as "the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey."' Sir John's great enemy was Sampson Gideon, a Jew broker, 'worth more than all the land of Canaan.' 'The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated, and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight.'

The career of Mr Fordyce, an Aberdeen hosier, who became a London banker and stockjobber, is very remarkable, but its history would occupy too much space. When this person failed, the panic in London, 'equal to anything of a later date, but of shorter duration, spread with the velocity of wildfire, and part of the press attribute to the Bank the merit of supporting the credit of the city, while part assert that it caused the panic. The first families were in tears; nor is the consternation surprising, when it is known that bills to the amount of L.4,000,000 were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them.' The effect of the constant anxiety in which the money-traders live is said to operate disadvantageously on the duration of life. 'It is probable, although the fact is difficult of attainment, that the lives of the members of the Stock Exchange are at the present day less valuable than the ordinary average of human life. The constant thought, the change from hope to fear, the nights broken by expresses, the days excited by changes, must necessarily produce an unfavourable effect upon the frame. Instances, however, of great longevity are not wanting; and one John Riva, who, after an active life in 'Change Alley, had retired to Venice, died there at the patriarchal age of 118.' This was the golden age of lotteries. In 1772 there were 'lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea-merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved, and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving L.10—lottery shoe-blacks, lottery eating-houses—where for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of 60 guineas was given—lottery oyster-stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of 5 guineas, were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall in a narrow alley was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages the fortunate purchaser might realise a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors—a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old—sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes.' The discovery of *lucky numbers* became a profession, and the worship of Mammon introduced rites of superstition which might seem to have come down from the middle ages. The smaller lotteries were at length put down, in order that ruin might be accessible only to those who could afford it; but this introduced the system of 'insurance,' which was open to all—a sum being paid for the right to demand a certain amount in the event of a particular number turning up a prize. To gratify this propensity wives robbed their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters. 'So great were the charms of insuring, while the chances were so small, that respectable tradesmen, in defiance of the law, met for this illegal purpose on the following day to that on which some of their body had been taken handcuffed before a magistrate.' Lotteries were not finally abolished till 1826.

Another curious kind of insurance was resorted to by the gamblers:—'Directly it was known that any great man was seriously ill, insurances on his life, at rates in proportion to his chance of recovery, were made. These bargains were reported in the papers; and the effect on an invalid who knew his health to be precarious may be imagined when he saw in the "Whitehall Evening Post" that "Lord —— might be considered in great danger, as his life could only be insured in the Alley at 90 per cent." The custom grew so rapidly, and the evil was so serious, that the principal merchants and underwriters refused to transact business with brokers who engaged in such practices.' It was customary to effect insurances upon the fate of a besieged city—a premium being paid to receive a certain sum in the event of the capture of the city. During the Seven Years' War, the Spanish ambassador is said to have insured L.30,000 on Minorca at the moment when the despatches announcing its capture were in his pocket. In 1787 the Black Board was instituted to keep the brokers in awe. '"There were no less than twenty-five lame ducks," said the "Whitehall Evening Post," "who waddled out of the Alley." Their deficiency was estimated at L.250,000; and it was upon this occasion the above plan was first proposed, and a very full meeting of the members resolved that those who did not either pay their deficiencies, or name their principals, should be publicly exposed on a black

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board to be ordered for the occasion. Thus the above deficiencies—larger than had been previously known—alarmed the gentlemen of 'Change Alley, and produced that system which is yet regarded with wholesome awe.'

Before long, the mightiest of the aristocracy trembled at the threat of the Black Board. A broker complained to the public-spirited Mark Sprot that a noble earl, whom he had trusted to a large extent, refused to pay his losses. Mr Sprot told his friend not to be afraid, and offered to call with him upon the noble repudiator. 'Together they went, and were received with patrician dignity. Mr Sprot deliberately detailed his business, and received the cool reply that it was not convenient to pay. But the energetic jobber was not a man to bow before rank, unless accompanied by worth; and Mr Sprot unhesitatingly declared that if the account were not settled by a certain hour next day, he would post his lordship as a defaulter. The latter grew alarmed, and attempted to conciliate; but the conference closed with the repeated determination of Mr Sprot to post him. Long before the hour appointed, however, his lordship's solicitor waited on the broker to arrange the payment; and thus the honour of the earl was preserved, and the credit of the broker saved in the money market, through the acuteness and determination of Mark Sprot.'

In 1801 'Change Alley was found to be too small an area for the Stock Exchange; and at anyrate the principal dealers in the money market desired to have a more exclusive place of meeting. The present building, therefore, was erected by subscription, the members to pay ten guineas annually, and to vote by ballot. The following inscription, engraved on copper, was placed under the first stone of the building:—

'On the 18th of May, in the year 1801, and forty-one of George III., the first stone of this building, erected by private subscription, for the transaction of business in the public funds, was laid in the presence of the proprietors, and under the direction of William Hammond, William Steer, Thomas Roberts, Griffith Jones, William Grey, Isaac Hensley, Jo. Brackshaw, John Capel, and John Barnes, managers; James Peacock, architect. At this era, the first of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the public funded debt had accumulated in five successive reigns to L.552,730,924. The inviolate faith of the British nation, and the principles of the constitution, sanction and secure the property embarked in this undertaking. May the blessing of that constitution be secured to the latest posterity!'

Among the anecdotes in this portion of the volume we may mention that of the House of Baring, connected with the subject in their capacity of loan-contractors. Their career is 'an evidence of the power of a few active young men to advance themselves to immense fortune, and to distinguished marks of favour from the sovereign. Various origins are attributed to the members of the firm, and the Herald's College has been employed to give the dignity of ancestral honours to the family. In 1793 the first baronet of the name was created, and the signal services of Sir Francis to the East India Company, of which he was a director, were greatly appreciated. It has been stated—but as the writer is uncertain of his authority, he gives it with caution—that they were originally German weavers, who came over to London; and being successful in business, were, through the interest of William Bingham of Philadelphia, appointed agents to the American government. Considering, therefore, the large resources at their command, it is not surprising that, during the loyalty loan in 1797, the head of the house made L.100,000 for three consecutive days—or that, in 1806, it was sarcastically said, "Sir Francis Baring is extending his purchases so largely in Hampshire, that he soon expects to be able to enclose the country with his own park-paling." In 1805 this gentleman, the first algebraist of the day, retired from business with a princely fortune, and shortly afterwards died, full of years and honours. A green old age, a career closed at the pinnacle of prosperity, and a deathbed surrounded by sons and daughters, whom the descendant of the German weaver had lived to place in splendid independence, was his enviable lot. The great commercial house which he had raised to so proud a position was continued by his sons, and may be considered the most important mercantile establishment in the empire. Freehold estates to the amount of L.500,000, besides enormous personal property, rewarded his great capacity, and his yet greater integrity. The House of Baring, notwithstanding some periods when doubt, and almost dismay, hung over it, yet retains the power and position bequeathed by Sir Francis; and as an instance of the fortune and capacity of its members, it may be mentioned that the late Lord Ashburton, when bearing, as Sir Robert Peel feelingly expressed it, the honoured name of Alexander Baring, realised L.170,000 in two years by his combinations in French *Rentes*.'

But the most remarkable stockbroker on record was Francis Baily the astronomer, who retired from the Stock Exchange in 1825. Baily 'having left school at fourteen, remained in a mercantile situation until he was twenty-two; when, for the mere love of adventure, he embarked for the New World, travelled through a great part of the "far west," and passed eleven months among the aborigines without once meeting the shelter of a civilised roof. In 1800 he went on the money-market, where he soon became conspicuous, publishing within a few years many works, which were justly regarded with great favour; and in 1806 defended, though unsuccessfully, the rights of the brokers. In 1814 he drew up the report of the committee on the great fraud of that year, arranged the evidence against the perpetrators completely and conclusively, and was one of those men of whom the Stock Exchange—from which he retired with a fortune won by uprightness and intelligence—was not worthy.'

The reader will see that there is a great variety of interesting and amusing matter in the volume of 'mémoires pour servir' we have thus hastily skimmed; but we have now done enough not only to give some idea of the book, but of the nature and career of the Stock Exchange. The public debt, which it is the business of the brokers to buy and sell, has increased to L.800,000,000, entailing upon the country an expenditure for interest of L.28,000,000 per annum. The debt is practically considered *perpetual*; and at every excess of revenue the minister is expected to reduce taxation. To this object, likewise, the plans of financial reformers are limited; and when some schemer gets up with a proposal that the nation, instead of merely lightening its daily burthens, shall try to make some progress in paying what it owes, either by converting interminable into terminable annuities, or by submitting to a general assessment, he is looked upon as an idle visionary. This may be all very correct; but the heir of a burthened estate, preserved to him in its entirety by expensive lawsuits (and we, as a nation, are exactly in this position), would be counselled by judicious friends to apply whatever savings he could make, or assessments he could bear, to the extinction of his encumbrances.

RECREATION.

I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes the working itself, incessant work-

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ing, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them, excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour. The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points—of being a man, and not a machine. It may seem as if the preceding arguments were directed rather against excessive work than in favour of recreation. But the first object in an essay of this kind should be to bring down the absurd estimate that is often formed of mere work. What ritual is to the formalist, or contemplation to the devotee, business is to the man of the world. He thinks he cannot be doing wrong as long as he is doing that. No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. Again, there are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that. If not sensuality, then avarice, or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

NEARING AN ICEBERG.

I think we were on the larboard tack when we first got sight of the berg. It appeared at a distance of nine or ten miles on the horison, a beautiful 'two-forked hill' of crystalline, its dazzling peaks irradiated by the early morning beams. We very much feared at the time that a fog would close in and shut it from our view. Towards the latter part of the day, however, the haze cleared; and by about three or four o'clock P. M. we had beat up to it, and were close under its lee on the starboard side, and only from a quarter of a mile to half a mile distant from it; the sea being against it on the windward side, and dying into a little bay formed by its precipitous crags, and a lower and more extended part undulating into two or three distinct ranges of elongated hillocks or hummocks, which seemed to have been a portion of field-ice attached to the loftier part. The whole might have been from 300 to 500 feet at the base, by about 250 of extreme elevation; and on one side of the more abrupt portion, near the summit, was a singularly-shaped mass, which required scarcely any effort of imagination to form into a gigantic white bear, crawling down the side of it. There was something extremely majestic and solemn in its aspect, as the chill wind r from it, and the deep, dark-green waves rolled and fa beneath and around. The thought of striking again a mass in the darkness and tempest, and being sent shock to the depths beneath, seemed enough to curd very life-blood in our veins, and afforded a vivid re the perils undergone by the Polar voyagers and w Whilst we gazed upon it, we encountered a most a and agreeable surprise. The sky cleared brightly overhead, and the magnificent mass immediately took tint from the heavens, assuming the softest cerulea that the imagination could conceive. The exquisi parent smoothness of it was also another feature for w I was not at all prepared. I had prefigured to m large, rough, white mass; but the alabaster polish general surface, and the general hue which was shed it, to which the finest ultramarine must fail of doing tice, presented an effect at once delightful and unexpe Gradually, as evening advanced, and we drew away it on the watery pathway, the paler tints resumed sway, the mists and shadows closed around it, and it to its silent march—the cold, gray, stern watcher the ocean—alone with Omnipotence amidst the wa waters.—*The Emigrant Churchman in Canada.*

MOTHER DEAR, WHERE ART THOU

Mother dear, where art thou? Dost thou hear me calling
In the early morning, or when eve is falling,
Through each darksome midnight, and each cheerless morn
Since I closed thine eyelids on that night of sorrow?

Mother dear, where art thou? Dost thou heed my weeping
In the dreary midnight, when light hearts are sleeping?
Doth thy spirit hover near me when I slumber,
Or when, through the darkness, sleepless hours I number?

Mother dear, where art thou? Weary hours of sadness,
In our lonely chamber, once a home of gladness,
Weighing down my spirit, pass unheeded o'er me,
While thy chair, deserted, ever stands before me!

Mother dear, where art thou? Spring hath come and gone.
But it brought no gladness to thy lonely hearted;
Through the blessed summer all was dark around me,
For its fragrance breathed not through the grave that hid

Mother dear, where art thou? Autumn winds are blowing;
And within our dwelling bright the hearth is glowing,
By our pleasant fireside youthful tones are ringing,
But thine ancient ballads no sweet voice is singing.

Mother dear, where art thou? There is no one near me,
In my hour of anguish, who will care to cheer me,
Who will smooth my pillow when my head is aching,
Or a prayer will whisper when my heart is breaking.

Mother dear, where art thou? I have none to cherish
With the love that cannot in death's darkness perish;
At my step approaching no fond brow will lighten,
And my smile of gladness no kind eye will brighten.

Mother dear, where art thou? Hast thou left no token
That the tie which bound us still abides unbroken,
But the vacant pillow where I watched thee dying,
And the silent graveyard where thy dust is lying?

Mother dear, I know that our Redeemer liveth,
And that life unfading to his own He giveth;
Though *thy* place is empty, He will still be near me,
And thy parting counsel, 'Trust in God,' shall cheer me

Mother dear, in heaven, where thy voice is swelling,
Angels' hymns adoring, blessed is thy dwelling!
Safe from fear of evil, free from toil and sadness,
Waiting for thy lone one, till we meet in gladness!

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 312. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1849. Price 1½d.

ART OF BIOGRAPHY.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE.

We have already indulged in some speculations on the state of criticism in this country, and we take the present opportunity to resume the subject.

In the earlier stages of society, the practice of *medicine* is followed empirically, each man dealing as well as he can with the facts before him, and striving to learn from actual cases the true mode of treatment. But as education and refinement advance, an interchange of knowledge takes place; comparisons are made; errors are corrected; principles are established on the base of experience; theory, like a constitutional legislature, governs the practice from which it emanated; and medicine becomes in process of time at once an art and a science. This should likewise be the history of Criticism, and the fact that it is so is obvious even in our own literature; but our complaint is, that we are in far too early a stage of the process, considering the comparatively rapid advancement which has taken place in other sciences. Here and there, indeed, some solitary thinker does fancy that there may be eternal principles of taste applicable to the different branches of literature, and now and then a voice is heard, as if from afar, announcing something that seems like a marvel and a discovery; but in general we remain in absolute unconsciousness that there are any higher and nobler laws than the empirical judgment of individuals.

In illustration of the want of pure criticism betrayed in our literature, we have already made some mention of romantic fiction and history; but perhaps there is no department in which the deficiency is more obvious than biography. Biography with us is rarely a work of art, and never of high art. It is a mere collection of materials, or at best a rude and shapeless form. If the facts are true and abundant, the moral reflections just, and the likeness recognisable, we are satisfied; for we are unconscious that these are the mere stones of a temple which it is the province of genius to raise over the ashes of the great and good. Biography is the history of an individual, and is only different from that of a nation in its being of more limited range. A nation, as one of the great communities of mankind, must be considered with reference to the general progress of society; and its historian, if his views be proportionably large, must not only dive into the past, but soar into the future. He must know intimately the contemporaneous world; he must be acquainted with all arts and all sciences; and, abstracting himself from his own day and its conventionalisms and prejudices, he must look at the groups of mankind in their onward march, from age to age, from development to development, till they are lost in that abysm of futurity where even genius can only guess at their destinies.

Biography, as the history of an individual, is of more limited range: it deals with one country, one epoch, one lifetime; and when the tomb closes over its hero, its task is done. But how many conditions does this require to be fulfilled! How grand a scope does it present for the true artist! In the sister profession, a portrait destined to command the admiration of the world is a work of earnest labour and refined skill: nothing is redundant, nothing meagre; tint after tint, shade after shade, are thrown in with unwearied diligence; and all are made to tell in the production of character. The chiaroscuro is so managed that even the most essential incidents, when they disturb the main effect, are toned down so as to produce what writers on art call a eurythmia, or the beauty arising from order and harmony. The accessories, likewise, are all in harmony with the figure, determining its proportions, and even the most trivial of them performing some allotted function in the design. A biography is in literature what a portrait is in art; and the pen may draw many instructive analogies from the pencil. We cannot accept from the author, any more than from the painter, a heap of features, draperies, incidents, to be arranged at our own pleasure, and owe their effect to our own unconscious skill. Books of this kind are mere materials—such as Boswell's 'Johnson,' the gem of them all—but are not entitled to the name of biography. The biographer must be an artist, and feel that he is so. He must attend to the keeping of his portrait, as well as the mere likeness of the features. He must not only search with industry, but select with severity; excluding everything not absolutely necessary, and taking care that everything he admits holds the place due to its importance or comparative insignificance, and ministers to the general effect.

A life usually extends beyond half a century, and in that space the social changes must be expected to be numerous; and all must be indicated in the biography. The man must be exhibited as a part of the time in which he lives, or he will not be understood. Thus, in a historical biography, the public history must be traced, or the actions of the individual will be unintelligible. An ordinary biographer, therefore, has more to do than to follow his hero in the events of his life: he must describe the spirit of the age in its manners, morals, and intellect; and the progress of society, as the stream in which his subject floats. He must, in short, identify the man with the epoch, in order to ascertain his value and character. Thirty years ago, a scientific discoverer may have been a great man—perhaps the greatest man of his time; while in the present day he would be regarded as a mere tyro. In writing his life, therefore, it would be necessary to describe exactly the state of science in his time; and even so we should deal with literary biography, and even with the mere biography of manners.

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It may be said that the kind of details thus alluded to are to be found in Boswell; and so they are. But they are thrown in with the shovel, not built up in an artistical construction. We rise from the volumes with a pretty clear idea of the man and the social time; but the idea is collected by ourselves from a mass of shapeless material, amid a greater mass of useless rubbish. Boswell, therefore, is not a biographer, and his work is not a work of art. We have cited this exquisite gossip as an extreme case; but the fault of criticism is, that in general it rarely makes any distinction. There is hardly such a thing as real biography in the language; and the reason is, that the nature and functions of the art are either not comprehended, or not insisted upon, by those who assume the direction of the public taste.

It may seem hardly fair to cite the Life of Southey* in illustration of these remarks, since the author disclaims any intention to write 'a regular biography;' but there is every reason to believe, from the internal evidence of the book, that he conceives his performance to fall short of a regular biography only in as much as it permits the narrative to be carried on occasionally by contributions and correspondence. This notion is clearly enough indicated by the word *narrative*, which is all that is commonly supposed to be required to constitute a biography. Our chief reason, however, for fixing upon the book before us is, that it is necessary to make a stand somewhere; and the volume before us is so flagrant an instance of the art of biography as practised in this country, that we think we cannot have a better opportunity of calling attention to the subject. We shall now proceed to give some account of the work. One half of the volume is composed of Recollections of Southey, written by himself at forty-six years of age; and then the son, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which his father has entered into the history of his family, and the details of his early life, takes up the thread of the narrative where he laid it down. The Recollections, however, with a good deal of amusing matter interspersed, are prosy and weak; and a 'regular biographer,' while extracting their spirit for his own use, would have thrown them into an appendix as a literary curiosity.

Before coming to the amiable self-consciousness of Southey, we cannot help remonstrating with his son for allowing his reverence for his father's memory to betray him into an extravagance as offensive to good taste as to true religion. 'I may say,' says he, in concluding the preface, 'that whatever defects these volumes may possess, I have the satisfaction of feeling that they will verify my father's own words—words not uttered boastingly, but simply as the answer of *a conscience void of offence both towards God and man*—"I have this conviction that, die when I may, my memory is one of those which will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."' The 'conviction' here is nothing more than the self-satisfaction of a man conscious of good intentions and kindly feelings; but the reverend biographer ought to know better than we, that a conscience void of offence towards God is an absurdly-impossible attainment, and one at which even St Paul only 'exercised' himself.

Southey traces his family back by the church registers to the very reasonable date of 1696, when his grandfather Thomas was baptised at Wellington in Somersetshire. Thomas, however, it seems, had a father called Robert, sometimes designated as a yeoman, and sometimes as a farmer, and married either to a niece or second cousin of the philosopher Locke, 'who is still held in more estimation than he deserves.' There is even a tradition of a grandfather of this Robert, a great clothier; and his grandchildren having used armorial bearings, Southey rejoices in the idea that his ancestors perhaps served in the Crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His father, however, was nothing more than a grocer in London, and afterwards a linendraper at Bristol. His mother he introduces by this somewhat singular anecdote:—'While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some person advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out, as usual, into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she rose from her seat, to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and because it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure.' This lady had an excellent understanding and much readiness of apprehension, but no education beyond dancing and needlework. So much the better. 'Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to *we*;" and the mistress of what, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this.' His mother, however, acquired another accomplishment: having a great ear for music, she 'was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute.' To these parents Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August 1774.

His early childhood was passed with his aunt Mrs Tyler; and this description of her drawing-room will convey an accurate idea both of the merits and defects of the autobiographical department of the work:—'The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a pale green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colour from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I must mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajou-nut or a kidney: the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry-wood, which had been Mr Bradford's, and in which she always sat—mentionable because if any visitor, who was not in her especial favour, sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's Eloisa in an oval, black frame, because of its

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey: Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Six Volumes. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1849.

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supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving from pictures by Angelica Kauffman —one of Hector and Andromache, the other of Telemachus at the court of Menelaus: these I notice because they were in frames of Brazilian-wood; and the great print of Pombal, *O grande Marquez*, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of any illustrious man with which I became familiar.' In this house he slept with his aunt, and was compelled to lie till nine or ten o'clock. In the wearisome waking hours he passed in bed, perhaps the intellectual education of the future author commenced. 'My poor little wits were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of form in the curtains, wondering at the motes in the slant sunbeam, and watching the light from the crevices of the window-shutters, till it served me at last, by its progressive motion, to measure the lapse of time.' A present which he received, however, of a set of Mr Newberry's juvenile books, appears to have had a decided effect in determining him to literature, which was the passion of his whole life. A little later, but still before he was seven years of age, the habit of frequenting the theatre at Bath with his aunt made him dream of being a dramatist. His favourite play upon the stage was 'Cymbeline,' and next to that, 'As You Like It.' In the closet 'it is curious that "Titus Andronicus" was at first my favourite play; partly, I suppose, because there was nothing in the characters above my comprehension; but the chief reason must have been, that tales of horror make a deep impression upon children, as they do upon the vulgar, for whom, as their ballads prove, no tragedy can be too bloody: they excite astonishment rather than pity. I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also before I was eight years old; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works. What harm, indeed, could they do me at that age? I read them merely for the interest which the stories afforded, and understood the worse parts as little as I did the better. But I acquired imperceptibly from such reading familiarity with the diction, and ear for the blank verse, of our great masters.'

After the Newberry series, the first book Southey perused with delight was Hoole's translation of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' and the next the 'Faery Queen,' printed in old English. 'No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the "Faery Queen." If I had then been asked wherefore it gave me so much more pleasure than ever Ariosto had done, I could not have answered the question. I now know that it was very much owing to the magic of its verse; the contrast between the flat coüplets of a rhymester like Hoole, and the fullest and finest of all stanzas written by one who was perfect master of his art. But this was not all. Ariosto too often plays with his subject; Spenser is always in earnest. The delicious landscapes which he luxuriates in describing brought everything before my eyes. I could fancy such scenes as his lakes and forests, gardens and fountains, presented; and I felt, though I did not understand, the truth and purity of his feelings, and that love of the beautiful and the good which pervades his poetry.'

Uncle William was a character:—'For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went also sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and as inaction, aided no doubt by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small-beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbours, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them.' We have no room for the obscure schools in which Southey passed his boyhood, but the whim of a cross pedagogue in correcting a more than usually stupid boy is worth mentioning:—'There was a hulking fellow (a Creole, with negro features, and a shade of African colour in him), and Williams, after flogging him one day, made him pay a halfpenny for the use of the rod, because he required it so much oftener than any other boy in the school. Whether G—— was most sensible of the mulct or the mockery, I know not, but he felt it as the severest part of the punishment.' This is very good; but then follow scores of pointless anecdotes of unknown persons, which make one entirely forget the subject of the memoir. One of these individuals, however, is above the commonplace, for he furnished an image in the 'Curse of Kehama,' drawn from the poet's recollections of his fiendish malignity. 'When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned the gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him: but when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion (who related the story to me), he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. . . . . He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand.'

In his twelfth and thirteenth years Southey wrote a good deal of juvenile poetry, chiefly translations from the classics, but including a piece, which he very correctly pronounces to be wholly original in its design—'an attempt to exhibit the story of the Trojan war in a dramatic form, laying the scene in Elysium, where the events which had happened on earth were related by the souls of the respective heroes as they successively descended. . . . . There was one point,' he says, 'in which these premature attempts afforded a hopeful omen, and that was in the diligence and industry with which I endeavoured to acquire all the historical information within my reach relating to the subject in hand. . . . . It was perhaps fortunate that these pursuits were unassisted and solitary. By thus working a way for myself, I acquired a habit and a love for investigation, and nothing appeared uninteresting which gave me any of the information I wanted. The pleasure which I took in such researches, and in composition, rendered me in a great degree independent of other amusements; and no systematic education could have fitted me for my present course of life so well as the circumstances which allowed me thus to feel and follow my own impulses.'

Miss Tyler's temper and habits grew more and more peculiar as he advances in his boyish years. Her passion for cleanliness is equal to any oddity we meet with in romance:—'That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlour I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth

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while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean: all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not! On such occasions her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement, even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.'

Our poet is at length fairly placed in Westminster school, where the best story is of James Beresford, the author of the 'Miseries of Human Life.' When he was at the Charter-House, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school was so silent without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging. With such little anecdotes, though few so good, this epoch of Southey's life concludes, having given the reader little or no idea of his studies or manner of thinking. Then commence the labours of the son with his entrance into Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793, where he was condemned 'to pay respect to men with great wigs and little wisdom.' Southey began his career by heroically refusing to have his long and curling hair dressed and powdered; and in spite of the astonishment and touching remonstrances of the barber, he actually took his seat in the dining-hall in that state of indecent simplicity. At this time he rose every morning at five to study, eat bread and cheese, and drink negus; and he exclaims, 'Let me have L.200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further.' 'Never shall child of mine,' says he, 'enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or language, but I can at least preserve him from vice.' In his nineteenth year he completed 'Joan of Arc.' His admiration at this time of Glover's 'Leonidas,' and his classing Voltaire with Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, show the juvenility of his taste; but the biographer quotes largely from his letters without any remark. In 1794 his acquaintance with Coleridge began. The latter had by that time obtained his discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons, in which he had suddenly enlisted as a private; and now, on visiting Oxford, an intimacy sprang up between him and Southey, hastened by the heterodox views of both on the subjects of religion and politics. They formed a plan of emigration to the New World called 'Pantisocracy,' where they meant to establish a sort of Socialist community. Southey's mother appears to have joined in the scheme; but with his aunt its disclosure caused a complete and lasting estrangement, and turned the young philosopher adrift. Coleridge and he tried to keep the wolf from the door by delivering lectures; but Southey was more successful in falling in with a publisher for 'Joan of Arc'—Mr Cottle—who gave him one hundred guineas; and soon after with an uncle, who carried him with him to Lisbon. Southey prepared for this journey by marrying Edith Fricker in 1795. 'Immediately after the ceremony, they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.'

At Lisbon he learned Spanish and Portuguese; and on returning to England, passed the time till the close of 1796 in writing for the magazines, and working up the contents of his foreign note-books into 'Letters from Spain and Portugal.' On the completion of the task, he sat fairly down in London to the study of the law, enabled to do so by the generous friendship of a college associate, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, from whom he received for some years an annuity of L.160. A few more unimportant letters bring the narrative down to the end of 1798, by which time 'Madoc' was in preparation.

This closes a volume of amusing and interesting materials, mixed with a good deal of rubbish, all the whole roughly and carelessly thrown together, under which the compiler has the modesty to tell us is a 'regular biography,' but which, for all that, will be read as such with a great majority of the English public.

THE TWO EMPRESSES AND THE ARTIST.

It was the middle of the year 1812, that year the months of which witnessed the annihilation of the army on the plains of Russia. Such a was far from the thoughts of a single inhabitant Paris, when one morning in the month of June the brated artist Redouté was on his way to present to the Empress Josephine some lilies. He was a great favourite with her, having devoted his pencil to flowers, of which passionately fond. In full enjoyment of the morning, he was gaily crossing the garden of the ries to get to the Place de la Concorde, when tended taking a coach, when he saw a crowd hurrying in the direction of the walk by the The general cry, 'The king of Rome!—the soon told him the object of attraction; and quickened his steps, glad of the opportunity chance afforded him, of seeing the son of peror, the yet cradled child of fifteen so proud a destiny seemed to await.

It was indeed the king of Rome, in a little drawn by four snow-white goats, and the Maria-Louisa walking by its side. She was in a blue shawl, of a peculiar shade, known favourite colour. The crowd had gathered grating, around which they pressed closely; douté stopped to gaze with the rest, he near him a young woman with a child in The garb of both bespoke extreme poverty child's face was glowing with health, whilst of the mother were pale and emaciated, and sunken eyes fell tears, which she cared not wipe away or conceal.

'My poor little one!—my darling!' she whisper she pressed the child still closer to her have no carriage, my angel; no playthings— any kind. For him, abundance, pleasure, every his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty. What is he that he should be happier than ling? Both of you born the same day, the I, as young as his mother, and loving you as she loves him. But you have now no father babe; you have no father!'

The artist overheard these words of with his eyes fixed upon the poor young utter forgetfulness of the king of Rome.

'Madame,' said he, after a moment's hesitation in a low voice, 'why do you not make known tion to the Empress?'

'To what purpose, sir?' cried the young somewhat bitterly. 'Small compassion have ones of this world.'

'But why not make the attempt?'

'I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the and told her that my son was born the same

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same hour, with the king of Rome. I told her, alas! that he has no father, that my strength is failing, that we are utterly destitute. But the Empress has not deigned to answer.'

'You will have an answer, rest assured. Perhaps the memorial has not been yet placed before her majesty. Give me your address, I beg of you.' And after taking a memorandum of it, and slipping into her hand all the money he had about him, Redouté was soon rapidly making his way to the Place de la Concorde, where, just as he was stepping into a carriage, he discovered that his purse was empty.

'It is of no consequence,' he said; 'I have only to walk a little fast.'

Josephine, meanwhile, had been eagerly expecting the promised visit of the usually punctual artist, and was beginning to feel uneasy lest some accident had occurred to occasion the prolonged delay, when he was announced.

'I ought to scold you,' she said, as she received with her wonted gentle grace the artist's offering, 'for delaying the pleasure I feel in seeing this admirable drawing.'

'I must throw myself upon your majesty's goodness to excuse me,' answered Redouté rather inconsiderately. 'I had never seen the king of Rome, and to-day I have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him.' Josephine started, and Redouté, instantly aware of the awkwardness of mentioning the meeting, stopped suddenly in confusion.

'I am very glad,' said Josephine, making a strong effort to repress her emotion, 'that you have seen the son of the Emperor. Pray tell me where you saw him, and who was with him?' Redouté hesitated.

'Pray, pray go on,' said she gently, but earnestly. He obeyed; and told her every particular he had observed, as well as what had delayed his arrival by obliging him to walk to Malmaison.

'I see the great artist, as always happens, has a feeling heart,' said Josephine, her sympathy aroused for the poor woman. 'If Napoleon did but know the destitution of this child, born the same day, the same hour with his son! Be with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; we will together visit this poor creature.' And the next morning at nine o'clock Redouté was at Malmaison; and an hour after, Josephine, undeterred by the dark, narrow, muddy passage, and the equally dark, damp stairs, increasing in steepness every step, had entered the wretched apartment, utterly bare of furniture, in the fifth storey, inhabited by the widow of Charles Blanger.

'Madame,' said Redouté, to whom Josephine had made signs to introduce her and the object of their visit, 'you may rest assured that if the Emperor knew your situation, he would give you relief; but there is now no necessity to trouble him. This lady, whom I have the honour to accompany, is good enough to say she will take you under her protection, and her protection is all-sufficient.'

'What a lovely boy!' cried Josephine, as the little orphan sat up in his cradle, and smilingly stretched out his little arms to his mother. 'Redouté,' she said, as she took the child and kissed it, 'did you not tell me that he was born the same day with the king of Rome?'

'The same day and hour, madame,' answered the young mother.

'Was it mentioned to the Emperor at the time?'

'No, madame; we were happy then, and my poor Charles had too independent a spirit to ask anything from any one while he could work. He was an engineer; and though employment fluctuated, yet still we were never reduced to want. At his leisure time he used to construct model-machines, from one of which, novel and ingenious in the invention, he expected both fame and pecuniary advantage; but he has been suddenly taken from me, and I am left alone to struggle with misery and wretchedness. I am sinking lower and lower, and gradually every resource has been exhausted. Alas, I need not tell you!'—and she glanced sorrowfully around the miserable little apartment.

'To-morrow you shall quit this wretched, unwholesome abode,' said the Empress, as she gave the child to his mother, after fondly caressing him, and putting her purse into his little hand. 'I will send you my own physician; his skill, and the comforts with which I hope to surround you, will restore your health. I rely on you, my good friend,' added she, turning to the artist, 'to arrange all this for me.'

She was rising to quit the room, amid the tears and blessings of the widow, whose heart she had 'made to sing for joy,' when the door opened, and a young lady entered, at sight of whom Redouté stood motionless with astonishment. It was Maria-Louisa, accompanied by a newly-appointed chamberlain. As Maria-Louisa was never known to visit the poor man in his abode of poverty, Redouté had some excuse for the uncharitable judgment he formed on the instant—that this unusual proceeding on her part was intended either as an attempt to rival Josephine in the popularity gained by her active and unwearied benevolence, or to please the Emperor, as proving the lively interest she took in a child born the same day and hour with the king of Rome. But whatever might have been her motive, certain it is that she was now standing in the widow's humble abode without deigning a salutation to any one in it.

Josephine was sweetness and gentleness itself; but there was something in this want of common courtesy that grated upon the pride of caste which, as a Creole of an illustrious race, the wife of the greatest captain of the age, and as one still feeling herself the Empress, she retained amid desertion and the disgrace of her repudiation. It may be, too, that she recognised Maria-Louisa, though she had only seen the portraits of her who now filled her place; and she therefore resumed her seat, as if fearful that her standing might have been construed into homage. Maria-Louisa, on her part, was far from suspecting that the female so simply dressed, so quietly seated in the miserable garret, was her still envied rival.

As the artist glanced from Maria-Louisa to the beautiful face of Josephine—for it was still beautiful, though bearing the impress of grief even more than of years—he observed that an unwonted expression of haughty disdain now clouded that brow, usually so radiant with benevolent kindness, and he half dreaded the result of this unexpected encounter. And now Maria-Louisa, without one caress to the child, or noticing it in anyway, explained in a few words the object of her visit.

'Your intention is most laudable doubtless, madame,' said Josephine, still keeping her seat; 'but you are rather late: the young mother and the child are under my protection.' Maria-Louisa, with a haughty glance at her who thus presumed to address the Empress, said coldly, 'I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous.' Here the chamberlain quickly interposed, 'It is quite certain that you, madame, have the power of elevating the boy to any position you may choose for him, however high.' With a momentary bitterness of feeling, excited by the involuntary retrospect of what she once had been, Josephine's disdainful eye seemed to measure the speaker from head to foot, as she said, 'And pray, sir, what leads you to conclude that I am not able to raise whom I will still higher?'

'The lady doubtless intends,' said Maria-Louisa in a tone of irony, 'to place her protégé on the steps of the throne.'

'Higher still, madame, if such were my pleasure,' warmly retorted Josephine, now rising to withdraw. 'For aught you can tell, I may have given kings to the world.'

'Beware, madame,' hastily whispered Redouté; 'your majesty will betray yourself, and the Emperor will be

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displeased.' Josephine was silent; and the artist, who was upon thorns, hastily added, 'I do not see why either of these ladies need give up her share in the happiness of doing good. I shall feel honoured in accepting for my happy protégés whatever kindness it may please either to bestow upon them.' Josephine made no answer, but with head erect, left the room; and Redouté, respectfully bowing to Maria-Louisa, was following, glad to have prevented an outbreak which might have had serious consequences, when a hand laid upon his arm made him turn round: it was the chamberlain.

'Sir,' said he in a low whisper, 'do you know that the lady whom I have had the honour of attending here is her majesty, the Empress Maria-Louisa?'

'Sir,' answered Redouté in an equally low voice, 'the lady that I have had the honour of attending here is the Empress Josephine.'

In less than two years after this meeting Josephine had sunk under the never-healed wound that Napoleon's desertion had inflicted, and died at Malmaison; and Maria-Louisa had, it may be joyfully, quitted a country which she had never loved, and in which she never succeeded in making herself beloved. During these two years the widow had lived upon the daily bounty of her royal patronesses, and was consequently now as destitute as when they first entered her abode of poverty. In vain had Redouté often placed before Josephine his view of what patronage, to be really useful, ought to be —the helping others to help themselves. In vain had he urged her to establish the widow in some way of earning her independence. 'Time enough for this when the boy is grown up.' But death came, and reverse of fortune, and no friend now remained to the widow and the orphan but the artist, and nought remained to him from the vast wreck but his talent and his reputation. Circumstances might indeed render the productions of his pencil less a source of emolument, but these circumstances were but temporary: the artist would again rise to fame and fortune, while Napoleon and Maria-Louisa had fallen irretrievably.

Redouté acted on the principle he would have had the widow's royal patronesses to act: he procured employment for the widow; and, thanks to his influence, she was enabled to earn sufficient to place her above want, while he took upon himself the education of her child. But the mother's health was failing; and when Redouté, previous to a short absence from Paris, went to take leave of her, she expressed her belief that he would not find her alive at his return, and with tears she solemnly commended her boy to his care. Though he had not attached much weight to her presentiments, yet it was with a somewhat uneasy feeling that, immediately on his return, he went to the house. The door was open; and as he ran up stairs, a sound reached him which struck upon his heart: they were fastening down the coffin of the widow, and in a corner of the room was the little Charles weeping bitterly. Some distant relations stood by the coffin in cold and audible debate as to what was to be done with the child.

'I see nothing for him but the Orphan Asylum,' said one.

'Oh no, no! pray do not send me there,' cried the child. 'My own dear mamma worked for her bread, and so can I. You do not know how much I can do if you will but try me.' At this instant he caught a glimpse of Redouté, and throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, 'You are come back, dear, good friend, and you will not send me to the asylum!' The artist pressed the poor boy to his bosom.

'Have you no hearts?' he said, indignantly turning to the relations. 'This boy shall be my care.' And what the most powerful among the powerful had not done, he did—he, the comparatively obscure and humble artist. He secured to his protégé present comfort and future respectability, by teaching him, as soon as possible, to help himself. Charles Blanger became not only his best pupil, but a celebrated painter, making the same use as his noble-minded master of that knowledge which is power, and of that talent which is one of the possessions described by Aristides in his celebrated maxim, 'Heap up no treasures save those which, in shipwreck come, will float with the owner.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TRONDHIEM—VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

As Trondhiem (or, in the English heterography, *Trondhiem*) is placed somewhere in the 63d parallel, and therefore about the same latitude with the south of Iceland, an Englishman naturally expects to find a place of cold and harsh appearance, possibly inhabited exclusively by people wearing skin-dresses with the wool innermost. He is somewhat surprised when Trondhiem turns out to be a neat and rather handsome looking town of rectangular streets, composed chiefly of wooden and brick houses, all of them coloured a bright yellow, and as clean as possible, and the greater number showing white gauze curtains, with pretty flowering plants* in the windows; while the paved streets present a display of ladies and gentlemen as well dressed as those of any town of its size (about 14,000 inhabitants) in England. The fact is, Trondhiem is a port of considerable trade, as well as the centre of inland business for the large provinces towards the north; and it has therefore no occasion to be otherwise than a thriving and smart place. With regard to climate, I can testify that on the 17th of July, it was barely possible to walk the streets during the day on account of the intense heat. The harbour is formed by the embouchure of the River Nid, formerly spoken of.

I had but a single afternoon at this time to devote to an examination of the town. I remarked, however, the number of handsome country mansions surrounding it—the residences of the most considerable merchants. The inspection of the cathedral I left for my next visit. The central office of the Bank of Norway is here—a plain, modest building at the corner of one of the streets. I remembered that the branch of a Scottish bank in the small town of Stirling is a more imposing edifice; but without drawing any inference therefrom as to either the resources or the wisdom of the Norwegian directors. As Trondhiem is a place of some importance, and lies exposed to invasion by sea, it has a large garrison, and is further protected by a small fortified island in front called Monksholm. On account of its being the ancient capital, and its possessing what Christiania wants—a fine old cathedral, the kings of Sweden are, here crowned as kings of Norway—so lately as 1834, when Mr Laing visited the place, there were no hotels — only a private lodging, into which strangers could be received. Now there are three hotels, two of which at least are comfortable houses.

Having an introduction to Mr Knudtzen, the Danish consul, I was invited to go to that gentleman's country house in the evening. It is a small villa, on the side of a fine slope rising to the east, and scarcely half a mile from town. Such places, I found, are only used during the brief period of summer; for winter residence Knudtzen has an elegant mansion on the quay. The gentleman, and his brother Mr Jorgen Knudtzen, whom I met at my visit, are interesting examples of enterprising men, of studious habits, refined tastes, and high accomplishments. They have a large library, and many works of art. Their conversation—and they converse in a variety of languages—is elegant and instructive. Mr Jorgen Knudtzen has lived much at Rome, where the number of his resident countrymen is very small. On his first being there, he soon attracted the regard of the great sculptor, merely because of the connection between Denmark and Norway and the

* I remarked the *Cactaceæ* to be in great favour at Trondhiem, and was amused at the odd figures of some specimens at the windows. One is a little surprised to find a South American plant abundant in Norway, albeit in its most Lilliputian size.

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munity of their language. They were very friendly together for a number of years. When the sculptor was above fifty, an attachment sprung up between him and a Scottish lady, Miss M. of S.; but the lady's friends, from readily-appreciable motives, interposed so many vexatious delays, that Thorvaldsen at last grew disgusted; and with the advice of his friend, he rescued himself from the unpleasant predicament into which he had been thrown. It was certainly well that this happened, for the Danish Phidias had not acquired the refined habits which would have been demanded in polite English life. It also left his property free to be bestowed upon his country. Here Mr Knudtzen was of a degree of service which should endear his name for ever to Denmark. Thorvaldsen designed to leave such of his works as he possessed, and the bulk of his fortune, to his country; but he was not a man of business habits, and had long put off this duty from time to time, so that it seemed in danger of never being performed at all; in which case, if the sculptor should die at Rome, the authorities there were sure to appropriate nearly everything to themselves. By urging him at proper opportunities, Mr Knudtzen at length induced Thorvaldsen to dictate to his secretary instructions which served for making a proper will; and thus the object so important to Denmark was secured.

Mr Broder Knudtzen possesses at his town-house several beautiful small *alti relievi* by Thorvaldsen; and it certainly is a thing highly relishable to find such objects in so remote a part of the civilised world. These kind-hearted gentlemen were eager to introduce me to an enjoyment of a different kind in a grove near their villa, all the trees of which had been brought from Scottish nurseries. The evening was a more beautiful one than it is at all common to see in England. The gentlemen sat in the open air in front of the house, most of them in very light dresses. By and by we took a walk to the summit of the slope on which the house is situated; and there, at about nine o'clock, enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view of the land and sea scenery around Trondhiem, as well as a magnificent sunset, bathing the opposite hills in a crimson glory. It was difficult to imagine all this as appertaining to Norway. About an hour thereafter I walked into the town: it was now a pale but beautiful twilight. Ten o'clock having struck in the cathedral tower, I heard a strange wild voice suddenly burst forth, with abrupt risings and fallings, and brief intervals of silence, lasting in all about a minute. Such a sound one might have expected to proceed from some prophet warning a sinful people of future wo. It proved to be the cry of the watchman in the church tower, uttering, according to an ancient custom, some Scriptural texts, not exactly to let the people know that all was right about the town, as far as fire and other external dangers were concerned, but to give assurance to the authorities that he was awake, and on the watch lest any such dangers should occur. It is deemed necessary to be thus careful about fire in Trondhiem and other Scandinavian towns, as, being chiefly built of wood, the burning of one house is pretty sure to lead to the conflagration of many. The watchers are enjoined to look out, and proclaim their vigilance at the stroke of every hour and quarter of an hour on the clock during the whole night. To the apprehension of a stranger it is an *eerie* sound; and even after its commonplace explanation, I could never hear it moaning through the calm night-air without a sensation approaching to superstitious awe.

I had this day taken a berth in the *Prinds Gustaf*, a post steamer, which sails once in three weeks during summer from Trondhiem to Hammerfest, calling at many intermediate stations, an invaluable engine of civilisation for the northern provinces of Norway. My design was to visit a district in Norwegian Lapland, not far from the North Cape, where I was aware there were some geological objects of an interesting character, and where it was to be presumed the state of society would prove an interesting study. I contemplated returning by the next course of the steamer, five weeks hence, and then proceeding on my land journey. Meanwhile my drosky was to be left behind in Trondhiem, as it could be of no use in a country where there are no roads. I was also recommended to leave my servant, as it would be necessary to obtain assistance of a totally different kind in the far north. It was with reluctance that I consented to the latter step, as I felt it to be dangerous for a man to be left idle for so long a time amongst strangers. It seemed, however, unavoidable. For his own advantage, I urged him to use every endeavour to obtain some employment during my absence, assuring him that I should pay his wages and board for the interval with all the more pleasure if he had gained something more from other people. I thought it not impossible that he might obtain a brief engagement from some travelling Englishman, and yet return in time for me; and I therefore left a strong recommendation in his hands, to be shown in case of such a person casting up. Unfortunately he did not obtain any employment whatever during my absence; but he nevertheless spent the time in a manner with which I had no occasion to find fault.

Our voyage commenced next morning (July 18th) at seven o'clock. The first day's sail, after clearing the Trondhiem fiord, was through a succession of straits, bordered on the one hand by little islands, generally little above the sea, and on the other by the mainland, here composed of bare rocky hills, of no great elevation, and generally too much softened by rounding to be very picturesque. The most striking object was a *line of erosion* seen at intervals running along the face of the hills at the height of several hundred feet. This is simply a rough horizontal cut in the rocks, considered by geologists as having been made by the sea at an ancient period, when the land was relatively to the sea several hundred feet lower than at present. M. Keilhau of Christiania has described such objects as being traceable in various parts of the Norwegian coast; and I had marked one, on the hills overlooking Trondhiem to the westward, of which I hoped to be able to measure the elevation on my return.

The steamer is one of moderate dimensions, but conducted in a creditable manner. There is a cabin of the size of a good parlour, where three meals are served up each day: *frocost*, or breakfast, at nine, consisting of fish, eggs, bread and butter, with coffee or beer; *middag*, or dinner, about three, comprising several good dishes, and always followed by a cup of coffee; *aftensmat*, or supper, at eight, consisting of little dishes of raw salmon and herrings, slices of tongue and ham, bread, cheese, and butter, with which can be had coffee or tea, as well as beer. With each of these meals there is presented a bottle of corn brandy—a liquor nearly as sweet and tempting as the cordial called *kümmel*—and of this every native gentleman takes a glass before his meal. But I observe that these persons very seldom order even a single glass of wine, though very good sherry and Madeira, as well as French wines, are to be had. There are two active waiters, besides a stewardess who attends without. The captain presides, a perfectly gentlemanlike man, bearing rank in the Norwegian navy, able to speak English, and of unfailing good-humour and civility. His lieutenant is a younger man, also bearing a commission, speaking still better English, and altogether very much like an English naval officer, which indeed is the less surprising, as he actually did serve for some time in the English navy. Then there is another officer, whose duty it is to attend to the posts, but unluckily he speaks only his own language. Behind the sitting-cabin is one lighted from the stern, containing ten beds for passengers. There is also a ladies' cabin, but of smaller dimensions. The passengers are mostly Norwegians—very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the cabin, and very plain-looking poor people in the fore-part of the vessel, who seem to depend for their meals chiefly upon certain light boxes of their own, stored with rye-bread, cheese, and butter. Among

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the latter are two *Quaens*, and in them I see for the first time examples of what may be called the savage people of Europe. They are dressed in skin tunics, with caps, leggings, and shoes of the same material. Simple, inoffensive people they appear to be; but I am told that they have been at Trondhiem undergoing punishment for some offence against the laws. The term *Quaens*, it may be remarked, is one applied in the north of Norway to certain *émigrés*, who have come within the last few years in considerable numbers from Finland, since it became a province of Russia. They are not very readily to be distinguished from the Laplanders amongst whom they have settled.

During the first day's sail, after clearing the fiord, there were hardly any appearances of population on the coast. Only here and there is a softer and greener spot, or a sheltered nook, where man has obtained a footing. There are, nevertheless, a few landing-places, implying a population in the interior, and, what indicates the same thing, one or two *handelsmen's* establishments. These are shops for retail business in the necessaries of life: they are conducted by licensed traders, who have each a certain district assigned to him, within which no other person is entitled to sell certain articles. The arrangement is of the nature of a monopoly, and is perhaps attended with some of the usual effects; but it was thought to be unavoidable in Norway, in order to induce respectable men to plant themselves in such wildernesses. Whatever be the character of the handelsman's trade, it was pleasant, on turning some corner of the land, to come upon his clean yellow or red house, with its wooden wharf stepping out from the rock into the calm sea, and its cheerful flag flying from some prominent crag near by—even though it might be impossible to discern a single patch of cultivable ground, or so much as grass for a goose or a kid within miles around. There was always a stir about the place when the steamer approached, and generally a boat put off to bring or receive passengers. One can of course imagine the passing of the *Prinds Gustaf* to be the grand event of the three weeks for those who live near its course. I observed once or twice, where no house was visible, a group of children, with one or two grown females, seated on the top of a bank or rock overlooking the sea, apparently waiting merely to behold the transit of this tri-weekly wonder, as, after we had passed, they were seen rising and turning slowly away towards their homes.

A pause of several hours took place on the second morning at Gutvig, on account of the post; and a young English tourist, who landed to see the country, brought back to me a report that he had seen shells a good-way from the shore, and at some height above the sea. As we went on to-day, the scenery of the mainland improved in grandeur, and patches of snow among the mountains became more abundant. The sea, protected by islands on the left, continued perfectly calm. Of its general tranquillity we have an infallible token in the arrangement of the wooden wharves at the merchants' establishments. These structures advance into the sea, resting on piles, with no bulwark to protect them from the dash of the waves—thus implying that there is at no time here any such violent action on the coast as we are accustomed to see in the British islands. Many small vessels passed us, stuffed full and piled high with dried fish, of the odour of which we were sensible at a great distance. These were emissaries of the important fisheries of the Lofoden Isles, and were proceeding to Bergen, the grand entrepôt whence this article is exported to the Catholic communities along the Mediterranean. Between ten and eleven we passed the rocky island of Torget, remarkable for a perforation which passes from one side to the other. It is a hill above 1000 feet in height, and this aperture is about half-way up. Probably a soft stratum has been worn on both sides by the sea when at this level, till a complete perforation was effected.

At three in the afternoon the steamer stopped at Tiötto, to land a young gentleman, the eldest son of a proprietor of that and some neighbouring islands. He had been two years from home on his travels, and as he was to return to the paternal dome. The ship being little in advance of its proper time, the captain agreed to make a brief pause; and the kind-hearted young man invited the cabin passengers to land with him, and to an hour at his father's house: an offer which I for gladly embraced, as it was important for me to see much as possible of domestic life in Norway. Let us, then, proceeding in boats towards a low islet rock alternating with green sward, amidst a panor of the stern gray mountains of the district. The Brodtkorb goes by himself in the first, eager to land, where a middle-aged gentleman, and one or other persons, are seen waiting to receive him. youth jumps ashore, and rushes into the arms father. All is a charming excitement in the little As we successively come ashore, we are introduced the elder Mr Brodtkorb, a fine, amiable-looking in externals very much like a Scotch laird, being in a black frock-coat and a white hat, bearing ever, in his hand the ordinary inseparable compa a Norwegian gentleman of his years—a long pipe and ebony. We then advanced to the house, stood at no great distance, and proved to be a very wooden mansion, with the grass growing up to the door. The day had been cool at sea, but we warm here. Within the porch was a good-look middle-aged lady, the stepmother of our young passenger, freshly dressed for the occasion in a silk gown and gay cap, and surrounded by the young branches of the family. From her we all received polite greeting. We were then ushered, twenty into two uncarpeted rooms; for so are the rooms best houses in Norway during summer, carpets only used in winter. In one, besides other furn was an old Clementi pianoforte; in the other historical picture by a native artist, representing murder of King Haco by a monk: a picture, by way, of fine rich effect. Coffee was served, pipes smoked, and conversation indulged in, the host speaking a little English to myself and two other Eng present. I afterwards learned that he had received of his education at the university of Edinburgh. were told that he is an affluent proprietor, and interested in getting a peep of the domestic ma such a family in this district of Norway. The plicity, united with education and good manners, re the pleasant pictures which Johnson and Bosw of the life and state of the Hebridean gentry Macleans and Macleods of seventy years ago: which, I may remark, are rapidly attaining a hist value. Unaffected kindness beamed in the faces towards the strangers, and when we came away accompanied us to our boats, and stood in a group the grassy shore, even till our figures on the deck must have ceased to be discernible. I felt pleasing effect of social good-will, even without charm of conversation, and parted with the shore Tiötto with regret, half-melancholy to think that should see these worthy people no more.

In the course of the afternoon we passed the Seven Sisters, a mountain with seven peaks or elevated mass very sterile and grand, and telling with the effect their whole height, as they rise direct from the water edge. We passed also a great crowd of fish-sloops the Lofoden Isles, laden full and high, and with national flag flying merrily from each stern. They the idea of a great traffic. The weather was so temperate, that we could sit on deck for hours, observing these and other objects, and indulging in the meditations which they were fitted to excite. Strange various thoughts will arise in such circumstances reflected on the enterprise of man, which makes desolate shores a scene of industry, and consequently seat of civilised and respectable existence. And an idea came into my mind to regard the stars

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planets as ships sailing in the sea of heaven, ever along and along on their appointed voyages, freighted with Enjoying and Suffering, hearts dancing and hearts breaking, but knowing little of the beginning or end of their course.

At a particular place, after passing the island of Vogten, I observed a long line of small uninhabited isles outside of our course, all of them so low upon the water as to form merely one thin line. Here is, I should suppose, a proof of the power of the sea to wear down to its own level rocks which may have previously been a little above it—for we cannot well imagine that through any other cause so lengthened a series of rocks was originally of this uniform height.

About ten in the evening we passed the Arctic Circle. The sun was setting in splendour; the air was so mild as not to demand gloves on our hands as we paced the deck; I could even trace the glimmer of the land-tide between us and the sunset sky. How different all these particulars from our ordinary associations with the frigid zone! We English remarked it with surprise, and one added, pointing to a well-dressed old gentleman who sat on deck eternally smoking his pipe, 'There is a clergyman—I am told his cure is at Bodö, a little farther on—you could not have supposed, from his appearance, that he lives in a place where, for a portion of the year, the sun does not rise! His remote situation seems to affect him very little.' We were all of opinion, for the five-hundredth time, that really things of the most unpleasant report are apt to appear not quite so bad upon actual acquaintance.

Nearly about the same time we passed a remarkably-shaped mountain called the Hestman, situated on an island close on our left. The name of this mountain, signifying the Horseman, refers to the shape, which is that of a man on horseback, with his cloak falling to the crupper behind him. Seen as it was by us in the twilight, and in so lonely and desolate a region, we felt how apt it would be to inspire superstitious ideas in a primitive people: it was not therefore surprising to learn that there is a popular tale referring to the Hestman. He was, it is said, a magician, who loved a maiden far to the south at Leköe. Being informed that she rejected him, he, in his wrath, launched a javelin at her, which, after perforating Torget, and producing the hole still seen in that mountain, slew the girl as she sat spinning at her door. A rock, something like a human figure, is pointed out on Leköe as the body of the slain maiden. As for the Hestman, he was changed with his horse into stone, and condemned to remain a monument of his own wickedness to all time. I was curious to ascertain the actual character of the object, and soon perceived that it was produced by a very ordinary geological arrangement—namely, a mass of strata thrown up on an inclination, with the broken edges forming a bold irregular escarpment. A knob-like mass accidentally left at top represented the horseman's head; the straight dip of the strata away from below this point gave the appearance of the falling cloak; while some irregularities in the escarpment passed very well for the horse's head and ears. The felicity of all these particulars in making up so familiar a figure was nevertheless curious, and this was still further increased by a certain angular mass below, not unlike the hind-limb of a horse. As a curiosity, the Hestman may be classed with those sections of marbles and agates in which, aided by the strong imaginations of lapidaries, we are taught to trace landscapes and profiles of the Duke of Wellington.

At six next morning (July 20) we came to a pause in front of Bodö, a mere handful of houses situated on a rocky shore, yet a place of some local consequence, on account of its being the only thing like a town on the coast of Norway throughout a space as great as from London to Aberdeen. We all rose under the excitement of the event, and gazed with interest on the little village, with its huge wooden wharf advancing into the sea, its three or four good houses, where dwell the authorities of the district and one or two merchants, and its cluster of meaner abodes; all of them backed by a range of stern, but partially-wooded mountains. Some passengers were to land here, including the fine-looking old clergyman, and also a young and handsome widow, who, we were told, was about to contract a second marriage in this remote corner of the earth. The post, too, was to be attended to, and would cause a delay of several hours, during which we were all at liberty to go ashore. I agreed with two English fellow-passengers—gentlemen in quest of salmon-fishing and shooting—to have a ramble in the neighbourhood of Bodö. I found a considerable tract of flat ground, covered with thin peat, and having boulders scattered about. About a mile and a-half inland was the parish church, with a comfortable *prestegaard* or parsonage close by, affording additional proof that there might be tolerable life within the Arctic Circle. The end of the church adjacent to the road contained a sculptured gravestone, which had originally had a place on the ground, as the monument of a pastor of Bodö of the era of our Commonwealth. His figure, carved at full length in the centre of the stone, was curious as a memorial of the costume of that time. Behind the church, the plain is confined between ranges of rock, and here we found that the ground to a considerable depth is composed of a mass of shells. Two pits are opened, from which supplies are taken to form and mend the roads. There is in these pits nothing but shells—cockles, mussels, whelks, limpits of a minute size, &c.—generally entire and fresh, as if they had only been deposited in the sea at some recent date. Many of the bivalves continue to have their two pieces lying against each other, indicating the calm state of the sea in which they were laid down. As in all similar cases throughout Scandinavia, these shells are identical as species with the mollusca now living in the neighbouring sea. I knew this to be the general fact, and afterwards obtained special proof of its being true in this instance, when I had an opportunity of submitting specimens to a distinguished naturalist at Upsala. Finding among the shells certain minute calcareous objects like the spines of sea-urchins (*echini*), I searched on the shore for the recent shells of such animals, and found, by the use of a good glass, that the spines which they bear are precisely the same as those of the shell-pits. There is also very common on the present shores a class of calcareous objects called *nullipora*; once thought to be remains of corallines, but now regarded as inorganic concretions. Of these the raised beds of Bodö contained numerous examples. Over the shell-deposits was a thin layer of sand, and the highest surface of the ground appeared, on a rough measurement, very nearly 100 feet above the sea.

Coming to a hamlet composed of poor people's cottages, we entered one in quest of a draught of milk. The interior was dirty, and the aspect of the women by no means interesting. An old sickly woman, of appearance superior to the rest, sat at a little table partaking of coffee, which surprised us, as it was just one o'clock. She took the beverage in a peculiar way, which I believe was once practised in Scotland; that is to say, first putting a piece of sugar-candy into her mouth, and then taking a sip of the coffee.

Bodö has some privileges as a commercial station, and has been looked to as a place likely to rise to importance in connection with the Lofoden fishings, for which it is a convenient entrepôt. Somehow it has not as yet fulfilled the expectations formed of it, or answered the views of the government by which it was patronised. Some years ago, an English company settled here under favour of the government, and great things were expected. After a short time, it was accused of smuggling to an astounding extent, and a vast quantity of contraband goods was seized and put into the customhouse, from which they were afterwards extracted in a mysterious manner. I am afraid that the whole story of this mercantile settlement is one little

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calculated to advance the credit of the English name among the people of Norway.

During the afternoon and evening's sail the scenery assumed a wild grandeur beyond what it had hitherto displayed. The distant range of Lofoden Isles, on which the sun was descending in splendour, was exceedingly grand; not so much from their loftiness—for they are seldom above 3000 feet high—as from the tremendous rugged or serrated outline. On the land side are many remarkable peaks, springing up, bare and stern, from the general mass of the mountain-ground: one slope I observed to be at an angle of not less than 66 degrees, and therefore, I presume, inaccessible to human foot. Patches of snow rest on these Alps, generally a good way down, giving a wintry air to the scenery, and therefore much at issue with the sensations we experienced under a temperature that would have done honour to Italy.

Next day was one of incessant sailing. In the forenoon we approached the straits between the Lofoden Isles and the mainland. I remarked here that the rocks appear less rounded than they are farther south, and examples of débris resting against them began to be seen. The upper portions of the hills have evidently not been subjected to the wearing influence of the ice of ancient times, for they stand up in all their primitive roughness. On the island of Hindöe, which we pass on the left, I observed, for the first time since leaving the neighbourhood of Trondhiem, traces of those markings on the coast which indicate a former relative level of sea and land different from the present. We here see two faint lines along the face of the island, one of them apparently about 50 feet high, the other nearly 100 feet higher. The same objects are more faintly traceable on the mainland. I had afterwards, in returning, an opportunity of observing these objects in a more distinct form at Trondenaes, the northern extremity of the island. There is here a pleasant mixture of hill and valley, amidst which appears a mercantile station called Rastabhavn, together with a church, while the picturesqueness of the scene is increased by a little rough isle in front called Maagöe. The two lines here cross both the rough and the soft slopes, leaving in the former a section of rock, on the latter an indented bank. On Maagöe the uppermost of the two appears in the form of a deep horizontal cut in the rough summit of the island—a cut which has shorn through the inclined strata generally, but left a few hard pieces standing up in columnar fashion, exactly as we see in the case of the harder strata presented on a rocky beach of our own era. On the neighbouring coasts of the mainland the same two lines appear more or less clearly marked. I subsequently ascertained that they are also visible in Raft Sund, on the south-west side of Hindöe, in latitude 68 degrees 20 minutes, being the most southerly point to which I have traced them.

From Hindöe northward, the shores appear to be more populous, for we now begin to take in a considerable number of passengers, who leave us again, perhaps, a station onward. My untravelled fellow-countrymen will be curious to learn what sort of people these were, who live and move in the first circle of the frigid zone. The answer is—men with good superfine black clothes, respectable blue cloaks, and tolerable hats; women in coloured prints or black silks, with gauze bonnets and parasols: such people as one would take for clergymen and mercantile men, and clergymen's and mercantile men's wives, if met in a steamer in our own country. While pausing at a place called Ibbestad, I observed, for the first time, the movements of the medusæ, which haunt these northern seas in great numbers. The graceful march of the animal in its proper element is in striking contrast with its aspect, as it lies a mass of, to all appearance, scarcely-organized blubber on the beach. We also observed in the clear water numerous specimens of an animal of still greater beauty, the beroe, which, though little more than an organized sack, casts, as it moves along, an iridescent glitter along its body, like a flash of the light of gems mixed with gold. I should think, were it possible to keep this creature in ponds or crystal globes, it would soon put goldfish out of fashion. Towards the close of this, the fourth evening of our voyage, I observed three terraces extending for a considerable way on Anderjö Island, all apparently under 100 feet, and therefore seemingly a different system from the others. We went to bed betimes, expecting to be roused at an early hour next morning opposite the town of Tromsöe, our stoppage at which for a day was expected to be of an enlivening tendency.

R. C.

OUT OF WORK.

BY A WORKING MAN.

What a dreary phrase! How suggestive of hungry cravings and empty cupboards—of restless wanderings to and fro—of gloomy certainties and gloomier anticipations! How it disturbs a man's relations with society! You have lost a vantage-ground. That which a week ago was possible is now impossible. You are become a pariah without intending it; and you eye squalid people with a sort of shudder, half-persuaded that ere long you will be of them. How grudging and envious the world seems to have grown! You fancy that every one is as well aware of your feelings as you are yourself, and whatever discourse may be addressed to you sounds as if pointed with an embittered sting.

Nothing to do is bad enough; but out of work!—hope-stifling words—takes us far beyond, even across the Rubicon of desperation. And yet it is something to know what the phrase really does mean. It is a test to which you look back with feelings similar to those which possess the survivor of a shipwreck or other fearful calamity. You would avoid the trial if possible; but having gone through it, are rather glad than otherwise at having endured it. Such retrospections, it may be said, are not congenial, yet it appears to me that human experience, if reviewed in a right spirit, can hardly fail to convey a useful lesson to those who read its history. My remarks are prompted by what has happened to myself, and may on that account, if on no other, present some slight claims to notice.

Out of work!—how the grim reality haunts you, and how vain the efforts to shake it off! Then you understand fully why Keats speaks of sleep as 'comfortable,' and join heartily with Sancho Panza in 'blessings on the man who invented sleep.' The approach of bedtime was as welcome to me then as to a travel-worn pedestrian, and I shall never forget the soothing charm as the unconsciousness of sleep gradually stole over me. Its influence would remain for a few brief moments on first awaking the next morning; but presently a vague apprehension of some impending ill would creep over me, and then, when fully awake, my heart swelled with one huge choking throb, and the leaden gloom settled down on my mind for the rest of the day.

How the moral reacts on the physical! I used to walk briskly; now I went about with a hesitating step, and with a bearing that threatened to degenerate into a slouch. I once believed my principles firm, and my faith in essential points sound—that my mind was made up as to social rights and moral duties—but the anchor-hold had suddenly given way, and I was adrift on a sea of uncertainties. I began to fancy myself ill-used, and that he was the wisest who, in the general scramble, grasped most. What had I done to be thus summarily deprived of ways and means, while men whom I thought not half so deserving were in full work! It was a hard ques-

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tion to answer under the circumstances, and harder still to acknowledge that I had no right to complain. Again, how many there were who could live in ease and comfort without laborious toil, while I, at the best of times, had nothing but my manual skill and a week's wages between my little household and destitution. Turn it which way I would, the idea was a harassing one. The new spirit that possessed me seemed endowed with a resistless power of gravitation.

Society, in my view, had become inordinately selfish: how cleverly it had intrenched itself within laws and statutes, so that if I—bodingly anxious without the pale—ventured to help myself to the superabundance of others, it would be under peril of liberty. What right had society to make a law which seemed expressly intended to aggravate my necessitous condition? Was I not the victim of a wanton injustice? Such thoughts as these make the work of temptation very easy for the tempter. Whatever might be society's notions on the matter, mine were, that retaliatory measures would be perfectly justifiable.

I walked about—it seemed to me that I sneaked—seeking for work. The masters surely had leagued against me; how, otherwise, could be explained their malicious negative to my inquiries? There was the roar and bustle of life and traffic in the thoroughfares, which made me loathe my forced idleness. I had no business there; I was one too many in the world. How the aspect of affairs had altered! When in full work, I had not unfrequently considered it a hardship to work so many hours every week for so comparatively small a remuneration. Now, in retrospect, the wage appeared an enviable fortune. Unconsciously to myself I was learning a significant lesson, fraught with profound instruction. Could I have appreciated it then as I do now, what a load of heartache it would have spared me!

Staying at home became irksome to me: home appears somewhat strange to a workman on a working-day, and although my perambulations might be fruitless, it seemed that I was less idle when so occupied than when loitering within doors. Some mornings a faint revival of hope would make me feel certain of getting work in the course of the day, and I started forth animated by all my former confidence. Unsubstantial trust! The first disappointment brought back all my irresolution, all my bitter forebodings. I had made up my mind to brave it out, but the effort was too much for me. By a strange contradiction, too, notwithstanding my eager desire to be again employed, there were times that I shrunk from the thought of work as an owl shuns the sunlight.

How often the few remaining dollars were counted!—this was in New York. I despised myself for calculating on how little my family could be made to exist for a given time. My heart grew hard, and I often shuddered lest it should never soften again. How slowly time passed! the days had grown longer on purpose to torment me, and the thousand bewildering thoughts that preyed upon me had ample leisure for their work.

Facilis descensus averni: the phrase is as true now as when originally penned two thousand years ago. When first cast loose, I had felt sure of readily obtaining employment in my regular trade; the idea of condescending to inferior occupation was not to be for a moment entertained; it would damage my respectability, and disturb my self-esteem. But as the weary time wore on, the imperative necessity of providing food for a certain number of mouths every day left no alternative, no possibility of over-scrupulousness in conventionalities. Respectability soon ceased to be a bugbear; if cabinet-making was not to be had, I would take carpentry or jobbing-work. These failing, I next called on the shipwrights, but with no better success; and then I bethought myself of trying other resources. It had always been one of my purposes and pleasures to see as much of other trades as possible, to visit and inspect all sorts of workshops, by which means their most obvious details had become familiar to me. I knew enough of shoemaking, bookbinding, printing, and some other trades, to be able to earn small wages at any one of them. Should these also fail, it was all but certain that some sort of rude labour could be hunted up, which would furnish at least a pittance till more prosperous days came round again. My heart often failed me while following out this new quest, yet I did at last get through my task of seeking any kind of work. In some respects it was a repulsive task, for in the lower grade of shops and places of work I found a lower class of workmen; men on whom vice had set its mark, in whom depravity of mind and heart had become habitual, whose talk was as coarse as their looks. 'Misery,' says Shakspeare, 'acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,' and the dread of being compelled to mingle with debased associates increased my apprehensions. Necessity, however, has no law; a needy man must work, if not where he would, then where he can. It is a critical time; for there is more or less danger that contact and custom may lead a man to 'put up' with his altered position, and gradually assimilate himself to it. Many a man in such circumstances is apt to say, 'What's the use of trying to keep a fair front to the world? Who cares whether I sink or swim? Let things take their course.' However, on the occasion here more particularly referred to, my asking for work proved fruitless; whether it was that I looked too dejected or too unpractised, no one would employ me.

Who shall describe the prostration of heart and soul with which a man who has been wandering the whole day in a vain seeking for occupation returns at nightfall to his home? The dispiriting is occasionally so extreme, that for a time the solaces which there await him fail of their effect. It is in such circumstances that a man learns to appreciate rightly the value of a good wife: one to whom he can say with truth—

> 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.'

If she be kind and considerate, she will know that now is the time to display that affection which includes no thought of self in its warm desire for another's happiness. True it is that she has her own share of the general trouble to bear; but she has not been worn out by a desponding walk; the rebuffs which solicitation seldom fails to evoke have not fallen on her personally; besides which, women are less irritated by adverse fortune than men. If, on such occasions, the wife will strive in sincerity to become a 'ministering angel,' how soon will her gentle words soothe the chafed spirit of her husband! With what blessedness her sympathy reanimates his hope and subdues his impatience! How his bitter thoughts take to flight as she suggests some comforting anticipation, and a brightening faith takes the place of despair! Ere long, the sustaining influences overmaster him, his children again claim his notice, and share his smile, and the dejected man finds in the light of home a solace for all his disquietude: so true is it that there is no condition of life without its bright side, no adverse circumstance without its compensating quality. Herein the married man is more favourably situated than the unmarried—the one has a sustaining resource which the other knows nothing of. But, on the other hand, no fate can be more deplorable than that of a man out of work with a comfortless home, a careless wife, and contumacious children.

It must be confessed that the general aspect of such a season of trial as above indicated is sufficiently discouraging: the downward tendency appears to be inevitable. But there is a remedy; and this remedy is to be found in the spirit of self-reliance—in firm moral principle. And it will be a lasting satisfaction to me that I was enabled to apply this remedy, as a fragment of my experience may serve to exemplify. The mental and physical con-

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dition which I have endeavoured to portray in the foregoing paragraphs was not permanent—it was but the stunning effect which the natural reaction would presently dissipate.

One evening, after a long spell of involuntary idleness, I was seated thinking over my prospects, when all at once the thought struck me, 'If no one will employ you, set yourself to work.' No sooner was the thought formed, than I started up to act upon it: one side of our kitchen was occupied by my bench; I got it into working trim, sharpened my tools, and sawed a pair of ends for a chiffonier out of a mahogany slab which I had by me. These were planed up and properly squared before I went to bed that night; and wondrous was the effect which manual labour produced. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies,' says the poet, and most truly; for as my limbs fell into their accustomed movements, and the shavings whistled from my plane, the anxious cares forsook me—and hope resumed her sway, strong in the vigour of self-help. It is true the prospect of profit was but slender. That, however, was not the prime advantage, which lay in the restoration of my mind to its healthy tone; still, in a large city purchasers are always to be found for fabricated wares, and a small gain is better than complete inaction. Besides which, a man who keeps himself employed is more ready to improve such opportunities as fall in his way, than one whose working habits are weakened by disuse.

Idleness is by all means to be eschewed, and I would urge this point strongly on the attention of working-men—my late companions. The resource which I adopted is such an obviously natural one, as to have since caused me much surprise that it did not occur to me with distinctness before the second week of my wanderings. And mine is no exceptional case; what I did may be done by others. There are few trades at which a man cannot work at his home—that is, if he has the will to do so. If he will only exercise a proper thrift while in work, he will not lack the means of purchasing materials on which to employ himself when necessity compels. Let those who may feel disposed to undervalue such apparently insignificant means remember that it is easier to obey a fixed habit, than to recover it if broken or lost; and no purpose, however slight, is to be despised which may serve to keep a man out of the way of evil associates or temptation. It would be well, also, if every artificer would learn something of other trades as well as his own, as he would thereby not only multiply his resources, but be better able to judge of fitting occupations for his children.

There is no reason either, as I afterwards had occasion to prove, why the days spent in looking for work should be altogether wasted. For, without losing sight of the main chance, I took occasion to visit the noteworthy parts of the city, public buildings, wharfs, docks, and, whenever practicable, factories and workshops. Nor did I confine myself to the town, but walked a few miles in various directions into the country, where, if nothing else was to be seen, there was always natural scenery, whose influence on the mind is ever quieting and elevating.

Lastly, in integrity of character consists the most potential remedy; it is the spring of all the rest. It is that which gives and maintains the energising impulse. A wise writer has observed that 'a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.' And so it is, even in a calculative point of view. The steady, honest workman is less exposed to loss of work or dismissal than he who has no settled conviction as to what is right or wrong; he is better able to keep money in his pocket, and to provide for his children. Here is so much clear gain; but when we come to higher views, how immeasurably superior does moral rectitude appear—that which springs from the soul, and aims at something beyond mere pecuniary advantage! And such a condition of mind and heart is possible to every man. I would endeavour to impress it on all who shall read what I have here written, as an unfailing resource throughout the changeful circumstances of life. Possessed of that spirit of eternal justice which does as it would be done unto, a man will find that 'out of work' is divested of half its bitterness, while a double blessing attends the event of prosperity.

FURNITURE.

Let us offer a word respecting the history of two articles of furniture most commonly seen in our dwellings.

First of all, we address ourselves to the subject of the *table*. Of all furniture, the table is unquestionably an article of the oldest and most universal use; the earliest provision for convenience, and the first servant of sociability, its name has long been synonymous with good-fellowship and festive society. Most readers have at least heard of the legends of the Round Table, and they are diffused throughout the nursery literature of Europe. The brod, or board, of our Saxon ancestors continues to be a synonyme for official authority vested in a small number, derived from the ancient and convenient habit of assembling round a table for the transaction of business—as we still say the Board of Trade or the Board of Excise. The table—for there was but one in the hall of a Saxon thane in the ninth century—was a rude fixture, framed by means of posts sunk in the floor, and supporting cross beams, on which were laid thick planks, hewn from the forest oak, bearing little resemblance to the dark, polished mahogany of our own day, though employed for similar purposes. It had no covering, but was well supplied with wooden dishes, trenchers, and drinking-horns; and the circumstance was regarded not only as disgraceful, but ominous to the household, if a stranger ever saw them empty. The Asiatics, with the exception of the Chinese and Japanese, make comparatively little use of tables—their perpetual custom of sitting on mere cushions or carpets renders such articles generally superfluous. When at all employed, they are small, and very portable, rather for ornament than use. Among the Algerines, before their conquest, manners was altered by the French invasion, it was etiquette for every individual at a social party to have a little table for his own special service, and always to turn his back on the rest of the company when eating.

It is worthy of note, in the study of popular impressions, that ideas of commanding state have always been associated with a sitting posture. Dignity, as well as rest, has been attached to it in the eyes of every nation; and a natural desire for both has contributed to multiply and improve varieties of the seat kind, from the unhewn block of granite to the canopied and gilded throne. The kind made use of in our domestic economy generally occupy a happy medium between the two great extremes; but the *chair*, of one sort or other, has long been a common article of furniture. It is the mainstay of the household, and has done duty on all occasions among every class, for centuries, varying, indeed, much in its decorations and covering materials, as antiquarian specimens will avouch. Yet, strange to say, the handsomest chairs of a modern drawing-room are exactly represented in the bas-reliefs of the old Etrurians, a people who flourished in Italy before the building of Rome, and are believed to have been the inventors of this useful support to both business and leisure. Indispensable as it now appears to British sitters, the use of the chair is of comparatively late revival in Europe. For the ordinary purposes of life, it was almost unknown till about the close of the seventeenth century. With many other appliances of private life, with which the Etrurians are said to have been acquainted, it passed away with that ancient and ingenious people. In the classic times, princes, or great officials, alone used chairs on solemn occasions, on which account their expression of 'the chair,' to denote a place of authority, was transmitted to modern nations. With these exceptions, sitting was but little practised in the classic world, reclining on mats or couches being the established custom even at meals; and similar habits still pre-

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throughout the warmer climates. The more robust fashion of raised seats was introduced by those hardy northern tribes who overthrew the Roman empire, and from whom the greater part of Europe's present inhabitants are descended: but the chair was a step beyond their civilisation; and for several ages, a three-legged stool, the upper part being formed of a circular block, cut from the round of some great tree, was their highest effort in that department. Cowper, in a poem on the most prosaic subject ever selected by the Muse—for it happens to be the sofa—tells us, with historical warrant, that

> 'On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
> And swayed the sceptre of his infant realm;'

and traces the progress of that primitive article, age after age, even as the generations of sitters progressed; till, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, it appeared in the haunts of rank and fashion, square, with four carved supporters and a leathern cushion.

In much earlier times, for the behoof of kings and other dignitaries, attempts were made at the chair, which would create more surprise than admiration in a furniture-warehouse of the present day.

The chair of King Dogabert, who reigned in France about the middle of the seventh century, was presented to him by a rich jeweller of his dominions (who, be it observed, was also its fabricator), and celebrated by all the chroniclers as a miracle of art. It consisted of a large seat fixed between the figures of two grotesque animals, evidently copied from distorted mythology, and overlaid with gold, of which precious metal the chair was said to contain more than the king's treasury could boast; but no back was thought of: the occupants being expected to sit in dignified erectness, under a narrow canopy of gilt scroll-work, which the figures on each side supported.

The chair of Bede, the Saxon bishop and historian, illustrates the state of the domestic arts among our English ancestors of the same age. It was simply a long narrow box without a lid, formed of rough boards, nailed together, and set upright, with a shelf near the lower end, on which the good bishop sat; while at the upper extremity the sides were sloped off, probably for the free admission of light and air. The royal seat occupied on gala days by Edmund Ironside—who so bravely defended his kingdom, but was at length obliged to divide it with the invading Danes—was formed of two massive and elaborately-carved beams of oak, crossing each other in the form of the letter X; two of the ends formed the supports, and where the beams crossed, a cushion was fastened for the king. It must be remembered that those described were the ancient representations of royal and episcopal thrones; but older and ruder specimens existed in almost every land, more profoundly respected by chronicle and tradition, doubtless because connected with the earliest memories of nations. The boast and pride of the O'Neils of Ulster, in the twelfth century, was a solid block of whinstone, hewn into a rough resemblance of one of our common chairs. The coronation seat of the Scottish kings, which Edward III. carried off in triumph from Scone, had cost less trouble in its formation; but soon after James VI.'s succession to the English crown, a writer on Scottish history adroitly reminded the public of the traditional prophecy regarding it—

> 'The Scots shall brooke that realme as native ground,
> If weirds faile not, wheree're this chayre is found.'

Chairs came into ordinary use among the nobility of France and Italy about the days of Francis I.; and the old ideas of dignity continued to twine so firmly round the article, that the possession of one in a public assembly was considered as evincing a rank superior to that of the merely stool-seated, and was therefore a mark of distinction for which gentlemen, ay, and ladies, contended as earnestly as they did in later times for precedence.

It is curious that the arm-chair was the form that first became general at the period referred to, and from it those of the French Academy are said to have been modelled. Perhaps the most amusing tribute to the utility of the chair was paid by a king of one of the Pacific islands visited by La Perouse: being on friendly terms with that great, though luckless navigator, he had inspected the cabin of his vessel, and received the expected presents; but, with extraordinary liberality, his majesty offered to return them all, a hatchet and looking-glass included, to his brother the captain, on condition of being presented with a chair; which, he said, was the one thing requisite to complete his splendour, as the stone on which he sat when dispensing justice, or exhibiting his regal state, had no support for the back, and was apt to get warm in the sun.

Carpets are of undoubtedly Eastern origin, though the only countries in which their use is now general are two of the most westerly—namely, Britain and the United States of America. To no other people do they appear so indispensable. Our continental neighbours content themselves with covering a portion of their apartments when the thing is at all attempted; and the Orientals, to whom their carpets supply the place of seats, confine them to still more limited dimensions. There is one most popular article of this description in Mohammedan countries called a 'prayer-carpet,' without which no Mussulman could get on comfortably. It is about the size and shape of a moderate English hearth-rug, and always spread for its owner's devotions, whether in the quiet of his own dwelling, or by the wayside on a journey; for the stated prayer must be said, no matter where its hour may find the disciple of the Koran. The famous mosaic pavements of the Greeks and Romans far exceeded our carpets in durability, but would ill correspond with modern notions of comfort, especially in a British winter; still less would their floors of glass, blocks of which, about the thickness of a common brick, and of various colours, have been found as the flooring of apartments in their ruined cities. For insecurity of footing, these floors must have rivalled those of highly-polished mahogany and rosewood, the chief boast of notable housekeepers in the southern states of the American Union. Carpets were first introduced into Spain by the Moors, and some ages subsequently into Italy by the Venetians, when they were the masters of the commerce of the East. Their progress towards England was slow; but in the mansions of rank and royalty rushes formed an early substitute. So late as the reign of Queen Mary, historically termed 'The Bloody,' a functionary was duly appointed to provide rushes for strewing the queen's apartments; and this was the only carpet on the dressing-room where Mary's hair was powdered with dust of gold, by way of overpowering the snows of time. It is strange how frequently the ornamental arts are found in advance of substantial refinements; but even the use of rushes proved, as an old writer assures us, 'Ye gret luxury of latter days.' The custom was imported from France about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and at that period the following is an inventory of the choicest comforts of a feudal castle:—A species of coarse tapestry, which was generally imported from abroad, served to screen the occupants of the state chambers from the rude blast, which entered at a variety of apertures. The floors were rough and bare; and besides some massive stools, there was a pallet, or couch, consisting of a wooden settle, on which was placed a cushion of some light vegetable matter, covered with skins or woollen cloth: this was the predecessor of all our modern sofas. There the ladies of the family sat by day spinning with the distaff, and it also served for the state-bed of the mansion. Carpets were known at the court of Henry VIII.; but they were mere fragments, spread for invalids to recline on, in the Eastern fashion, as Queen Elizabeth's last days are said to have been passed; or for card companies, as the stakes were liable to be lost among the rushes: yet the walls were then

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covered from floor to ceiling with the celebrated tapestry of which our window-hangings are now the only representatives.

Tapestry was the earliest effort of domestic decoration, believed to have been a Babylonish invention, and handed down through the vicissitudes of arts and empires, till the manufacture was established at Arras in the Netherlands, and the article was called after that town. It was in turn eclipsed in the trade by Coblentz, in the reign of Louis XIV.; and it was the expensive ambition of his courtiers to have the cartoons of Raphael copied in their tapestry. Some of these costly hangings were entirely woven in a manner similar to our carpets. A manufacture of the kind, established under the patronage of James I., was the parent of carpet-weaving in England. The needlework tapestry was still more prized; and some early specimens, generally wrought on linen—such as that renowned piece on which William the Norman's queen embroidered his conquests—still exist on the continent. An English dame, at the close of the sixteenth century, obtained the hard-won praise of surpassing industry for having, in the course of a life extended to ninety years, copied out the entire Bible on the walls of her best parlour. The latter tapestry was wrought on canvas with coloured worsted: some remnants of it are still preserved in old country mansions. But there is a far more primitive description yet in use among the natives of the far Nuriles; they cover the walls of their apartments with a species of straw matting, and having carpets and cushions of the same, defy the cold of their long winter; at the termination of which, their furniture being sufficiently dried, and pretty well worn, is burned piecemeal for culinary purposes, and another supply is prepared before the return of the snow. Cromwell said he never liked the arras, for it could conceal eaves-droppers; and after his reign it slowly gave place to the more solid wainscot, or small mirrors set in the wall. The latter was a Chinese decoration, imported by the Dutch, together with those porcelain and coloured tiles which have ever since given scope to the scouring propensities of Holland in her floors and fireplaces.

Down to the close of the seventeenth century, English beaus and belles were allowed but little space for the reflection of their graces. One of Addison's contemporaries describes a dressing-room, formerly occupied by Nell Gwynn, the walls of which were completely inlaid with *looking-glasses* not more than a foot square. Larger glasses were in her times to be found only in France and Italy, and even there at such prices as made them accessible to none but princes.

The earliest description of a household *clock* was an instrument which measured time by the dropping of water, constantly poured in by an attendant, who sounded a trumpet to announce the hour. It descended from the Romans; but there was a later variety in England, which had the merit of requiring less attendance. It consisted of brazen balls, suspended over a copper basin by cords, with lights so placed as to consume the cords in a given time, the elapse of which was proclaimed by the descent of the balls into the basin. A clock somewhat similar to those now in common use was regarded as a most splendid present from Saladin the Great to the emperor of Germany; and the oldest clock now extant in Britain is said to have been constructed at the close of the fifteenth century for the palace of Hampton Court.

That variety of furniture comprehended under the classic term *candelabra*, has been used in different stages of improvement from the earliest dawn of art, or since the insufficiency of the household fire was perceived. The American Indian, on gala nights, forms sockets of plastic clay, in which torches are fixed, against the walls of his wooden wigwam, and a more extensive illumination than the owner intends is the occasional consequence. Our English ancients lighted up their festal halls in a similar fashion by means of pendent sockets of brass, sometimes of silver, and long used by the peasantry, often with the designation of 'sconces.' The primitive candelabrum of Europe's rustic days was a solid block of wood, with a pillar rising from the centre to the height of five or six feet, the top of which was furnished with brazen sockets, few or many, according to the style of the family.

The Greek candelabra were originally made of cane, with one plate fixed above, and another beneath, by way of support, which was occasionally supplied by feet. The Grecian artists produced, in ornamenting these lamp-stands, the richest forms, which always, however, had reference to the original cane, and were encircled with an infinite variety of beautiful ornaments. Sometimes they were shafts, in the shape of columns, which could be shortened or drawn out; sometimes the luxuriant acanthus, with its leaves turned over; sometimes they represented trunks of trees, entwined with ivy and flowers, and terminated by vases or bell-flowers at the top for the reception of the lamps. Examples of these forms may be found in the British Museum and the Louvre, but particularly at the Vatican, where a gallery is filled with marble candelabra. With all the ornamental skill expended on them, those old illuminators have been found wretchedly unserviceable, compared with the modern Argand lamp, as they supply but a murky light, and an offensive smoke, which poisons the atmosphere, and soils the whole apartment. An ordinary *gaselier* would have delighted all the Cæsars; for their palaces, decorated though they were with marble, and ivory, and gold, could boast no such luminary. The bronze lamps which they so much admired were cast, and, of necessity, heavy and cumbrous; but the same effect is now produced by striking up the metal, and a still richer bronze imparted by an acid in a few hours. A beautiful, but extremely cheap method of ornamenting candelabra was lately discovered in America, by making a thin skeleton of wire, and immersing it in a solution of alum coloured by metallic oxides.

Much difference exists in the sleeping accommodations of mankind. Among the low-sitting nations, the daylight seat has long served for nightly rest also. A corresponding arrangement was practised in Anglo-Norman castles, and still remains among the Icelanders, where every one's seat is his *bed*. The repose of the Russian peasant's family is enjoyed on the top of their immense stove, which they cover with coarse blankets and mattresses for that purpose. The rush-purveyor to our last Henry had, besides, a commission to provide straw for the slumbers of the king's servants, which, it seems, were enjoyed in the kitchen; and a writer of the period, in reference to the simplicity of the former age, tells us that most people were content if they could get plenty of straw to sleep on, with a good log for their heads. Singular as the latter comfort may appear, it has a resemblance in the oldest remnant of Egypt's household goods. The pillows of the pyramid people were nothing but small blocks of wood, with a hollow cut out for the head to rest in. Bedsteads came into general use among the highest classes in the course of the sixteenth century; but the specimens yet remaining are wonderfully small compared with those of the succeeding age. So highly were they esteemed, 'that ane stately bedstead' is enumerated among the valuables which Queen Anne of Denmark brought with her to Scotland. This antiquated couch is now the property of the Earl of Elgin. It is of walnut-tree, of curious workmanship, and ornamented with several antique figures neatly carved.

The intrinsic worth of the queen's 'stately bedstead' would be estimated by a modern auctioneer at something vastly less than it was by her contemporaries; but this is an example of the French proverb, that rarity raises the price. Another case in point occurs, though regarding a far inferior, but not less useful appliance. Martin, in his narrative of a visit to St Kilda in 1698, mentions that there was not a metal *pot* in that or the

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adjacent islands but one, which the owner was in the habit of hiring out at the rate of a fowl per boil; and this rent, paid in the current coin of the Hebrides, was called the pot penny: with which notable instance of the rise which occurs in the value of domestic comforts through their scarcity, we conclude our notice of furniture.

Column for Young People.

THE DRAGON AND THE HEROINE.

NEAR a retired village stands a small neat house in the midst of a garden not so neat, but filled with a variety of plants. The walks, bounded by irregular borders, are everywhere invaded by wild herbs and flowers, and the unpruned trees fling abroad in every direction their great knotted branches, offering a secure asylum to the birds who build their nests there, and sing so pleasantly. The gates and paling are in a very dilapidated condition, so that the tame fowls stray in, and even the wild rabbits come and browse on the fragrant herbs, without regarding, or being regarded by, the old spaniel, who lies on a soft sunny grass-plot, and whose only occupation is to raise his head and wag his tail whenever he sees his master approach.

This master is a noble-looking man, whose gray silken locks make him appear older than he is, and whose ruling passion is a love for the study of natural history. Some time since he received a visit from a favourite young friend, who had been his pupil, and who, not finding him in the house, walked without ceremony into the garden. There he found the naturalist kneeling on the ground before some object which he seemed to watch intently.

'Welcome, Henry,' he said, extending his hand; 'but, like a dear boy, don't disturb me; I am engaged in a most interesting investigation.' Silently pressing the kind hand of his former instructor, the young man seated himself by his side, in order to see the object of his observation. It was a flower-pot filled with clay and compost, in which grew a common-looking pink, and on which a large earwig was crawling. This harmless insect, whose scientific name is *forficula*, is frequently the cause of terror and aversion to ignorant people, on account probably of the pair of pincers with which its tail is furnished, but which, in reality, have no power to injure. It is not at all more likely to enter the human ear than any other slender creeping insect; but should one do so, instead of, according to the vulgar notion, causing certain death, it may readily be expelled, without pain or injury to the patient, by one or two drops of sweet oil.

The earwig in the flower-pot, sheltered between two little mounds of clay, remained for a time immovable. When the young man, however, approached his face closely to the insect, it began to move its antennæ. 'Hush, Henry; don't stir; but watch what the forficula will do.'

The young man obeyed; and after a few minutes, the insect, apparently reassured by the quietness around, threw, with its mandibles and fore-feet, a little clay over a heap of minute grayish-looking grains clustered together, and crawled towards the pink. It burrowed into the middle of the flower, and detaching the most tender of the petals, carried them towards the nest it had just left.

This provision made, it gently removed the clay which it had thrown on the little gray cluster; and covering the latter, of which each grain was an egg, with its body, the earwig began to hatch them precisely after the manner of a careful hen. It was curious to see this vigilant mother at the slightest noise vibrate her antennæ, and place herself in a posture of defence. A spider, who was spinning his web suspended from a branch which overhung the flower-pot, whether by accident, or really with fell intent, let himself glide along his slender cable, and descended close to the brooding insect. Immediately she rushed on the pirate, overthrew him, and pierced his entrails with her strong scissors-shaped mandibles. The victory gained, she hastened to return to her eggs, and sat on them again with the utmost care. After the lapse of an hour, the friends saw her gently turn the eggs, and move them so that each should experience the same degree of heat. Night approached, and the observers were obliged to resign their post and go in to dinner. During the evening they conversed chiefly on the wonderful instinct displayed by those creatures which we are accustomed to consider so low in the scale of creation, but which, to the observant eye and thoughtful mind, show forth most clearly the goodness and wisdom of their Almighty Maker.

Early next morning they returned to the flower-pot, and perceived that the little ones had just come forth. Semi-transparent, and exceedingly minute, they crept around their mother, and took shelter beneath her, just as so many little chickens would have done with the hen. The earwig watched them, guided back to the nest with her antennæ those that wandered too far, and when a new one came out, placed him with his brethren. Ere long, she found herself surrounded by an interesting family of thirty-eight little ones. Then the naturalist and his friend perceived the reason of her having on the previous evening collected the tender leaves of the pink. She took them between her mandibles, cut them into very small bits, and made them into a sort of paste, which she then gave as food to her newly-born offspring. It was pleasant to see the mother in the midst of her brood, feeding each in turn, and watching that all had an equal share. At the slightest appearance of danger she collected her little ones beneath her; and with her corslet raised, her mandibles half-opened, her antennæ in the air, she waited, ready to die in their defence. A grain of sand falling by accident, a gentle touch given to the flower-pot by Henry, were sufficient to cause these alarms.

As to the objects of her tenderness, like so many spoiled children, they became petulant and indocile. The little rebels wandered continually beyond their mother's ken, and failed to return at her anxious signal. One of them completed his escapades by tumbling into a lake of water nearly as large in circumference as a half-crown piece, which lay near the centre of their domain. The more he struggled to regain the shore, the more he receded from it. Suddenly his mother perceived his danger, and darting bravely into the water, brought him back in safety, and dried him tenderly with her antennæ. Alas! her maternal love was destined to undergo a sharper trial. On the following day, as she was parading her children in the sun, a frightful beast—a staphylin beetle—by some sad accident descried the inhabitants of the flower-pot. Slowly, but surely, he advanced along its edge; black, gigantic, covered with scales, and his mouth, which was formed of two sickle-shaped mandibles, exhaling a dreadful odour, thus realising in the poor earwig's apprehension all the fabulous horrors related of the dragon of antiquity. She lay motionless, her antennæ protruded in front, and without power to give her little ones the usual signal of recall—that is to say, a slight beating of her fore-feet on the clay. But soon maternal love conquered fear. She roused herself, struck the ground boldly, collected her children beneath her, and intrenched herself behind her little mound of clay. The frightful staphylin—who bore aloft his tail, surmounted by a double black tuft—advanced fiercely, and seizing, under the mother's eyes, one of the little ones, which had not rejoined her, cut it in two with his mandibles, and devoured it. Then the forficula threw herself on the monster, and commenced a fight of desperation. She grasped him tightly, and with the aid of her pincers tried to seize his neck, very slender in that species of beetle. For a moment the staphylin was stopped, but with a violent effort he shook off his enemy, who fell exhausted. Again she rose, and hastened to her nest; already five of her children had perished. A fresh attack on the destroyer—but its issue could not be doubted; and

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the poor mother, in spite of her heroism, was on the point of being sacrificed, when the naturalist seized the staphylin, and threw him out of the flower-pot. Then turning to his young friend, he said, as if to excuse this compassionate action, 'What would have become of our investigation if she had been killed!' Henry smiled, and pressed his hand.

Thus ended the perils of the forficula and her young ones. From that time nothing occurred to interfere with their complete development. We are confirmed in this belief by the fact, that the naturalist's garden speedily became infested with swarms of earwigs, which increased and multiplied to such an extent that he could not preserve a single peach or pink. The last visit that Henry paid his friend, he found him busily employed in collecting staphylins to destroy his rapacious guests.

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.

The fraud I allude to has been practised in the flour trade in the city and county of Cork and Limerick alone for the last forty years, and is done as follows by the millers:—Two stone weight of alum dissolved in hot water, two pounds of pearl-ash, eight pounds of rock-salt, two pounds of spirits of salts, one pound of magnesia, and one quart of the strongest oil of vitriol, are all dissolved separately, and then mixed together, and put into twenty gallons of lime-water; and after letting the whole stand for a short time, it is put into the wheat, when it is prepared for grinding in the following manner:—The miller keeps a large sprinkling can, like that used in gardens, out of which he pours the above liquid on the wheat, whilst two men turn it backward and forward until the wheat gets quite dry, which is soon effected, in consequence of the great quantity of vitriol used as a dryer. The quantity of the above liquid is used in proportion of five pints to every twenty stones of wheat, and when it is put into it, it is ground off as soon as possible, to prevent the stuffs from evaporating. Flour made by the above treatment obtains 5s. per bag more than flour made from the best quality of wheat, in the plain and natural way, and on that account the county Cork and Limerick millers adopted the use of the liquid described above. Besides, they have the advantage of the weight of twenty gallons of water put into about thirty-five barrels of wheat, for which reason the Cork flour, of all other Irish flour, will not endure a sea voyage. Millers (and millers only) are so well aware of the very bad effects which the bran made from some of those receipts has on cattle, that they don't use the flour in bread themselves, nor give the bran of it to their own cattle.—*Cork Examiner.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a *seeming* compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man *feels* no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes 'by contraries,' will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting 'mad' help matters, make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only 'in the bosom of fools,' why should it be indulged at all?—*Boston Reporter.*

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

To ——.

What is Beauty? Form and feature,
Impress of the hand of Nature;
Line and hue together blending,
Impulse still to sweetness lending.

Look upon Ianthe's graces—
There her lines young Beauty traces;
There her lineaments behold,
Cast in nature's chastest mould:
Look into her heavenly eye—
There the azure's purest dye;
There the light of life and mind,
With love and modesty combined:
Look upon Ianthe's cheek—
There is all that's mild and meek;
And coral red and ivory white
Kiss each other, and unite
On lips that love dare scarcely press,
Sacred in their lovelinees.
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me
In my skiff along the sea;
Look into its crystal waters,
And behold its algine daughters,
Where the painted fishes play,
And the wave sings roundelay:
Or let us, roaming hand in hand,
Wander o'er the golden strand,
Where the sea-shells gleam like pearls,
On the neck of Orient girls:
Or, seated by the pebbled shore,
List the music of the oar,
Or the sea-birds' plaintive cry,
As on labouring wing they hie,
While the ever-murmuring tide
Saluteth earth as its own bride:
Come with me, and there confess
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me
Into nature's sanctuary;
To the mead or to the wild wood,
Where the flowers in blooming childhood
From the emerald sod looked up,
Each a diamond in its cup;
A silver or a golden cell
Where a fairy queen might dwell:
Come where the yellow broom is waving,
Or the stream the lily laving;
Where the rills glide on in pleasure,
To a low, sweet, murmuring measure;
Where the hawthorn scents the gale,
And zephyr, wandering through the vale,
Bears on its aërial wing
The breath of each sweet odorous thing;
While the birds in choral glee,
Trill their sylvan minstrelsy;
Or, wandering o'er the flowery holm,
Where the wild bee loves to roam—
Where the light-winged butterfly,
Beauty's favourite child, flits by:
Come with me to yonder glade,
At noon beside the cool cascade,
Where plumy fern of brightest green,
And moss of every hue is seen;
And the rose and jessamine
With the honeysuckles twine:
There shall Nature's self control
Each emotion of thy soul;
Make thy heart with joy confess
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty?—What is Beauty?
Truth, and love, and filial duty,
Breathed from lips by sin unstained,
Told by looks that never feigned—
Beaming as I see them now
On yon little maiden's brow—
Lovely 'midst its golden tresses,
Gladdened by her sire's caresses;
Or, kneeling with her little brother,
Beside their tender loving mother,
Offering to the God above
The incense of her pure heart's love,
Then parting with the good-night kiss—
If there's Beauty—it is this!

J. C.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh; sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; S. & A. Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 313. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1849. Price 1½d.

MORAL PERIODICITY.

Again the earth has performed its annual journey round the sun, and without pausing even for an instant to take breath, has started anew upon another circuit. Not so with the human passengers it carries. Unconscious of the whirling ball on which they travel, they seize the opportunity of looking back upon what they have accomplished during the journey, and forward with interest and curiosity into the dim vista before them. Not, however, that the great majority know or care anything about the nature of the cycle that has been completed. They are 'observers of times' without knowing why. Being finite beings, they cling instinctively to earthly periodicity; and they accept the year, quarter, month, day, hour, set down for them, without caring on what principle, or by whom the calculation has been made. When Noah's dove could find no restingplace for its feet, it flew back to the Ark; and at this day, if a bird is set free from a balloon at a great altitude, it will return to its prison rather than trust itself in the awful deserts of air. Even so is it with mankind. They dread immensity. They divide their journey into imaginary stages, and please themselves at every new period with the idea that they have accomplished a fact, and reached a restingplace.

How sweet is the night which terminates a laborious day! How blessed the Sunday that follows a restless week! Who does not look upon the new moon with a thrill of antique superstition? But of all the periods into which our lives are divided, there is none so interesting as that which is marked by the termination of one year and the commencement of another. Years are the measure of age; and the old physicians attached a mystical importance to the epochs they form, by supposing that at such periods of life the human constitution reached a critical point. In a day we merely complete a whirl on our own axis; in a month, our little satellite the moon has performed her circular obeisance to us; but in a year we have put a girdle round the mighty sun, and travelled several hundred million of miles through the realms of space. This is the extreme verge of periodicity. Science, indeed, dreams of a Central Sun, round which the other suns and systems circulate; but even if the fact were established, it could afford us no measure of so comparatively minute a speck as human time.

We are told from the pulpit at this season that it is an awful thing to reflect that we are a year nearer the grave. And so it is in a religious point of view, but in no other. We do not think, on resigning ourselves to repose at night, that we have a day less to live; and the holy tranquillity of Sunday is undisturbed by the idea that we are a week nearer eternity. At such times we merely thank God for the past, beseech his blessing on the present, and turn a hopeful eye towards the future. This hopefulness is inherent in the moral constitution of man, and distinguishes him from the lower animals. It is this which makes him cling to periodicity. It is this which makes him celebrate times and seasons. It is this which makes him draw imaginary lines across his path of life, separating the evil that is past from the good his fancy sees in the distance. How often do we cry, 'Thank God, this dreadful year is over!'—as if supposing that there is some necessary connection between the year and its misfortunes, and fancying that a new cycle of time will bring better things! But although to the practical astronomer this may be a superstition, the moralist sees in it a boon of Providence which elevates the character and conduces to the advancement of the species.

This hopefulness, being instinctive, is found everywhere throughout the world. Everywhere men trample joyfully on the grave of the old year, and hail with acclamations the advent of the new. How can it be otherwise? What old year would any being endowed with human reason wish to live over again? Alas for the perished hopes, the lost loves, the broken friendships, the death-bereavements of a single journey round the sun! All these—and all the bitter moments of humbled pride, disappointed ambition, chilled affection, wounded self-love—we place to the account of the old year; and it is no wonder that we feel a savage joy in contemplating his end. The New Year, on the other hand, is a blank, which we fill up with hopes and visions as thick as motes in the sunbeam, and we therefore welcome its approach, like that of some fabled deity, with songs and libations. This is everywhere the case. Even in that land of mystery which, till recent times, was shut up like a sealed book from the rest of the world, the customs of the season were found to be strictly analogous with those of Europe of the nineteenth century. 'On the occasion of the New Year,' says this humble pen in a graver page than the present, 'all the world exchange bows, visits, compliments, presents of eatables, and articles of dress. It is also the season for the settling of accounts, even if money should have to be borrowed for the emergency; for the dirtiest to sweep their floors and wash their persons; for the very atheist to present himself at the temple; and for all to clothe their faces with smiles, and their limbs with new garments. China sits up to see the New Year come in; she resolves to be kind and happy during its continuance; she forgives God Almighty for the past.'*

In England, the season is not devoted merely to conviviality and family reunions, but likewise to works of

* This is the *mot* of John Wesley, who, on meeting a friend looking still wo-begone some time after a family bereavement, said to him, 'What, have you not forgiven God Almighty yet?'

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charity. We visit our poor neighbours in kindness and mercy; we present gifts to our dependents; we feast the very felons in our jails. But it is in its character of a period, a line, a boundary, a restingplace, that the New Year is the most interesting. The earth whirls on at the rate of 1133 miles in the minute, but its denizens stand still to remember and to dream. Our senses receive no special impression when the annual revolution is completed, any more than the mariner knows by his sensations that his vessel is crossing the equinoctial line. But our spirit is awake; we feel as if we were reaching a point; we fancy that in our progressive history we have come to the bottom of the page, and prepare to turn over the leaf. The fact of this periodicity is interesting; but the character of our thoughts at the time is still more so. On one side is gloom, on the other light. Man, like the earth which carries him, has always the sun in his face, and darkness behind.

It may be said that this idea is more fanciful than real: that we are so constituted as to be always looking backward and forward; and that every transaction we complete brings us to a resting-point. Yes, to a resting-point from which we see the individual transaction, and look on to another. But at the New Year the whole cycle passes under review, and the next opens to our mind's eye in the distance. The petty demarcations by which we divided our path of life, while creeping on, disappear, and we see, 'as from a tower,' the whole region we have traversed. The view is seldom very satisfactory, but always suggestive of HOPE; and therein lies the benefit of the mental exercise. It is a mistake to say that man descends to the grave: he climbs to it. Even when his outward circumstances are undergoing a decline, his mind, if it have the true manly leaven, rises. Hope grows out of disappointment, and a proud eye and gallant heart are turned towards a new year. We are not to measure the spirit by the purse. The poor scholar who flings over the world—maybe from his garret—the thoughts that are destined to quicken the minds of others, and the hard-working mechanic whose soul opens to receive the gift, have each a feeling that soars above his worldly position. From year to year they continue to climb, not to sink; and their intellectual part may have reached its highest altitude at the same moment when their body seeks the rest of a pauper's grave. The fortunes of the mind and body rarely run in parallel lines; and our constant forgetfulness of this simple and obvious fact is the cause of a thousand mistakes and anomalies.

In a yearly retrospect our judgment is not troubled by the small details which vexed and harassed us during the event. Objects appear in large and perfect masses. We are able to interpret the text by the context. It is like reading history instead of daily politics, and our minds open proportionably to grasp the subject. During the present expiring cycle, for instance, we were tormented by a thousand hopes and fears relative to the destinies of our country; our hearts were full of anger and bitterness; and we launched accusations right and left of incapacity, supineness, or profligacy. But looking from this vantage-ground, all these little eddies disappear, and we see only the flow of a calm majestic stream. The British Pallas still stands proud, tranquil, and alone amid the convulsions of nations, the tide of the world's commerce rippling at her feet, her shield resting against her knee, and her hand clasping gently her dread but idle spear. The change in the view does not occur because the causes of discontent were unreal, but because, seen from a distance, they bear no proportion to the majestic whole; and for this reason we have often thought that there is something unconsciously philosophical in the New Year's reflections; that they conduce to loftiness as well as kindliness of character; and that they minister to that divine flame of Hope which burns the brightest in the bosoms of the great and brave.

Hope, we have said, is the parent of this moral periodicity. When the season of retrospect comes, whether it be daily, monthly, or yearly, we make haste to draw the line of demarcation between the past and the future; and after a survey—in most cases a sad one—of the things that were, we turn our clouded brow and tearful eyes to the rising sun. Were it not for these petty spaces into which human life is divided, how dreary would be the track! An endless day would be almost as bad as an endless night. It is good, then, to hail the New Year: it is good at this season to ponder and to dream: it is good to look steadily back upon the whirl we have had round the sun; and then to gird up our loins and begin a new journey in hope and joy.

L. R.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN surveying the prisons of Paris, one is struck with the fact, that some of the most horrible dungeons are found in those buildings which were formerly religious houses. The robe of the abbot, and the cloth that covered his luxurious table, too often hid a fearful vault where some wretched captive starved with cold and hunger. These dreadful places of confinement went by the name of *Vade in Pace*—('Go in Peace'); because it was in that form that sentence was pronounced on those who were doomed to die by this slow torture. Bicêtre and the Abbaye are of this description. The former, which was originally a monastery of Carthusians, and is now used wholly as a lunatic asylum, was formerly used as a prison also; and many who were not mad when they went there, became so in consequence of the miseries they endured. There were both cells and dungeons in this place of confinement; and in both the system appears to have been the 'solitary one,' the merits of which have been so much disputed in the present day. The cells were bad enough, and the dungeons worse. The prisoners were allowed neither light nor fire, nor sufficient food, nor clothes enough to cover them; water streamed down the walls; and the barred aperture that let in air admitted the rain, snow, and wind, and with them such disgusting odours from the sewers, that the poor captives were not only afflicted with the most agonizing rheumatisms from the cold and damp, but with other frightful maladies occasioned by these mephitic gases.

One of the victims of this cruel system was Salomon de Caus, a man of genius of the seventeenth century. At the age of twenty, De Caus had already distinguished himself as an architect, painter, and engineer; and after serving the Prince of Wales and the Elector of Bavaria in these capacities, he returned to France with the avowed desire of giving his country the benefit of a discovery he had made—namely, that the steam of boiling water might be used as a powerful motive force. At that time there resided in Paris an Italian Croesus called Michel Particelli, who was in love with a beautiful woman called Marion de L'Orme; and one day Michel Particelli took Salomon de Caus to the house of Marion de L'Orme, and bade him lavish on the deco-

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rations of the building all the resources of his genius. 'Spare nothing,' said he; 'neither gold, nor silver, nor jewels, nor marble, nor precious stuffs of the East or the West: invent, devise: I give you *carte blanche*; and when all is done, draw on me for the amount of your demands.' Salomon de Caus accepted the commission; but alas! whilst he fulfilled it, he had so many opportunities of contemplating the beauty for whom all these luxuries were designed, that he lost his heart to her. Flattered by the admiration of so brilliant a genius, Marion appears at first to have encouraged his suit; but soon wearying of his earnest and passionate love, she got rid of him by recommending him to the notice of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

'He is very clever,' said she in her letter to his eminence, 'and has, according to his own account, discovered a world of strange and surprising things; but I am sorry to say he has also discovered the secret of wearying me to death, and I shall be really obliged if you will relieve me of so troublesome an acquaintance.'

On the following day Salomon de Caus was summoned into the presence of the cardinal minister, to whom he gave an account of his discoveries, especially of the motive powers of steam. The interview was long, and at its termination Salomon de Caus was declared mad, and sent to the Bicêtre. Mademoiselle de L'Orme was told that he had been despatched out of the country on a scientific mission, and as she heard no more of him, she believed it; but two years afterwards, having been requested to show an English traveller, the Marquis of Worcester, the sights of Paris, she took him, amongst other public institutions, to the Bicêtre; and there, as, laughing and talking, they passed a grated cell, a chained and haggard captive darted suddenly to the bars, and cried aloud, 'Marion! Marion! deliver me, deliver me! I have made a discovery that will enrich my country. Deliver me! I am Salomon de Caus!' The letter in which Mademoiselle de L'Orme relates this event has descended to posterity; and she adds that his appearance was so frightful, and her own horror so great, that she left the place 'more dead than alive.'

On the following day the Marquis of Worcester obtained an interview with De Caus; and when he left him, he said, 'In my country, instead of being shut up in a madhouse, that man would have risen to honours, wealth, and station. Despair and captivity have made him really mad now; but when you chained Salomon de Caus in a dungeon not fit for a wild beast, you destroyed the finest genius of the age!' These were times, in short, in which the very word *Bicêtre* was an instrument of the most diabolical oppression. False and cruel confessions and accusations were extracted by the threat of Bicêtre. Bicêtre was bandied from parent to child, and from child to parent; from husband to wife, and from wife to husband; and it needed but a little interest at court, or with some man in power, to be able to fulfil the menace.

Amongst the portraits lately published as illustrations of 'Lamartine's History of the Girondins,' we see that of a beautiful but fantastically-dressed woman called Thénoigne de Mericourt. Thénoigne was a country girl, handsome and ambitious, violent and vicious. When the French Revolution broke out, she came to Paris to play a part in it. They made a heroine of her at first; but at length, disgusted with her depravity, the women laid hands on her, and she was publicly flogged. Strange to say, this profligate creature, who had appeared to be without shame, was so ashamed of this chastisement that she lost her senses. She spent ten years in confinement at Bicêtre, and ten more at the Salpetrière; and whenever she could escape the vigilance of the keepers, her practice was to take off her clothes, and inflict on herself the same chastisement she had received from others in the streets of Paris.

Louis XVI. diminished many of the horrors of this prison, and ameliorated the condition of the miserable captives; but three thousand persons of one sort or another were found confined within its walls when Mirabeau and his colleagues, in spite of the resistance of the governor, insisted on making their way into its deepest recesses.

Up to the year 1836, it was customary for the public of Paris to resort in great numbers to Bicêtre at certain periods to witness the departure of the criminals condemned to the galleys, and also the preliminary process of chaining them to one another. In 1818 there was an unusual concourse to behold this spectacle; for amongst the galley-slaves was to be seen the famous Comte de Sainte-Hélène, from whose adventures Alexandre Dumas appears to have borrowed some ideas for his celebrated novel of the 'Comte de Monte Christo.' Through the instrumentality of a woman, Coignard (the real name of this personage) had obtained possession of certain papers belonging to a French emigrant of distinction who had died in Spain. By the aid of these documents he succeeded in deceiving the world in the first instance; whilst by his real bravery and conduct he earned for himself genuine honours and titles; first in the War of Independence in Spain, and afterwards under Napoleon. At the Restoration, he was received at the Tuileries, and Louis XVIII. gave him a command and the cross of the Legion of Honour. But one day at a review, in the year 1818, a man called Darius claimed acquaintance with him as an old comrade at the galleys. The Comte de Sainte-Hélène had the impolicy not to acknowledge his friend, and thereupon Darius denounced him; and after this brilliant career, Coignard was again chained to the oar.

It is said to have been the monks themselves who dug out the frightful dungeons of the Abbaye, where the vaults were so low, that no prisoner could hold his head erect in them. Fort L'Evêque (The Bishop's Fort), an ancient seat of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was also provided with horrible subterranean dungeons, where the prisoners were chained to the walls, whilst their wretched repasts were let down to them through apertures not allowed to be more than five inches wide. In later years the character and inmates of this prison changed, and it became the House of Correction for actors and actresses who quarrelled too loudly, or who inconvenienced the public and the court by refusing to play the parts assigned to them.

It was from the Abbaye that Charlotte Corday wrote that gay letter describing her journey to Paris for the purpose of assassinating Marat, and also her situation in the prison, in which she says, 'For the last two days I have enjoyed perfect peace: my country's happiness is mine. I am extremely well off, and the jailors I find excellent people. To be sure, to preserve me from ennui, they have favoured me with the company of some soldiers, which is more agreeable by day than by night. I complained of this indecency; but nobody cares for my representations.'

Grateful to the advocate that defended her for having said nothing derogatory to the noble motives that had urged her to the crime, she told him that, as a proof of her esteem, she left him to discharge her small account due at the prison, her own property being confiscated. Adam de Lux, deputy from Mayence, proposed to raise a statue to this heroine, inscribed with the motto, 'Greater than Brutus;' for which proposition he lost his head. He said he was proud of dying for Charlotte Corday; ate a capital breakfast on the morning of his execution; and as he quitted the Abbaye, handed his cloak to another prisoner, saying, 'Happier than you, I shall need it no more to defend me from the cold.'

Some of the most horrible prisons of Paris were entirely demolished at the latter end of the last century, and amongst these are happily to be reckoned the Grand and the Petit Châtelets, two fortresses built at an early period of French history for the defence of the city. We read in the history of these buildings that the Grand Châtelet was divided into eight different compartments, each of which was distinguished by a name either literally or sarcastically denoting its honours:

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for example, one was called The Cradle, another Paradise, and another The Butchery. Then there were Les Puits (The Wells) and Les Oubliettes (The Forgotten); and there was one called La Fosse (The Grave), into which the miserable tenant was let down through a hole in the vault, and which, being in the form of an inverted cone, allowed him neither to stand nor to lie. It was also known by the name of La Chausse d'Hypocras (The Stockings of Hypocras), because the prisoner stood in water up to his knees. Fifteen days was generally the longest term of imprisonment in this frightful receptacle, as, by the end of that period, Death took the affair into his own hands, and set the captive free. There was another dungeon called La Fin d'Aise (The End of Ease), which was full of filth and reptiles, and equally fatal to human life. Not long before the destruction of these buildings, a young advocate called Varnier made a singular escape from the Grand Châtelet. The offence that brought him there was as follows:—During Voltaire's last visit to Paris, as he was driving one evening along the Pont-Royal, pursued by a mob, crying 'Vive Voltaire!' this young man, Varnier, opened the door of the carriage, and kissing the hand of the patriarch, cried, 'A bas les rois! Vivent les philosophes!' Marais, the inspector of police, being at hand, Varnier was seized, and in spite of the resistance of the people, who handled the inspector very roughly, was carried to the Châtelet. Now it happened that Marais, a man of a brutal and insolent character, was specially attached to this prison, and having Varnier in his power, he took the opportunity of revenging on his unfortunate captive the blows he had himself received. Driven to desperation by this ill treatment, Varnier resolved to fly, or perish in the attempt; and one night that a violent storm of thunder and lightning had momentarily diverted the attention of the keepers from their duty, he effected his object. The neighbouring parish clock struck ten as he found himself in the streets, through which he began to run as fast as his legs could carry him; but he had not gone far when he heard the clashing of arms and the sound of horses' feet behind him—a moment more, and his hopes of life and liberty were for ever frustrated. He cast his eyes about in despair, and as he did so, they fell upon an old woman who was unlocking the door of a small house at a corner. Just as she was about to enter a person spoke to her, towards whom she turned to answer; Varnier seized the opportunity, pushed open the door, and entered the house. All was dark within, and he groped his way along a passage and up some stairs, guided only by the sound of an instrument and a sweet female voice, which was singing an air out of a favourite Italian opera of that day. He had no time to lose, for he expected every moment that the old woman would overtake him; so, on reaching the door of the apartment whence the sounds proceeded, he opened it, and found himself in the presence of a beautiful young female, whose protection and assistance he implored. Moved by his distress, and the wretchedness of his appearance, she promised to conceal him, and he then told who he was; related the story of his horrible captivity and miraculous escape, terminating his narration by calling down curses on the head of the monster Marais. At the name of the inspector the lady started and changed colour; but before any explanation could follow, a loud knock at the outer door, and an angry voice upon the stairs, announced the approach of danger. Pale and trembling, she rose, and pointing to the door of a small inner chamber, she bade him enter there, and be still. He was no sooner shut in, than he heard a man's foot in the room he had just quitted. 'Doubtless her husband or father,' thought Varnier.

'What is the matter with your hands?' asked the young girl: 'they are stained with blood!'

'Give me some water to wash them,' replied the man. 'One of our most important prisoners has escaped this evening,' he added with an oath, 'and I have been revenging myself on the rest of them.'

It was Marais the inspector! He then called for wine; and after drinking for some time, he went out, telling his daughter he should see her no more that night. 'I must go and divert myself,' he said, 'in order to put this vexatious affair out of my head.'

Through the assistance of this young girl, Varnier finally escaped out of France, accompanied by his protectress; and Marion, the daughter of the inspector, became the wife of the delivered captive.

The Bastile, as everybody knows, was destroyed during the first French Revolution. Here, too, were the most horrible dungeons, vaults hollowed out of the earth nineteen feet below the surface, swarming with rats, toads, and spiders, where the walls were never dry, and the floor was mud and filth. In those instances where the captive was not intended to be starved, or nearly so—for the ordinary rations in all these prisons were so bad and so scanty, that they hardly kept body and soul together—he was permitted to obtain food of a better description if he could afford to pay for it at an extortionate rate; but the abuses were so enormous, that whilst the governors drew handsome revenues from this source, the poor prisoner got very little for his money.

The Man with the Iron Mask, as he is called, lived some time in the Bastile, having been transferred thither from St Margaret's; but the treatment he received in both prisons was quite an exception to the general rule. He was both sumptuously fed and sumptuously clothed; and the governor, St Mars, who was the only person allowed to address him, always did so standing and uncovered; but these were poor compensations for the extreme rigour with which he was watched, and the utter solitude to which he was condemned. The mask was not made of iron, but of velvet with steel springs, and no one ever saw his face except St Mars. An impenetrable veil of mystery covers his early years. Where and how they were passed nobody knows; but he must have been young when taken to St Margaret's, and had probably been a prisoner from his birth. Little doubt exists that he was an elder but illegitimate brother of Louis XIV., whose hardened conscience and selfish nature permitted this barbarous and lifelong incarceration. It is a singular fact, and one that would almost induce the belief that his mother had contrived to conceal him during his childhood, that he had been taught to write—an accomplishment which one might suppose would have been carefully withheld from him whilst in the hands of those who feared him. We only know of two instances in which he attempted to avail himself of this acquirement: the first was at the fortress of St Margaret's, where an unfortunate barber one day observed something white floating on the water under the prisoner's window. Having obtained it, and discovered it to be an exceedingly fine linen shirt, on which some lines were inscribed, he carried it to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was written on it: the man protested he had not; but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed. The second attempt of this poor victim to communicate his fate to somebody able or willing to aid him, was by writing his name on the bottom of a silver dish with the point of a knife. The governor always waited on him at table, and handed the dishes out to a valet; this last perceived the writing, and thinking to recommend himself, showed it to St Mars. Of course the possessor of such a secret was not permitted to live. On the journey from St Margaret's to the Bastile in 1698, the party halted at the house of a gentleman named Palteau. It was observed here that St Mars ate with the prisoner, and that he sat with a pistol on each side of his plate: but whether the mask was worn at table they could not ascertain, as no one was allowed to enter the room. The diary of the Bastile for the 19th November 1703 contains an entry to the effect that 'The unknown, who always wore a black mask, had been taken ill after attending mass, and was dead so suddenly, that there was no time for the services of the church;' perhaps poisoned with the wafer. He was buried on the 20th in the churchyard of St Paul's, under the name of Marchiali.

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His funeral cost forty livres. After the removal of the body, everything in the chamber he occupied was burnt; the walls were strictly examined, scraped, and whitewashed; and the very window-panes were taken out, lest he should have made some mark on them that should furnish a clue to this perilous secret. A person in the neighbourhood, more curious than wise, bribed the gravedigger to open the grave and let him see the corpse: the trunk and the limbs were there, but no head—luckily for this inquisitive gentleman—who would otherwise have probably lost his own.

Some of the offences for which people were shut up in the Bastile, as they appear in the registers, make one wonder how anybody was fortunate enough to keep out of it. It was a common thing, for example, to be thrown into this horrible jail 'for speaking insolently of the king' or 'of the state;' or 'for quarrelling,' if the quarrel happened to inconvenience somebody in power; 'for libelling the Jesuits;' 'for selling or possessing prohibited books;' for 'being suspected;' 'for religion;' 'for treasure-seeking;' 'for wishing to sell yourself to the devil;' 'for interrupting the performance at the Italian Opera;' 'for having spoken insolently to a lady who was a friend of the Comte de Charolais.' A child of seven years of age was imprisoned on account of his name, which was Saint-Père, it being pronounced an insult to religion to bear such a name; and a professor of physic is registered as having been 'transferred to the prison of Charenton, after being thirty years in the Bastile, for administering an improper remedy!' And these incarcerations were not for a month or a year, but for an indefinite time, frequently for life; for, once there, unless some very powerful interest was exerted in your favour, nobody thought it worth while to take you out again. Of the corruption of the court, and the unjustifiable use of power, the following is a remarkable instance:—Louis XVI., in 1787, beginning to perceive that he was deceived by the people about him with regard to public opinion, privately desired a bookseller called Blaizot to place daily in a recess indicated all the political pamphlets that appeared. This was done for some time, till the ministers finding the king better informed than they wished him to be, set spies to discover the source of his knowledge; which, having ascertained, they immediately seized Blaizot, and shut him up in the Bastile; and most assuredly he would never have got out with their consent; but fortunately the king, missing his pamphlets, found out the cause of their non-appearance, and set him free. There is every reason to believe that secret executions—in plain terms, *murders*—were committed by authority in these prisons. Amongst the papers found in the Bastile, certain letters, such as the following, seem to justify this persuasion:—

'To Mons. De Launay, Governor of the Bastile.

'Dear De Launay—I send you F——; he is a troublesome subject; keep him for eight days, and then get rid of him. (Signed) De Sartines,
Lieut.-Gen. of Police.'

Memorandum attached to the bottom of the above.—'June —. Arrived F——. After the period named, sent to Mons. De Sartines to inquire under what name he would have him buried.' What strange times the world has lived through!

The original purpose of the Madelonnettes is indicated by its name; but it has often been converted to other uses. Under the monarchy, for example, in 1759, all the flower-girls of Paris—women who went about the city selling bouquets—were shut up in this prison at the request of the maîtresses-bouquetières, because these itinerant merchants injured the trade of the stationary ones. And during the first Revolution, the whole company of the principal theatre in Paris were seized and confined here for performing a piece founded on Richardson's novel of 'Pamela;' which, the Jacobins alleged, tended to make the public regret the order of nobility. Although they never expected to pass those gates except on their way to the scaffold, they appear to have conducted themselves in their confinement with wonderful good sense and cheerfulness. The first thing they did was to set about cleaning the Augean stable they were put into, providing themselves, as they had plenty of money, with brooms and brushes; turning carpenters and upholsterers too, in order to maintain some semblance of decency; but nails and hammers were soon denied them. They jested and laughed, and said all manner of witty things about Agamemnon and Cæsar, and Antigone and Clytemnestra, being reduced to such strange shifts: and, what is better, they performed a number of kind and generous actions; assisting their fellow-prisoners who were poor, and actually procuring the liberation of some by paying their bail; for frequently those who were acquitted by the revolutionary tribunals, were sent back unless they could deposit a considerable sum; and once in prison again, they were as likely to lose their heads as not. Although the fatal red *G* was attached to most of their names when sent up to the committee, La Comédie Française, as they called themselves, ultimately escaped the scaffold by the generous aid of the courageous Labassiere.

The Temple was erected as a habitation for themselves by the Knights' Templars in the year 1279. As this order, which was partly religious and partly military, was then a great power in Europe, their residence was in accordance with their position. It covered a great deal of ground, which was given to them by Philip III. in return for their having drained some horrible marshes which infected the air of the city, and for having converted the water-weeds and bulrushes into healthy plantations; whilst the interior of the building was more sumptuous than the king's palaces. The chamber of the grand-master was supported by twenty-four pillars of massive silver, wrought with such admirable art into representations of vines, with birds, squirrels, and reptiles amongst the leaves, that 'many people were afraid to touch them.' The chapter-room was paved in mosaic; the beams were of cedar of Lebanon, carved to imitate Mechlin lace; and the decorations were so magnificent, that they dazzled the eyes of the beholders. Amongst these were sixty large vases of solid gold. In the year 1242, Henry III. of England was splendidly entertained here, when there sat at the same table three kings, twelve bishops, twenty-two dukes and barons, and eighteen countesses. In spite of the immense size of the building, the train of the English monarch was so large, that many persons were obliged to pass the night in the street. But the Templars were too rich and powerful: their wealth was coveted, and their power was feared; and fifty-eight years after this grand fête, the knights were arrested, their treasure confiscated, and the walls of the Temple echoed to the groans of Jacques de Molay, the last grand-master, who, constrained by torture to calumnious and absurd accusations against himself and his order, died nobly vindicating both with his latest breath.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, that noble and patriotic negro of St Domingo, who, after liberating his countrymen, and refusing a crown, was basely betrayed into a French prison, lived some time at the Temple before he was conveyed to the fortress of Joux, where grief, indignation, and ill-treatment, broke his great heart.

We cannot quit the precincts of the Temple without recalling the miserable hours spent there by the unfortunate royal family of France; and the bloodstained figure of Simon the cobbler, and the mournful image of the persecuted child, flit sadly before us—that young dauphin of France, who is said to have died of the ill-usage he received, and to have been buried within the walls of the prison. The mystery that hangs over the last act of this tragedy has encouraged three pretenders to assume his name, all of whom are now dead. A fourth claimant, however, survives in the person of the Baron de Richemont, whose name and existence

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are scarcely known in this country, and over whose birth and history there hangs a veil that the French themselves do not seem to have wholly penetrated. He is said to be an ultra-republican, though very rich; and so greatly beloved by the lower orders in Paris, that he has been indicated as the original of the German prince, Rodolphe, who is painted as a sort of terrestrial providence in Eugène Sue's notorious novel. It appears certain that he has passed several years of his life in the Austrian prison of Spielberg, which would be sufficient to make any man a republican; and it has been lately confidently asserted that the Duchess D'Angouleme was satisfied of his identity, although, on account of his republicanism, or for some reason unknown, she refused to acknowledge him publicly. One of the facts advanced to give weight to his pretensions is, that when the grave supposed to contain the body of the young dauphin was opened, the remains of a lad of fifteen were discovered, whereas the prince was only ten at the time his death is alleged to have taken place.

RETROSPECT OF MORTALITY.

The publication of the Registrar-General's Report for the quarter ending the 30th of September last puts us in possession of many interesting facts and particulars, which, while embodying a history of the past, may well serve as guides and warnings for the future. It is not easy to forget the calamity whose cessation has been recently acknowledged by a day of thanksgiving; and whatever tends to assist the inquiry as to its phenomena, its causes, and remedies, can hardly fail at the present time to be productive of good.

It appears from the returns, which comprise all the divisions and districts of England, that the deaths in the three months referred to were 135,364, being 60,492 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1845—an increase of 71 per cent. The number of births was 135,200, thus showing an excess of deaths by 164; and the Report states:—'As the emigrants in the quarter from London, Liverpool, and Plymouth alone amounted, according to the Emigration Commissioners, to 46,558, the population of England has suffered, died, and decreased during the quarter to a degree of which there is no example in the present century.'

'The mortality,' continues the Registrar, 'will be found to have been very unequally distributed over the country, and to have generally been greatest in the dense town population. The average annual rate of mortality in the town districts is 26, in the country districts 18, in 1000; during the last quarter these numbers became 41 and 23 respectively.

'While the mortality has been excessive in nine divisions, it has been below or little above the average in two divisions—the North Midland and the South Midland; or in the counties of Buckingham, Oxford, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, Hereford, Worcester, Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby; also in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Wales.' And here we observe some of the anomalies in the progress of the epidemic, for we read further—'The difference will be more apparent upon examining the several districts: in some the people have died by hundreds or by thousands; in others not far distant, few have died—the inhabitants have been unusually healthy. "The medical men," says a Registrar, "say that they have had nothing to do."'

In London the deaths were 27,109, being double the average, and 9885 more than the births, which numbered 17,224. It appears that not a single case of death from hydrophobia has been registered in the metropolis during the last five summers. 'Yet,' pursues the Report, 'hydrophobia is inevitably fatal, as medicine is of no more avail when its symptoms are revealed than it is in cholera; but the wise course of removing its causes has been tried, and with success, create a permanent blank in the London nosology.

'The cause of typhus, of influenza, of cholera, and the like diseases, will not long, we may hope, remain undisturbed possession of the earth and air of this Hydrophobia disappears when the dogs which are to become mad or to be bitten every summer are removed by police regulations; so will the other great diseases give way when that putrid, decaying, mass atmosphere exhaled by churchyards, slaughter-houses the tanks of dirty-water companies, cesspools, over crowded dwellings, is purified and dissipated. sewers and cesspools now under our houses will cause more pain, and destroy more living, than ten thousand mad dogs let loose in the streets: they may as easily be removed; and yet it is to be feared that many years will elapse before anything effectual is done, or a such satisfactory result can be recorded as the extinction of another disease in this great city.'

Cholera has been, if the term may be permitted, extremely *capricious* in its visitations, making its here and there without any apparent adequate cause yet its general characteristic is to appear, as the rion vulture, wherever garbage or rank impurity The different Reports from the sub-registrars are mous on this point. In Salisbury, the average for the summer quarter of five years is 48, but the past quarter the number was 263; and we informed that 'the cholera visited Salisbury with ful violence. . . . . Salisbury is always an unhe place: it is on a low, damp valley, in the midst of meadows; the courts and alleys where the lower reside are in a filthy state, and derive no benefit the general system of cleansing carried on in the streets. There is a mill-dam; "and any attempt," Captain Denison, "to improve the general drain would be impracticable: it would interfere with too interests."' There is a pregnant signification in concluding words; it contains more than is apparent a first reading. We might comment on it at but shall content ourselves for the present with remark, that in these days of enlightenment, pounds shillings, and pence ought not to be held as more cious than the interests of human life and social Newcastle-under-Lyne affords a somewhat similar The deaths were 1¾ per cent. during the three The town is situated on high ground, 600 feet above the sea-level, but 'the Lyne, made the open sewer ning through the town, is dammed up by a mill sends up from its polluted, black, puddly bed exhalations which poison the inhabitants.' Here, again, *rents* versus *life!* We are by no means unfriendly commercial interests, but we would not elevate them the chief rank in right and privilege.

Again: in Gainsborough, with a population of the deaths were three times the average of the while in the county of Lincoln generally the mortality was below the average: the cause of the extraordinary difference is manifest—the want of proper drainage, sewage, and sanitary regulations in the town above named. A comparison, too, between Hull and Manchester is not less striking:—The population of Hull in 1841 numbered 77,367; the deaths in the summer quarter of the present year were 2754; in Manchester they were 2742, with a population of nearly 200,000. Turning to other parts of the country, we are again met by inexplicable results: still taking the census of 1841, the Isle of Wight contains 42,550 inhabitants, the deaths from all causes in the period under notice were 38. Anglesey, among a population of 38,106, the deaths were 191. Is there not something in these numbers demonstrative of peculiar local causes?

Without attempting to decide the question what

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the cause of cholera be atmospheric or not, we give a summary of the 'Remarks on the Weather,' drawn up by Mr Glaisher of the Greenwich Observatory, and regularly printed in the Registrar's Reports. During the first half of July the temperature of the air was above the average, and below it for the second half; after which, with short exceptions, it was above the average to the end of the quarter. From August 20 to September 15 'was distinguished by a thick and stagnant atmosphere, and the air was for the most part very close and oppressive.' The summer is further described as having been warm and dry, without great heat; thunder-storms frequent; the air unusually dry. 'The magnets have been seldom disturbed during the quarter, and the amount of electricity, though less than usual, seems to have been so in consequence of the less amount of humidity of the air.'

Under the head of rain we find some interesting particulars:—The quantity of rain which fell at Greenwich in July was 2·9 inches; in August, 0·45 inches; in September, 3·3 inches; about an inch less than the average of the same quarter for the preceding eight years, while 'the fall of rain in August was less than has fallen in any August since the year 1819. The average fall of rain at Greenwich from thirty-three years' observations in July is 2·5; in August, 2·4; in September, 2·4 inches. The fall was less than its average at places south of latitude 53 degrees (a line drawn from the Wash to Caernarvon Bay), exclusive of Cornwall and Devonshire; it was about its average fall between 53 degrees and 54 degrees of latitude, and north of 54 degrees the fall was greater than usual.'

The prevalent winds were north-west and south-west, with occasional shifts to north and north-east: when blowing briskly, the direction was the same all over the country, but variable at other times. 'The daily horizontal movement of the air in July was 120 miles; from August 1 to 11, 50 miles; August 12 to 16, 170 miles; and from August 17 to the end of the quarter was about 55 miles, except in September 11 and 12, when it amounted to 190 miles daily. The average daily horizontal movement of the air during the quarter is about 120 miles. Therefore, during the months of August and September, the movement of the air was about one-half the usual amount. . . . . This remark applies to Greenwich, where the anemometer is fixed 200 feet above the sea-level. On many days when a strong breeze was blowing on the top of the observatory, and over Blackheath, there was not the slightest motion in the air near the banks of the Thames; and this remarkable calm continued for some days together, particularly from August 19 to 24, on the 29th, from September 1 to 10, and after the 15th. On September 11 and 12, the whole mass of air at all places was in motion; and for the first time for nearly three weeks the hills at Hampstead and Highgate were seen clearly from Greenwich. After the 15th of September to the end of the quarter the air was in very little motion.' We give one more extract from the Registrar's statements, which will enable those who are interested in the subject to compare the progress of the epidemic with the fluctuations of the weather:—'The water of the Thames rose to the temperature of 60 degrees at the end of May; and the weekly deaths in July and August were 152, 339, 678, 783, 926, 823, 1230, 1272, 1663; in the first week of September 2026 deaths from cholera were registered; and the epidemic then rapidly subsiding, the deaths fell to 1682, 839, 434, in the last three weeks of the month. The temperature of the Thames fell below 60 degrees in September 16–22. The deaths from all causes were 3183, or about three times the average number in the first week of September. . . . . The mortality from cholera varied in different districts of the metropolis from 8 to 239 in 10,000, and was greatest in the low, the worst-drained, the poorest districts—the districts supplied with water from the Thames between Waterloo Bridge and Battersea New Town.'

We may just note, by way of conclusion, that the decrease in the weekly rate of mortality in London within the current quarter is extraordinary, falling in some instances to 300 below the average, proving that the sickly, weakly, and intemperate, whose deaths would have made up the usual average, had been previously carried off by the recent epidemic.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TROMSÖE—KAAFIORD.

It was early on Sunday morning that the steamer came to a pause at Tromsöe. On looking forth, I found that we were in a narrow sea, skirted by gently-sloping green mountains on one side, and an island of no great elevation, but varied by thin plantations, on the other. On the shore of the island appeared the town of Tromsöe, a place of only about 1500 inhabitants, but important from its privilege of trading with foreign ports; it is for this reason composed of better houses than towns of that size usually boast of, while its crowd of vessels, of many various flags and styles of construction, impart to it an air of activity and liveliness which the traveller feels as very refreshing after for a week seeing nothing but lonely shores and snow-capt mountains. The steamer pauses here for thirty hours, to enable the merchants of Tromsöe to read their letters from the south, and prepare others to be sent on to Hammerfest—a business for which, in England, the tenth part of the time would probably suffice. As advantage was to be taken of this pause to get the cabins cleaned, we were desired to go ashore, and remain there, if possible, till next day. The three Englishmen lost no time in obeying the request, each taking a light bag containing a few necessaries, and never doubting that they would find a tolerable hotel in which to lodge. What was our surprise to be told on landing that there is no hotel in Tromsöe! It has the flags of half-a-dozen nations flying in its harbour, and yet has no regular place of public entertainment beyond a few taverns. But then there was a possibility of our obtaining private lodgings. Attended by a boy to act as spokesman, we went about from one likely house to another in search of accommodation, but in vain. No citizen of Tromsöe moved to take us in on any terms. We were therefore obliged to return to the vessel and intreat a breakfast from the steward. It is but justice to Tromsöe to state, that we had come too early to give its gentlefolks an opportunity of showing us hospitality. There had been a great party the night before, which had broken up at such an hour as made it most unlikely that any of them should see or hear of three English gentlemen seeking lodgings in their town at eight in the morning.

After breakfast we again left the vessel, and our only resource was a walk over the island. I observed on landing that the east end of the town is seated on a bank of shells rising to fully 25 feet above the sea. One of our little party had broken his watch-glass on the voyage, and he was anxious to learn if it could be replaced in Tromsöe, as, if it could not, his means of ascertaining time throughout his residence in the north was at an end. To his great joy we found an *uhrmager* (watchmaker) who was able to furnish him with the important little article required; the cost, too, was not extravagant in the circumstances, being only twenty-four skillings, or about eightpence of English money. Our friend the uhrmager we found living in a neatly-furnished house, surrounded by a respectable-looking family. He had come from Copenhagen to practise his trade in this remote place. I was curious to know how near to him was his nearest competitor in business. He told us there was none at Hammerfest, nor any other place to the northward. There was none to the southward till you come to Trondhiem, 400 miles off. At Tornea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, there was none, nor at any place thereabouts to the north or west of Sundsvall. Finally, his nearest neighbour to the westward must be in Aberdeen or Peterhead. It appeared that his professional range was between latitude 68° and

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the pole, and from west longitude 3° to 36°—a monopoly of geographical space perfectly enormous.

The weather was to-day exceedingly mild; nevertheless we found several patches of the snow of last winter in hollows on the top of the island. The wood is here interspersed with small timber houses, some of which are used as summer residences by the merchants of Tromsöe, while others are only *lyst-houses*. A Norwegian lyst-house is a small tabernacle placed a little way out of town, if possible in a wood, or on the bank of a lake, or at least in a pleasant scene of some kind, always provided with a gallery in front, and sometimes surrounded by a garden. Here the man in easy circumstances loves to spend the evening of the first day of the week, surrounded by his friends. If the weather be pleasant, the party sits in the gallery, or lounges about the garden and other grounds; if not, they retire to the interior. In the evening of our arrival in Tromsöe there was an entertainment of this kind given in a lyst-house on the hill. A gentleman who was present described it as attended by about twenty of the most considerable persons in the place, among whom was the pastor of a neighbouring parish. There was a fire in the open air to prepare hot water. An immense variety of wines—French, Portuguese, and German—was presented, and brandy and water was copiously indulged in. The gentlemen sauntered about, smoking, in the open air, till eleven o'clock, feeling no inconvenience, notwithstanding that there was a slight drizzle all the time. The sunlight was at that time only sobered, not departed. The affair was described as what in our country would be called dull; much indulgence of the animal appetites, but little conversation, and no sort of spirit or pleasantry. I found that it is the custom over all Norway to devote the Sunday evening to social pleasures. Taking literally the text, 'the evening and the morning was the first day,' they consider the Sabbath as commencing at six o'clock on Saturday, and terminating at the same hour on Sunday—a doctrine in which, I believe, they are countenanced by the pilgrim fathers of America. Accordingly, in Norway, there is no public entertainment, such as theatricals or dancing, permitted by law on Saturday evening; and the more strict class of people will not see their friends even privately at that time. Believing, however, the day of rest and of devotion to be at a close on the Sunday at six o'clock, they feel themselves then at liberty to enter upon any amusement or enjoyment for which they may have an inclination. Even in the houses of the clergy there will be found both card-playing and dancing on this evening, and this without the slightest scandal to their flocks. It is a mistake into which an Englishman is very apt to fall, to regard this custom of the Norwegians as indicative of a disregard for the Christian Sabbath. The error rests primarily in the conception as to what constitutes a natural day. Such, nevertheless, is the influence of habit, that although far from setting myself up in judgment in the case, not only could I never reconcile myself to the Norwegian manner of spending the Sunday evening, but I never could quite free myself of the notion that the people were manifesting an indifference to sacred things.

Tromsöe must be regarded as a remarkable creation of commercial industry in a part of the earth which is properly the seat of a primitive people. It has sprung up within the last forty years purely in consequence of the fishing trade of these seas. There was exported from it in 1848, of stock fish (sent to the Mediterranean), 80,000 vogs (a vog is equal to forty pounds English); of split fish (to Russia), 17,000 vogs; of Sei fish, 20,000 vogs. This last kind, which is held in least estimation, and is really a poor article, is sent exclusively to Sweden, for whose humble peasantry it constitutes a relish to still simpler fare. There was also in the same year exported from Tromsöe 6160 barrels of oil (chiefly cod-liver oil), 8370 pieces of fox-skin, 2000 other skins, and 23,000 pounds of bones. There are in this town several affluent mercantile families living in a handsome style. The ladies are noted for good looks and smart dresses. I visited the Stift Amptman, or provincial governor, at his house, and found there every symptom of elegant life—himself a handsome, dignified-looking man, and his lady an exceedingly well-bred person, surrounded by musical instruments and other civilised objects. Yet cross the Sound, and walk three miles along a lonely valley, and you find a camp of Laplanders, exemplifying every usage which has been peculiar to that simple people from the earliest ages. The whole province seems to have come into the hands of the Norwegians only in comparatively modern times, and it is even now thought an extraordinary thing for any one to have visited it. I found on my return to the south that my voyage to Hammerfest was spoken of by Swedes and Norwegians in exactly the same terms as it afterwards was by my own friends at home; nor must this appear too surprising, when we remember the small proportion of the British people who have sojourned in Orkney or Shetland, or made the tour of Connemara.

An amusing trait of democratic ambition was mentioned with regard to Tromsöe. Any person in Norway bearing a government office of a certain dignity, or the consulship of some foreign state, is held as standing in a superior rank, and his wife is addressed as *Frue* (equivalent to My Lady), and his daughters as *Frøken*, while other ladies are only called Madame. I had frequent warnings given me as to the propriety of calling such and such a lady *Frue*, instead of Madame. It is a distinction as much insisted on as the essential equality of all the citizens in this non-aristocratic country. Connected with it is the fact that there is a surprising number of foreign consuls in Tromsöe. The merchants, it seems, are eager to obtain such appointments, albeit implying some trouble and little profit; or, if they are not anxious, their wives are anxious instead, merely that they may possess a certain external distinction above common citizenship, and that their ladies may command the magical appellative which sets them over the heads of all madames.

The next morning was drizzly and ungenial, so that it was with some difficulty I executed a geodetic measurement, in order to ascertain the elevation of the two terraces which belt the shores of the mainland. They proved to be respectively 57 and 143 feet. Afterwards, when we were about to depart, an officer of the law came on board, attended by a butcher, with orders to execute justice upon a dog belonging to one of the English party for having bitten a gentleman in Tromsöe. The incident was said to have occurred at the party on the hill the night before, and the authorities had given an order for the death of the animal as a matter of course. The English traveller was at first disposed to treat the charge with ridicule, but found it so serious a matter, that he had to give up his passage, and wait to defend his favourite. Two gentlemen of the Enniskillen Dragoons, who had come to the harbour in a yacht, offered to remain and see justice done to him, and afterwards to bring him on to Alten in their vessel. Indeed the whole of the English took up the matter keenly. I could not help being amused at the opposite and contrasted lights in which the act of the dog was regarded by the plaintiff and defendant. To the latter it looked such a trifle to make a pother about—the skin was merely grazed—the dog was only sportive, and meant no harm. To the former it was an affair of gravity. He had been hurt, and his wife was in terror about him. Though the wound were quickly to heal, the dog might afterwards grow mad, and then the gentleman would take ill in the same way. Such, it seems, is a common belief in Norway; and it was adduced by the sufferer on this occasion as an all-sufficient reason for putting poor Glendalough to immediate death. I do not know how the matter ended; but it caused the detention of the dog during all the time I was in the country; and wherever I afterwards went, I found that the story had made its way, and was talked about.

In our onward voyage, we passed the openings of great

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fiords, far up which we could see glaciers descending from the lofty *fields* almost to the water's edge. Passing close under the island of Ringvatsöe, which is chiefly composed of lofty mountains, I observed a savage valley, closed up towards the sea by a vast rampart of blocks, like the moraine of a glacier. Over the centre of the rampart poured a considerable stream. I was told that within this rampart was a circular lake, from which the name of the island (meaning the *island of the circular lake*) had been taken. Along the valley-side was a ridge of blocks, the lateral portion of the moraine. The mountain of Skalgamtinderne was within sight, covered with eternal snow, of which one downward stream exhibited the usual arch at the bottom for the emission of the water. It was evident that the rampart of blocks formed the dam by which the lake was retained. The course of events was evidently this: a glacier had descended from the great mountain of Skalgamtinderne into the valley, depositing the usual charge of stones at its extremity and along its sides. It had afterwards shrunk up to where we now see it, high in the bosom of the mountain. On its retirement, the moraine acted as a dam, and a lake was the consequence.

Still on and on through a labyrinth of fiords and islands, touching now and then at a kiopman's establishment, where the flag flies merrily in honour of the passing of the steamer. Night, such as it was, set in upon us when we were just about to pass through a portion of the open sea. The small island of Loppen is here the only defence from the roll of the ocean. The mention of this place recalls to me the remark that the horse is an animal as yet little in use in the far north, boats and reindeer superseding it for travelling, while cattle are employed for tillage. There was *once*, however, a horse on Loppen! It had been brought up amongst the cattle there, and had never seen a single creature of its own kind. Being at length transferred to a place on the mainland where there were other horses, it was startled and evidently much annoyed by the sight of its new companions. It could not be induced to associate with them in any labour, and their approach disturbed it in its pasture. The device was at length hit upon to allow this poor beast to go amongst its old friends, the cows and oxen, and it was then once more at perfect ease; nor did it ever afterwards manifest any desire to enter the society of its own species.

At an early hour next morning we found the vessel steering into the Altenfiord, the district which I was to regard as my head-quarters in the north. At Talvig, Quaenvig, and other recesses in the rocky coast, I beheld with curiosity those remarkable curtain-like ramparts of alluvial matter, faced with terraces, which have helped so much to give this district celebrity with geologists. By and by we entered a narrow branch of the Altenfiord, called Kaafiord, where an English company has for twenty years past carried on an extensive copper-mining concern. Mr Thomas, the intelligent manager of these works, was on board with us as a passenger, on his return from business at Tromsöe; and a previous correspondence having prepared him for my visit, he insisted on my landing at his house, and staying there till I should shape out plans for a future course.

Here, then, in a narrow fiord close upon the 70th parallel, terminated for the present this for me singular expedition. I found myself, however, in the midst of a little colony of my countrymen, for almost necessarily the copper-works are conducted solely by Englishmen. We first see the hill-side partially covered by débris, and huge timber fabrics connected with the works, while large smelting-houses line the shore below. We pass a promontory on which a pretty modern church is situated, and then come in sight of an inner vale, where one of the most prominent objects is a long, low house, with attendant buildings, all smart and fresh, and somewhat like the establishment of a respectable yeoman in England. This may be described as the residentiary house for the works. Along the hill-side, in the rear, are scattered many small timber-houses, being the residences of the working-people, who number in all about 700. On the shore is a quay, with storehouses, in one of which every conceivable necessary of life is sold. Such is the Kaafiord establishment—a most interesting example of English enterprise and perseverance, by which, for twenty years past, civilised usages and large sums of money have been introduced into what would otherwise be a desert abandoned to bears and wolves. I beheld the whole place not merely with interest, but with respect, because there are heroisms in commerce as well as in war, and these be of them. I could not behold but with a touched spirit the spectacle of a set of educated Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, settling even temporarily in this remote corner of the earth, where for three months they see not the sun, in prosecution of that noble object—the doing of an appointed work, by which to benefit the community, and attain for themselves the just requital of an independent subsistence.

The residentiary house, as I have quaintly but not inaptly called it, is a plain, roomy, and comfortable habitation, where Mr Thomas and his wife, a beautiful young Norwegian lady, are master and mistress, while the other officers of the works are also entertained in it at a general table. I was particularly gratified to find in this extensive family circle a young married daughter of Consul-General Crowe, whose kind attentions to me at Christiania had given me an interest in all that belonged to him. Being so large a group in themselves, they must be the less likely to pine for the want of external society. They receive, however, English visitors like myself every summer, by which their native feelings and usages are ever kept in a certain freshness. As for the winter, it is specially the season of gaiety in Norway. Much interchange of visiting then takes place; not only because it is a time when country business is unavoidably suspended, but because of the facilitation to movement which is afforded by the frozen snowy surface. Every one here speaks with delight of the merry winter season, when all set themselves to be as happy, and to make others as happy, as possible. At Kaafiord the gentlemen have a billiard-table and philosophical instruments. Their scientific observations are regularly reported to the British Association. The ladies have that unfailing attendant on English polite life everywhere—the pianoforte. English books, periodicals, and newspapers come at regular intervals. And so, with active duties lightening the hours, life passes on. I thought I could hear an occasional sigh for distant England, which nothing can ever fully replace to one of its children; but such feelings do not necessarily embitter existence; they only throw a tender haze over its sunshine. I may remark that the Norwegian usages prevail to a great degree in this house, at least so far as concerns hours for meals, and the kinds of food presented at each. The English colony has very wisely endeavoured to adapt itself to the habits of the people among whom they live. Native visitors, therefore, feel nothing strange here; and the inmates must in their turn find matters the more agreeable when they visit the natives.

Like every other sheltered recess in the district, the opening of two valleys which meet at the head of Kaafiord is filled up with a curtain of alluvium, excepting only the ravines through which the rivers descend. This alluvial formation, rising like a wall, with a perfectly flat top, and horizontal terraces seaming its front, has a striking appearance from the house. Its singular aspect naturally leads one to surmise for it a peculiar geological history; and doubtless it has undergone some extraordinary transitions. Manifestly it is composed of the spoils of the two rivers which here flow into the sea. At the mouth of the greater river Alten, not far off, there is a precisely similar formation, but of much greater extent. About ten years ago, when the French Scientific Expedition of the North stopped for some time at Kaafiord, one of the officers, M. Bravais, was

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struck by the extraordinary appearance of these great sand-curtains overhanging the beach. He found, along the line of sounds towards Hammerfest, a portion of the rocky coast marked with two lines of erosion or cut terraces at certain heights above the sea, and evidently the work of that element at some remote period when the sea and land stood at different relative levels. Strange to say, it appeared from his barometric measurements that these two lines underwent a gradual rise from Hammerfest southward, until they disappeared at Komagfiord, after an uninterrupted course of twenty-five miles. He nevertheless connected them, after almost as great an interval, with the sandy terraces now described, which are of still higher level, and thus arrived at a hypothesis that the land between Hammerfest and Kaafiord, in rising from the sea, had made a pause, during which the upper line was made; then an angular movement had taken place, causing the southern district to rise farther than the north; then a second pause, during which the lower line was made; after which there had been another unequal *soulèvement*. I now proposed to review this investigation carefully, and with superior means of ascertaining levels—not, I must confess, without a strong suspicion that there was some fallacy in the case, since all similar marks which I had seen in other countries observed an exact level, as do apparently the two terraces extending so great a way on the coast of Norway to the southward.

Mr Paddison, a young English civil engineer and student of geology, had come in the *Prinds Gustaf* in search of sport; but hearing of my purpose, he offered to accompany me, and give his professional assistance in taking the levels. He was now, therefore, like myself, a guest of Mr Thomas. We quickly addressed ourselves to the measurement of the Kaafiord terrace, which we found to be at the front about 220 feet high; but the plain at top rose a little towards the hills, and we had ultimately to set down the entire elevation at 239 feet above high water in the bay. Two terraces on the face were 52 and 123 feet, and there was a faint intermediate one at between 80 and 90. We spent a whole day in examining the neighbouring grounds. In many parts free of alluvial facing, or elevated above it, we found the rocks admirably dressed and polished by the ice of ancient times, the line of the dressing being from south to north, or coincident with the direction of the valley. At one place, upwards of 250 feet above the sea, there was a ridge of native rock extending a considerable way, much like the inverted hull of a ship. It had been all nicely smoothed like some artificial object, as had also been the longitudinal hollow space between it and the hills. Still higher, there rested on the mountain-face a horizontal range of blocks and detritus, evidently the remains of an ancient lateral moraine. Of course these dressings must have taken place in an age anterior to that in which the alluvial terraces had been formed, for otherwise the material of the terraces must have been swept away by the descending ice.

A second day was spent in these investigations. What alone lessened our enjoyment of them was the weather becoming now exceedingly warm, and the consequent and excessive annoyance we sustained from mosquitoes. One of our ladies was kind enough to furnish us with veils of green gauze, wherewith we enshrouded our heads as we went about. Still, the pestilent insects got in about our necks and ears, and made us smart so sorely as greatly to discompose our levelling operations. I could scarcely have believed beforehand that so small and weak a fly had the power of penetrating through a thick woollen stocking in order to exercise its suctorial powers; yet we had ample demonstration that it can do so. In such overgood weather the calm and coolness of the long evening are much enjoyed. I shall not soon forget the impression produced upon me, as we sat quietly in the parlour between ten and eleven o'clock of the second evening, looking along the calm fiord towards the insular mountains, behind which the sun was still glowing, though dimly, when a gallant war vessel, with all its sails set to catch the indolent breeze, moved into the confined space, and proceeded to cast anchor. So startling an apparition of artificial life in the midst of such a scene, and at such an hour, might have been at an ordinary time of difficult explanation; but Mr and Mrs Thomas had heard of a French corvette having been at Hammerfest a week or two ago, and of a ball which the officers had given the ladies of that hyperborean town—for what clime is too ungenial for French gallantry?—so it was quickly understood that this was the same vessel. On this conclusion, it became certain that we should presently have some fresh additions to the social circle at Kaafiord.

Next morning we were to have proceeded at an early hour with Mr Thomas on an excursion to Raipas, a subordinate establishment of the Copper Company on the Alten River, where I expected to see some remarkable objects. We were delayed, however, by the arrival of the *Prinds Gustaf* on her return voyage from Hammerfest, with a few ladies of that town on a visit to Mrs Thomas, and also a number of gentlemen, who were permitted to land and spend an hour before the steamer should proceed southward. Sauntering about the shore during this interval, I was introduced by one of the English gentlemen to a person whom he was pleased to entitle the Minister of the North Cape. I beheld a tall, fair-complexioned, somewhat pensive-looking man, of about forty-five, dressed in clothes only partially black, as is the custom of clergymen in Norway. On inquiring strictly who it was I had the honour now to know for the first time, I learned that it was Mr Zetlitz, the pastor of the extreme north parish of Norway, in which the North Cape of course is situated. Being a votary of the Waltonian art, he had come to have a few days' fishing at Kaafiord. I looked with interest on the man whose lot in life it is to keep up the light of Christianity in a region so remote from civilisation, and from all that educated man usually sighs after. Finding him well acquainted with English, I entered into conversation with him regarding his cure. His parish, named Kistrand and Kautokeino, extends over a tract of ground measuring as great a distance from the North Cape southward as there is from Newcastle to Brighton, or from John o' Groat's House to Edinburgh—namely, forty-five Norwegian miles. It contains only 2000 inhabitants, mostly Laplanders; but the Laplanders, as I afterwards learned, are in great part Christianised, and even in many instances excel the Norwegians in their respect for the services of religion. Mr Zetlitz has two stations for residence—a Lap town called Karajok for winter, and one near the sea, at the other end of the parish, for summer. He has to travel much about at all times. I asked if he used horses for this purpose; he said no—there was but one horse in the whole parish. He travelled by reindeer, which the people, under certain regulations, were bound to furnish to him gratuitously. Meeting with such a man was at first attended with a curious feeling; but this was soon effaced by his gentle and amiable manners: and when I discovered that the North-Cape parson is a lover of the poetry of Byron, which he reads in the original, I ceased to think of him but as one of the people I am accustomed to meet daily. He inherits the poetical temperament, it would appear, from his father, who, likewise a clergyman, was a distinguished writer of verse about the era of the French Revolution, being particularly successful in convivial songs, many of which are still popular in Norway, though this is a style on the decay in that country, as it is with ourselves.

After the steamer had taken its departure, we once more prepared to set out; but presently another impediment appeared. A boat was seen gracefully moving up the calm fiord, rowed by ten men, who lifted their oars in a peculiar manner high above the water, while one gentleman sat in the stern. It was quickly understood to be the long-boat of the French corvette, probably bringing the captain ashore to call for Mr Thomas. A group

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of us went down to the quay to wait his landing. The boat approached, and a handsomely-dressed naval officer stepped ashore. I felt the striking contrast between his perfect toilet and our mountain garbs. We went back with him to the house, where he was introduced to Mrs Thomas, and renewed his acquaintance with her Hammerfest visitors. It appeared that his vessel was the *Pourvoyeuse*, of sixteen guns, engaged on a cruise for the protection of the French fisheries. She had been four months from home, and was now returning from Iceland to the south. I should have little expected beforehand that there was any common ground of social life on which I could have met this foreign naval officer; but the contrary soon appeared, for I recollected the name of his vessel as one which had been in the Firth of Forth two or three years ago, when she had unfortunately run down a smaller French vessel, and thus came in a painful manner under public attention in Edinburgh. The captain told me that he had been so unfortunate as to be concerned in the affair, having been commander of the lost vessel. Do not such recognisances in extraordinary circumstances seem to happen rather more frequently than we would naturally expect? Another curious circumstance was, that he had come to this lonely bay at the command of the French Admiralty, to take up some bulky instruments left ten years ago by the Scientific Expedition, landing for this purpose the day after I had come to test for the first time some of the scientific observations made by a member of that expedition. Moreover, he was now to sail to the Firth of Forth; and the next city in which he would set his foot was that in which I spend my life. We indulged in a penny-a-lining mood of mind regarding these 'curious coincidences' for a few minutes; and then, finding the Frenchman ignorant of the history of his country for the past two months, I informed him of the destruction of the party of the Mountain, and the flight of M. Ledru Rollin, in consequence of the insurrection of the 13th of June. After some further conversation, he politely took his leave of the ladies, and we all proceeded along the fiord together, he to his vessel, and we on our way to Raipas.

R. C.

REPRODUCTION OF FERNS.

Ferns constitute a numerous and highly-interesting family of plants, found in all parts of the world where there is sufficient moisture and not too rigorous a climate; and although every one must be familiar with their appearance, from the example furnished by our common braken, yet he would form a very imperfect idea of the tribe from such a specimen. Instead of creeping along with an underground stem, pushing up and unfolding its curiously-wrapped-up leaves as it goes, in St Helena, the Philippines, and other places, it arises with a majestic trunk from ten to fifty or sixty feet high, surmounted with an immense tuft of graceful foliage, and even emulates the palm in grandeur and beauty. Several of the order thus command attention by their lofty stature and imposing appearance; some astonish by their curious forms, as the hares'-foot of the Canary Islands; while all please by the delicacy and grace of their lively green leaves.

It is not our intention, however, to make a tour through the family, and take a glance individually at its most remarkable members, but to lay before the reader the recent discoveries in their fructification, hitherto so much a mystery.

Every tyro in botany knows that fertilisation is effected in flowering plants by the shedding of the pollen over the stigma; but in ferns the so-called seed appears on the back of their leaves, without being preceded by pollen or anthers, or any of the usual fertilising apparatus; hence they are ranged under the class Cryptogamia, or hidden fructification. Many attempts were indeed made to detect, and Hedwig, as well as others, imagined they had discovered, anthers, or bodies analogous to them, intermingled with the seed, or adjacent thereto; but nothing certain was known on the subject till lately, when Count Suminski* brought forward observations demonstrating the process of fructification, and its entire harmony with that of other plants.

Let us take a spore, or seed, as it is popularly termed, from the back of the leaf of a fern, where they are found in such profusion, place it in the soil, follow its progress, and, with the count as our guide, we shall soon arrive at a just conception of its development and mode of reproduction. The spore having germinated, first produces a leaf-like expansion, clinging close to the soil, and deriving nourishment from rootlets emerging from its under surface. This first leaf, or 'primary frond,' bears no resemblance to the true leaf of the fern, is very much alike in all species of the tribe, and is usually temporary. It is a most important part of the plant, however, for it is on this that anthers and pistils are produced, and fertilisation effected through their union. In order to be satisfied of this, let the primary frond be examined assiduously with a microscope of 300 or 400 lineal powers, and there will be found to arise amongst the common cells others of a peculiar character: instead of colouring matter, these contain granules, which speedily also become cells, packed up and pressing against each other within the parent cell, like the seeds of a pomegranate within the rind. These compound cells have been termed *antheridia*, and are analogues of the anthers of flowering plants, as we shall speedily see.

Besides these antheridia, which are usually pretty numerous, a few other bodies become apparent, consisting each of a cell with a tubular neck, somewhat resembling a Florence flask; at its bottom it contains a single germ-cell or embryo. These bodies have received the appellation of *pistillidia*, and represent the germs or rudimentary fruit of the more perfect orders of plants.

Having thus made out the parts necessary for fructification, let us pursue the process to its completion, and we have no doubt the contemplation of it will yield both instruction and astonishment. Following the progress of the antheridia, these are found to burst and liberate the secondary cells: each of these is seen to include a lengish body, folded up on itself, which is set at liberty by the rupture of its prison walls, and is then shown to be in shape somewhat like a tadpole, with a slight enlargement at the tip of the tail. These have been designated 'spiral filaments,' and had been noticed by Nageli and others on the primary frond several years ere Suminski demonstrated their nature and use. As soon as the spiral filaments have been let forth by the bursting of the antheridia and secondary cells, they move about with a lively and independent motion through the mucilaginous fluid on the surface of the frond; and entering the open mouths of the bottle-like pistillidia, come in contact with the embryo at its bottom, and effect its fertilisation. Usually several spiral filaments enter one pistillidium, and the dilated extremities of their tails are applied to the embryo or germ-cell, just as we find many particles of pollen shed over the stigma of the higher order of plants in order to insure the 'setting of the fruit.'

The germ-cell or embryo being thus fertilised, instead of passing into the state of perfect seed, as in flowering plants, commences forthwith to grow; and by the ordinary process of cell-growth, pushing forth roots and leaves, gets gradually developed into the full-grown plant.

In flowering plants it is well known that the cotyledon furnishes the embryo with nourishment in the early stages of its growth, till, by the development of the necessary organs, it is able to support itself. In the fern, the primary frond acts the part of a cotyledon, by supplying nourishment to the fertilised embryo, until, having put forth leaves and roots, it is able to exist on its own resources.

From what has been here stated of this wonderful process, it is evident that the germ-cells of the pistillidia are the true seeds of the fern; but it is also plain that one of the purposes which seeds serve—namely, the multiplica-

* On the History of the Development of Ferns. By Count L. Suminski.

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tion of the species—cannot well be effected by them; hence the production of gemmæ or spores on the back of the leaf.

In many plants do we find the production of detachable buds or bulbels, by which propagation or increase may take place: the familiar turncap lily carries a bulbel in every axil of its stem; the begonia and achimenes frequently produce nothing else instead of flowers; yet although the parent plants may be reproduced and increased by these, one never thinks of calling them seeds; no more are the gemmæ of ferns entitled to be ranked as such. The inflorescence of the fern, in fact, seems to stop short in the middle of its course; and instead of 'showing flower,' unfolding the parts of fructification, and perfecting its seeds, as other plants usually do, it contents itself with forming flower-buds merely, which, separating from the parent, furnish the means of increase and dissemination. One of these finding a suitable restingplace, expands into the primary frond, bearing anthers and germs, and in this respect is quite analogous to the flower of flowering plants.

The supporters of the alternate-generation theory of Sars and Steenstrup,* would put forth the fern as an instance of this in vegetable life. Starting with the gemma from the back of the leaf, we have the phase A; arising from this we have the primary frond, or phase B; succeeding this are the antheridia and pistillidia, or phase C; the union of these originates the young fern, which, arrived at maturity, is phase D, giving birth to A again, and completing the circle. All these changes, however, are instances of morphological development merely, since true reproduction occurs only once in the series; and the same remark holds good in the pseudo-alternate-generation theory of animal life, as has been recently brought out by the discoveries of Sir J. G. Dalyell, Professor Owen, and others.

The interest of Suminski's discovery of the fructification of ferns, here briefly detailed, is not confined to the elucidation of a curious process in nature: it is a great step gained in the consolidation of our ideas respecting the reproductive process generally, and so far a confirmation of the great physiological axiom—*Omnia ex ovo cum ovo.*

Column for Young People.

PHOEBE GRANT.

'Mamma,' said Phoebe Grant, looking up from a frill which she had been dreaming over for half an hour, 'do you know Kate Collins was at the theatre on Wednesday night?'

'Well, Phoebe, and what then?' said her mother quietly.

'Why—why, mamma, only that I should like so dreadfully to go too.'

'*Dreadfully*, Phoebe?'

'No, no—not exactly that, but very much; you know what I mean?'

'I know well what you mean, my dear child; but I remember having often told you how much I dislike those strong expressions which you constantly make use of for the most trivial things. You will find out the disadvantage of it yourself some day; for when you really wish and require a strong word, you will not be able to find one which will express your feelings.'

Phoebe was silent, and the frill advanced a little. At last she could contain herself no longer. 'Mamma, may *I* go to the theatre?'

'Which theatre, Phoebe; there are so many in London?'

'I mean the prettiest of all, mamma; the one that Kate was at, where "Beauty and the Beast" is acted exactly as it is written in the fairy-tale book. It is not like a silly Christmas pantomime, mamma, which I never understand, but it is the dear old tale that you used to tell me so often; and Kate says the last scene, where Beauty consents to marry the Beast, and when he changes all at once into a handsome young prince, is the most beautiful thing she ever saw. Oh, may I go?'

Mrs Grant thought for a little, and then said, 'You know I have not been quite pleased with you lately, Phoebe. You have been very idle indeed for two or three days. That piece of work in your hands ought to have been finished long ago, yet here it is not nearly done. You allowed the least thing to distract your attention.'

'Oh, mamma, I will finish this horrid frill to-day, and be so good that you wont know me.'

Her mother smiled, and replied, 'That is not very flattering to yourself, my dear child; however, as a little idleness has been your only fault lately, you shall go and see "Beauty and the Beast," and this very night too; but upon three conditions.' Phoebe gave a little scream of delight, and her mother continued—'Your aunt and cousins are going this evening, and I will join them, and take you too, if you do as I wish.'

'Yes, yes, dear, kind, good mamma: tell me what it is I must do?'

'It is now twelve o'clock, Phoebe: well, one of my conditions is, that by two this frill shall be finished, and neatly too.'

'Oh, mamma, there is so much of it to do!'

'Not more than you can easily manage if you are busy, Phoebe. Another is, that during these two hours you do not go into the garden, but stay in this room: I know if you leave it, the frill will never be done. The *third* is, that you do not have a word to say to Luna during that time. Do not interrupt me. I know she will come and scratch at the window, and wag her tail, and intreat you to come and play with her; but keep your eyes upon your work, and she will soon go away. After two o'clock you may play or do what you choose. I am now going to town upon some business which will occupy me till three o'clock; but remember the frill must be finished by two.'

Phoebe joyfully promised; and a short time after, her mamma left her, and went out. At first all went on brilliantly: Phoebe worked busily—so busily, that she became very warm, and accordingly opened the window and placed her stool beside it. The air was pleasant and refreshing, and the mignionette and sweet-peas which were under the window smelt deliciously, and cooled Phoebe's hot brow. Her work fell from her hands, and she began to think how charming it would be to see her favourite fairy tale acted. One thought leads to another. Thinking of Beauty suggested the rose which had cost her father so much pain to procure. 'How much I should like a rose just now! My own little garden, where the best roses grow, is not very far from this; I might run to it, and come back again in an instant. But mamma said I was not to play in the garden. True—but then she said it was because she knew I should not work if I were there. Now I am so hot here, and it looks so cool in my honeysuckle-bower, that I am sure I should work a great deal better there. I am quite certain if mamma had known I could work better in the garden, she would have told me to go. I can tell her when she returns that I was very hot, and if I had stayed in the house, could not have finished my frill. I know she will not be displeased.'

All these thoughts passed through Phoebe's brain very rapidly; and acting upon the impulse of the moment, she ran down the steps which led from the window upon the lawn. She first plucked the rose she coveted, and then proceeded to the bower of honeysuckles, which was her favourite retreat when she was tired of everything else. 'How pleasant it is here!' she thought. 'How much nicer than being in the house! The sun is so bright, and seems to kiss the little flowers, that nod and say how glad they are to see him. How happy the bees are to feed upon this delicious honeysuckle: I should almost like to be a bee!' and thinking of this, the work fell from Phoebe's idle hands. 'Oh what a beautiful butterfly!' she exclaimed, as one of a delicate blue colour settled upon a carnation which was near the bower. It is just the kind that Robert wished

* See No. 160, new series.

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so much, and how delighted he would be if I were to get it for him.' With noiseless steps Phoebe went on tiptoe to the carnation: her apron raised in both hands, she stooped to entrap the beautiful creature which was fluttering on the flower. Her heart beating, her eyes glistening, she was just going to encircle it, when something behind pulled her dress. The movement startled the butterfly, which flew off immediately, and Phoebe, disappointed of her prey, turned round to see what had touched her. To her dismay she saw Luna scampering off with the frill, which she had left lying in the bower. 'Oh Luna, Luna! give me my frill. Oh you naughty dog, lay it down instantly!' But Luna evidently thought his mistress was playing with him as usual, and ran round and round the beds with the frill in his mouth, enjoying the fun of being chased amusingly. 'Oh naughty, naughty dog, you shall be beaten if you do not give me my frill.' But off flew Luna, regardless of the threatening words, which doubtless he knew well would never be fulfilled.

The gate leading to the road at the end of the garden was open, and the dog darted out, followed by the distracted Phoebe. When she got upon the road, she saw Luna at a little distance rolling over and over with the frill in the mud, and barking with all his might. Phoebe rushed up, and this time succeeded in seizing it. Alas! it was scarcely fit to be touched, being covered with mud. 'What shall I do?—what shall I do?' thought Phoebe. 'Oh this comes of going into the garden when I was forbidden! How disobedient I have been! Oh what shall I do?' Phoebe walked slowly into the house, resolving in her mind what she could do to mend matters. 'The frill is not torn. Ah, I know what will make it all right,' she cried joyfully, as a happy thought struck her mind: 'I will wash it—not very clean though, for it was dirty before—and iron it, and then no one will be any the wiser. There is always a fire in mamma's dressing-room, where I can heat the iron nicely.' Phoebe flew into the bedroom, where she carefully washed the frill, although it took longer than she had expected: she then rushed down to the closet in the laundry, where she knew the irons were kept, and succeeded in finding a small one. The fire in the dressing-room was excellent, so that the iron did not take very long to heat, although it seemed hours to the impatient Phoebe, who trembled lest any of the servants should come in. The clock struck two as she finished ironing the frill. Phoebe was in despair. 'How unfortunate I am,' she said; 'there is two o'clock, and the frill not nearly done!' Then she began again to reason within herself, forgetting into how much trouble her reasoning powers had brought her before. 'Mamma said I was to finish the frill in two hours; now I have only worked at it one hour: since one o'clock I have not put a stitch in. Mamma does not come in till three; if I am busy, I shall be able to finish it by that time, and perhaps she will not ask me when it was done. Thus it will be only two hours after all.'

Phoebe accordingly set to work in right-down earnest, never looking up once till she had come to the end. As the last stitch was put in, the hands of the timepiece pointed to five minutes past three.

'Good gracious!' said Phoebe to herself, 'mamma will be home immediately, and there is the iron still on the grate. I must take it into the garden to get cold before I put it away.' Hastily she seized the iron, forgetting that it must be very hot, although it had not been exactly on the fire. But she threw it down in a moment, and drew back with a scream. 'Oh my hand—my poor hand, how it is burnt! Oh, oh, what shall I do? How dreadfully painful it is!'

Phoebe knew that cotton-wool was an excellent thing for a burn, but she did not remember where to get any. Looking round the room vaguely, as if she expected to see some of the wished-for article lying near, she espied her mamma's jewel-box upon the toilet-table. 'Ah, I know there will be some there, and the key is always in that little drawer.' To the little drawer she went, took out the key, opened the jewel-box, touched a spring which she knew of, and to her great joy saw a quantity of cotton-wool, which her mamma generally kept there. She pulled out a large piece, but in doing so did not perceive that she also pulled with it an earring which was lying there, and which fell unheard on the floor. Phoebe locked the box, put the key back again in the drawer, wrapt her hand in the wool, which she found soothed the pain very much, and carefully took the iron into the garden, where it soon got cold. She had just placed it in the closet, when the carriage drew up to the door, and her mamma stepped out.

Phoebe flew up stairs, and was met in the hall by her mamma, who kissed her affectionately, and asked if the frill was done.

'Yes, mamma, quite done,' said Phoebe.

'I am glad of that, darling,' said her kind mamma. 'And did you finish it in two hours?'

'In two hours and five minutes exactly.'

'Ah, well, five minutes don't matter,' said her mother smiling: 'it will make no difference. Jane and Laura are quite delighted at the prospect of having you with them to-night. They are to be here at five o'clock precisely; and see—here, Phoebe: I have been to your favourite Piver's in Regent Street, and brought you two pairs of gloves, one of which you must wear this evening. I have also got some of that "Rose-thé" scent for you, which you like so much.'

'Oh, thank you, dear mamma,' said Phoebe in a low voice, stretching out her left hand to take the gloves and scent. The right hand was employed in searching for a refractory handkerchief, which was supposed to be at the bottom of her pocket, but somehow never made its appearance. Her mamma's kindness quite staggered Phoebe, and as she followed her up stairs, her eyes were full of tears. The frill, the sight of which made her quite sick, was lying upon the dressing-room table. Mrs Grant took it up, and admired the work.

'It is very nicely done indeed, my dear child,' she said: 'you see what can be done if you set your mind to it. You have worked this very well indeed. Did you fulfil my other conditions?'

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and one of the servants entered to speak to Mrs Grant on some household matters. Phoebe, rejoicing at the opportunity, was just going to leave the room, when her mother called out to her, 'Do not go away, dear; I wish to speak to you.'

Phoebe was obliged to remain, and wondered what her mamma could have to say. When young people's consciences are not very clear, there is always something indefinitely awful in being desired to speak with mamma upon anything not specified; and as Phoebe's conscience was far from being calm, she felt rather uneasy. She wandered about the room, sometimes ready to scream with the pain of her hand, which now became almost intolerable. 'How shall I get on my gloves to-night?' she thought: 'my hand is all in blisters! I cannot deceive mamma any more. I might say that my foot slipped, and that I fell forward with my hand on the ribs of the grate; but I could not say that—it is wrong even to think it. But how shall I tell mamma! Oh dear, oh dear, how wicked I have been!'

The servant at last left the room, and Phoebe stood with her eyes cast down, her lips compressed, waiting to hear what her mamma had to say. At this moment Mrs Grant, who was crossing the room, trampled upon something, and stooped to see what it was.

'How extraordinary!' she said aloud. 'Why, how can this be?—my earring on the ground, when I distinctly recollect putting it this morning in the secret drawer of my jewel-box! No one knows the spring—except indeed Phoebe. My dear child,' she said, looking round; but the 'dear child' had sunk upon a couch, exhausted with pain and shame. 'My darling!' she cried, rushing towards her, 'how pale you are—how ill you look! Tell your mother what is the matter!' Phoebe silently raised her poor hand, still enveloped in the cotton-wool. 'Phoebe! how is this? Ah, I see—my poor child has burnt her hand, and has concealed it from her mother

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for fear of agitating her. My dear, good child, how nobly you have borne the pain! Ah, it is frightful!' she continued with a shudder, as she unbound the wool, part of which stuck to the unfortunate hand.

Phoebe could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. 'Oh no, mamma—no, dear, darling mamma!' she said as soon as she could speak, 'I have not borne it nobly!—I do not deserve your kindness, my own beloved mamma! I have been naughtier to-day than I ever was before. I have disobeyed you in everything: I have been in the garden; I did not finish the frill till three o'clock. You do not know how wicked I have been; but I have been punished, for my hand is dreadful. I may say that word now, mamma. But my shame at having deceived such a good mamma is worse.'

Mrs Grant kindly soothed the poor child, and begged her not to say any more till she was composed. A short time afterwards, when Phoebe was lying cushioned on the soft couch in the dressing-room, with her mamma beside her—that dear mamma, one touch of whose gentle hand seemed to soothe the pain which she suffered, and almost to chase it away—she eased her heart by confessing everything. The tears were in the mother's eyes when Phoebe had finished.

'You are sufficiently punished already, my child, and I will not say anything more about it. We will put away the unfortunate frill.'

'Oh no, mamma, the poor frill shall not be put away. It was intended for you, mamma; but if you will allow me, I shall have it sewn on to *my* cap, so that when I put it on at night, I may remember why it is there. I do not think, mamma,' she continued, smiling, 'that I shall ever be disobedient again. No, I am sure I shall not. Do you know, mamma, I am so very glad I burnt my hand?'

'Glad, Phoebe! Why?'

'Because, mamma, I am afraid that if it had not been for that, I should not have told you about going into the garden, and not finishing the frill; and then how miserable I should have been at the theatre after having deceived you so much!'

'That is very true, my dear child,' said her mamma, affectionately kissing her. 'And I am glad too, for I feel confident that the misery and pain you have endured to-day is a lesson which will be remembered by you all your life.' J. G. C.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

DR BUCKLAND ON ARTESIAN WELLS.

London thirsts for water. She is at present the victim of seven monopolist water-companies, who only supply the element to 200,000 out of the 270,000 houses of which she is said to consist. Nor is the fluid so supplied either of the best or the cheapest. After it is drawn from the filthy Thames, it is so infiltered and 'purified' that it becomes flat and exhausted, which with temperance communities—who are as critical about their water as *gourmets* are respecting wines—is a serious evil. Even for an ordinary supply of this, a small house of L.50 a year rent has to pay about four guineas per annum. The New River is the only other source of supply; and it is not every London parish that can boast of a single pump.

In this truly tantalising condition, the Londoners are at last opening their parched throats to emit cries for 'more water!' Plans are propounded, companies are started, and controversies are fluently engaged in, for the purpose of answering the desperate demand. One party is for exhausting the Thames a little more by robbing the hoary father of rivers of the purest of his waters at Henly; another is for draining the Wardle or the Lea; and a third set of advocates are strongly in favour of Artesian wells.

About these last much misapprehension exists; and the opinion of so eminent a geologist and hydrographer as Dean Buckland is of value not only to those who take a side in the dispute, but to those who are interested in the general subject of Artesian wells. At a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, the doctor denied a statement which had been put forth, that sufficient water might be obtained in the metropolis by Artesian wells to afford an ample supply to ten such cities as London. He would venture to affirm, that though there were from 250 to 300 so-called Artesian wells in the metropolis, there was not one real Artesian well within three miles of St Paul's. An Artesian well was a well that was always overflowing, either from its natural source, or from an artificial tube; and when the overflowing ceased, it was no longer an Artesian well. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many Artesian wells in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—namely, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in the gardens of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and in Brentford and its vicinity; but the wells which were now made by boring through the London clay were merely common wells. He had heard it said that Artesian wells might be made in any part of London, because there was a supply of water which would rise of its own accord; but he could state with regard to the water obtained to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square, that it did not rise within forty feet of the surface—it was pumped up by means of a steam-engine. No less than L.18,000 had been spent upon an Artesian well which had been made on Southampton common, but the water never had risen within eighty feet of the surface, and never would rise any higher. The supply of water formerly obtained from the so-called Artesian wells in London had been greatly diminished by the sinking of new wells. Many of the large brewers in the metropolis who obtained water from these wells had been greatly inconvenienced by the failure of the supply; and he had received a letter from a gentleman connected with a brewer's establishment, stating that the water in their well was now 188 feet below the surface, while a short time ago it used to rise to within 95 feet. Indeed the large brewers were actually on the point of bankruptcy with regard to a supply of water.

A gentleman present corroborated the Rev. Dean by stating that certain London brewers, who obtained their supplies of water from what are called Artesian wells, had been forced into a mutual agreement not to brew on the same days, in order that each might have a sufficient supply of water.

The single example cited by Dr Buckland as to the expense of these wells can be extensively supported. One lately sunk opposite the fashionable church of St James has cost, first and last, not far short of L.20,000; and another, in which the Hampstead Water-Company have already, it may be said, literally *sunk* L.14,000 at Highgate, has as yet made no sign, not a drop of water having been yet obtained. These facts may serve to moderate the exhortations of the more ardent advocates of Artesian wells.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

[About ten years ago the following burlesque narrative was performed as an interlude in a Parisian theatre, by a clever actor in the character of an old soldier of the Empire. It suffers of course by translation, and still more by being only read, while the brisk ness, abruptness, and slang style of the veteran are unexhibited. It is, nevertheless, worthy of appearing even under the disadvantage of an English dress:—]

Silence! and you shall hear all about Napoleon—a famous individual, born in Corsica, a little tail of a country, not two doors from the sea, where the natives have a fatiguing habit of assassinating each other, from father to son. His parents put him to the military school—full of talents—with a little three-cornered hat, and his hands behind his back—imitating already his portrait. He worked so hard that his eyes were hollow, and his face—saving your presence—the colour of nankeen breeches. When the masters of the school saw this, they said, 'There's a youth who has a real taste for the artillery.' Presently, having pushed his way to a very young age, behold him general!—very

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thin—always very thin, but with long hair—ah, such long hair, to be sure! The government of that epoch, which was composed of five individuals, adorned with feathers, sent for him, and said, 'Now, then, my good little man, you see the thing is this—you must start for Italy, where the Austrians are playing the deuce at forty sous a head, and give them such a shove that the devil would take arms for it.' When he heard all that, says he, with that funny hair and yellow face, 'Agreed—say no more!' and away to Italy—the country of vermicelli and fiddle-strings. He crossed St Bernard—a great mountain, very high—three times Montmartre, where there is a famous hospice kept by the monks. Here are poodle-dogs, charged by the government to go and scrape for individuals under the snow. It is a great philanthropy, that same, on the part of these poodles. For my part I have no talent in that way: I was not bred to the business small enough; one must be caught young for that 'ere profession. Once in Italy, he did serve out to the Austrians such a pounding! and returned to Paris with millions of thousands of colours and glories—to fill the Invalides. Stop a bit—our little friend's off for Egypt. Ah! ye gods, big and little, my good friends—a nasty territory that Egypt (so said my Cousin Baptiste, a drummer in the 37th, now getting on with a wooden leg)—a country of 160 degrees of heat in the middle of winter, and nothing to drink but fine sand—fine, fine, fine sand—and crocodiles walking about like good citizens, and swallowing up Christians with their arms and baggage—according to the botanists! Oh dear-a-me, there are neither inns nor straw in nature! and then the old broken pillars past service, and huge vagabonds of sugar-loaves all in stone, where them there folks keep their kings fresh, which is a great satisfaction in that country, enamelled all over with camels and dromedaries. It was then that the Mamelukes had the pleasure—that is, all that were not so unlucky as to catch a cannon-ball—to be drowned provisionally in the Nile. Napoleon, who was then Bonaparte only, when he saw that grand infusion of Mamelukes, said, 'Is it not delicious?' Back he comes to France, leaving behind him one General Kleber, who found himself assassinated one day by a villain thereabouts, who was requested to be seated on a bayonet, which is the way they guillotine individuals among the Mohammedans. Then Napoleon married his wife, a beautiful woman—very beautiful—full of good qualities, and much sweetness—all along of having been born in Martinique, the country, you know, of sugar-canes. Next you have him again at the enemy, banging away at Eylau, Friedland, Austerlitz. The devil's in the little man—what a country dance! and what rascals the vanquished! all foreigners! and all speaking German! For my part I cannot comprehend how they manage to understand each other. Says Napoleon one day, all to himself, says he, 'Let me think now a little moment—if I should happen to die, who's to take the reins of government? I am very sorry, because as how, you see, Josephine is my wife, and I have the highest consideration for her; but mon Dieu! mon Dieu! the Empress is so well on that she never can make me the least in the world a present of a small King of Rome. My position is of extreme triviality.' Well, off he goes to the emperor of Austria, who had a long queue, and said to him, 'The public demands that I have one of your daughters, with whom I am much taken—no matter which.' The emperor of Austria, thinking him a good-looking chap, with a good place, gave him his daughter entirely. In a quarter of an hour Napoleon went to take a walk in Russia with eight hundred thousand clever lads; but he met such a thief-like cold—cold that froze the very fire, and which was only a little warmed by the burning of Moscow. After burning their town from top to bottom, the enemy somehow or other contrived to come to Paris, and had the audacity to say—the gascons!—that they had conquered us! Just then our little usurper, finding all the world in a passion with him, uttered these ever-memorable words, 'I'm off!' and so took a trip to Elba, and then came back to pay us a little friendly visit; but our unfortunate hero was passed by the English from brigade to brigade all the way to St Helena; and at this hour—would you believe it?—in that England so renowned for its generosity and brilliant shoe-blacking, they have come actually to say that Napoleon is dead! and even here there are people weak enough to give faith to such an indecency. He dead! Never! He knows better: he is incapable of it: he feigns to be dead—that's all. But he is digging, digging, digging, and one fine morning he will jump out of his hole, with his little three-cornered hat, his hands behind his back, and three millions of Niggers for the good of his country! There you have got the history of Napoleon!

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS BEADS.

Besides the invention of mirror and reticulated glasses, for which we have to thank the Venetians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass-houses of Murano, and is practised there at the present day on a very extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from pieces of glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from 100 to 200 feet in length, and of all possible colours (in Venice they prepare 200 different shades), and are broken into lengths of two feet. These are then cut by the aid of a knife into fragments of the same length as their diameters; they now present the form of beads, the edges of which, however, are so sharp, that they would cut the thread on which they have to be strung. The edges have consequently to be rounded by fusion; and as this operation must be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are mixed with coal-dust and powdered clay previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then passed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung upon threads by women. Besides the ordinary knitting beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles à la lune*, which are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small rod of glass softened by a glass-blower's lamp round an iron wire. The glass beads made in imitation of natural pearls for toilet ornaments, the invention of which dates from the year 1656, are very different from the preceding both as regards their application, mode of production, and origin. These are small solid glass beads of the same size as native pearls, which they are made to resemble by a coating of varnish, and which gives them a peculiar pearly lustre and colour. A maker of rosaries, by name Jaquin, was the first to discover that the scales of a species of fish (*Cyprinus alburnus*), or bleak, communicate a pearly hue to water. Based upon this observation, glass globules were first covered on the outside, but at a later period on the inside, with this aqueous essence. The costly essence, however, of which only a quarter of a pound could be obtained from the scales of 4000, was subject to one great evil, that of decay. After trying alcohol without success, in consequence of its destroying the lustre of the substance, sal-ammoniac was at length found to be the best medium in which to apply the essence; a little isinglass is also mixed with it, which causes it to adhere better. The pearls are blown singly at the lamp; a drop of the essence is then blown into them through a thin tube, spread out by rolling, and the dried varnish is then covered in a similar manner by a layer of wax.—*Knapp's Chemistry applied to Arts and Manufactures.*

TURKISH DINNER.

A Turkish dinner usually consists of only two dishes; but each dish is composed of a variety of ingredients, such as meat, poultry, fish, &c. From these dishes the guests are helped with spoons of black horn: the handles of the spoons used at our dinner were set with diamonds. The dessert, which was served on dishes of silver beautifully wrought, consisted of peaches, oranges, fresh figs, almonds, and a variety of exquisite sweetmeats. Coffee was served in cups of costly porcelain, and cruets of wrought gold contained liqueurs. Those placed before the princess were set with diamonds and fine pearls. The napkins were of a fabric resembling cambric, extremely fine, and so silky, that its surface, reflected by the radiant light of the lamps, presented the effect of silver-tissue. There was one Turkish custom which was calculated to create an unpleasing impression, in spite of all the delicate courtesy with which we were treated. Every vessel out of which Christians, or, as we are called, infidels, have eaten or drunk, is condemned as impure, and is set aside, never again to be used by Mohammedans. Accordingly, we were requested to carry away with us the plates, cups, &c. which we had used at dinner. We could not take umbrage at this little affront, concealed as it was under a graceful veil of generosity. We accepted the offerings, which, independently of their intrinsic value, were objects of curiosity; and we promised to preserve them as memorials of our delightful visit.—*Adventures of a Greek Lady.*

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THERE'S LIGHT BEHIND THE CLOUD!

In the lone and weary nights, my child,
When all around is drear;
When the moon is hidden by the clouds,
And grief and pain are near—

Oh never think, my gentle boy,
In that gloomy, trying hour,
That thou art not protected still
By a kind Almighty Power!

Soon will those dark clouds roll away,
And the glorious stars appear;
And the pensive moon, with her calm, pale light,
Will shine in beauty clear.

There is an Eye above, my child,
That slumbers not, nor sleeps:
There is a Friend in heaven, love,
Who still His vigil keeps.

And though in trouble's darkest hour
His face He seems to shroud,
Believe—remember—oh, my child,
There's light behind the cloud!

K. M.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Mr M. Smith Salter of this city has just obtained a patent for an invention which it is believed is destined to have a most important influence upon the useful arts of life, and the industry of the country and the world. It is a new method of making iron direct from the ore, with anthracite or bituminous coal, by a single process. By means of this remarkable invention Mr Smith proposes to make wrought-iron at a cost of 25 to 30 dollars per ton—at least half the usual cost. His furnace has three combined chambers, one above the other, and all actuated by the same fire. The upper chamber is used for deoxidising the ore—impurities, such as sulphur, &c. being carried off at a low temperature; the middle chamber for fluxing and working; and the lower chamber for reducing and finishing. The metal is taken from the last-named to the hammer or squeezers. The whole time occupied in this process, from the time the ore is put into the furnace until finished by the hammer, is only two hours! We understand that one of his furnaces is now in operation at Boonton, in Morris County. We have a specimen of iron from it, which is pronounced to be of the very best description. Perhaps a more important invention—if fuller experiments should verify present anticipations—has not been introduced in many years. Its effect upon the production and consumption of iron must be immense.—*Newark (New Jersey) Advertiser.*

A FAITHFUL SLAVE LIBERATED.

The following is an extract from the will of Judge Upsher, late secretary of state of the United States, killed by the explosion on board the steamer Princeton:—'I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent, and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form: it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give, him an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellencies than he.'

The present number of the Journal completes the twelfth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

NEW SERIES OF TRACTS.

Early in the approaching year will be issued the First of a New Serial, to be entitled

CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The remarkable success which attended the publication of CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS—a work which left off with a weekly sale of 80,000 copies—has in some measure induced the Editors to project the present Serial, which, however, will differ considerably in scope and appearance from its predecessor, and be in various respects a novelty in Literature.

The work will be published in Weekly Numbers, at Three-halfpence each; and a Volume, consisting of Eight Numbers, will be issued every Two Months, done up in Fancy Boards, Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1849.

END OF TWELFTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.

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